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EBEL CANVAS
Edmund White

True Loves

WARREN AND ANNETTE ON MOVIES, MARRIAGE AND MALIBU
by Dominick Dunne

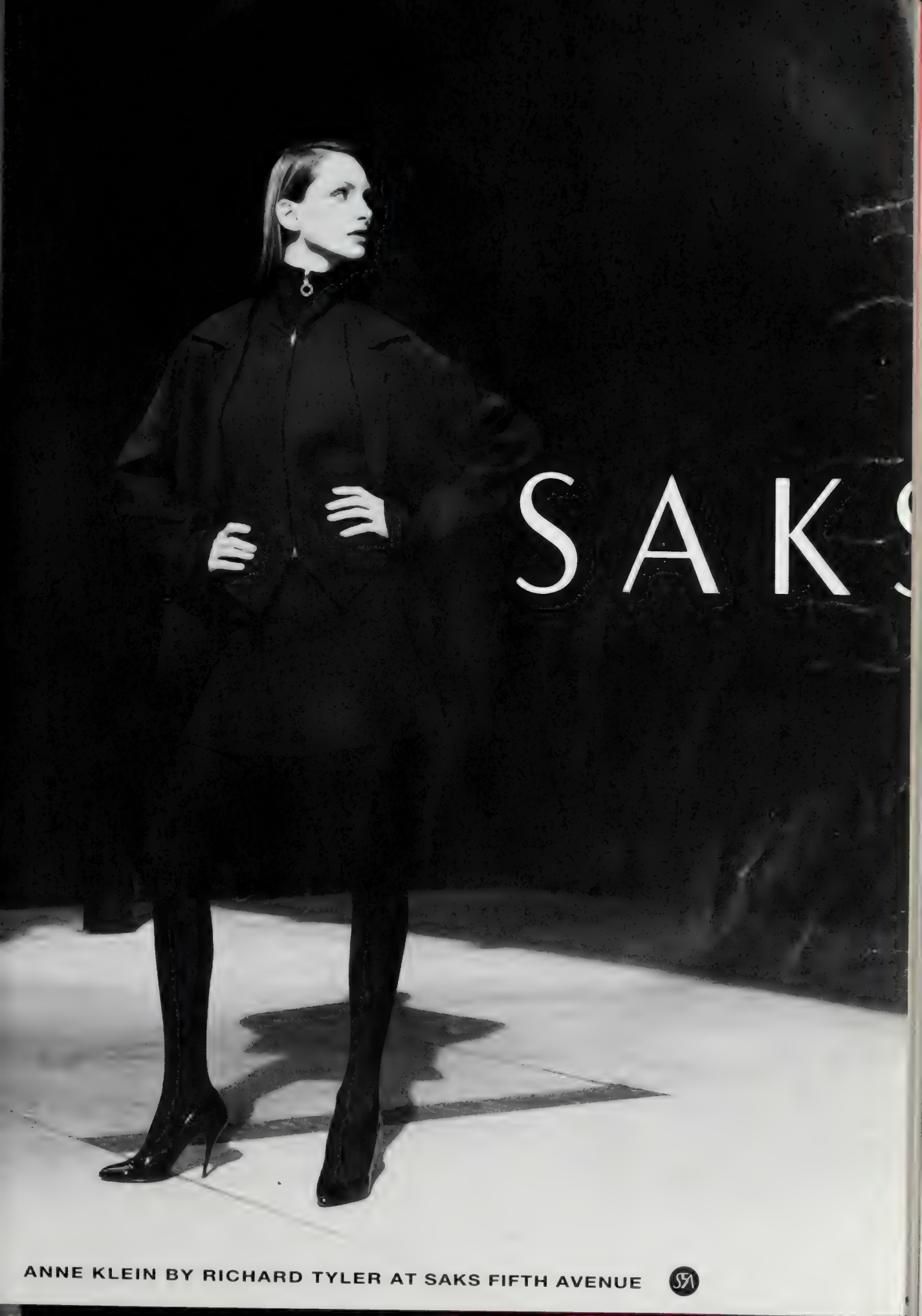
Plus: ROBERT EVANS, STROBE TALBOTT and MARIANNE FAITHFULL

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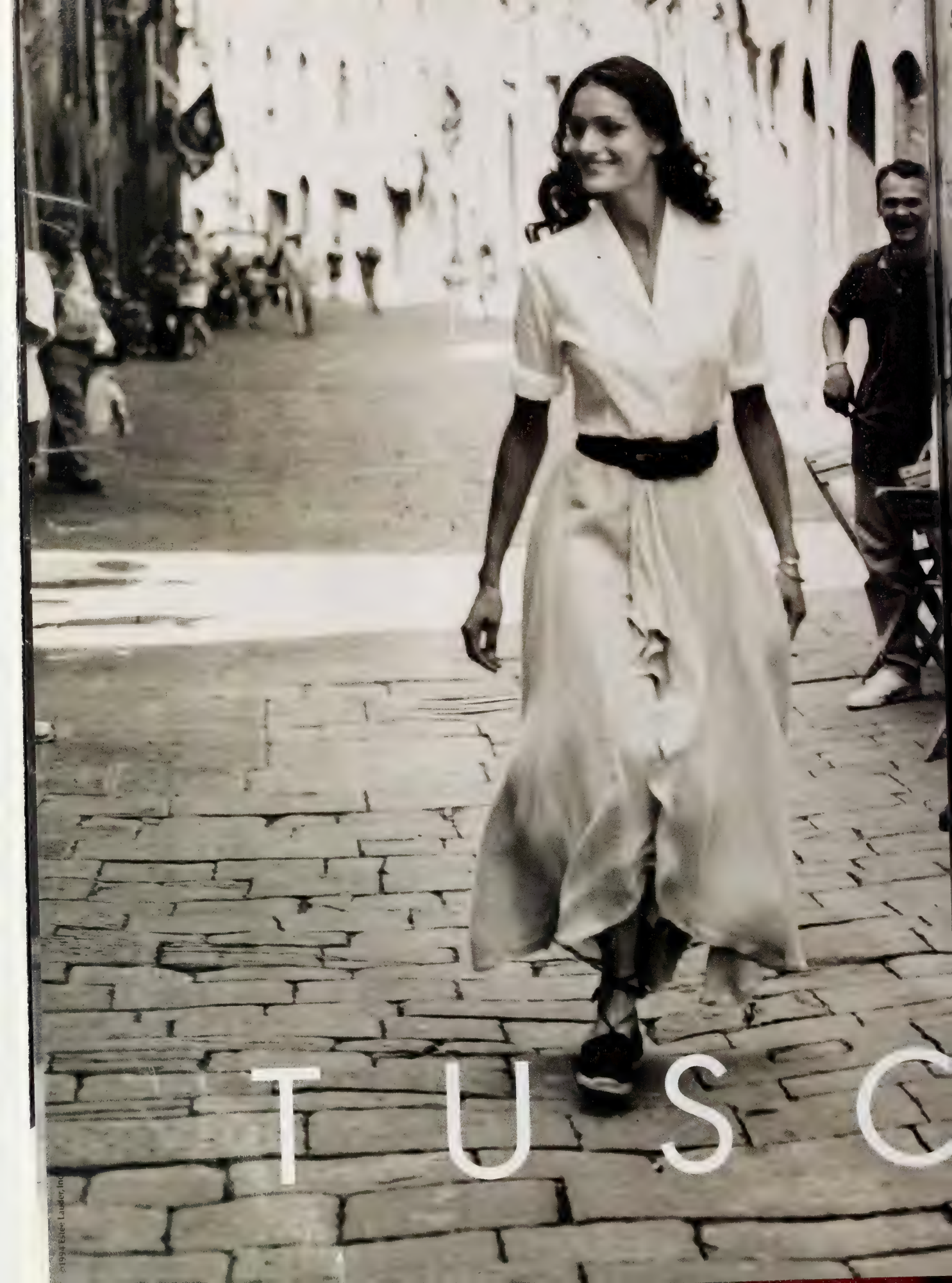
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VANITY FAIR

Volume 57 Number 9 September 1



Marlon fishing, page 178.



Good golly, Miss Molly!, page 164.



Canvassing Twombly, page 168.

Features

Love Story: Warren Beatty and Annette Bening are a truly, deeply, madly married pair of stars, currently awaiting their second child and, with the upcoming *Love Affair,* their second movie. In Los Angeles and New York, the matinee idol and his beautiful bride give Dominick Dunne a lesson on love. Photographs by Herb Ritts. 1

Clinton's Rhodes Warrior: Can former Roommate of Bill—and current deputy secretary of state—Nelson Strobridge Talbott III add a clear vision to the president's blurry foreign policy? Marjorie Williams networks with the administration's top Old Boy. Portrait by James Hamilton 1

Éminence Grès: Eric Boman spotlights five of society's grande dames modeling the work of Madame Grès, the epic French designer whose collections are being exhibited this month by the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute 1

Evans Gate: In his days as a Paramount big shot, producer Robert Evans and then wife Ali MacGraw hosted celebrity screenings for buddies such as Jack Nicholson—when Evans wasn't busy green-lighting *The Godfather* and other hit movies. Then drug problems and a string of flops sent him down and almost out. In his new autobiography, and in an interview with Matthew Tyrnauer, the man who has lived Hollywood from top to bottom lets the skeletons loose from his closets. Photographs by Michel Comte 1

Pretty in Paris: Molly Ringwald could have gone the usual Young Star route: fame followed by rehab and obscurity. Instead, the still-tender 26-year-old describes herself as a work in progress, and her latest effort is the upcoming film *Seven Sundays.* Bruce Feirstein finds the former John Hughes princess alive, well, and enjoying life after high school. Photographs by Michael Roberts. 1

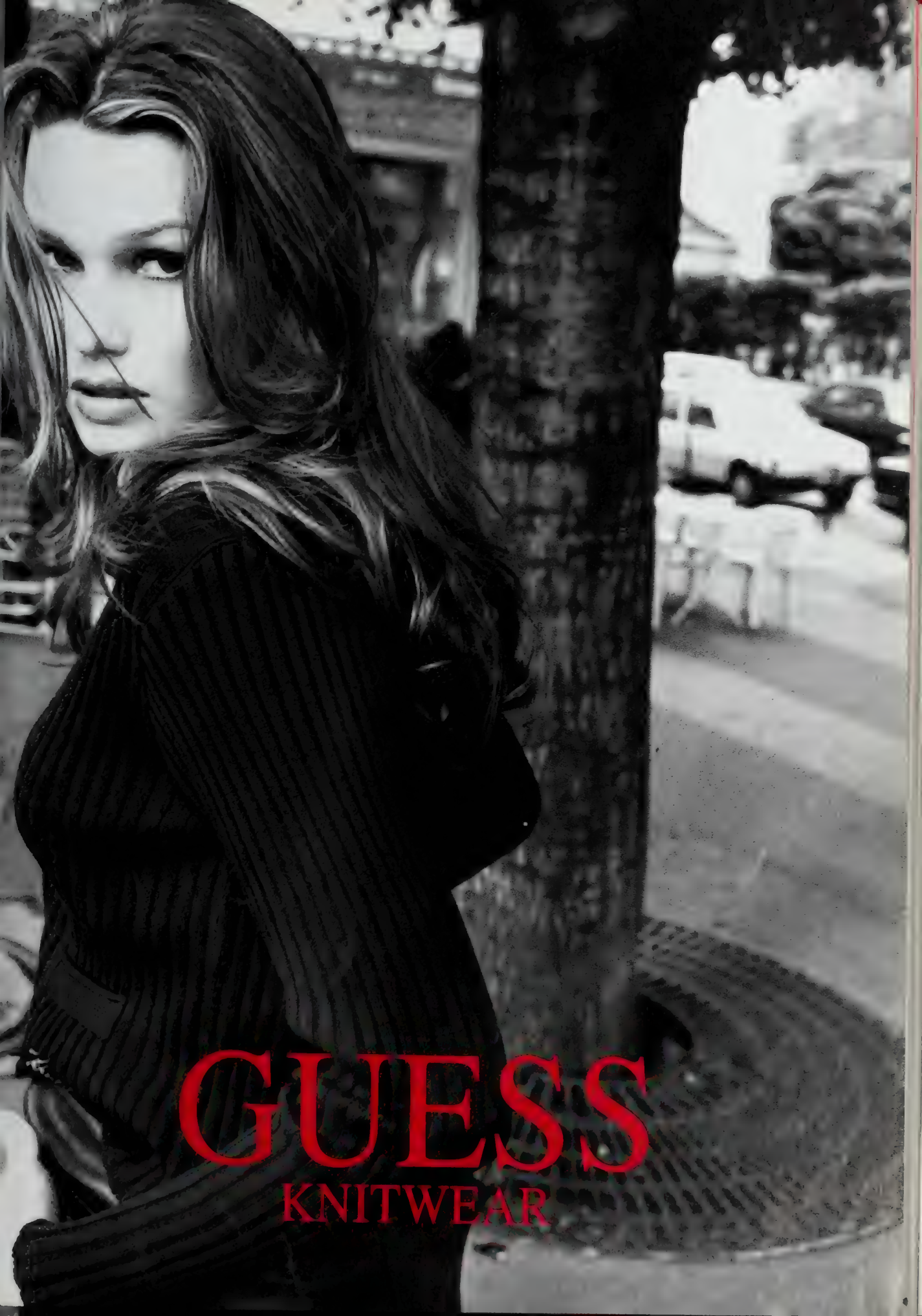
Twombly's Rebel Vision: Though Virginia-born painter Cy Twombly has lived for more than three decades in Italy, he frowns at the word "expatriate" and insists on being called a southerner. While the erudite and elusive artist prefers to keep a low profile, his works fetch millions. As the Museum of Modern Art prepares a major retrospective of his work, Twombly tells Edmund White what draws his eye. Photographs by François Halard. 1

Brando's Way: As Marlon Brando hits 70 it seems his once volcanic talent has been overshadowed by his fiery appetites—for food, for women, for money, and for some higher purpose to his life than just acting. In an excerpt from his new biography, Peter Manso shows that some of Brando's most compelling scenes occurred off-camera 17

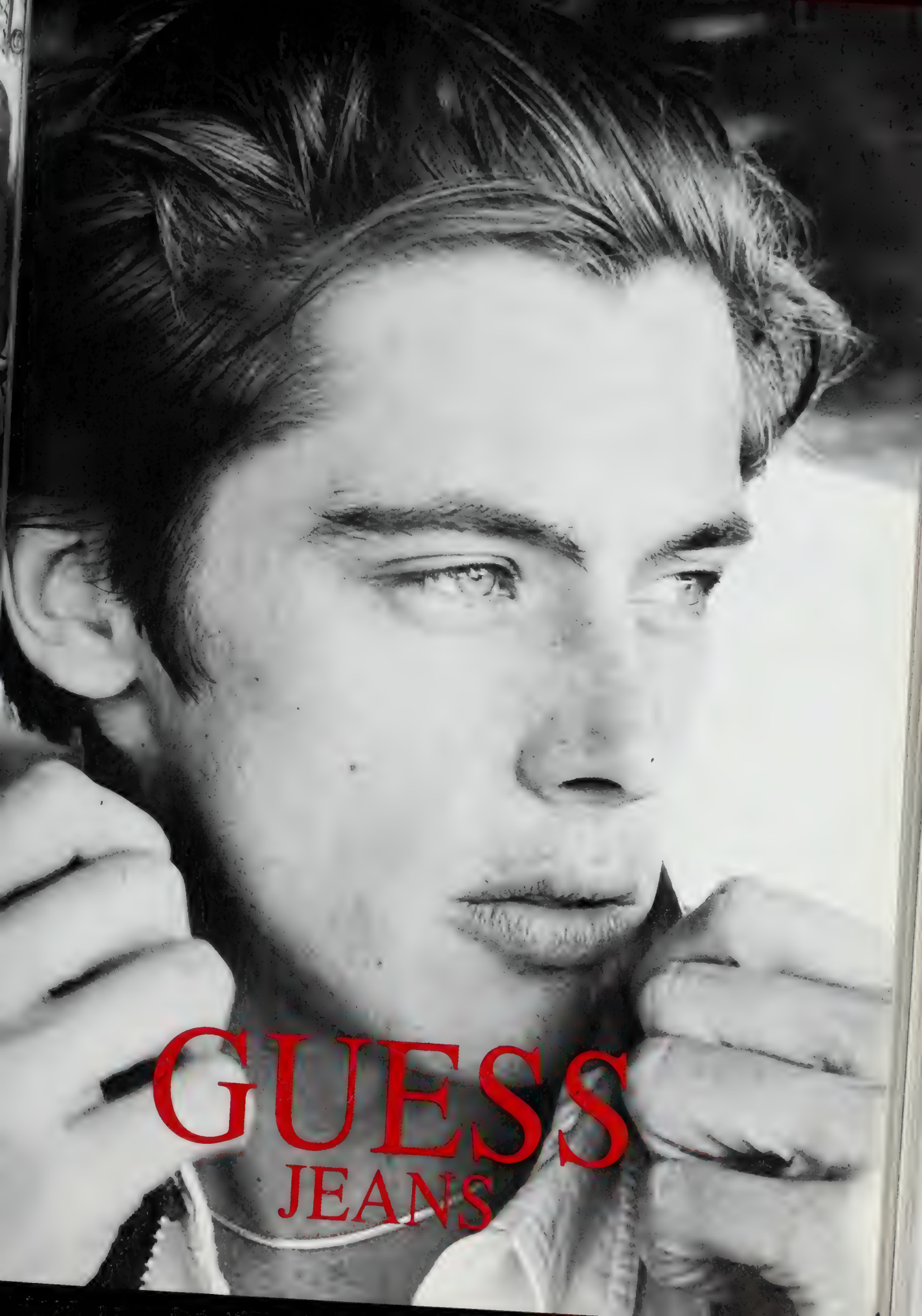
(Continued on page


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VANITY FAIR

(Continued from page 8)



Mick's chick, page 102.



Hunter's prey, page 214.



Russian bare, page 78.

Columns

All About Anna: Achingly correct *New York Times* columnist Anna Quindlen has a Pulitzer, a spot on the op-ed page, and a foot in the managing editor's office—so why is she still so wishy-washy? Marjorie Williams reads between the lines **60**

Nightmare on Red Square: Maureen Orth travels to Moscow for a revealing interview with Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the political powder keg who has Russia on edge, and whose stunning rise to power may have been fueled by a K.G.B. stratagem . . . **78**

Ever Faithfull: With Mick Jagger on her arm, singer Marianne Faithfull dazzled Swinging 60s London. Then she walked out—and plunged downward, into a career-killing, life-threatening addiction. Cathy Horyn finds out how she made it back from the living dead to release a new book and a new album **102**

Vanities

Kevin Bacon up a *River;* Hype & Glory—Julia Phillips on the Prozac generation; *Show Boat* shoves off; William Gibson on author Jack Womack; George Wayne worships Charlton Heston's graven image; New York's new power-lunch place . . . **117**

Et Cetera

Editor's Letter: Russian undressing **2**

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Letters: Death's little helper **4**

Credits **191, 20**

Flashback: Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt **20**

Planetarium: Virgos learn that talk is not cheap **21**

Social Study: Hunter S. Thompson goes gonzo on the Proust Questionnaire **21**

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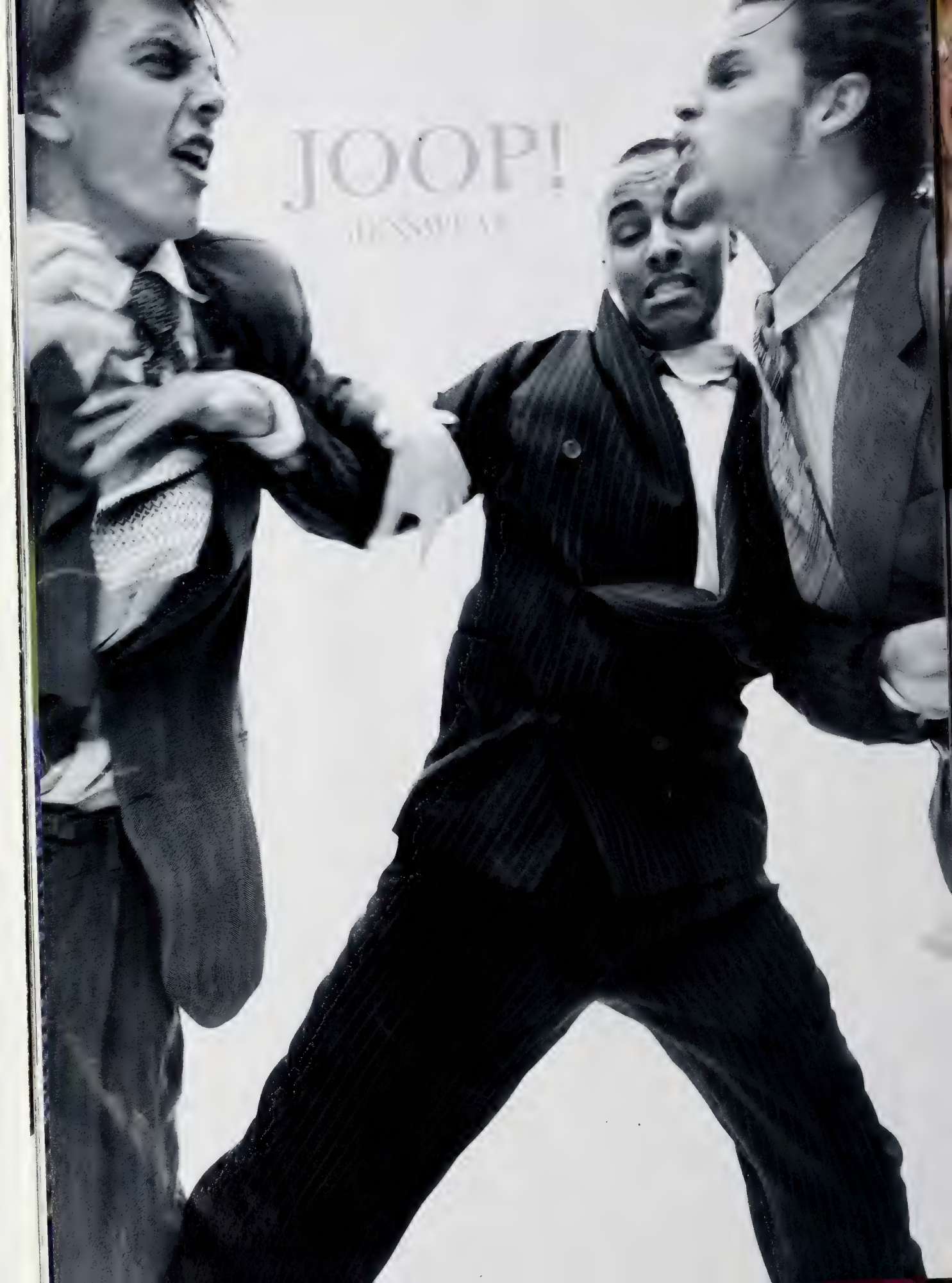


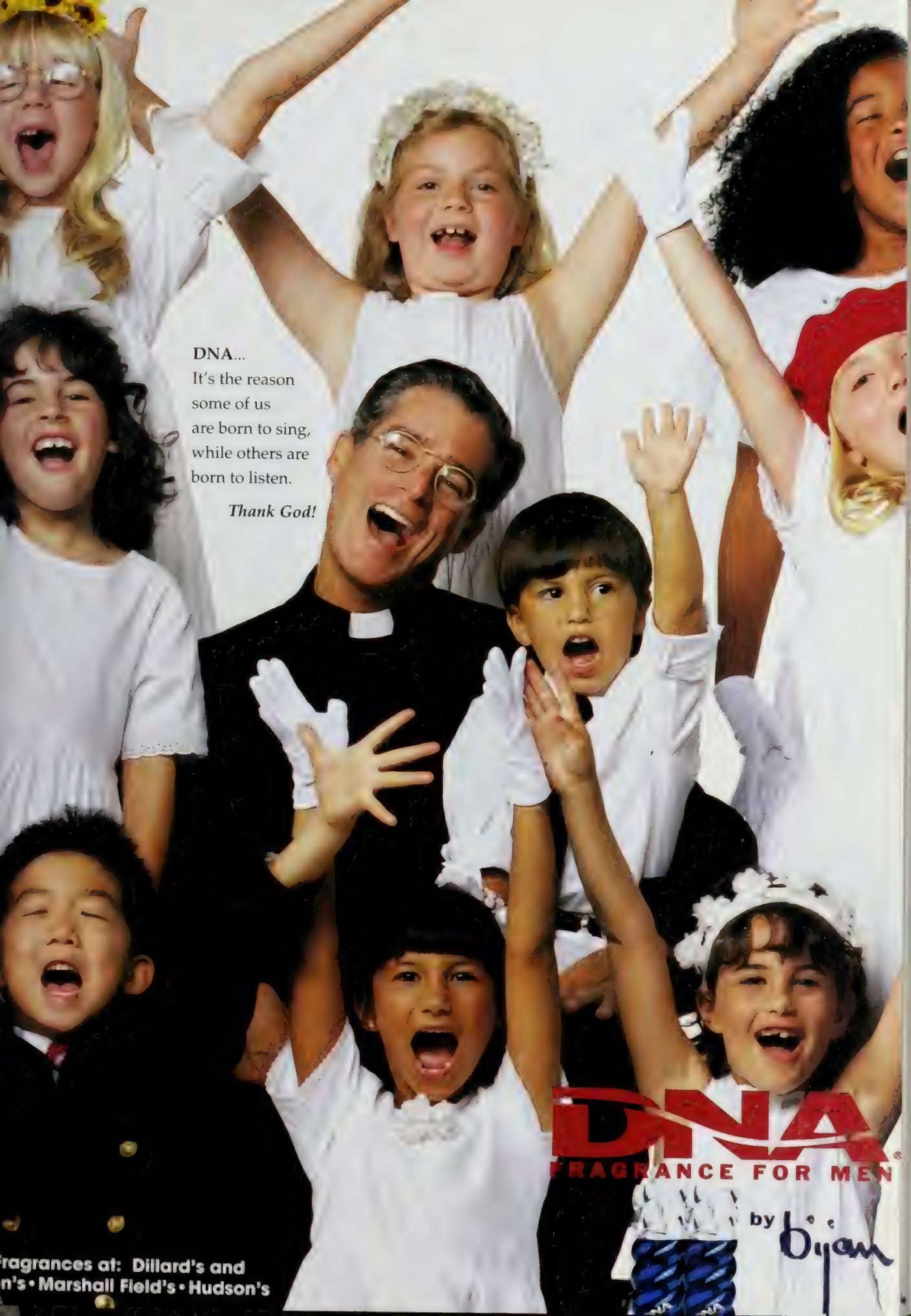
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Editor's Letter

Russian Undressing



In June, *The Washington Post* carried a dispatch indicating that Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the fanatical leader of Russia's Liberal Democratic Party, was washed-up. His party had beaten Yeltsin's in the December parliamentary elections and driven the government sharply to the right, but now his appeal was "fading in the very Russian heartland where he made his strongest showing." On its face, this was a plausible scenario: even in a country as chaotic as Russia today, how could this man, the Daffy Duck of Russian politics—a man for whom no stunt is too undignified, no statement too extreme—continue to be a serious political force? But throughout the summer, Zhirinovsky remained at the top of the news, looking dangerous on the cover of *Time* and undressed on the covers of the London *Sunday Times Magazine* and *The New York Times Magazine,* as journalists struggled to explain his enduring popularity. "The Western media have become Zhirinovsky's master and his slave," notes special correspondent Maureen Orth in her in-depth report ("Nightmare on Red Square") on page 78.

Though Zhirinovsky's practice of charging thousands of dollars for an interview has stymied other reporters, Orth persuaded him to give *Vanity Fair* free and full access; she spent many hours talking with him, as well as with his wife, his brother, and his sister. To cut throu the mysteries surrounding his backgrou and rise to power, she combed Soviet- archives and secret Communist Party d uments. The result is a uniquely comp hensive and intimate chronicle of the creati of a political monster.

In Washington, the point man for Cl ton's dealings with that monster is one of the presider closest chums, Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbo who built his reputation as an expert on the Soviet Unio In an elegant, witty profile ("Clinton's Rhodes Warrio on page 148, contributing editor Marjorie Williams a lyzes the fine line between Talbott's career as a journa at *Time* and his new role as a diplomat. His star has c tinued to shine through the recent shake-up at the St Department, while the criticism of his boss, Secretary W ren Christopher, still comes fast and furious. But, as Willia describes Talbott, his "hallmark is the faith that alm anything can be worked out between gentlemen." And open question is whether such a man can deal with forces that drive a man like Vladimir Zhirinovsky.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Sleepless in Malibu

ON THE COVER
Warren Beatty and Annette Bening wear robes by Fernando Sanchez. Her hair by Peter Savic for Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare; makeup by Francesca Tolot for Cloutier. Her makeup from Estée Lauder. His hair by Lynda Gurasich; grooming by Valli O'Reilly. His grooming products from Aramis. Set design by Luca De Carlo. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.



MARINA SCHIANO

A marriage to remember—on location and off—Warren and Annette star next month in *Love Affair,* Beatty's remake of the 1939 film of the same nam which was remade in 1957 *An Affair to Remember,* starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. In Malibu for the *V.F.* cover shoot with Herb Rit *far left,* Beatty and Bening wear his-and-hers robes by Donna Karan Intimate


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MOONGLOW (WITH KD LANG),
THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME
(WITH ELVIS COSTELLO),
AND OTHER CLASSICS.
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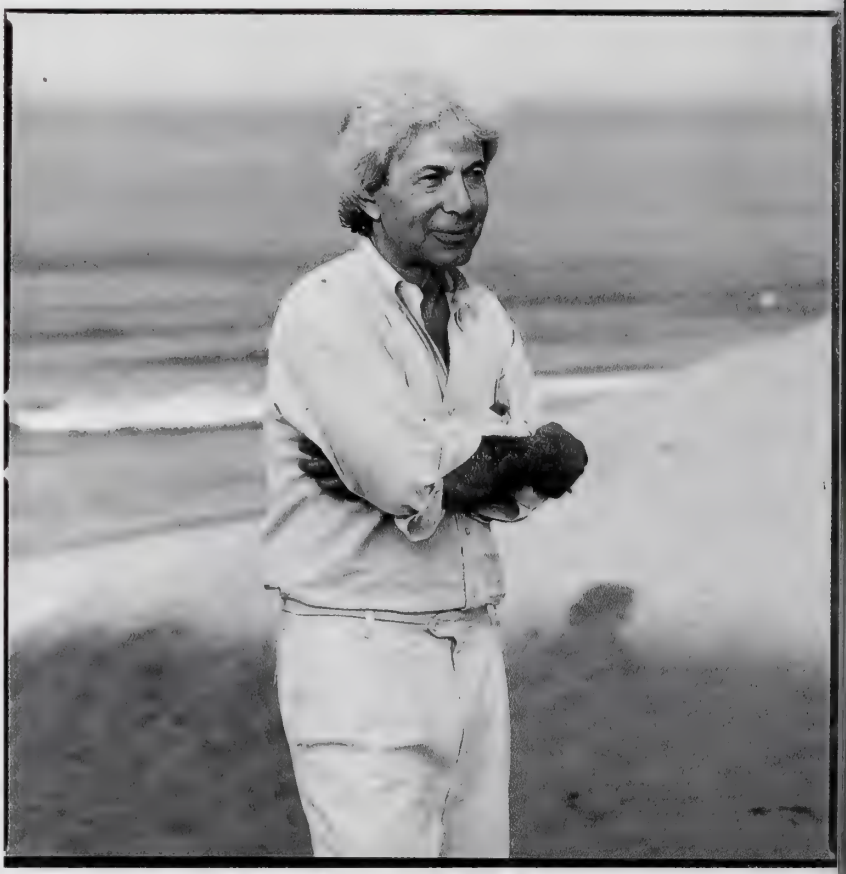


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The excerpt from Peter Manso's Brando: The Biography, *which begins on page 178, represents more than seven years of legwork (and almost 1,000 interviews) by the author, who, in the course of his research, reported on the Christian Brando shooting scandal in the August 1990* Vanity Fair. *Manso's previous work includes* Mailer: His Life and Times, *about Norman Mailer. "I write about artists and outsiders," he says. "The most difficult thing about writing the new book was packaging the pain of Marlon Brando's life. The reader can only take so much."*

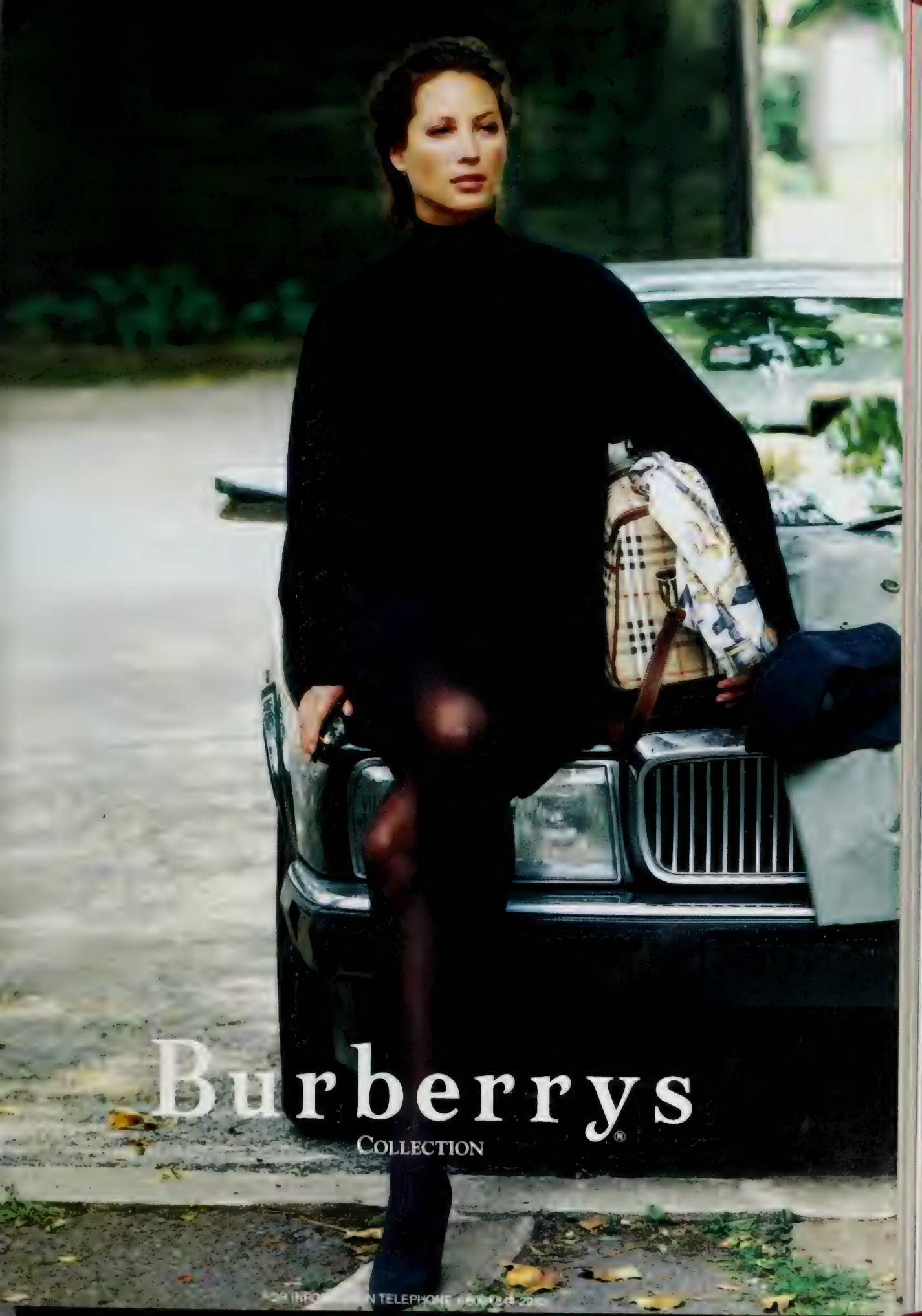
Bruce Feirstein, a screenwriter and best-selling author, is currently working on his first novel, *The Newarker.*

William Gibson's most recent novel is *Virtual Light.* His screenplay for *Johnny Mnemonic,* directed by Robert Longo and starring Keanu Reeves, is currently in postproduction.

Cathy Horyn, fashion editor of *The Washington Post,* interviewed Cindy Crawford for last month's cover story and spent several days in Ireland with Marianne Faithfull for her profile this month. Faithfull "has always been, for me, one of the great, individual recording artists," says Horyn, "probably because she is so honest. And she goes further than anyone I have ever talked to *(Continued on page 34)*



Los Angeles–based Michel Comte, a regu contributor to Vanity Fair, *photographed Robert Evans for this issu*


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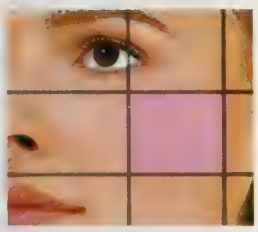


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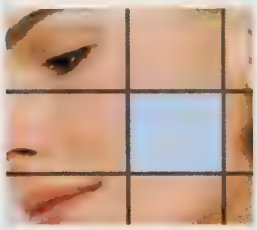
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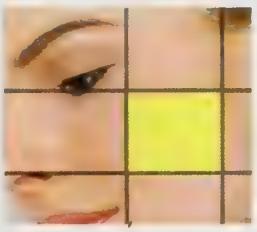
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AT BOOKSTORES NOW

Contributors

(Continued from page 30)



ART STREIBER

Dominick Dunne, whose profile of Warren Beatty and Annette Bening begins on page 140, recalled the life of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in the July issue. Dunne, who wrote extensively about Erik and Lyle Menendez for Vanity Fair, *is currently at work on a new novel,* The Sins of the Sons.

in laying bare, with no self-pity, even the worst moments of her life."

Julia Phillips produced *The Sting, Taxi Driver,* and *Close Encounters* and then wrote about the experience in her best-selling *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again.* She is currently putting the finishing touches on its yet-to-be-titled sequel, due out from Villard next year.



JERRY BAUER

Paris-based Edmund White profiles painter Cy Twombly this month (page 168). White is the author of a biography of Jean Genet that won the National Book Critics Circle Award this year, and a collection of his essays, The Burning Library, *will be published next month by Knopf.*



"Vladimir Zhirinovsky lived up to all my expectations as one of the most flamboyant, manipulative, and scary figures on the world stage today," says special correspondent Maureen Orth, who has previously profiled Irish president Mary Robinson, Margaret Thatcher, and Argentina's Carlos Menem for Vanity Fair. *The Russian politician waived his usual, exorbitant fee and granted Orth unprecedented access for her interview, which starts on page 78.*

Matthew Tyrnauer is co-editor of "Vanities" and has written for *G* and *The New York Observer.* He profiled author Bret Easton Ellis in la month's issue.

Marjorie Williams, who is based Washington for *Vanity Fair,* is a form *Washington Post* reporter who writ frequently about politics and the medi


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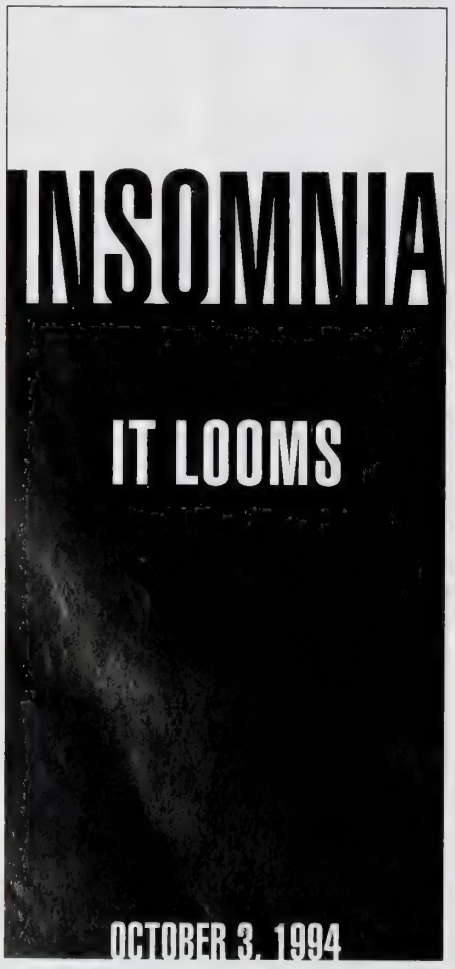
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Letters



DEATH'S LITTLE HELPER

Postmortem on Dr. Death

While I am in favor of what some people refer to as physician-assisted suicide and death with dignity, the actions of Dr. Kevorkian ["Death Becomes Him," by Jack Lessenberry, July] are something that cannot be condoned. His use of carbon monoxide as a method to end a life, his use of a van, on some occasions, as a deathbed, and his urge to seek public attention more for himself than for his cause are not the work of someone involved in a mission of mercy. While the cause is noble, Kevorkian is not. Instead of assisting in the ending of other people's lives, he should be seeking assistance in straightening out his own.

DEAN GREEN
Newark, New Jersey

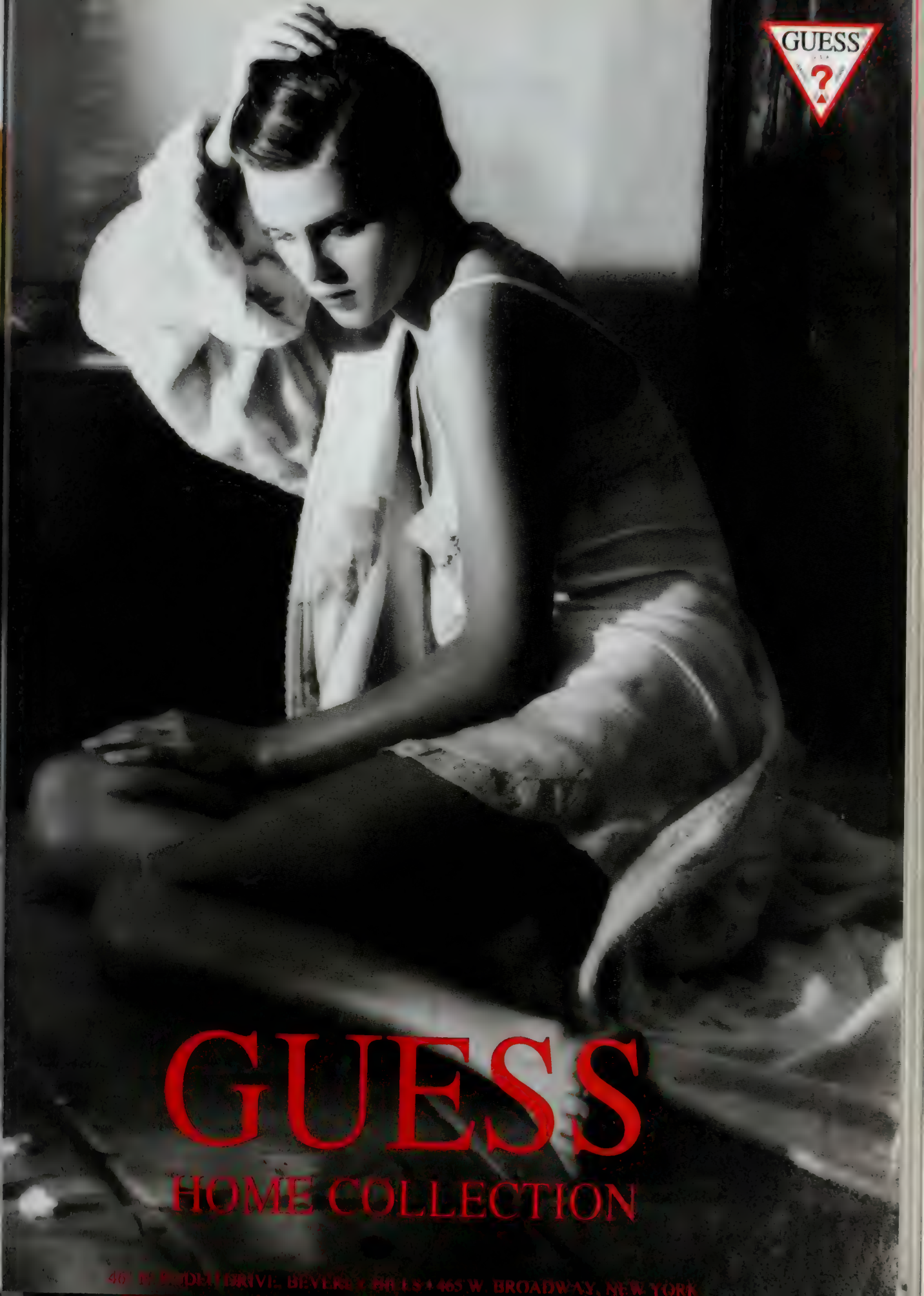
My mother fought, and this past March lost, a seven-and-one-half-year battle against breast cancer. She was 46 years old when she was diagnosed, and there was not one day that she was not und some form of treatment. If she had on mentioned that she could not endure li any longer, I can assure you I woul have been the first person knocking o Dr. Kevorkian's door.

LYNN FRIEDMA
Chicago, Illino

There is only one thing that comes t mind when looking at Kevorkian an his paintings: John Wayne Gacy. Wh not? Would you compare his stroke t Monet's?

BRIAN FRANKLI
Rantoul, Illino

I remember my dad—utterly diminishe in size, bone-thin, pale-yellow from th bile backing into his system—railing i impotent anger against the sentence o "natural death" that still loomed in fro of him after suffering through almost tw years of agony caused by pancreatic ca cer. We, his children and our mothe


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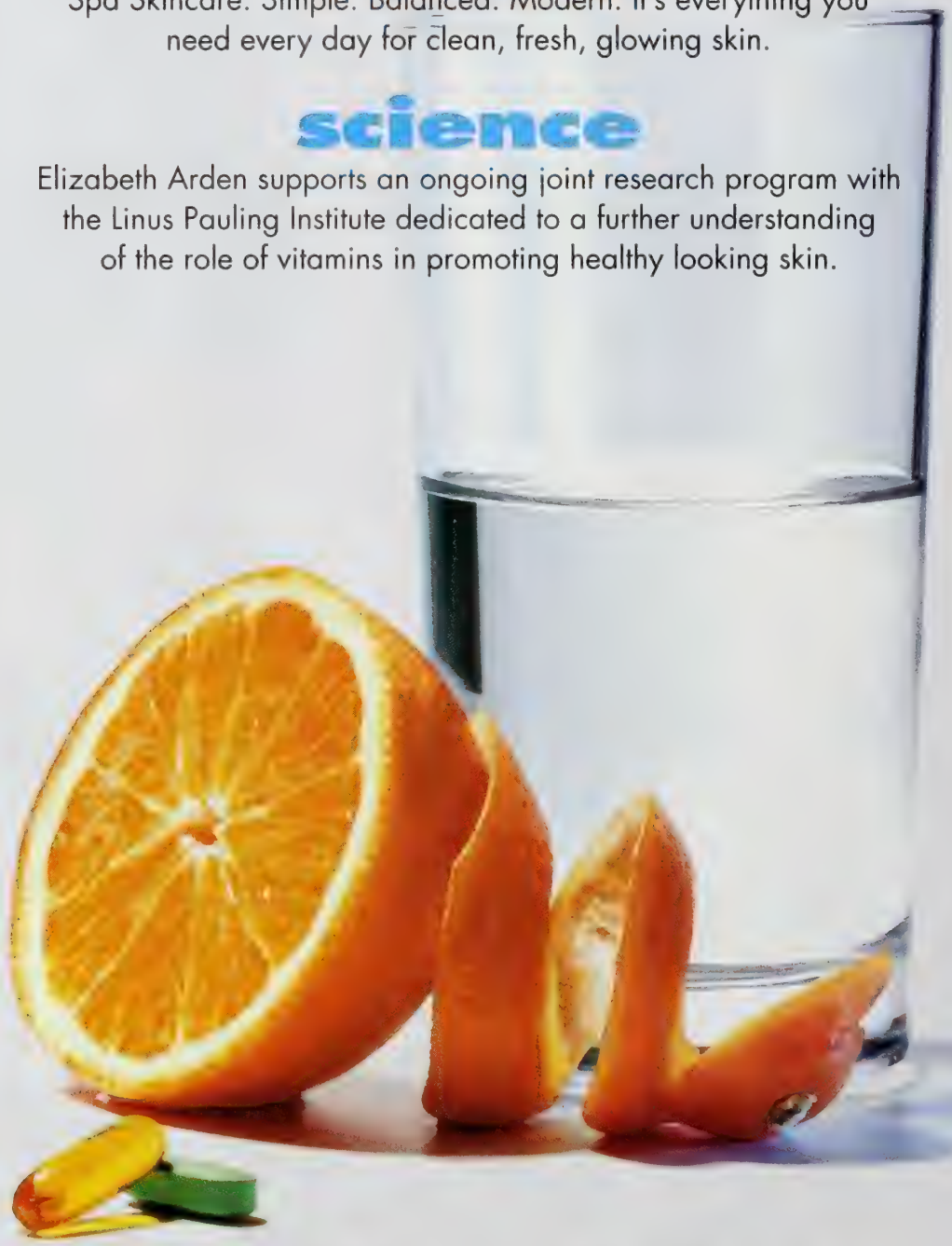
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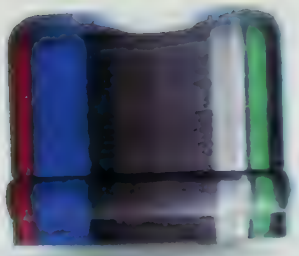
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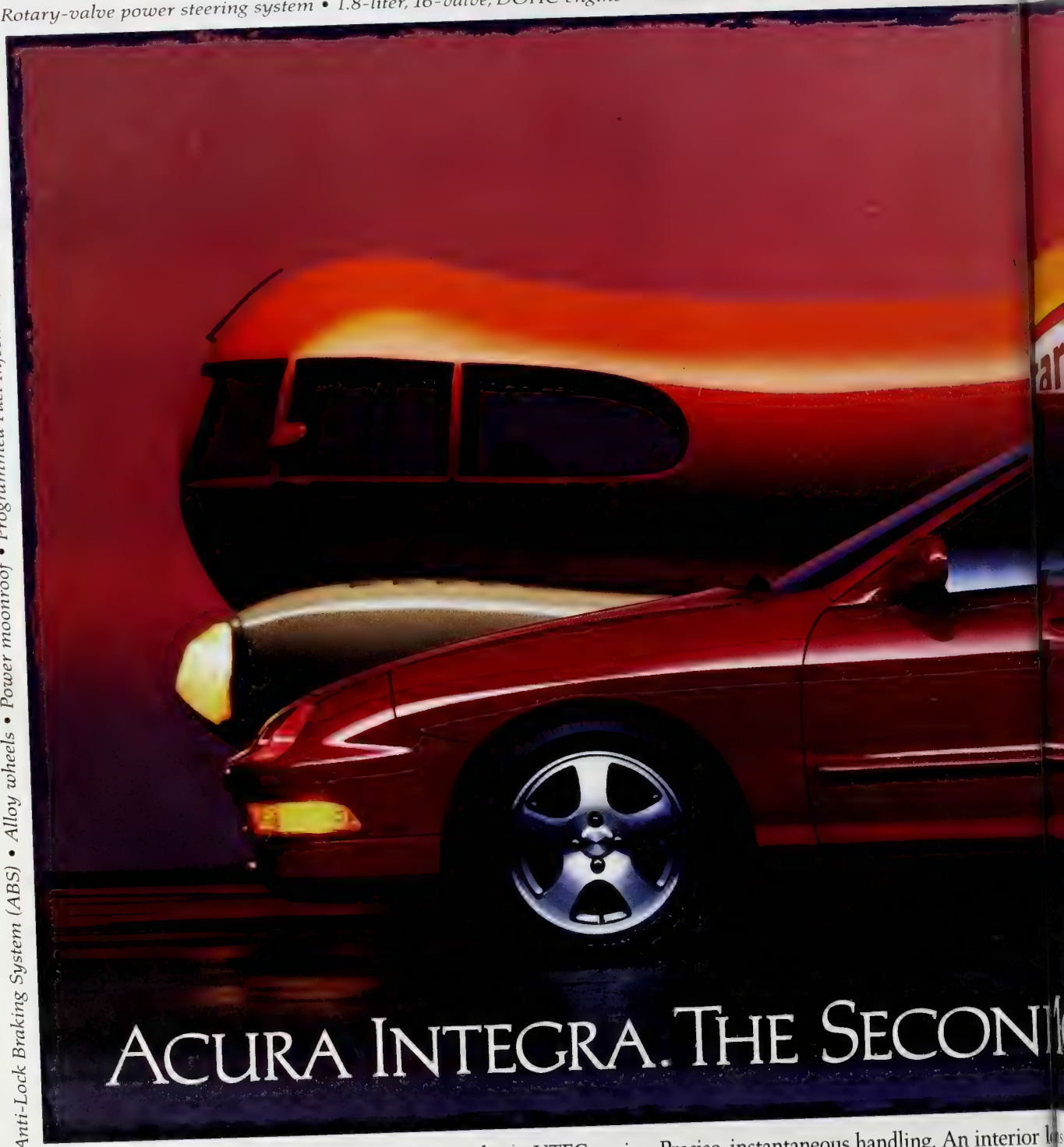
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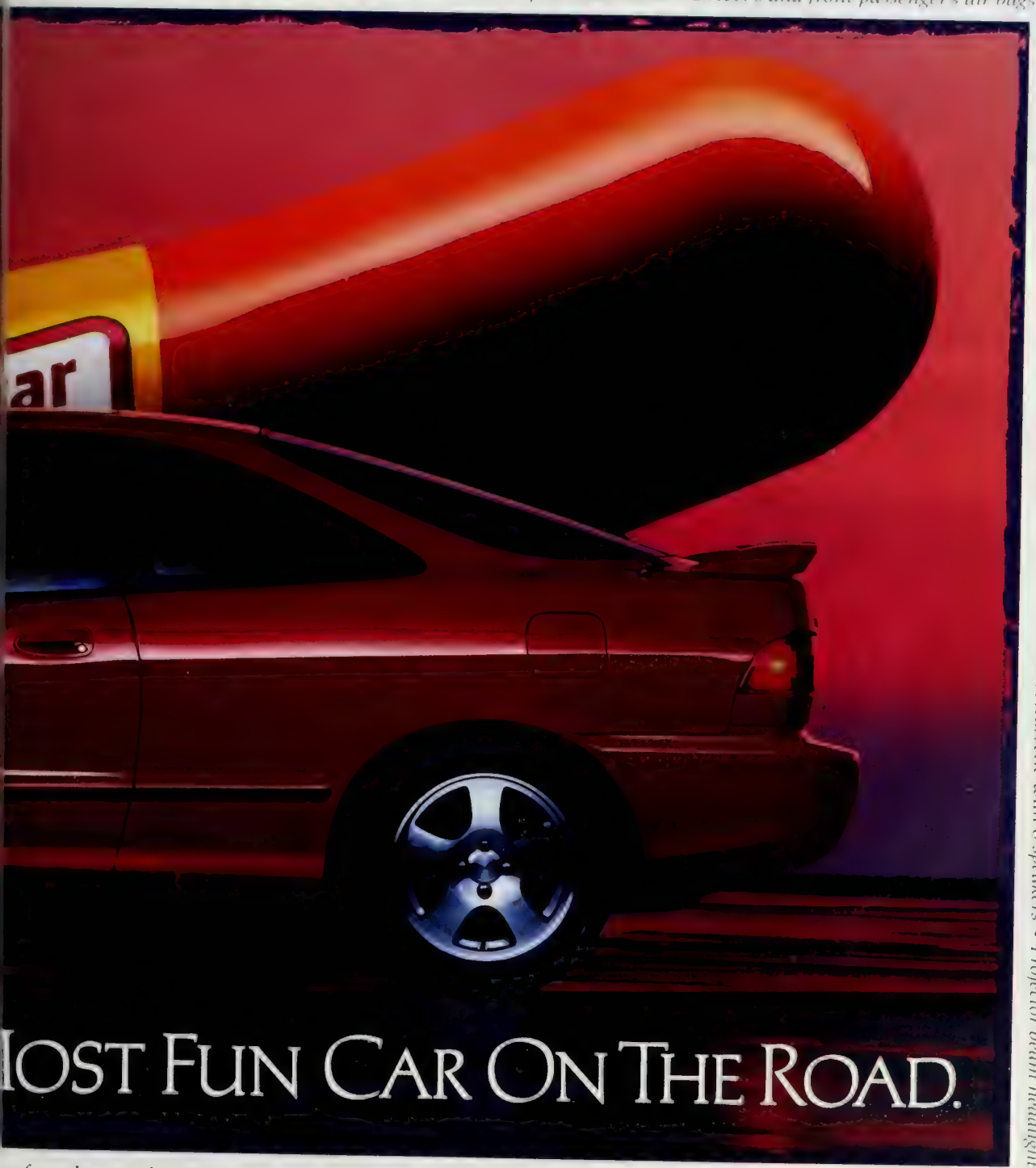


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A Featured Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

RANDOM HOUSE

were powerless to help him, and so he survived for another six weeks before dying a death so terrible that it made everything before it seem mild by comparison.

I'm terrified that Dr. Kevorkian's courageous action will be eclipsed by an upside-down system that inflicts punishment on all the wrong people and that forbids an end to this barbaric practice we have of depriving the terminally ill of their right to die as humanely as possible. And their families the right to help them avoid a needlessly torturous death. Dr. Kevorkian, I hope to God your good work prevails. Wherever he sleeps, I know my father does, too.

ROBIN PIEHL LIESKE
Phoenix, Arizona

Jackie Ovation



Riding off into history: Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, a lifelong equestrian, in her riding habit.

In your July issue, Dominick Dunne has written a warm and gracious remembrance of Jackie ["Forever Jackie"]. He has accurately recognized her remarkable contributions and the depth of her loving relationship with her colleagues, friends, and family.

However, there is one reference that I would like to correct. I supported Caroline and John in their desire to have a funeral in keeping with their mother's sense of privacy, and at no time did I advocate "a state funeral."

Thank you for the opportunity to clarify this point in what was otherwise a very special tribute.

SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY
Washington, D.C.

The article on Jacqueline Kenned Onassis stayed true to its title. It w about her and her achievements, not attempt to judge or form opinion Most important, it informed us that sh cared about issues and causes that ma tered, from providing a safe and secu environment for her children to figh ing for the preservation of Grand Ce tral Terminal. It's no wonder that sh will always remain the most popul and admired First Lady in our nation history.

KARL G. PORT
Los Angeles, Californ

Dominick Dunne has written a fine ar cle on Camelot's queen, but what a di honor you have done to Jackie by usin a Ron Galella photograph for your co er. After years of his harassment, Jack had to obtain a court order again Galella so he would leave her alon How soon one forgets.

PETER D'ADDI
Ajijic, Mexic

Thanks for the wonderful article o Jackie Onassis. I will always remembe Jackie for her grace and charm.

SUSAN E. JONE
Boston, Massachuset

In 1967, I served as a psychological-wa fare officer in the Mekong Delta regio of South Vietnam. One morning m Vietnamese counterpart brought me curious example of enemy propaganda The Vietcong had tacked a leaflet to tree near our base that read, "America soldier! Your girlfriend misses you! Pasted beneath the message was a phot of Jackie Kennedy that had been cu out of *Life* magazine. We laughed abou it—but we also missed Jackie.

THOMAS J. HOLBEI
Roanoke, Texa

Maybe Jackie O did hold a unique plac in American society, but she was neve part of the fabric of American culture She was a rich high-society lady wh married a moneyed politician and Greek tycoon. Most of America has no touched and never will touch the fabri of opulent wealth, world-famous celebr ty, and protective surroundings. W Americans usually touch fabric of co ton or 100 percent polyester!

BELINDA BATTISTELL
Rancho Cucamonga, Californ

Though she undoubtedly had some (un publicized) faults, Jacqueline Kenned Onassis largely appears to deserve ou


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Canoeists and guides in the Boundary Waters of Minnesota

YOU ARE OLDER, IT SEEMS, THAN SOME PEOPLE,
AND SO THEY CALL YOU OLD.
OLD, OLD, OLD. YOU HAVE WRINKLES YOU DO NOT COVER
AND YOUR HAIR IS GRAY AND YOU HAVE LIVED
FOR SOMETHING LIKE SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS ON THIS EARTH
WITHOUT MUCH COMPLAINT.
there is nothing much to complain about.
BUT SOME PEOPLE LOOK AT YOU AND THINK YOU SHOULD
STOP NOW, REST NOW, GROW OLD NOW, GRACEFULLY.
BUT YOU LIVE GRACEFULLY ENOUGH YOU DON'T HAVE TIME
TO GROW OLD.



YOU HAVE A CANOE.
AND THAT CANOE HAS A RIVER.
AND THAT RIVER DOES NOT END.
and you watch the river flow and watch it flow
AND WATCH THE LEAVES CHANGE COLOR
AND WATCH YOUR HANDS TURN EIGHTY YEARS OLD
IN THE MIDDLE OF A RIVER BEND.
YOU HIKE THIRTEEN MILES AT THE END OF THE DAY
AND THAT IS HOW YOU REST, THAT IS HOW YOU REST.
SO LET THE YOUNG ONES SLEEP. LET THE WHOLE WORLD SLEEP.
YOU WILL SLEEP WHEN YOU HAVE TO.
YOU ARE CROSSING THE WATER, CROSSING THE WATER,
AND THERE IS SO MUCH WATER LEFT TO BE CROSSED.


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OCTOBER 3, 1994

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admiration. One minor point I've always noticed: despite her reputation as an overspender, avid Jackie watchers can attest that she wore the same bracelet and earrings over and over. Also, when she was relaxing she wore the same unadorned garb many middle-class Americans enjoy: jeans or cotton pants, simple jersey tops. These are not the habits of someone who places an inflated value on clothes.

SUNNY KREIS
Brooklyn, New York

Rebel-Rousing

Thank you for Ann Louise Bardach's insightful article on Subcomandante Marcos ["Mexico's Poet Rebel," July]. The rebels' demands could have well been predicted, but nobody could have suspected that at the public helm of the Zapatista crusade would be a man possessing intelligence, will, and the ability to articulate the points of fairness which were supposed to have been accorded some 65 years ago. I hope that these valiant people succeed with their endeavor.

GUADALUPE ZAMORA
Fort Worth, Texas

Let the reader beware of charismatic young revolutionaries: they become autocratic, reactionary, bearded old men.

MARIA ELENA MESSINA
Redwood City, California

Ann Louise Bardach seems to have understood the problems facing Mexico's poorest people. As a landowner in Mexico, I have long been aware that change would have to come. Unfortunately, it seems to have come in a violent manner. Reform is imperative if Mexico is to continue to be nonviolent.

BURGNER VON SCHLESWIG
UND HOLSTEIN
Houston, Texas

The James and Mary Show

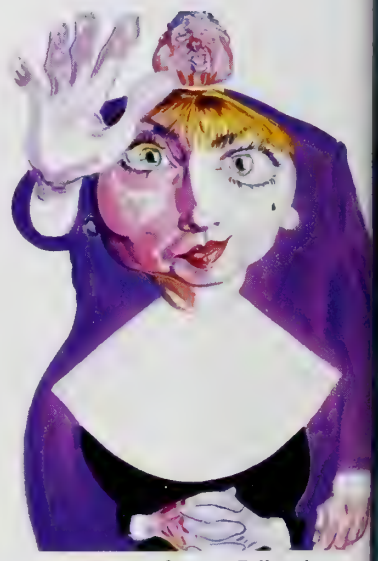
It strikes me that James Carville and Mary Matalin's central accomplishment ["Love on the Run," by Marjorie Williams, July] is one that is all too rare in American society today. In a Balkanized cultural community of joyless P.C. vultures and sputtering, insecure Limbaugh ditto-heads, people are increasingly unable to speak across their blinkered ideologies. In light of this, a couple a[ble] to create a relationship that transcen[ds] their respective politics might be c[ele]brated, not stigmatized.

MICHAEL MacCAMBRID[GE]
Austin, T[X]

As an avid viewer of CNBC, I have [de]veloped an affinity for *Equal Time*. F[or] that reason, I am truly thankful for y[our] informative article on the intrigu[ing] lives of Mary Matalin and her husba[nd] James Carville. I consider Mary Ma[ta]lin to be the epitome of cool. She [has] wisdom and conversational savvy, wh[ich] makes her one of my role models a[s a] 17-year-old conservative female. Jam[es] Carville is great, too. If only half of [our] political figures could be as relaxed [as] he seems to be, the country would b[e a] happier place. After all, how many m[en] could take being called "serpenthe[ad]" on national television?

KATHERINE STEVE[NS]
Brookfield, Connect[icut]

Whitewater Backwash



River of return: Bill and Hillary Clinton managed to stem the drown[ing] media tide brought on by their personal [and] financial scandal.

The piece by Christopher Hitch[ens] about the Clintons ["Ring Around [the] Clintons," July] was right on target. [In] concise terms, it delineated wha[t's] wrong with these people and why [they] are so frustrating to so many of us.

WILLIAM C. LONGM[AN]
Leawood, K[S]

My greatest praise to *Vanity Fair* [for] Christopher Hitchens's column on [the] Clintons. I can only imagine what



YOU HAVE A BODY THAT WANTS TO RUN.
YOU HAVE A BODY THAT WANTS TO WALK.
AND THE BODY THAT WANTS TO RUN AND WANTS TO
WALK IS THE VERY SAME BODY.
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

The Air Speed II from NIKE is for running.
And it's for walking. It's comfortable. And it's supportive.
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whether your body moves fast, or whether your body moves slow.
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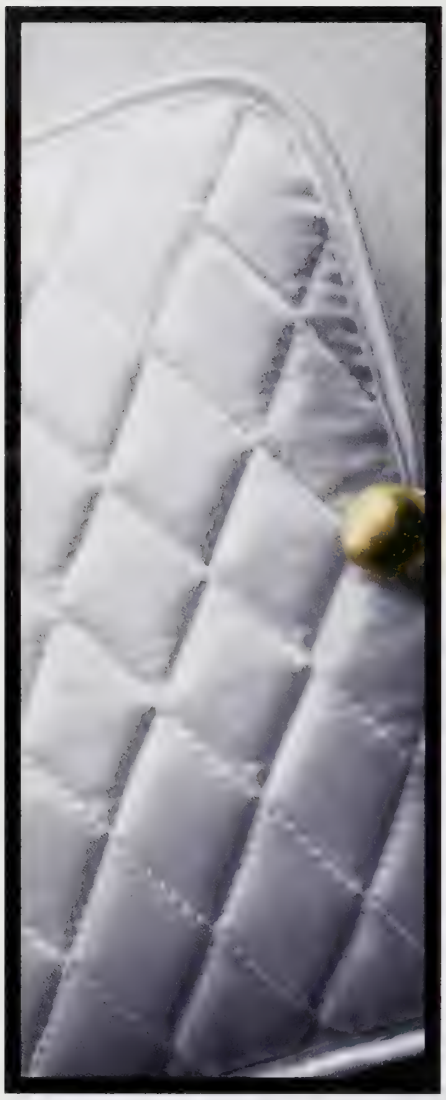
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spin doctors in the Clinton camp are cooking up as a response to this article.

ANNETTE T. DANIEL
Columbus, Ohio

I think Christopher Hitchens should swallow his poison pen. The Whitewater nonsense is very boring and the public is sick of it. The only people who care are the G.O.P. Should they throw stones from Oliver North's glass house?

SHIRLEY LAWSON
Knoxville, Tennessee

Bravo! It's high time that those with a voice step forward and expose that phony couple in the White House. There is little need to stand on ethics or principle when simple reality will suffice.

NELSON B. CALDWELL
Elk Grove, California

Mr. Hitchens, you must be a very young bird indeed, because when you were pecking your way out of the egg (you still have some on your face), you failed to notice that another presidential couple withstood the slings and arrows of critics as they strove for change.

Eleanor Roosevelt went on to do good works, and her husband told us, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

NAN B. SCOTT
Stuart, Florida

After reading Christopher Hitchens's article convicting the Clintons in the Whitewater "scandal," I agree with him that the Clintons' past should be investigated because they're famous. But since Hitchens is also a celebrity, I'd like to know where he was 16 years ago, what he did, when he did it, with whom, and how much tax he paid—if any.

RENÉE NEWBOLD
Newport News, Virginia

Tarantino Too

Bemoaning Hollywood's cookie-cutter mentality, Quentin Tarantino ["Tarantino Bravo," by Lynn Hirschberg, July] says, "I'm making movies I haven't seen before." But while the style and wit of *Reservoir Dogs* (1992) are all his own, its plot, characters, situations, and themes are cribbed from the Hong Kong film *City on Fire* (1987), directed by Ringo Lam and starring Tarantino idol Chow Yun-Fat. Perhaps he'll acknowledge his sources on the "R.D." board game.

ROBERT CASHILL
Randolph, New Jersey

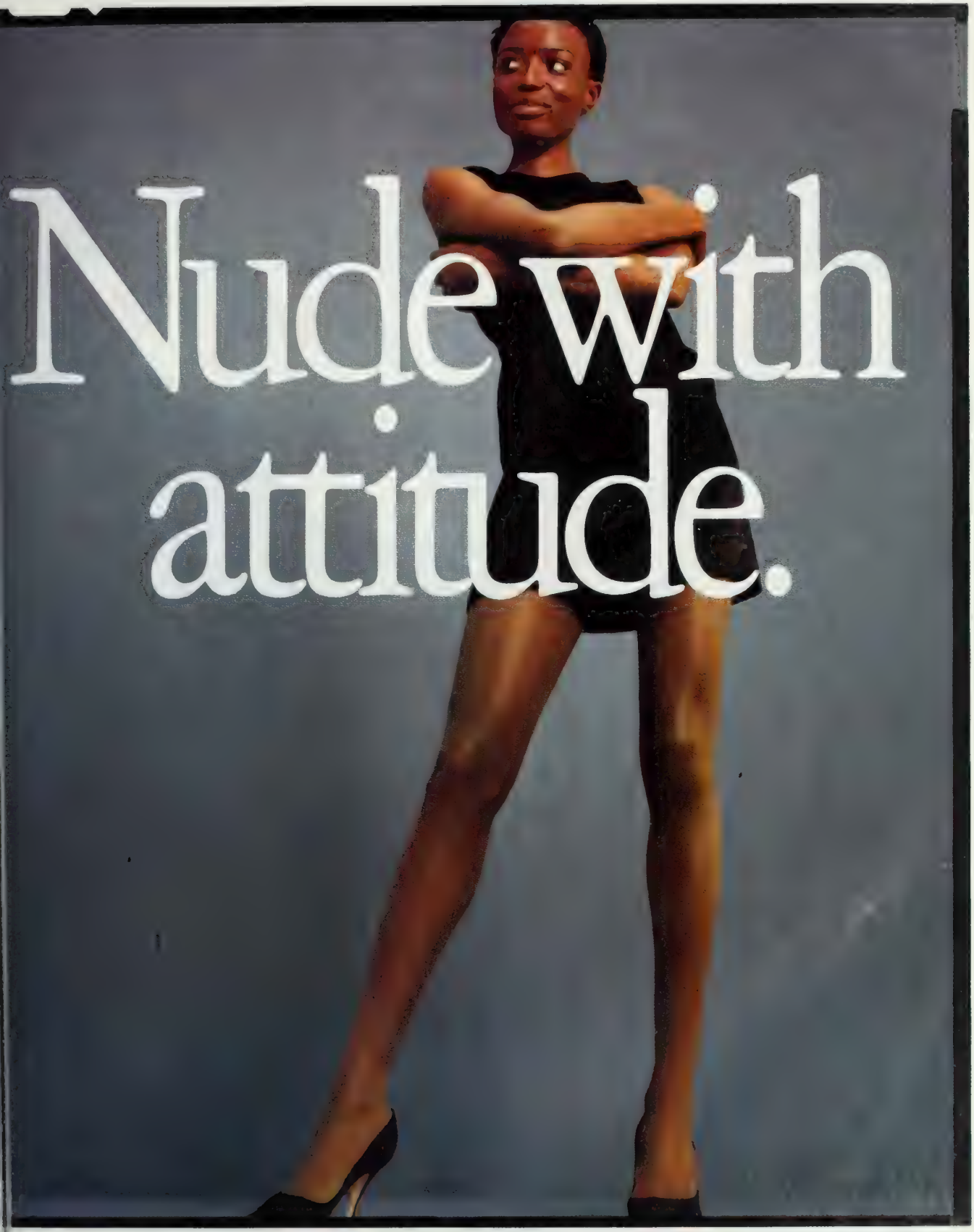
V.F. Letter Box

Apart from one lengthy, dignified fan letter that began, "Dear Mr. Carter, I am a modern man . . . ," readers had the long knives out for certain parts of V.F.*'s July issue—as often as not for the subjects themselves. "Thank you, thank you for finally exposing those two low-class, self-serving, money-grubbing phonies—Matalin and Carville," writes an "ex-fan" of theirs from California. Anne Guerriero of Kentwood, Michigan, writes, "I've weathered the Demi photos, the Roseanne photos—but the photos of Melanie Griffith, Sandra Bullock, and Penelope Ann Miller disappointed me. How can [you] make these lovely women look unattractive?" On the other hand, Name Withheld of Place Similarly Withheld saw the Griffith photos ("Melanie Unplugged," by Eric Alterman), at least, on their own terms: "I never really believed in the hype about her being Harriet, the other half of Ozzie. In her 'rubber condom' jacket, vinyl pants, and spike-heeled shoes, she once again comes across as a bimbo—a role she has perfected but didn't invent." Not exactly a politically correct sentiment, but Name Withheld isn't the only un-P.C. reader we heard from this month: Mrs. Kenneth T. Bartley from Alameda, California, wrote with hosannas for Elise O'Shaughnessy's paean to the anti-P.C. crusader and weekend softball enthusiast John Leo ("Leo Rising"). She says she agrees with all of Leo's views, "from sports to the ills of this partially insane U.S.A."*

Christopher Hitchens, the man who criticized the Clintons, has, as is his custom, made himself a few fans (see "Whitewater Backwash," above) and a few enemies. We feel we must respond to the assertion, made by Libby Bushmann of Hallandale, Florida, that "venom literally drips from this viper's pen"; witnesses present when Mr. Hitchens wrote some of his most scathing sentences are willing to swear that they saw no such thing. And Justin Wellman of Hollywood Hills, California, is certainly a man who says what's on his mind. He accuses Mr. Hitchens ("this silly twit-Brit") of "shrill and faggy sniping" and "mincy/hysterical rhetoric." Departing briefly from this apparent theme, he also calls Mr. Hitchens "chubby." Which, even if partly true, is going a little too far.

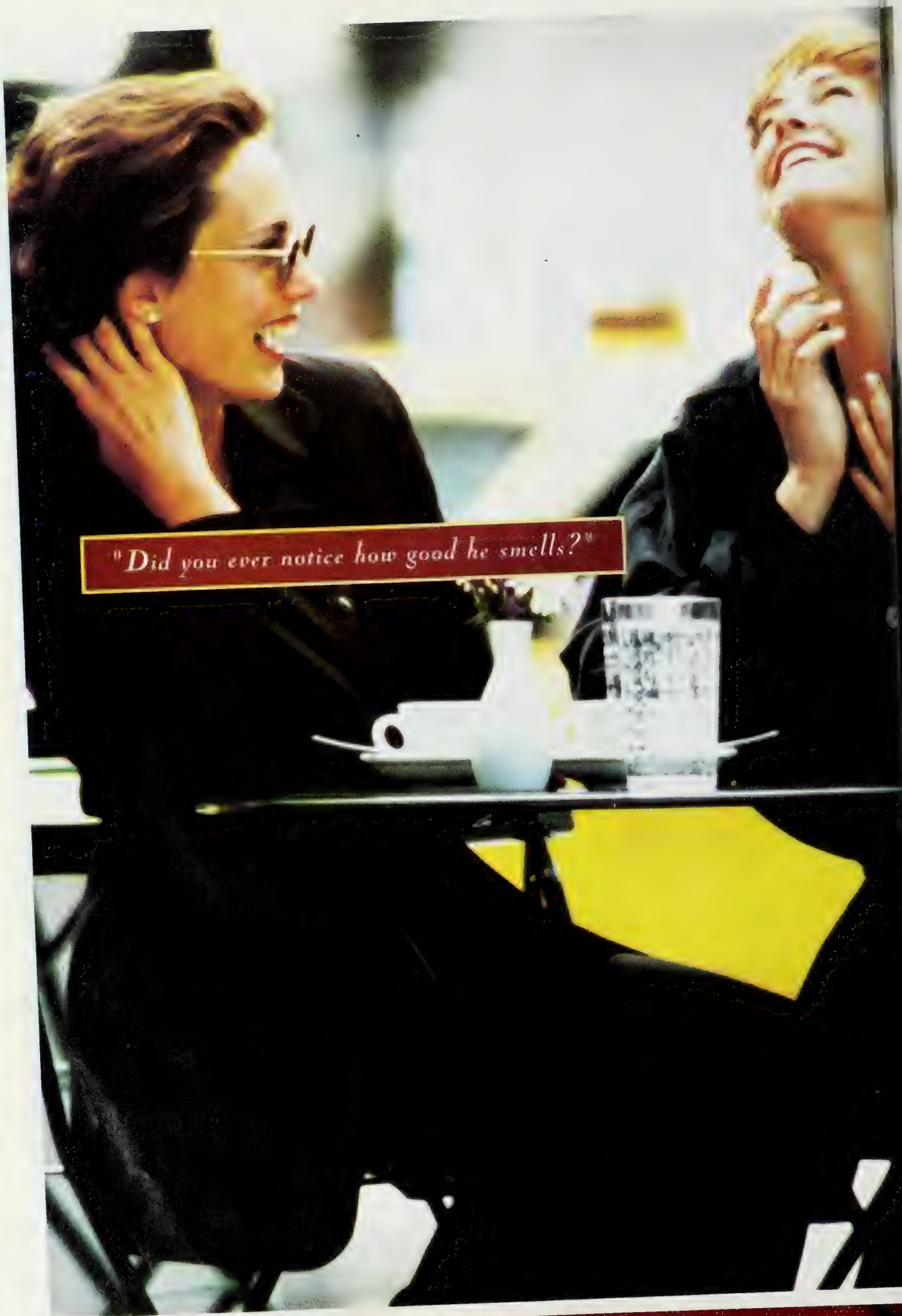
Finally, we loved the letter from one Florida reader, if only because it began, "Quick! Take back all the C.I.A.'s magic decoder rings." And no one can blame her for asking, sensibly, "Must we carry the snarls of outrageous circumstance forever?" No, we must not carry those snarls, whatever that means. —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.



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"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"



GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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New York

ALL ABOUT ANNA

Now that Anna Quindlen is the Woman's Voice on the powerful *New York Times* op-ed page—with a Pulitzer under her belt and a shot at the editor's job in her future—why is her writing so timidly girlish? The answer is in her past, and in her latest novel

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS

When the 24-year-old Anna Quindlen first interviewed for a job at *The New York Times,* she followed a simple strategy: she told them what they wanted to hear. Specifically, when managing editor Seymour Topping asked her what her ultimate ambition was, she told him that she hoped to be a foreign correspondent—preferably with a posting to Germany. And when she reached the office of executive editor Abe Rosenthal, she said she yearned to cover Poland. Topping, she had learned from reading up on him, had been a correspondent in Berlin, and Rosenthal had won a Pulitzer Prize for his dispatches from Warsaw.

This classic bit of apple-polishing paid off well: today, as the only woman to write a regular column on the op-ed page of the *Times*—and only the third woman ever to be assigned that plum—Quindlen is among the paper's stars, and one of a handful of candidates to manage the newspaper of record into the next century.

She is also a successful novelist, whose 1991 coming-of-age novel, *Object Lessons*, was a best-seller, and whose second novel, *One True Thing,* is to be published this month by Random House. Along the way, she earned a legion of fans through her earlier column "Life in the 30's," in which she wrote, from 1986 through 1988, about the everyday epiphanies that grew out of her private life as the mother of small children, a working woman, and the wife of trial attorney Gerald Krovatin.

After moving onto the op-ed page, Quindlen won the 1992 Pulitzer Prize for her "soft" take on American life and politics. "Public & Private," which runs every Wednesday and Saturday, is highly personal and pointillistic, and was consciously conceived as the work of a female voice; often praised as a refreshing contrast to the *Times*'s all-male stable of opinion-mongers, it embodies what Quindlen once called "a world view largely shaped by gender."

Quindlen's singularity as a female tribune marks her as one of the most interesting symbols of the new *New York Times* presided over by Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr. She is perhaps the most visible manifestation of the young publisher's controversial efforts to create a more liberal, more "diverse" *Times* than the paper he inherited, almost three years ago, from his father. By extension,



Female tribune: Anna Quindlen has not only climbed the ladder at *The New York Times* but also forced a Fortune 500 company to accommodate her children's mealtimes.

Illustration by RISKO

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Quindlen's starring role at the *Times,* and its reward by the traditionalists who judge the Pulitzer Prizes, says a good deal about how three decades of feminism have crystallized in the mainstream culture.

It is true that women are still woefully underrepresented at the top ranks of news and opinion journalism. But it is telling that Quindlen is the *Times*'s answer to this problem. For she is an incorrigible nice girl: a powerful 60-ish white man's idea of a feminist writer.

A woman's voice, Quindlen's work suggests, is ladylike. Tidy. *Careful.* It is necessarily, in Quindlen's world, a liberal voice. Harsh, "masculine" subjects such as war and foreign policy call forth a pretty ambivalence; women have no need to conquer this territory, when they already occupy the moral high ground. "She's of the I-was-upset-I-had-no-shoes-until-I-met-a-man-who-had-no-feet school," says one New York wag, perfectly summarizing the column's brand of conspicuous compassion.

Thus the story of Quindlen's first job interview, though she has told it on herself, has what is surely an unintended resonance; it might as well be a description of her modus operandi as a columnist. After a brilliant career of climbing the ladder at the *Times,* the 41-year-old Quindlen has the journalistic equivalent of tenure at Harvard, or a seat on the Supreme Court: she can now say anything she pleases. Why, then, is her voice still so often pitched to tell others what they want to hear?

As any nice girl can tell you, being a nice girl in America is not a matter of passivity. It is about masking normal aggression with femininity, covering ambition with sweetness. Quindlen's friends and associates describe her as a woman of formidable will who has always known what she wanted and gone after it. "When she sets out to accomplish something," says *Times* Moscow correspondent Michael Specter, a close friend, "you should get out of the way."

And Kathy Slobogin, a friend and former colleague, recalls Quindlen saying, of her Catholic upbringing, that "when other little girls wanted to be a nun, she wanted to be a saint."

Quindlen has memorably satirized her own persona, in a column about the character revelations that can be found in a girl's choice of Favorite Beatle. She was, inevitably, a Paul girl; McCartney, she wrote, "got the little ladies like me. . . . Over the years I've sometimes tried to escape being a Paul girl, but it's never worked for long."

Quindlen has an open face, straight brown hair with bangs, and a girl-next-door air of friendliness: how many other *New York Times* reporters use adjectives such as "bang-up" and "crackerjack"? But she has used her Paul-girl persona to advantage. "She's very astute," says Slobogin. "She's always said that the men [at the *Times*] see her as a sister rather than a potential date."

Born in 1953, the oldest of five children, Quindlen has Italian lineage from her mother, and Irish lineage from her father, a middle-class management consultant whose firm moved the family from Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania, to Wheeling, West Virginia, and then finally to suburban Kendall Park, New Jersey. Quindlen has described herself as "a little girl raised as his oldest son by a man who swore his firstborn would be a boy and never changed his mind." Also as "a textbook-case eldest child—a leader, a doer, a convincing veneer of personality and confidence atop a bottomless pit of insecurity and need."

She is perhaps the most visible manifestation of young Sulzberger's efforts to create a more "diverse" *New York Times.*

Asked to describe Anna as a child, her brother Bob thinks for no more than a second before locating the right adjective. "She was very *focused.*"

As a teenager in the 60s, she thought her mother's life as a homemaker looked like hell. "I figured either life was going to be considerably different for me than it was for my mother, or I was going to be angry all the time," she later wrote.

It was a conviction reinforced by family tragedy. During Anna's freshman year at Barnard, her mother became fatally ill, at 40, with ovarian cancer. Anna went home to Kendall Park to nurse her mother through her last days and to become a mother to her little brothers and sisters. "There she was in college, getting ready to be successful, have a different life," says a friend, "and she got yanked back to New Jersey to change diapers and make macaroni and cheese. I think it scared the shit out of her."

When she emerged from this ordeal, it was with a terrible sense of urgency. "We all know the clock is ticking," says *Times* film critic Janet Maslin, Quindlen's best friend, "but she *really* knows it."

On returning to Barnard, Quindlen pored through the college's files of baby-sitting requests, applying to attend the tykes whose parents happened to be influential journalists. She had, friends say, an extraordinary early sense of how careers were developed and who could help her. "She's like a heat-seeking missile," says one. "She is directed in a way that takes my breath away."

Hired in 1977 after two years at the *New York Post,* Quindlen began her *Times* career as a general-assignment and city-hall reporter on the metropolitan staff. Editors, from the imperious Abe Rosenthal on down, quickly recognized that rarity in the newspaper business: a reporter who combined a genuine passion for news with a writer's flair. They rewarded her with one of the best jobs on the paper, the "About New York" column, which gave her license to turn out short features on any aspect of life in the city.

But the *Times* was grooming her for even greater things. At the time Quindlen was hired, the newsroom was in the throes of a bitter equal-opportunity lawsuit by women on the staff. As the paper dragged its feet toward settlement, its editors were increasingly aware that they needed women in the pipeline to management. They made Quindlen the deputy metropolitan editor, with clear indications that she was on track to be the next metro editor.

But by this time Quindlen was ready to embrace some of the domestic life she had run from so far and so fast. Pregnant with her second child, she quit the paper to create more family time. And Rosenthal, desperate to keep her, devised "Life in the 30's" as a way for her to have it both ways, working part-time at home. Three years later, tired of turning every aspect of her life into fodder for her column, Quindlen again decided to leave the *Times*—and again the *Times* sweetened the pot, offering her what no woman her age had ever had, a berth on the op-ed page.

Her unorthodox career path is one of the things that have earned Quindlen a devoted following among women. It is sweet indeed to watch a woman force a Fortune 500 *(Continued on page 73)*

(Continued from page 64) company to accommodate her children's mealtimes. The paper hasn't always been happy about Quindlen's choices: former managing editor Arthur Gelb still terms it "puzzling and a little disappointing" that she didn't jump at the chance to be metropolitan editor. But Quindlen seems deeply grounded in her passion for her kids. To preserve her family focus, she turns down a majority of the speaking invitations that pour into her office. (It was on these grounds, too, that she refused to take time over the summer months to be interviewed for this story.) And despite being eagerly sought by television producers, she has simply declined the electronic fame that many, if not most, columnists pursue.

This detachment, however, doesn't detract from her shrewd sense of *Times* politics. Several people pointed out how striking it was that Quindlen had thrived under both dispensations that have run the modern *Times:* the autocratic rule of Rosenthal, and the more easygoing age of his successors, Max Frankel and Joseph Lelyveld, who have taken their cues from young Sulzberger. "She's very good at charming the people who matter most," says a former colleague. "And no one matters more than the publisher, and he's been very charmed by her."

She is, today, a social friend of Sulzberger and his wife, the artist Gail Gregg. "It's so deeply ingrained in her—her instinct to curry favor with those in power," says another former colleague. "It's part of her very fiber."

Quindlen's professional poise is matched in private life by what friends describe as a seamless competence. "It can be a little frustrating to be her friend sometimes, because she does everything so well," says Kathy Slobogin. "It's a good thing she's so nice, otherwise I'd hate her!"

Quindlen married a man she met when she was a freshman in college; she doesn't drink, and eschews the literary party circuit in favor of dinners at home in Hoboken, New Jersey, with her children, and weekends at the family's country house in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. The settled existence described in "Life in the 30's" is strenuously perfect, in the accounts of friends. "If Anna wants to learn about gardening, then she's going to know everything there ever was to know about a rose," says Michael Specter. "And if she wants to make veal, she's going to know at what age it's best to butcher the animal."

According to Maslin, Quindlen cooks eggs Benedict for her husband every Sunday morning. "She bakes the *ham!*" Maslin moans.

Friends describe a woman who is always there in a crunch. But she is not a woman who often needs the favor returned. "She is not, in the end, someone who feels comfortable leaning on people," says Specter. "I think a lot of people sort of look at Anna and say, 'Where's the crack?' Like, 'Where's the hole in the foundation?' And I think it's just not there."

Others believe that Quindlen works with zeal at creating this picture of Superwoman. Someone who has known her for years says, "Anna has engaged in a more concerted effort, consciously or subconsciously, toward mythmaking than anybody I've ever met" of her generation. "She gives these interviews that make other working mothers want to shoot themselves. . . . It's like Martha Stewart hell."

"There's to some degree an atmosphere around the newsroom of waiting for Anna—waiting to see what she decides to do."

Quindlen's priorities in life, say some of her closest friends, represent a circling back to the legacy of her mother. "To the extent that you can bring people back by becoming them, she's done it," says Maslin. "What's astounding about her is that she's assimilated a kind of 1950s ideal of motherhood with a big career."

Says Specter, "If her mother's looking down from somewhere—and Anna is someone who believes she is—I think she wants her mother to say, 'You're doing it as well as I did it.'"

It is interesting, then, that Quindlen's new novel revolves around a maternal legacy. On the surface, it is a story about the timely issue of mercy killing, in which a daughter is arrested on charges of overdosing her cancer-ridden mother with morphine. But the book's true subject is the narrator's choice between her mother's and her father's models of life.

The father, a contemptuous, brittle professor of English literature pushes his daughter much as Robert Quindlen may have pushed Anna; the mother, a homemaker who devotes all her time to the spinning of domestic comforts as seen by her daughter at the novel's start as owning "a life I had always viewed with something even more dismissive than contempt, a life I had viewed as though it were a feature in *National Geographic,* the anachronistic traditions of a distant tribe."

By the novel's end, Ellen Gulden has of course come to see her father as the weaker of her two parents, the mother as the "one true thing" in her young life.

Despite a somewhat schematic plot and a 24-year-old heroine who seems improbably articulate, *One True Thing* is an accomplished, sometimes gripping book. But as a dialectic about women's possibilities, it seems starkly Manichaean. The father and his intellect are cold; the mother, in her domesticity, is warm. "My father . . . divided women into groups, although in his case it was not the body-and-soul dichotomy of the madonna and the whore but the intellectual twins, the woman of the mind and the one of the heart," says the narrator. "I had the misfortune to be designated the heartless one, my mother the mindless one. It was a disservice to us both but, on balance, I think she got the better deal."

There is Quindlen's problem in a nutshell: picking the heart over the mind every time—even, alas, when she isn't really required to choose.

"I've never been very good at looking at the big picture, taking the global view," Quindlen once wrote in "Life in the 30's"; her stock-in-trade is the vignette, the personal anecdote that illumines a larger truth. It was this approach that made "About New York" and "Life in the 30's" such successful columns. At her best, Quindlen has brought into the *Times*'s gray pages a sense of vivid life, or lives—including her own. She can be tart and funny, and while "Life in the 30's" had both ardent fans and passionate detractors, Quindlen deserves credit for finding a way to bring into the once bloodless pages of the *Times* her appreciation of children and domestic life and

all the "personal" stuff that is not officially news.

But now that she occupies the high-visibility, "masculine" real estate of the op-ed page, she is no longer content to take these truths at their human size. She now mines giant lessons in social policy with her miniaturist's tools. While there is validity to Quindlen's view that our media culture devalues the heart in favor of the mind, her solution is to ignore the mind entirely, bringing only her heart to questions that one simply can't feel one's way through.

"Think about what it's like when you get to the checkout and you don't have enough money to pay for what you've bought," she admonished President Clinton in a May 1993 column chiding him for avoiding promised cuts in federal spending. "You put back the things you don't absolutely positively need. Maybe that sounds simplistic. But it's how the people who employ you live day to day. And maybe simplistic, or at least simple, is what you're missing right now." Or maybe the political choices required to cut federal spending aren't simple.

Similarly, on Bosnia, she has made the tough call that Clinton should . . . do something. Because "stopping the slaughter, foiling genocide is the right thing." But actually determining *how* the U.S. should intervene—that's one of those brute details she leaves to the men to figure out.

Quindlen deliberately eschews the detached, Olympian language of most op-ed writers; what she didn't want, she once wrote, was to be "a woman doing a bad imitation of a man twice a week on the Op-Ed page." But for some reason this leaves her not with the more tactile or concrete language one can imagine a columnist claiming as the adult woman's discourse—the kind of language at which Barbara Ehrenreich, for example, excels—but with the verbal tics of the perky A student she once was. "Oh, pooh," she writes, and "Phooey, boys and girls."

Beneath Quindlen's breezy insistence that she brings a different lens to the great issues of the day, one can make out the presence of that A student working very, very hard to get it right. Her columns tend to build toward neat, homiletic conclusions:

"As much as laws, it's love that does it," she writes, in urging tolerance of homosexuality.

"Knowledge comes from discussion," she hazards, in condemning Republican rhetoric in the 1992 campaign, "not conclusion and exclusion."

"Ideas should be freely exchanged," she ventures, approving the First Amendment, "because you can learn a lot of good stuff from bad stuff."





Arthurian age: *Left*, *New York Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. speaking to the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association last fall; *below*, Quindlen at Brown University in April.

Because of this tentative quality, "Public & Private" falls especially short in areas that call for true opinions, as opposed to the exploration of emotions or attitudes. During the Persian Gulf War, for example, Quindlen wrote about national self-esteem, and the feelings of soldiers and their loved ones. She wrote, ad nauseam, about her own and the nation's ambivalence. Her collection of op-ed columns includes, all told, 11 vaguely pacifist columns on the war, but not one of them actually argues that the U.S. should not have waged it.

Her column shows an airy, almost Reaganesque disdain for the realm of facts. ("Certain truths," she told one newspaper interviewer, "cannot be told simply by fact.") About welfare, for example, she writes, "The percentage of whites on public assistance is almost identical with the percentage of blacks." If one charitably assumes this is a mistake rather than a lie—probably she meant to say that the percentage of welfare recipients who are white is almost the same as the percentage who are black—one can still grant the legitimacy of the point she is trying to make, that welfare is not a program that serves only or primarily blacks. But it remains a pretty elementary mistake.

In a shrewd dissection of Quindlen's methods, Karen Lehrman has written in *The New Republic* that "Quindlen can't seem to strike a balance between empathy and analysis. Instead she self-consciously refuses to discuss the issues, abstract and practical, at stake in the debate, and assumes that bringing her sensibility to bear on the thought and the feelings of the central character is revelation enough."

But despite her faith in the telling specific, the personal story that illuminates the large public issue, her vignettes tend to obscure rather than clarify. While heaping appropriate scorn on conservative stereotypes such as the shiftless woman who breeds to stay on welfare, she meets those canards with images of equal simplicity. All her welfare recipients are beatific moms stymied only by the difficulty of finding affordable childcare; her abortion seekers are almost invariably thoughtful, rueful victims of forces beyond their control.

To be sure, any good opinion writer is grounded in a coherent intellectual stance. But the interesting ones don't shrink from offending fans when their thinking yields conclusions at variance with liberal or conservative dogma: thus Michael Kinsley, though liberal and pro-abortion-rights, argues that *Roe* v. *Wade* is bad law, and William Safire has a broad libertarian streak that often puts him in the company of the A.C.L.U.

But Quindlen almost never strays from liberal orthodoxy. Indeed, she seems to pick the topics that are matters of most settled opinion among liberals, the ones that hold the least threat of provoking a new thought in writer or reader. Condoms in the schools, tolerance of gays, jobs for the inner city are good; homelessness, bigotry, and date rape are bad.

Even within these orthodoxies, it is at least theoretically possible for a columnist to draw blood. When Quind-


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len sounds a satisfying note, it tends to be when she gives voice to a more unruly feminism. In one of her best (and best-known) columns, she excoriated her own paper for its bizarrely shoddy profile of the woman who alleged that William Kennedy Smith had raped her in Palm Beach.

But on most days, in offering up her work as an exemplar of the Woman's View, Quindlen advances the depressing proposition that the female voice combines a ringing moral certainty with a stunning intellectual timidity.

Quindlen's prominence at the *Times*—both within the paper and as the jewel in its multicultural crown—represents the triumph of one strand in a long-running debate: between "equity" feminism (the camp that has sought a gender-neutral world, focusing on such concrete issues as equal pay and legal rights) and the more Utopian "difference" feminists (who argue from a belief that women and men are profoundly different creatures, and that one of feminism's missions is to bring women's finer mode of moral reasoning to the cold climate of male achievement).

"She gives these interviews that make other working mothers want to shoot themselves. . . . It's like Martha Stewart hell."

This summary does violence to the subtleties of the debate. But to the extent that this conflict is being thrashed out in organs of middlebrow culture such as American newsrooms, it is on just such a simplistic level. And one side—the side represented by Quindlen's fond visions of female superiority—is clearly winning.

This kind of feminism has its counterpart in debates over newsroom representation of African-Americans and other minorities. In this view, it is important to hire and advance women and minority members, not for the inherent fairness of opening up the workplace but so that each of those groups can represent its own at the councils of power: so that women can write about women, blacks can sensitize their editors to the concerns of blacks, and so on.

Ever since Arthur Sulzberger Jr. became publisher of *The New York Times,* in January 1992, this whole constellation of "diversity" issues has obsessed the newspaper of record. Sulzberger, 42, hopes to make his mark on the *Times* by bringing democracy to its newsroom and cultural sensitivity to its pages, saying, "We can no longer offer our readers a predominantly white, straight, male vision of events and say that we, as journalists, are doing our jobs."

At its best, Sulzberger's new broom has meant a long-overdue recognition that white men shouldn't take all the prizes. He has tied management bonuses to minority recruitment, and has placed a clear priority on lessening the climate of fear and autocracy in the newsroom. But at its worst, "diversity" has led to the plague of political correctness in the paper's coverage of certain issues relating to race, sexual preference, and gender.

Internally, one longtime staffer says, Sulzberger's touchy-feely philosophy has "made things worse and more strange than they've ever been." Editors are summoned to sensitivity seminars, including a five-day session last year for which the required homework included reading *Volunteer Slavery,* Jill Nelson's angry account of her experiences as a black woman at *The Washington Post.* Even business-side employees are urged, in memos from president and general manager Russell Lewis, to cultivate "Leadership Competencies" such as "Nurturing" and "Self-Improvement."

"There's a lot of hugging at *The New York Times* now," says one manager. "I've been hugged by people I don't even want to shake hands with."

The problem with the *Times*'s new concept of the newsroom as a representative government is its inherent condescension toward the system's component parts. If women are hired, implicitly, to bring to the newsroom a finer moral discernment or a more humane style of working, then the long journey of feminism has brought us full circle back to the Nice Girl, charged with civilizing the men around her.

To Anna Quindlen, whose future at the *Times* now seems limitless.

Given Sulzberger's clear determination to boost more women into senior management, Quindlen is constantly mentioned as a candidate to become managing editor or even executive editor someday. "There's to some degree an atmosphere around the newsroom of waiting for Anna," says an editor. "Waiting to see what she decides to do."

Quindlen's logical opening would come in about three years, when Gene Roberts, the managing editor recently hired from outside the *Times* as a place holder, retires. But most students of *Times* politics believe that, because of Quindlen's unconventional career path, she would probably have to accept another editing job in the interim, in the range of posts just below the level of managing editor.

Which means Anna Quindlen may have to face the conflict she has so successfully finessed all these years: can she be the mother she wants to be to three kids, the youngest of them now five, while doing a job that for most people lasts until at least seven or eight o'clock at night?

Many of Quindlen's friends believe that were it not for this dilemma she would relish the chance to be the first woman to hold one of the two top jobs at *The New York Times.* "There is not a scintilla of doubt in my mind that she would like to do that," says a friend. "It's the big brass ring."

Quindlen would certainly be a controversial choice. She has never been a foreign correspondent, never worked in the *Times*'s Washington bureau; she spent just two years as a deputy metropolitan editor. She might also serve as a lightning rod for all the paper's internal turmoil over diversity. "Anna is a big champion of that—'Take Our Daughters to Work Day' and so on," says one editor. "That is really gagging a lot of people here, and she'd have to transcend all that."

But even some of Quindlen's detractors believe she could be a very good editor. "To be bluntly honest, I don't like Anna very much, but I think it would probably be a pretty good thing for the paper if she became managing editor," says one. "Because I think she's smart, and she's talented."

Her colleagues point out that before she became the legendary Anna Quindlen, Woman Columnist, she was admired by her peers as a reporter—tenacious, competitive, with an inborn sense of story—and widely liked as an editor.

"She's a good newspaper person," summarizes a colleague. This, in a newsroom, is the ultimate praise. Tellingly, it is a term with no gender. □

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Vladimir Zhirinovsky in his office in Moscow: "In order to feed a hungry and angry Russian population, we'll have to expand. Where? I say south."

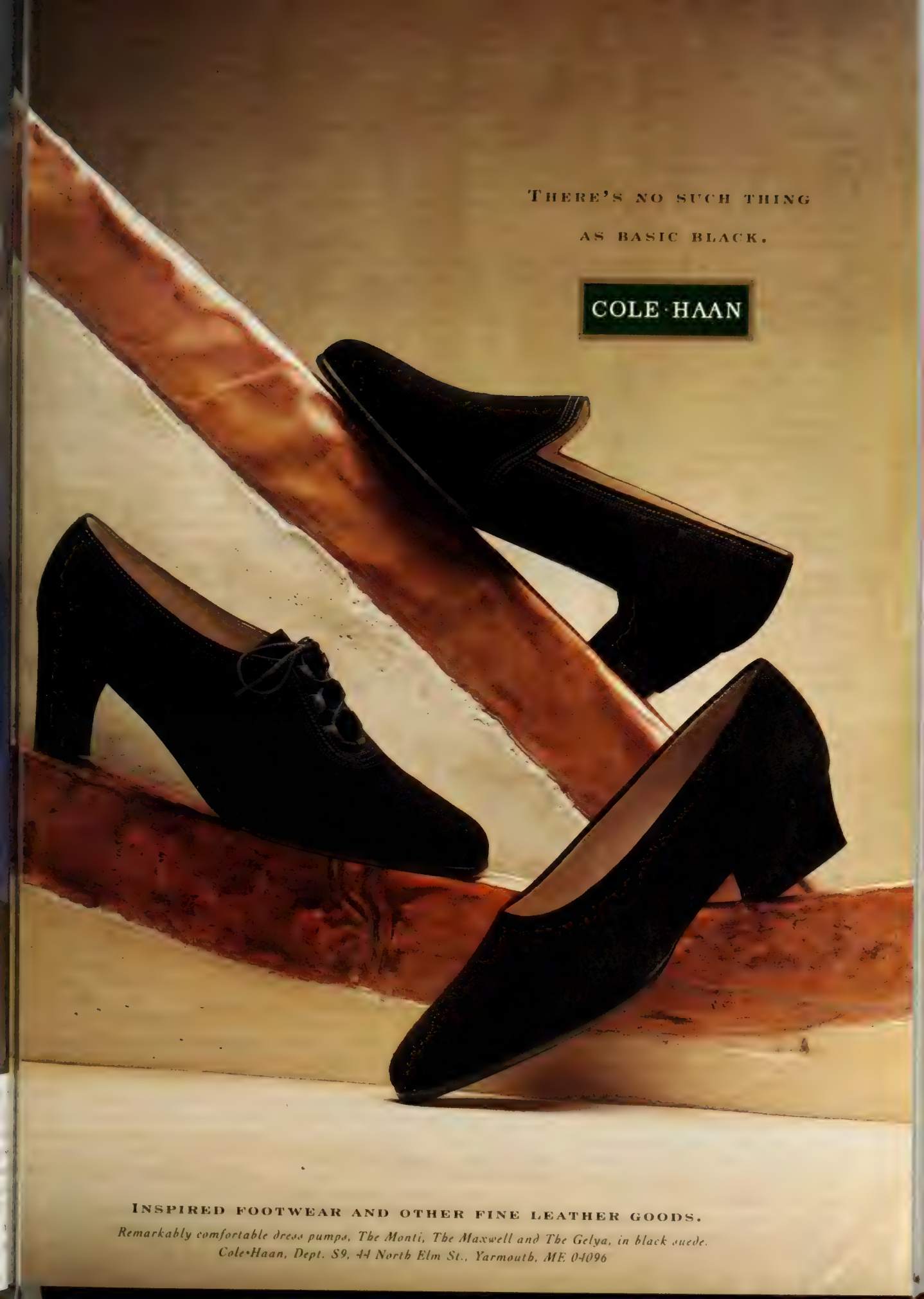
NIGHTMARE ON RED SQUARE

Vladimir Zhirinovsky has convinced the Western press that he is the most dangerous politician in Russia. Is he a new Stalin, or simply a K.G.B. creation run amok?

BY MAUREEN ORTH

"You want to see me naked? You want to see my dirty underwear? Vitaly, bring in my dirty underwear!" Vladimir Zhirinovsky loves talking trash to me. I am one of those hated Western journalists who by definition are out to "tell lies" about him, the recently elected dictator, until 2004, of Russia's oddly named Liberal Democratic Party. Widely scoffed at as a clown, the 48-year-old white supremacist shocked the world last December when his party beat Boris Yeltsin's Russia's Choice Party in the country's first-ever parliamentary elections. Since then the aftershocks have reverberated around the globe.

Russia's stance toward the West has hardened, pushed in great measure by Zhirinovsky's imperialistic, we're-mad-as-hell-and-we're-not-going-to-take-it-any-more antics. Last February, Zhirinovsky was instrumental in the surprise amnesty the Russian parliament granted the coup plotters and rebels of both 1991 and '93 over the vociferous objections of the Yeltsin government. Abroad and at home



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he has cast himself as the flamethrower who personifies the despair of millions of Russians who helplessly watch their money become worthless as thugs take over their neighborhoods. With the economy in shambles, they naturally feel betrayed by democratic reforms.

Zhirinovsky is also a drawing card with the military, who sense that they are more defeated now than if they had lost their every division in battle. He plays the ultra-nationalist, capitalizing on xenophobia and anti-Semitism, and vowing to bring back the borders of the old empire, restore the military-industrial complex, and give the 25 million Russians living in the "near abroad" of the former regions their human rights again.

In this dangerous and volatile mix, the Western media have become Zhirinovsky's master and his slave, exposing layers of a dark and hidden past while feeding Zhirinovsky's voracious appetite for exposure. His true origins are mysterious, and he has long been suspected of having K.G.B. ties. He was brought into politics when the highest levels of the old Communist regime registered his party illegally in 1991. He is the parliament's leading provocateur, and it is in his interest that the country remain destabilized, fearful, and insecure.

Without a domestic program to speak of, this once obscure lawyer needs ever escalating acts of outrageousness to attract attention. He has threatened to "nuke" Japan and napalm "barbaric peoples" in the South of Russia. As soon as he won, Zhirinovsky began goon-buffoon tours of Europe, allying himself with neo-Nazis in Germany, reportedly attacking a hooker he picked up in Austria on Christmas Eve—which he denied—and, in Strasbourg last spring, spitting at French students who were protesting him.

In the Duma, the Russian parliament, Zhirinovsky not only charged that the candidates for speaker belonged in insane asylums but also, with his guards, beat up a defecting member of his party as well as a journalist who tried to intervene. The same day last April on which he signed an agreement of civic accord, promising not to attack the government, he told a group of students, "It's just a piece of paper. Today we signed it, tomorrow we violate it." Recently, at Moscow State University, he said that "the present government ought to be shot," and he challenged all of Russia's other presidential candidates to a sexual competition, claiming he could keep going for 12 hours while his opponents would be carried away to coronary wards. Such behavior does not go unnoticed. Zhirinovsky is currently mired on one side or the other of more than a dozen lawsuits. In June, the acting chief federal prosecutor formally asked that the immunity normally granted to deputies be dropped so that Zhirinovsky could be prosecuted for "warmongering" and fomenting ethnic strife.

As a candidate for Russia's presidency in 1996, he often demands payment for interviews—up to $5,000 an hour. I, however, have refused to pay, so the world's newest evil poster boy taunts me: "Take my clothes off in front of the world."

"Only 8 percent of us is left. In 50 years only 2 percent of whites will remain."

A week later certain documents are given to me by a dissident K.G.B. colonel that just might make good on his dare. But not yet. Not here. On this early-March morning in his run-down dacha outside of Moscow, where he retreats on weekends with a cadre of jackbooted skinhead guards and a young blonde spiritual adviser culled from a nearby Russian Orthodox monastery, Zhirinovsky is totally turned on by the presence of a Spiegel TV documentary crew. The Germans, who have paid, are preparing Ulrich Stein's *Portrait of Zhirinovsky,* and the subject is outfitted in sweatband and jogging suit, doing shtick to scare.

"Pose me questions," he commands, pounding his fist on the table. "Tell me some more lies." I suddenly realize I am supposed to be the prop for the kitchen scene: See potential crypto-Nazi-nationalist Russian strongman on the rise tear into American reporter. One of the most disturbing aspects of Zhirinovsky is that he is such a complete camera animal, so clever and instinctive about personalizing the discontent of Russians today that he rarely has to go beyond quips and slogans to leave his stodgy opponents far behind. Swirling juice in coffee cup, he says, "It's not Pepsi-Col This drink is made from berries. Wh do we need your Pepsi, hamburgers, c McDonald's?" It is a theme he return to again and again: democracy equal capitalist imports equals corruption the Russian culture and soul.

And always the victimization is pe sonalized. Millions of Russians are su fering, just as Zhirinovsky, the fatherles boy from Kazakhstan in the former So viet Central Asia, has suffered all *his* life That is the calculated message of his au tobiography, *Last Dash to the South:* Th author and the motherland are one *Mein Kampf* comes to mind when Zhir novsky cries, "You're probably go ing to tell me my father was Jew ish. I don't have a drop of Jewis blood in me!" In fact, the Associa ed Press and CNN have since re ported that his father's name wa Eidelshtein.

As if to prove that he is not Jew ish, Zhirinovsky jumps up and sum mons his 23-year-old Bible instruc tor, Anastasia Sememova, who be gins to read from the Old Testament But Zhirinovsky, though he tries to alig himself with the church, soon runs ou of patience. "What does Moses in th desert have to do with the Orthodo Church? Nothing. . . . It's all about Jew wandering around in the desert. . . People are depressed when they leav our churches. People are crying. Healthy men steal and commit violence and th rest are crying because they read th Bible. Give me a different chapter."

"I am sure he will be president," Sememova tells me. "All the democra cy forces discredited themselves. Peopl don't like them anymore. We can't liv in a democracy as it's understood i America or Europe. People believe if man has money he stole it. Five years ago it was a shameful thing not to know languages. Now the Russian people are giving up culture to pursue money. Ou newspapers and TV don't teach us t learn, they teach us how to make sex good, how to lie to somebody in a nice way—all the bad things of capitalism with Russian extremism."

She dismisses Yeltsin as a drunk. "I was doing a Yeltsin interview during the last Gorbachev-Bush summit. He was standing a few feet away from me and I smelled him. People talk about this all the time—how much Yeltsin drank today or yesterday."

Stories about Yeltsin abound. Some will tell you that he mixes painkillers fo

bad back with vodka and the results re disastrous. Others will say he is depressed or seriously ill. Few Russians I oke with will ever forgive Yeltsin for ring on his own people last October in rder to put down the Communist rebelon at the Russian parliament building nd the state TV complex, where, it is elieved, hundreds more died than the fficial body count of 147. "He has put a loodstain in the center of this country nd it will not wash out. As long as he's here, it's there," says Olivia Ward, the Moscow correspondent of *The Toronto tar,* who was caught in the cross fire.

It all adds up to a climate rampant ith lawlessness and instability and a loss f faith in Boris Yeltsin that Zhirinovsky only too happy to exploit. "I have 10 erfs, but I need at least 60," he jokes as ne of the "young falcons" puts his oes on for him. "Russians should not e slaves—Turks maybe, not Russians." hirinovsky begins to spar with one of he older guards with a shaved head, from counterintelligence—we're all om counterintelligence." The boxing ene is silly. Zhirinovsky is gasping for breath within two minutes. "I ke to fall asleep while my bodyguards orture somebody in the night," Zhirovsky deadpans to the amera. Then he gratuously attacks the forer Soviet region of zbekistan. (It is a net of Zhirinovsky's at all the swarthy on-Slavs who have herited regions of e former empire at are rich in oil d natural resources e going to take it n the chin when he omes to power.) "Today, Uzbeks are charge of a country built by Russans. Who the hell is Karimov?" he asks Uzbekistan's president. "He should e driving a camel, not a country." Then he unleashes on the Germans. matters not that Zhirinovsky is quotd in a previous Spiegel TV report sayg, "The only really consistently reliole partner is Germany." Today he has ecided to profess the opposite. "Kohl d Gorbachev—their names are going be written in black paint in the histo- books. Gorbachev is already out, and ohl will soon follow. Gorbachev was traitor just like Vlasov [the World ar II Russian general who went over the Germans] was a traitor when we d a war with Hitler. Do not interfere in our life! Do not accept Gorbachev the Bolshevik!"

Now Zhirinovsky is off on another tirade, pacing around in his sleeveless white undershirt, talking tough to the big guys—the U.S. and Germany. "The world is on the edge of a war. If something happens in Russia, that's where it will start. Everything here will come to an end, and the army will stage a coup. In order to feed a hungry and angry Russian population, we'll have to expand. Where? I say south, others say west. We already have soldiers [in Europe]. Another 300,000 and we'll remake Europe so it has Russian characteristics.

"We'll stack German, Japanese, French, and American corpses like wood. We won't invade you ourselves; we'll send the Turks and the Arabs. That's how we'll destroy 'white' Europe. Then we'll finish off the Arabs."

The United States, of course, will be brought to heel in Zhirinovsky's grand plan, because he has long believed America breeds plagues. "Everywhere there is war, there are Americans," he told an audience of his Iraqi friends in Baghdad last year. "Wherever there are diseases, they come from the United States—AIDS, drunkenness, moral decline, *everything*." Today his message is one of U.S. capitulation. "The U.S. will experience a full assimilation of the Russian language and law, and the ruble will rule." Russia, in this scenario, is being pushed to the brink by the rich nations that want it kept weak. "Do you know why poor people rebel? Because they are robbed! You all have warm, cozy houses. What do you expect of poor people? They'll just take that house and live in it. You're the ones who made us poor! You want us to leave this planet! We can't take any more!"

"Wherever there are diseases, they come from the United States—AIDS, drunkenness, *everything*."

Even in his hatreds, Zhirinovsky seems incapable of constancy. Some days he appears to despise Arabs even more than Jews; he is an equal-opportunity opportunist. "He is like a hysterical person, he allows himself complete freedom. Obviously some people find such a person convenient, because it's easier to intimidate the world around them with such a person," says Russian human-rights activist Sergei Grigoriants. "He is a person who could really throw a bomb." Or is it all just an act? "His hysterias are well planned," says former Yeltsin adviser Galina Starovoitova, who was trained as a psychologist. "He knows when to stop, when to start, how to keep the public attention on his person. He speaks like Hitler, like a charismatic person, keeping the attention of the crowd on himself."

"I'm sitting out here at the dacha, which belongs to *them,* the Communists and radical democrats, and they are just like a bunch of spiders in a can, alternately putting each other into prison and sitting at home waiting to be arrested," Zhirinovsky continues. "I am waiting for nothing. I'm ascending higher and higher. I feel good. Yet so far our Russian compatriots don't feel good at all. That's why I cannot be completely happy. And I do my best to make it better for the majority of Russians, no matter how much I understand that it does not always seem realistic. That's it," he declares suddenly. "The tape is over. Let's go to the cemetery." Just like Madonna in *her* documentary, Zhirinovsky is going to visit his mother's grave.

It is fashionable among the Moscow intelligentsia to dismiss Zhirinovsky as a lunatic egged on by the Western media. "He will become less and less important, because people will realize his magic is an evil one," one of Yeltsin's closest advisers tells me. "He is not civilized, and of course he has not got the moral qualities to be a leader." President Yeltsin told *Newsweek* earlier this year that he does not consider Zhirinovsky a threat. But others do. Michael McFaul, a research associate at Stanford who was in Russia at the time of the elections last December, reports that some military districts ran "72 percent" for Zhirinovsky. Igor Serebriakov, a former army colonel who heads Fatherland, a military-information clearinghouse, estimates that Zhirinovsky got 50 percent of its vote, and says that many in Zhirinovsky's party have extensive military backgrounds.

Zhirinovsky in his campaign made many promises to the military to improve its living conditions. He told me that he also has widespread support in

the K.G.B. "Ninety percent of the officers in the K.G.B., police, and army are my supporters, and they help me," he boasts. "Some of them went into banking structures or into banking. Others are in the state administration and help me from there. I always spoke about it—it's no secret." If Zhirinovsky comes to power, Serebriakov believes, he will sooner or later initiate a threat of force. "He will need a military conflict. He will not be able to put the country's economy right; no one will be able to do this now. . . . But since Zhirinovsky will be unable to deliver the goods inside the country, he will want to take them away from somebody." Serebriakov makes a flat prediction: "Three months after Zhirinovsky comes to power, the world will face a threat of an active nuclear war in a way it has never done before."

"Zhirinovsky was financed by the K.G.B., not directly but by a chain of organizations."

Some Russian vital statistics: Life expectancy for males born in 1993 is 59 years, down from 65 years in 1987. The birthrate dropped 15 percent between 1992 and 1993, and last year there were 800,000 more deaths than births. Suicides have increased 50 percent in the last four years. Rates of cancer, V.D., TB, typhus, and dysentery have also risen alarmingly.

Who is to blame for all this? The fact that only 55 percent or less of Russia's eligible voters participated in the December elections—the figures are in dispute—which officially gave the L.D.P. 22.8 percent of the vote and elected 64 deputies from Zhirinovsky's party to the Duma, shows that politicians are not held in high esteem.

"Life was different two years ago—I was a human being." Dr. Valeray Belyakov, a young widower with a nine-year-old son, is the chief of a department of a rehabilitation hospital for children in Moscow. He cannot make ends meet on his salary of $33 a month, so he drives for people whenever he can. He also feels an acute loss of status. "If anybody told me five years ago I would be earning money like this to have a more or less normal life, I would have smacked them in the eye." But what about these newfound freedoms? I ask. "Freedom for what?" he counters. "Freedom to buy a pornographic magazine?"

At a higher level, fights are raging all over the country among those bureaucrats who want to hang on to state property, those who want to privatize it, and those who simply want to seize it. For the new "capitalists" who are adept at the grab—the Russian Mafia, the former K.G.B., and Communist officials who know a good thing and use their leverage to get it—the current wave of violence and lawlessness is beneficial.

According to this theory, they can take advantage of the chaos and grab now; then when they've gotten enough, they can reinstate an authoritarian regime to protect their newfound assets. "Zhirinovsky is a very convenient leader for them," says Grigoriants. "It is clear that he will retain the principles of private property. All these people have obtained their private property and have no wish to see it turned back to the state. They just want again to add state power to the money they already have."

Meanwhile, all over Moscow there are markets now offering fruits and vegetables that were unheard-of a few years ago—bananas, strawberries. There are also other markets, some several blocks long, which consist of people lined up to sell one or two items: a chocolate bar, a can of olive oil, their shoes and clothes—whatever will fetch a few rubles. Part of the pain for many, though, is not only not being able to afford the new, plentiful goods but also witnessing the conspicuous consumption of the few who are getting rich while the rest in this highly educated culture are left behind. In my Moscow hotel, a hub of wheeling and dealing, there are boutiques selling gold-studded green alligator pimp shoes imported from Italy for $895. Only hard currency and credit cards are accepted—no rubles. An American dealer of luxury cars in Russia reports to me that business is "real good." But when I ask the first woman I approach in a market if her life has changed in the last two years, she bursts into tears. Nadia is 58; she worked 40 years in a potato factory, her husband is an invalid, her monthly pension is worth $14—28,000 rubles in market where beef (which few go near because "it's probably from Chernobyl" sells for 3,500 a kilo. "It's not life, it's just existence."

"Wherever you point, there's a Jew. The Jews should keep silent," Zhirinovsky told a reporter in 1992. "A great many Jews are teachers, doctors, and lawyers. And the Russian people see all this—the high salaries the Jews get." Zhirinovsky's frequent anti-Semitic statements make rumors of his Jewish parentage—which he always vehemently denies—worth exploring.

Five months before Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovsky was born, on April 25, 1946, his mother's marriage certificate shows, Aleksandra Pavlovna married Volf Isakovich Eidelshtein, a 38-year-old planner in a Soviet cooperative that manufactured clothes and shoes. He was officially listed as Jewish. Aleksandra Pavlovna was Russian. Pavlovna's previous husband, Andrei Vasilyevich Zhirinovsky, had died of TB 19 months earlier. His death certificate notes that he had worked as the head of the forestry department of the Turkistan-Siberian railway. Files retrieved by *Vanity Fair* from the railroad archives reveal for the first time that Andrei Zhirinovsky was a lieutenant in the N.K.V.D., Russia's internal police (a precursor of the K.G.B.) and a Communist Party member who rose to the level of head of a security detachment for the Leningrad railroad. He was later fired and sentenced to one year of "corrective labor." In 1939 he ended up in Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, as the head of the railroad's construction-machinery supply unit. When Zhirinovsky died, he left his young wife with five children, aged 12 to 2.

Ironically, on the day of Aleksandra Pavlovna's second wedding, records show, Eidelshtein's younger brother, Aron Isakovich Eidelshtein, aged 34, also married. He too was employed in the forestry division of the railroad, as a senior engineer. His handwritten C.V. from the railroad archives says that he was born in the Ukraine, near the Polish border, graduated in economics and law from Lvov University, and later was assigned to the timber department of the Turkistan-Siberian railroad. To complicate matters further, Volf Eidelshtein and his brother, Aron, both listed as their address the same flat where Aleksandra Pavlovna had lived with her first husband, Andrei Zhirinovsky.

The original surname on Vladimir

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Zhirinovsky holds up a Kalashnikov rifle after visiting northern Bosnia in January of this year to express his support of the Serbs.

Zhirinovsky's birth certificate was Eidelshtein, but his father is identified only as "Volf"; the back of the certificate notes that there are "no documents for father." Zhirinovsky has always maintained that his father died in an auto accident when he was three months old, but there is no record in Alma-Ata of the death of either a Volf Zhirinovsky or a Volf Eidelshtein. On the official housing registration that every Soviet citizen was required to have, young Vladimir was also surnamed Eidelshtein, with a specific passport number. But handwritten notations on the birth registration and a new entry on the housing ledger say that the name Eidelshtein was officially changed to Zhirinovsky in June 1964, when Vladimir was 18 and about to apply to the prestigious Institute for Oriental Languages at Moscow State University.

Indeed, the application for the name change, dated June 10, 1964, and signed "Eidelshtein," has also been found, along with the record of a new passport number, which was issued within a week of the approved name change. The new passport is made out to "Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovsky," nationality: Russian.

In *Last Dash to the South,* Zhirinovsky tells a different tale of patrimony. "My mother was Russian . . . and my father was an ordinary legal adviser." He also says his mother had been married previously to "a military man" who died, but he doesn't give his last name. In fact, the father he claims for himself sounds like a Zhirinovsky-Eidelshtein combination. For example, he states that his father worked for the Turkistan-Siberian railway, just as his uncle Aron did, and that he was born in 1907, making him the same age as Volf Eidelshtein. At school the boy was known as Vladimir Andreyevich Zhirinovsky, the surname of his brothers and sisters. *Vanity Fair* has obtained Zhirinovsky's high-school transcript. On it, the patronymic Andreyevich was changed to Volfovich on June 26, 1964, the day his diploma is dated. When the name change was made, in a handwriting different from that of the rest of the transcript, his grade in Russian was raised from a 3 to a 4. It would have been very hard to be admitted to the university of his choice with a 3 in Russian.

When I asked Zhirinovsky's sister Luba, who is nearest in age to him, why both she and her brother had the same last name when their fathers were different, she said, "Our fathers were brothers." Yet neither she nor her eldest brother, Aleksandr, a retired army colonel 14 years older than Vladimir, with whom I also spoke, could recall a single thing about their younger brother's father, which seems peculiar if he was an uncle who married their mother.

Zhirinovsky denies that he ever changed his name, and his running mate in 1991, Andrei Zavidia, claims that he disliked even the name Zhirinovsky. According to Zavidia, Zhirinovsky told him, "If my surname were Ivanov, I'd have been president long ago." The L.D.P. press secretary charges that the documents were manufactured as part of a plot by the special services in Kazakhstan to damage Zhirinovsky. But the Associated Press stringer in Alma-Ata, Nick Moore, who broke the original story on assignment for CNN, is convinced that the four different sets of documents he uncovered with a Russian journalist are real: "I have no doubts about their authenticity, because of the numbers of overlapping proofs."

In his book, Zhirinovsky dwells at length on his miserable childhood in one room of a communal apartment, the unloved youngest who got nothing. Worse, he had to share his exhauste mother, who worked in a cafeteri with her much younger lover, a pove ty-stricken student who moved in fo 12 years and got more food and atter tion than Vladimir did. Cold and poo he never had any toys. His teacher picked on him; nobody celebrated hi birthday until he was 16. "Societ could offer me nothing," he writes.

"He didn't seem a sad boy," his siste Luba contradicts. She does say that h missed having a father very much "When he would see boys being led b the hand of their fathers, he would say 'Why don't I have this?'" By 12, his sis ter says, Zhirinovsky had memorized th names of all the Soviet generals, and ea ly on, he writes, "I intuitively saw that was obviously destined for big-leagu politics. And this came to pass."

After graduating from high school Zhirinovsky set out for Moscow. Gradu ates of the Institute for Oriental Lan guages say that it would have been ver difficult to be admitted to the elite school as a Jew. As it was, his high school grades were good but not out standing. "At *(Continued on page 91)*

(Continued from page 86) this college it impossible to study unless one is approved by the K.G.B.," says a former .G.B. agent, and studying there ould automatically mean that the .G.B. kept a file on him. He was admitted to study Turkish. (He also eaks English, French, and German, ter a fashion.)

Although he was a young Communist League organizer during his last ars at college, Zhirinovsky was ushed that he was not chosen to work road by his school, which reportedly id a K.G.B. mentor in residence. e says he made some "hard-hitting eeches" and was considered "politically unreliable." He did manage, though, get permission in 1969 to go to rkey for a year. "I am 100 percent rtain it was unfeasible to have one's p to a NATO country approved in 69 unless one was a state-security employee," a former schoolmate ld a Moscow newspaper.

In Turkey, Zhirinovsky went jail for "conducting Communist propaganda"—purportly a bogus charge brought r giving out Soviet pins to rkish kids. He was sent me after eight months. This cident, the first of several ofessional miscues, would st a shadow over his intelligence career. After graduating ith top honors—awarded only to politilly reliable students—he joined the my as an officer, and was assigned to hat sounds like classic propaganda and telligence work: to deliver "lectures nong the troops," write pamphlets, and udy the Near East. He was stationed in e Republic of Georgia, at the headarters of the Transcaucasus Military istrict Staff Political Directorate.

"That he was watched, that people informed on him to the K.G.B., I am 100 ercent certain," says former K.G.B. eutenant colonel Aleksandr Kichikhin, ho has spent considerable time investiting Zhirinovsky since leaving the set police. "I personally have no doubt at he was being used. Look at it in rms of the kinds of jobs he got—the anscaucasus district military headquarrs. To a professional, it is clear that at was a division of the main intelligence administration. He wasn't just an gent, he was an officer there. . . . Military intelligence is a special service, and ey cooperate with the K.G.B. Probay all the time from college on he was contact with the K.G.B. It's impossible to break off with this organization; they never leave you alone."

Zhirinovsky's wife, Galina, a biologist, says the two met in 1967 at a vacation camp for students near the Black Sea, and were married six weeks after he joined the army, in 1971. She is under the impression that a courtship took place which resulted in marriage. But Zhirinovsky in his book laments that "during these student years I really had no girl. I badly wanted to fall in love with someone and date her, but it did not work out." Until then he never mentions his wife's name, or reveals that he married her at all, except to complain suddenly in the middle of a paragraph on army life, "My wife refused to come with me." She stayed in Moscow to work on her Ph.D. They had one son, who now studies law.

Before beginning his rapid rise in politics in 1990, Zhirinovsky held three different jobs, in which he became known as an outspoken eccentric and a witty, harmless crazy who often landed in hot water. After he left the army, he got a job with the Soviet Peace Committee, dealing with foreigners who came to Moscow with various delegations. "Of course it was a K.G.B. front, no doubt about that," says Kichikhin.

He would shave his head and appear wearing a military shirt, speaking "in an excited manner."

Zhirinovsky studied law at night and earned his degree, which led him to a new job. "For several years all went well," relates Yevgeny Koulichev, his immediate boss at Inyurkollegiya, a state legal agency of 50 lawyers, where he practiced law from 1975 to 1983. "I can't put my finger on it exactly, but in the last two or three years of his stay here he began to change. It started when he applied to join the Communist Party and was turned down." Zhirinovsky vehemently denies that he ever applied for party membership, but Koulichev insists he did. "I saw the application." He explains that Zhirinovsky was rejected on the basis of his character and certain statements he had made. Both Koulichev and another lawyer there, Nadia Kozlovskaya, recall episodes of his bizarre behavior a couple of times a year, for example Zhirinovsky would shave his head and suddenly appear at the office completely bald and wearing a military shirt, speaking "in an excited manner." His co-workers did not buy such utterances as "We Russians are surrounded on all sides by Muslim peoples: Azerbaijanians, Tartars. They are breeding too fast, and they may overwhelm us eventually." These lawyers were stunned, in 1993, when what they had heard years before at the office became a winning political campaign. Says Kozlovskaya, "I was very sorry when I found out he won. I thought he was unbalanced."

In the late 70s, I was told by several sources, Zhirinovsky became involved with another woman. They reportedly continued the affair for a number of years, and many assumed they were married. "I was very surprised when I saw him on TV during the recent campaign with his first wife again," says Kozlovskaya. Mrs. Zhirinovsky told me stiffly, "This is the only marriage."

Zhirinovsky was reportedly furious at being denied party membership, for that meant that he was also cut off from career advancement. According to Koulichev, he began writing nasty letters, some signed, some anonymous but easily traced to him, to the district party committee and Justice Ministry, "expressing indignation at not being accepted . . . and saying there were drinking parties held in the office—perverted things." The letters were immediately sent back to the law office's management.

Eventually, Zhirinovsky was forced out of Inyurkollegiya, but what got him fired had nothing to do with politics. He accepted what was considered to be an improper gift. Koulichev explains that when clients inherited hard currency from abroad it was possible to turn the money into vacation passes. One client gave one or two of these to Zhirinovsky. "In those days it was called a bribe," Koulichev says. "He refused to consider it a bribe. He returned the passes, but he was not seen as somebody deserving full confidence. They called him in and said, 'We'll offer to let you resign.'" Zhirinovsky has denied doing anything improper.

Mir, a publishing concern with 600 employees, many of whom had served

in the military or K.G.B., needed someone who knew foreign languages to do contracts and international copyrights, and inexplicably Inyurkollegiya gave Zhirinovsky a glowing recommendation. He earned less money than he had before, and he didn't know much about copyrights, so he cast himself as the defender of the little guy, a vociferous anti-Communist advocating free lunches and a distribution of profits to employees. At Mir, Zhirinovsky constantly came on to women, who rebuffed his advances, and he complained to his superior, Vladimir Kartsev, that he was strapped from having to pay child support for his son. "He used this argument when he tried to get higher pay," says Kartsev. Zhirinovsky no longer shaved his head or wore military shirts to the office, but Kartsev remembers occasions when he became extremely agitated and seemed to foam at the mouth while speaking.

In 1985, Zhirinovsky caused a scandal by standing up at what was supposed to be the usual rubber-stamp election of a deputy from the publishing house to the local party and insisting that they cancel the meeting and follow the written rules, which guaranteed "free elections." Kartsev remembers Zhirinovsky's saying, "I think you should elect me as deputy." In the end, the flabbergasted party chiefs canceled the election.

In 1987, Zhirinovsky offered himself again to be Mir's representative to a district council in Moscow, but the rules were rewritten to keep him out. At the same time, a secret letter arrived from Inyurkollegiya detailing why Zhirinovsky had had to resign. Nevertheless, in 1988, Zhirinovsky campaigned to be a member of a new employees' council, and just as he did in last December's national campaign, he mounted a populist platform: Mir should forget about publishing scientific and technical texts and concentrate on moneymaking books, the profits from which would be distributed to the employees. Kartsev implored his workers, "'I ask you as director, believe me: don't put Zhirinovsky on the list, because he's unpredictable and a demagogue.' They followed my advice, and I considered it a moral victory."

By 1989, when Kartsev was leaving his post to work at the U.N., Zhirinovsky was already out in Moscow's Pushkin Square for endless hours at night, honing his clever rhetorical skills at street rallies, and by day he was joining wildly disparate organizations—a real-life combination of Zelig and Sammy Glick. He was elected to the board of a Jewish cultural organization, Shalom, which had been created as a K.G.B. front (Zhirinovsky has denied being a member). At the same time, he spoke at a rally for the right-wing, anti-Semitic Pamyat group and also joined the first radical democratic party, the Democratic Union.

Ambitious and hungry, Zhirinovsky went anywhere anyone would have him, and he soon got involved with an emerging group of "dwarf parties" called the Centrist Bloc. It was then, according to reports from those who knew him, that his thinking began to take on its ultra-nationalist and anti-Semitic colorations. It later emerged that part of this bloc had ties with high officials of the Soviet regime who were trolling for people they could manipulate.

"You're going to tell me my father was Jewish. I don't have a drop of Jewish blood in me!"

In 1990, Zhirinovsky sought one last time to get elected to something at Mir: he ran for Kartsev's job as director. But he garnered only a few dozen votes, so he decided to leave. One year later, Vladimir Zhirinovsky received six million votes and came in third for the presidency of Russia.

"Waiter, waiter! Give me some water. We don't need a menu. Just tell us what you have. Close the menu—all I need is a salad. One big salad for all of us. Do you have lobster soup or something like that? Actually, everyone will have the same." Vladimir Zhirinovsky has just ordered lunch for the table, including me, the hostess, without consulting anyone. He has shown up at the posh Metropol Hotel near Red Square with two aides and three bodyguards.

"Why do you have so many guards?" I ask.

"We're a new political organization; we are in the opposition. The country is at war; chaos has descended all over the place." But mostly, Zhirinovsky concedes, his guards are there to keep his fans from mobbing him. "That's how I won this victory, because millions of people recognized their own living conditions, and it was the first time they heard a person speak openly about their lives in a way they have always wanted to, but were afraid." He wants to marry his early victimization with that of the people, and says that all Russians are triple victims today—of the previous regime, of strained relations between ethnic groups, and of the economic crisis, "where the thieves and the crooks have won." As an example, Zhirinovsky attacks the expensive restaurant we're in. "In this hall everybody is either a spy or a thief. A normal person cannot be in here."

"Is there a way to get rid of them?"

"Today, yes. In about 2 years, no. So far, you don't have many of them. The max 2 or 3 percent of the population they control places like this. They steal money, sit in banks, and come here to spend the money on food." As a result, Zhirinovsky says, the people feel robbed, not only by the Mafia but also by the "international friends who cheered perestroika, which turned out to be a tragedy." Why, I ask. "Because we had a country with its economy, its health care, its education—it might not have been the best, but at least it was available to everyone." Zhirinovsky stops mid-thought. "I said bring what we ordered quickly, put it down here and that's it!" he tells the waiter.

I try again. "Do you feel America is somehow responsible for this?"

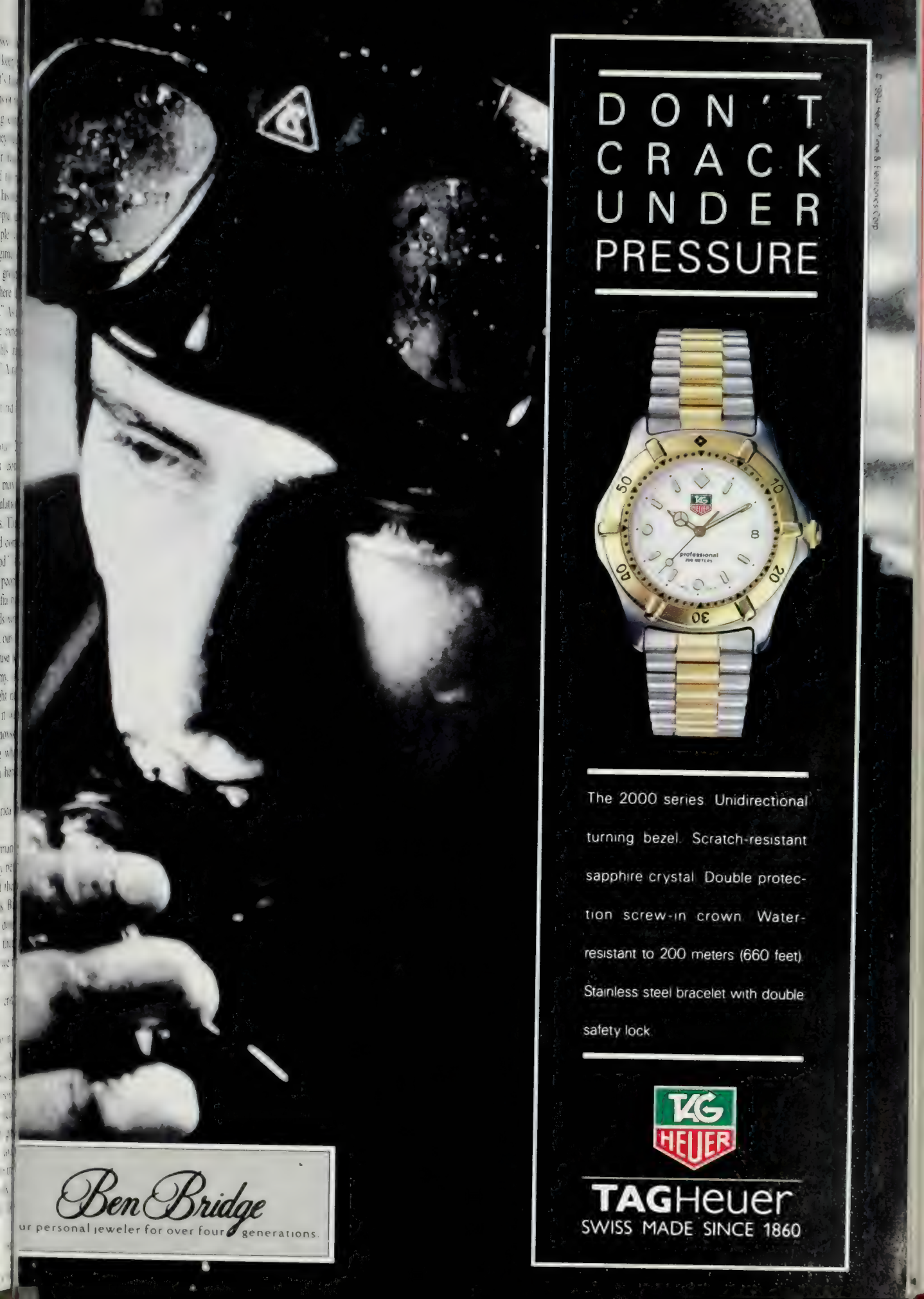
"Of course. America, Germany, France, Britain, Japan—everybody benefits from knocking Russia out of the list of competitors and adversaries. But they are disappointed now. They don't know what to do. We were richer then, we're poorer now, which means we're more angry."

"Do you feel there is much to criticize in American society?"

"No. Live as you wish. We do not want your culture forced on us. . . . All you give us is rubbish horror movies all the time. We don't need your cowboy violence, and cigarettes." The American ads Zhirinovsky sees on Russian TV gall him the most. "You're showing us your resorts, and people here do not have the money to bury their relatives properly."

"What would you do your first 100 days as president?"

"We've already implemented our



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goals from our election campaign. We promised to change foreign policy, and we have started changing it. We promised political amnesty, and we did it. We promised to recommission the military-industrial complex, and we will do it. . . . We are in favor of the market. But let's trade. The Americans deceived us. They said, 'You dissolve the Warsaw Pact and we'll dissolve NATO.' We have dissolved the Warsaw Pact and NATO is still there. They say, 'Take the troops out of Germany.' We do. The American troops are still there. They say, 'Reduce the production of weapons and we'll do the same.' We have. They are not reducing anything."

I try to advance another question, but Zhirinovsky is paying no attention. He has caught one of his guards lighting up. "Who's smoking here?" he thunders. "Some aides you are! You better take cigarettes away from people who smoke in front of me instead of smoking yourselves."

Perhaps the idea of restoring the czarist borders attracts him, I suggest, because he behaves like a feudal baron. "It's impossible," Zhirinovsky counters. "How are we going to get Alaska back? Finland is better. Ukraine, the Baltics, the Caucasus—this is all Russia." He is unconcerned that these now independent regions have their own nuclear weapons and may not want to come back to the old Soviet fold. "Those are *our* nuclear weapons! They do not know how to use them. *We* have the button. They cannot press it without us. And we made them in such a way that they will explode in their hands, because they don't know how to use them."

Oh, no. The waiter is back again. "What is that crap he's giving us?" Zhirinovsky demands as the waiter attempts to pour vinaigrette on his salad. "Vinegar! I don't eat vinegar." He grabs his aide's plate and switches with him. "Here, you eat this."

"Should the U.S. feel threatened if you were president?"

"No way," Zhirinovsky purrs. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

Oh, but there is if Zhirinovsky is even half serious about the ideas of expansion he professes in his book—a world where the North dominates the South instead of the usual East-West conflict. "North-South conflicts are more reliable and less dangerous," he says. I haul out a map for him to illustrate. He's delighted. "I do like maps very much. I'm a map man. O.K., here we have North America, which should be taking care of



Zhirinovsky holds up photographs of himself in uniform and of his father. Right, railroad records of employees Andrei Zhirinovsky, top, and Aron Eidelshtein indicate that Vladimir Zhirinovsky resembles his uncle Aron, lower right, strongly and his mother's first husband not at all.

Latin America. Plenty of ocean around, very convenient. A perfect case of North-South relationship." (Where does that leave Cuba? Zhirinovsky concedes, "It was the Communists' most severe mistake, to get entangled in Cuba. We absolutely did not need it.") "Western Europe's former colonies are all in Africa. Let Western Europe take care of it. Let China and Japan take care of Southeast Asia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Australia, and New Zealand. And let Russia's sphere of influence be three countries: Turkey, Iran, and Afghanistan. We give you a lot more: the whole continent of Africa goes to the small territory of Western Europe; North America will similarly get a big continent, but we need less than anybody else, just three little countries. We get the smallest lot."

Of course, this is in addition to re-establishing the U.S.S.R. with its former boundaries. "So how do you get the Soviet Union back together?"

"You trade with them at international prices and not give them our military help. This way their independence will pop like a balloon in four months. Like, if we take our divisions out of Tajikistan, in one month there will be no Tajikistan. In another two months there will be no Uzbekistan. They'll destroy each other. If we stop helping the Azerbaijanians, the Armenians will destroy *them*. And the Armenians will also help the Kurds and blow up Turkey."

Neat. "What about the Russians in those territories?"

"The Russian population leaves with the Russian army."

"And the U.S. and Russia should cooperate in terms of preserving the white people?" I ask.

"Yes, of course," Zhirinovsky responds without missing a beat. "Only 8 percent of us is left. But the colored population multiplies extremely fast. In 50 years only 2 percent of whites will remain. We'll be stomped down ethnographically. We must join our efforts. White Americans and white European

ussia, that's how you get the white orth America, Europe, Russia. And l the colored down below.

"There are 1 billion, 200 million Chi- se. And we on the territory of Omsk Vladivostok [the vast region of beria] have only 22 million people. . . . nd they are very fond of mixed mar- ages, but that will be the end of the ussians. Neither the Americans nor the uropeans have this danger. But we ve enemies everywhere. Today the hinese have already penetrated the ussian Far East. There are getting to more and more of them, and if they e not stopped, they will come just as aders, and you'll have many more of em than Russians. They will open hinese schools, they'll hire Russians, ey'll make them speak Chinese, and ey will peacefully conquer Russia's ır East."

I ask Zhirinovsky if there are any orld leaders he admires. "Nobody. here is no such person. [There is no ne] to compare with in Eu- pe or the U.S. You have a fferent life. You have linton playing the saxo- none. If Yeltsin plays the alalaika here, everybody ould say he is crazy." Zhiri- ovsky says Bill Clinton is "a ormal, typical American pres- ent," while Yeltsin is merely ssing through. "He's our presi- nt. We're enduring him as of ght now. Once he resigns, we will ruggle for the victory. In the eantime, he is the president and e seat is occupied." Zhirinovsky blithely edicts, however, that "there will be a w government" by fall.

"That means Yeltsin will not be ere?" I ask.

"The [Cabinet of ministers] may go. ne president may stay. I'm talking out the government. He can continue ing president and make it until the d of his term, once there is a strong airman of the government."

"Do you mean you would be a minis- r of the government?" I press.

"We'll wait and see. Yes, it's possible take one of the power ministries— oreign Affairs, Defense, Interior, State ecurity—these four. I want to be one of e power ministers."

Toward the end of the meal I ask, "Is true that the only person you've ever ved is your mother?"

"All the love a human is capable of I ve to her," Zhirinovsky says, "because my father, because of everything. By the way, no matter who my father was, he died when I was three months old, so he could not have had any influence."

"Why are you so open about sex?" I ask. It seems peculiar, for a Russian politician, that in his book Zhirinovsky tells the reader about his first awkward moments trying to get a girl to sleep with him; it's part of his victim pattern that he failed. He also admits he never loved his wife or had much lasting affection for his son.

"What should I hide? This was always a closed topic. The Communists in 1926 announced this to be a closed topic—no sex, and that's it—and it still affects people today. For decades, inner sexual suffering—nothing was written about it in popular literature or shown on television. I was the one who talked about it in front of the whole country."

"But doesn't it bother your wife and family to hear you say that you never loved them?"

"Of course they reproach me for this. It's an unpleasant thing to hear, especially for a woman. [Mrs. Zhirinovsky will later make it clear to me that the whole thing was a mistake: "They edited him a little."] What woman would like to hear such a thing? But it's much better than to hide feelings, like some others do. With this sincerity I want to bring my voters yet closer to me. They find this extreme honesty attractive in me. They understand that I will not cheat them on something big. I could pretend to be happy and satisfied, but they would not like it, because they would understand we have never been a truly happy and satisfied people."

"Yeltsin has put a bloodstain in the center of this country and it will not wash out."

As usual with Zhirinovsky, there is a method to the madness. "So you and the state are one almost?"

"Through the expression of the majority, because the majority wants a new Russia today. And this is my wish as well. So there is a match of desires, and that's how I achieve success."

Stop Yeltsin. Split the vote. Pretend to the world that we are no longer a repressive, one-party dictatorship. Maintain control. That is the message garnered from secret Communist Party documents drafted at the time of Zhirinovsky's rise and obtained by *Vanity Fair*. Internally, the men who ruled Russia were brutally frank about the party's impending demise, and they needed a pawn. From the beginning of Vladimir Zhirinovsky's political career, the danger has been not only his chilling philosophy and crudely amoral behavior but also the gathering evidence that he is a tool backed by a sophisticated conspiracy of forces out to defeat democracy.

"Zhirinovsky was financed by the K.G.B., not directly but by a chain of organizations. He was also financed by the Communist Party," charges Aleksandr Kichikhin. For nearly 20 years a lieutenant colonel in the prestigious Fifth Department of the K.G.B., the 44-year-old Kichikhin infiltrated political groups. In 1991, Kichikhin, who says that by the time of perestroika in the mid-80s the K.G.B. was virtually running the country, was sacked as a whistle-blower. He went to court and won the right to be reinstated, but his return was blocked within the agency. Instead, after the aborted coup of August 1991 against Gorbachev, in which Zhirinovsky sided with the hard-line Communists, Kichikhin became a special investigator for the parliamentary commission set up in September 1991 to determine how the coup happened. For several months he had extensive access to top-secret Communist Party archives and Justice Ministry files, which he copied once he realized that it was becoming too embarrassing for the government to continue the investigation. Too many people had participated in the coup. The investigation ended in December 1991.

Kichikhin subsequently made part of his material available to the Russian magazine *Ogonyek*, which published a detailed exposé in 1992 of how Zhirinovsky submitted false data—fake names, forgeries, names without addresses—to the Justice Ministry, which in 1991 blatantly and illegally registered his Liberal Democratic Party anyway, after Gorbachev's justice minister, Sergei Lushchikov, intervened. Following a news conference held by Kichikhin, the ministry was forced to nullify the registration and re-register the L.D.P. legally in Novem-



Letter from Moscow

ber 1992. The problem, he says, is that he found that several other parties were also fraudulently registered, and that had his investigation continued, it would have led to the conclusion that "Yeltsin's election was illegal, because all the candidates were registered illegally."

Kichikhin has never shared his material with a Western journalist before. I took the documents he gave me to the librarian of Congress, noted Russian scholar James Billington, who told me he found the material "generally credible." Billington himself had observed Zhirinovsky up close shortly after the August '91 coup, and when I told him that my reporting showed that Zhirinovsky was a front man for others, he said, "That's what the best-informed people I know in Moscow tell me."

"Being a deputy of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet," said Galina Starovoitova, one of Russia's most prominent female politicians, "I saw the ease with which Zhirinovsky penetrated all the Kremlin offices to which even the deputies did not have much of an access, how he communicated with aides and advisers to Anatoli Lukianov [head of the administration-and-organization department of the Central Committee], who relied on the K.G.B." Starovoitova stated this at a conference on the K.G.B. in May. "I also know from witnesses that Gorbachev had instructed [then head of the K.G.B. Vladimir] Kruchkov to create a party which would oppose" the growing democratic opposition, whose most compelling figure was Yeltsin.

Starovoitova said that the Communist bosses knew that they would eventually have to give up Article Six of the Soviet Constitution, which guaranteed the party a monopoly of power. "So a rather clever move was thought up," she said, to create an alternative party, "to demonstrate the country's already existing political pluralism to the outside world, to demonstrate a liberal democratic party."

Recently, in Washington, Starovoitova, who is writing a book on the subject, revealed to me what has not been known up to now: that it was Gorbachev's close ally and politburo member Aleksandr Yakovlev, who is now the head of the larger of Russia's two state television channels, who told her he was present in September 1989 when K.G.B. head Kruchkov approached Gorbachev during a dinner break in one of the sessions of the Central Committee and told him: "Mikhail Sergeyevich, we are working at your task now. We are selecting the leaders for this new political party." Boris Oleinik, who once chaired the Supreme Soviet's commission on new parties, says: "Of course Gorbachev knew about Zhirinovsky and his party. It had to be done with his permission."

Kichikhin says he was told that Zhirinovsky had several personal meetings with Kruchkov between January and June of 1991—"My colleagues joked he wore a hole in Kruchkov's carpet"—and his documents back up Starovoitova's claims. According to these papers, in 1990 the Communists outlined a strategy to convince the Russian people: "If we don't stop the democrats, we will be faced with the horrors of civil war, famine, and Fascist dictatorship." In these papers, the Liberal Democratic Party is No. 2 on the list of the "associations we should support." In August 1991, a document Kichikhin provided shows, the Communist Party of Lithuania was told to pay Zhirinovsky's expenses during his visit there. (The trip was canceled because of the 1991 coup.)

"Zhirinovsky was created for the





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residential elections of 1991, aiming at he marginal electorate," says Konstan- n Boravoy, a wealthy politician and under of the Moscow commodities ex- hange. If the marginal electorate was he goal, it wouldn't matter if their man as not always rational.

"I asked Yakovlev why the K.G.B. se- cted a candidate who was half Jewish, ho could be so easily compromised," tarovoitova tells me. "Yakovlev said it as done because the K.G.B. wanted to ave control and be able to blackmail im. They did not know he would be- ome so disobedient."

"I used him like a rooster to peck hrough and knock down a wall and go p, up," says businessman Andrei Za- idia, who had close ties to the former egime and ran for vice president with hirinovsky in 1991 but has now broken ith him. "He's a fighter, afraid of noth- g. He's a scoundrel who attracts atten- on. He creates scandal, and at that me it was very important to get into he political scene with scandal. We sed him. It was his freedom of speech, s manner of speech, but it was my oney and my contacts."

Gorbachev has denied that he had any- hing to do with the rise of Zhirinovsky, but he told a Russian newspaper last January that he had received information that the "Zhirinovsky phenomenon" was born within the walls of the K.G.B.

Kichikhin's documents show that Zavidia had a three-million-ruble contract with the business office of the old Communist Party just before the 1991 election campaign, and that this money could be used for any "purposes permitted by the company's charter." Was the money ever transferred, and was it used to finance Zhirinovsky's rise? Kichikhin believes it was. But Zavidia denies that the contract was ever carried out, and admits only that he gave Zhirinovsky 26,000 rubles for his platform to be printed. It was printed by the Communist Party press in the same format as the Communist Party's. Zavidia adds, "Zhirinovsky asked [K.G.B. head] Kruchkov to help him during the campaign by giving him office space."

Between the elections of 1991 and 1993, however, the country experienced a sea change, and Zhirinovsky, with the aid of shrewd advisers, sought to build a national party; he has consistently been the only major politician who tries to appeal to youth, with a heavy-metal music store, for example, right in his party's ramshackle headquarters. Meanwhile, Kruchkov, who had allegedly helped Zhirinovsky, was in jail for having taken part in plotting the coup of '91, and droves of officers had left the now discredited K.G.B. For many of the most successful, this meant that state property had simply been transferred, and the lucky nomenklatura wound up in control of some of Moscow's largest banks.

Indeed, Kichikhin gave me a series of startling top-secret documents detailing the Communist Party's plans to transfer vast economic reserves into the marketplace. One month before the August 1991 coup, for example, a resolution was adopted—and a copy was sent to Gorbachev—which authorized the party to start sending its capital out into "commercial entities," which would issue stock to "party committees." An earlier memo stated, "Our ultimate goal, along with commercializing our existing property, would be to establish an 'invisible' party economic structure which would employ a very limited number of persons." The memo advocated learning "how to wheel and deal with the best of them" and establishing banks with the party's hard-currency reserves. Interestingly, Kichikhin also affirms that the operation of smuggling the Communist Party's

assets was conducted through the K.G.B.

"In 1991 the K.G.B. was very active in setting up financial groups," says Boravoy. "The first several thousand joint ventures were set up in such a way that permission was needed from the K.G.B. for one to be appointed to the post of top manager."

It is some of these very financial groups that many believe bankrolled Zhirinovsky's campaign. Boravoy, who owns a media empire and is one of the wealthiest businessmen in Russia, says that several of these groups gave Zhirinovsky money, but "no more than $200,000 to $300,000." "The people who did finance the campaign do not care to reveal their identities at this point," says Zhirinovsky's former campaign manager Viktor Kobelev, who has split from Zhirinovsky because of his uncontrollable behavior. He says they too are disillusioned with Zhirinovsky now because of his antics. "I am telling you that the entire campaign was financed by three persons. Three Russian persons, three regular guys. Minus the debt that remained of 60 to 80 million rubles."

Kobelev, who says that Zhirinovsky "is capable of taking [money] from anyone," also freely admits that the way to get business done during a campaign is to pay bribes every step of the way. For example, many wondered how Zhirinovsky was able to appear on TV just before the election as a guest on the Dmitri Dibrov program. "Thirty thousand dollars in cash was paid to somebody at the station. The money came from a friend of mine," Kobelev reveals. He says that in order to avoid ponderous government banking procedures people stuff their "pockets with cash to pay everybody on the spot. . . . You see, all things in the country are run on commercial principles these days."

In June of this year, details of a fascinating letter Zhirinovsky had written to Russian prime minister Viktor Chernomyrdin surfaced in the *Moscow News*. Zhirinovsky baldly requested that the prime minister intervene with the central bank to save Zhirinovsky and the L.D.P.'s deposits of about $1 million in a failing Russian bank. Zhirinovsky listed his assets in dollars, deutsche marks, and rubles. In January, Zhirinovsky had also opened a personal account of 20,000 deutsche marks, but, according to the paper, bank experts said "they believe the L.D.P. chairman himself was the real owner of all the money," and that large sums of foreign currency had begun to be deposited in cash in Zhirinovsky's accounts the previous fall. Anyone who wants to join the L.D.P. is requested to pay 1 percent of his or her monthly salary as dues and to send the money directly to Vladimir Zhirinovsky. His sister and brother control all the party's money.

Few in Moscow today who have seriously studied Zhirinovsky believe that he is his own man, and now, when Boris Yeltsin seems to have lost the moral authority to govern—his administration appears more in the traditional mold of Communism, intent on controlling the apparatus of the state rather than on capturing popular support—it is not inconceivable that Zhirinovsky could seize the reins of power. Many believe that the whole country is up for grabs. "It's a very cynical situation," says Boravoy. "If it's possible to have presidential decrees prepared here for money, if one pays good money, it's possible to bribe the main intelligence administration, foreign intelligence, and the K.G.B. There's a situation of disillusionment now. They worked for the sake of ideology; they have been betrayed by the people, by the president."

"The moment Zhirinovsky soars to a top post, he will be replaced with a real Fascist."

Boravoy gave me an interview the day after he miraculously escaped death in a firebomb attempt on his car. Boravoy maintains his own intelligence operation, and his experts have come to the conclusion that Zhirinovsky is backed by the main intelligence agency, the G.R.U. Boravoy says that intelligence experts advised Zhirinovsky on themes for the campaign and told him to follow the example of Hitler and the Weimar Republic. Former campaign manager Kobelev says that Zhirinovsky advisers "have a kind of mania for counterintelligence and the K.G.B."

"The Liberal Democratic Party is not as it's been portrayed in the media—a party for the lower classes and society's dropouts," maintains sociologist Mikhail Savan of the Russian Academy of Sciences. He has known Zhirinovsky for 10 years and has conducted two polls of the party's leadership. His data show party membership to be made up of 40 percent technical people and approximately 10 percent each of scientists, students, workers, and entrepreneurs. "It is obvious he has a very skilled team working with him. In general they are representatives of an intellectual elite who have definite aims in using him." A Russian paper, *Segodnya,* which is owned by the Most bank, allegedly populated by former K.G.B. officials, published a list of Zhirinovsky's "shadow Cabinet" shortly after last December's election. The Cabinet contains a former employee of Mir and from 20 to 40 others, a number of whom worked in the military space industry, in counterintelligence, and on secret projects. "He's exploiting people's memories of the past," says Savan, "and he's exploiting the military-industrial complex. This is a strong political movement. That is what should be of more interest today than the figure of Zhirinovsky, because, according to the laws of politics, the movement will have its own logic of development no matter how Zhirinovsky puts his personality on it."

"The moment he soars to a top post his origins will be remembered and he will be discarded and replaced with a real Fascist behind his back," says Tankred Golenpolski, who edits a Jewish newspaper in Moscow. "That is the scary part."

The final irony, of course, is that Zhirinovsky may not have won at all. Last May analysts hired by Yeltsin's administration to study the election said that large-scale vote rigging added a staggering six million fraudulent ballots to the results, that legal balloting was below 50 percent, and that technically the referendum on the new constitution did not have the percentage needed to pass. This big story has essentially been ignored—especially by Yeltsin—and the leader of the group fired. Apparently, provisional functionaries, seeking to protect their power, stuffed the ballot boxes. Fearing they would be caught if they gave the votes to the party heavily favored to win, Yeltsin's Russia's Choice Party, they threw their fraudulent votes to Zhirinovsky and other marginal parties such as Women of Russia. But knowing that now is small comfort. It's too late. Frankenstein lives. □


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EVER FAITHFULL

Five years after bringing Swinging London to its feet and Mick Jagger to his knees, singer Marianne Faithfull was adrift in the shadowland of heroin and heartache. Today, she's reprising the high notes and the blues in a new autobiography

BY CATHY HORYN



"I have a vicious pride. It's almost impossible for me to bow my head," says Faithfull, whose singing has been likened to "Lotte Lenya serenading from a sidecar."

"I must say I'm a bit exhausted and I look like shit."

Marianne Faithfull stands there, naked except for a towel, in the warm light of a Manhattan duplex. Limp blond hair spills around her tiny shoulders, and her face, without makeup, bears the hardened traces, the deep shadows, of her long and notorious involvement with drugs. A scar, silvery against her pale complexion, runs the length of her right jaw—the result of a fall nearly a decade ago while overdosing on heroin. Even in this unenhanced state, with her famous bosom wrapped in white toweling, she still looks like Marianne the convent girl, though her voice—raw, broken, blazingly sexy—is pure and unmistakably Faithfull.

She bounds across the living room her legs twitching like two freckle matchsticks. At the bottom of the stairs she stops and a little tremor goes up her bare back. "Aarrgh," she groans letting out a long sigh, "I've just been working on the final chapter of my autobiography. I can't tell you—well, it' nearly done now, thank God! But it wa

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like milking mice. There were so many layers. Well"—she starts up the stairs to change—"I'll only be a minute. Do you smoke? Oh, good. I thought we might like to have some iced tea later . . . " And the freckled legs disappear.

In the mid-60s and early 70s, before a combination of drugs and poor record sales drove her name into the margins of pop history, no woman was more synonymous with rock 'n' roll than Marianne Faithfull. "I saw an angel with big tits and signed her," gloated Andrew Oldham, the fey-looking manager of the Rolling Stones, after he had discovered the teenage Marianne, in 1964, at a London party. With her ethereal voice and breathtaking English beauty, not to mention her vaguely aristocratic connections (her mother was Baroness Erisso, the wartime bride of a British intelligence officer), she became an overnight sensation. Her first single, "As Tears Go By," hit No. 9 on the British pop charts. "One minute I was in my class in the sixth form studying Jane Austen and Shelley," Faithfull would say, "and the next I was on the road with Freddie and the Dreamers."

She was the right girl at the right time. "When I'm so rich I don't have to make more than one good record a year, I'll have a house in Venice and a place in the Greek Islands," she announced to a reporter in 1965, while holding a copy of Lawrence Durrell's *Bitter Lemons.* "I'll be a female Beatle and only come over to England to do TV and concerts." By then she had slept with teen idol Gene Pitney, spurned a mournful Roy Orbison, and married a Cambridge student named John Dunbar, with whom she was expecting a child. Among the crestfallen was Bob Dylan. "What d'ya want to marry a damn student for?" the great one moaned.

But more than Dylan, more even than her own clear voice and angelic looks, it was her three-and-a-half-year relationship with Mick Jagger that would link Marianne Faithfull forever to the 60s. If they weren't the first example of rock royalty, they were certainly the most mythologized—with their King's Road clothes, their aristocratic friends, and their flouting of middle-class conventions. In hundreds of photographs from the period, they appeared to be not only in love but in constant flight. To San Remo for the pop festival. To Tangier with Anita Pallenberg to meet Keith Richards. To Bangor for a meeting with the Maharishi. At the other extreme, of course, were the equally enduring images of Mick in handcuffs after the infamous 1967 police raid at Redlands, Richards's Sussex home, and of Marianne in the tabloids: "Naked Girl at Stones Party." Rumor also placed a Mars bar at the scene—between Marianne's legs, to be exact—and for years afterward she would be known as the "Mars Bar Girl." But Redlands would seem like child's play compared with what came later: her increasing addiction to drugs; her affairs, including a sex-for-dope arrangement with the Stones' main supplier, Spanish Tony; and her 1969 suicide attempt in Australia, where Mick was trying to launch a film career. By the time Marianne Faithfull walked out of their Chelsea house, with her four-year-old son, Nicholas, in one hand and a rolled Persian carpet in the other, the 60s had ended, and she was 23.

At her mother's house she took a razor blade to her face, convinced that her beauty was to blame for her troubles.

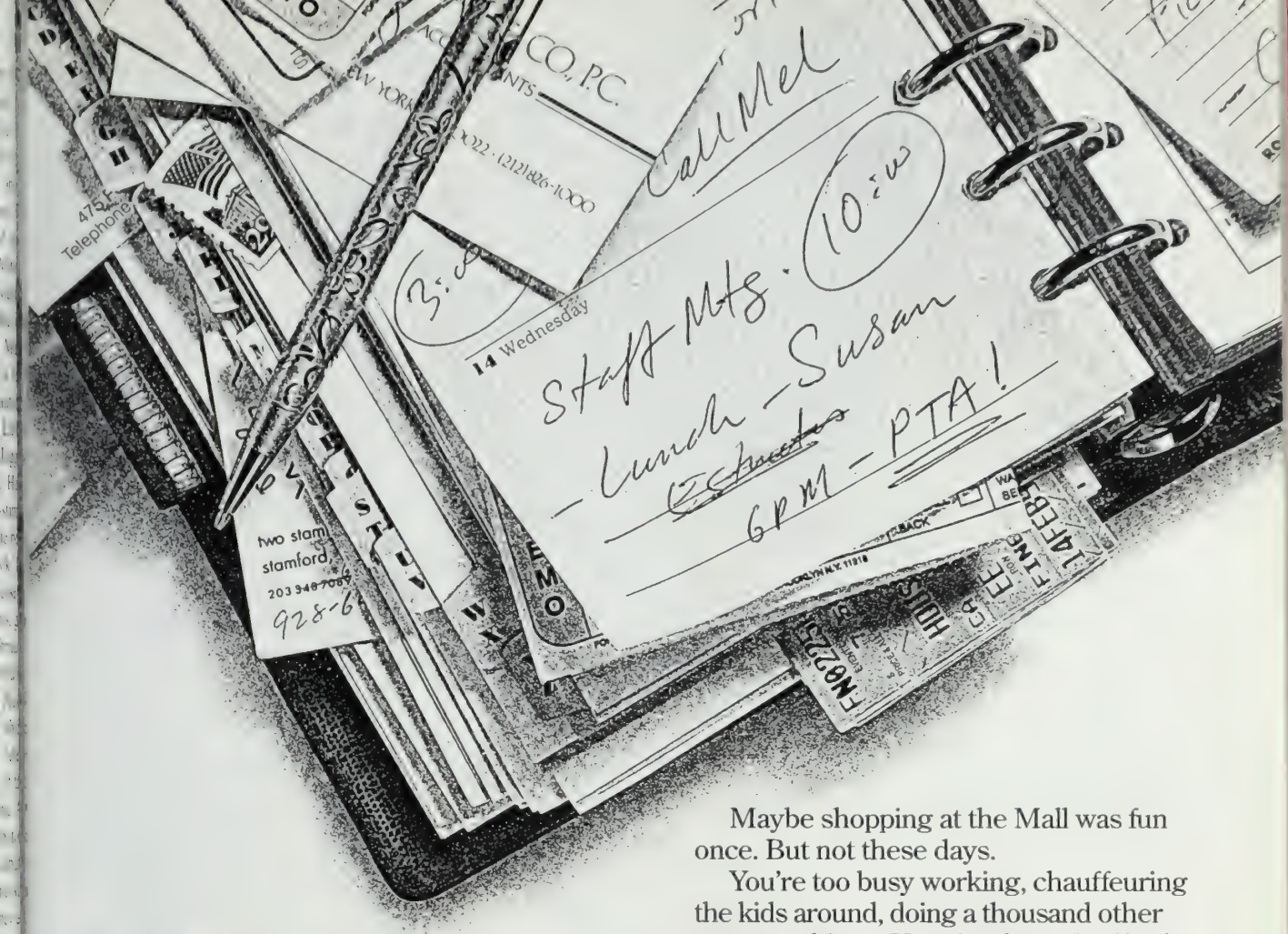
Then she disappeared. There was a long period of self-imposed exile, when she became a registered heroin addict and lived on the street in Soho. On the day when Mick married Bianca Perez-Mora Macias, in Saint-Tropez, Marianne was in a London jail cell, having passed out in a plate of curry in an Indian restaurant. There was a rumor that she was present at Jim Morrison's death in Paris; she was most definitely in India at the beginning of 1973 for the filming of Stephen Weeks's *Ghost Story.* By then she had cleaned herself up and resumed an acting career she had started in the 60s, when she appeared opposite Glenda Jackson in Chekhov's *Three Sisters* and as Ophelia in Tony Richardson's *Hamlet.* In the late 70s, her voice now a full octave lower and whiskey-saturated, she released her definitive rock classic, *Broken English.* But if Marianne was finally close to finding her true identity as an artist, it would elude her throughout much of the 80s. By 1985, when A. E. Hotchner interviewed her for his book on the Stones, Faithfull was back on heroin, snorting lines of cocaine and drinking vodka. "She would come in and lie there in [illegible] corner until someone brought her [illegible] coke," recalls Hotchner, who gave [illegible] destitute Faithfull $100, mostly in [illegible] fare. "Then she would be fine for abo[illegible] an hour and a half." On November [illegible] 1985, Marianne Faithfull checked in [illegible] the Hazelden Foundation outside Minn[illegible] apolis for six months of hard-core deto[illegible]

Now, at a time when many of the o[illegible] demons have been laid to rest, Ma[illegible] anne Faithfull is about to rattle a fe[illegible] bones. *Faithfull,* her long-awaited autob[illegible] ography, due out this month from Litt[illegible] Brown, offers plenty of firsthand Jagg[illegible] insights, but it's her riffs on Dylan, He[illegible] drix, and, of course, her own well-stim[illegible] lated life that make for some of the be[illegible] reading. To coincide with the book, I[illegible] land, her longtime label, will release [illegible] collection of Faithfull's greatest hits, g[illegible] ing back to the 60s, and in Februar[illegible] will put out *A Secret Life,* Faithfull[illegible] searing collaboration with *Twin Peak*[illegible] composer Angelo Badalamenti, whic[illegible] will almost certainly restore this falle[illegible] angel to her rightful place: as one of th[illegible] great interpretive singers of our time. A[illegible] a recent meeting of record distributor[illegible] in London, five cuts from the albu[illegible] were played, and before the last one we[illegible] finished, reports Badalamenti, "they a[illegible] stood up and started applauding."

When Faithfull finally emerges fro[illegible] the upstairs bedroom, she has o[illegible] black leggings and a man's whit[illegible] shirt, under which she is wearing [illegible] black bra. A pair of horn-rims rests o[illegible] her nose, amidst a flurry of boyis[illegible] bangs. At 47, she is still beguiling.

She takes a Marlboro from a pac[illegible] and settles back against the arm of th[illegible] couch. The apartment is not actuall[illegible] hers; it's on loan from the parents o[illegible] filmmaker Sara Driver, who cast Mari[illegible] anne as a ghost in her not-yet-released[illegible] film, *When Pigs Fly.* Faithfull's mai[illegible] base for the past five years has been [illegible] rented 19th-century cottage on a thou[illegible] sand-acre estate west of Dublin, where[illegible] her circle of friends includes various old[illegible] hippies, aristocrats (Desmond and Pen[illegible] ny Guinness are just down the road, a[illegible] Leixlip Castle), and more recent ac[illegible] quaintances, including Irish playwright[illegible] Frank McGuinness, who wrote the pro[illegible] logue to her book.

The book, says Faithfull, evolved over[illegible] nearly two years of conversations with[illegible] her collaborator, David Dalton. "We[illegible] didn't really get on at first," admits Faith[illegible] full. "I suppose it was because he was a[illegible] Stones fan." She roars with laughter. "It's



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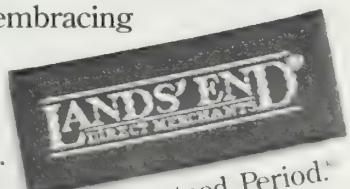
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like my worst nightmare—I have a Rolling Stones fan writing my autobiography! Oh, shit . . .

"It was afterward," she continues, "that I realized I had given David my little, very funny, very very good set pieces about myself—the ones I tell at dinner parties. And it took a long time to get through all that. The fake version."

Dalton says that Faithfull is very good at setting up obstacles to avoid detection. "She took me on this tour of various castles and eccentric people in Ireland just to distract me," he says, laughing softly. In time, though, he was onto her methods. "Marianne is her own contradiction, in a strange way," says Dalton. "Over the years she's come up with these personas that people can grasp. The little-girl Marianne. The Pre-Raphaelite Ophelia. The punk diva. Eventually, though, you realize that underneath all this is a slightly insecure, fragile person."

One possible explanation for Faithfull's subterfuge is that for years she has been asked to reconcile how someone like her could wind up as a junkie. In order to answer this, she would have to admit that life with Mick was somehow better than what came after. And that, of course, would mean denying her own identity.

"The 60s was wonderful, but I wasn't really doing anything," Faithfull says. "I was in another sort of place—the muse-of-the-great-great-man place. Which, um, is probably very fascinating, but I didn't like it very much. I think it gets much more interesting when I walk out of that house with Nicholas and the Persian carpet under my arm. Then all sorts of things happened."

She swings her legs off the couch and lights another cigarette. "My new theory," she says, exhaling, "is that they get all these blondes from the 60s mixed up. And they think they saw me at such and such a club in 1960-something-or-other. And they might have. But maybe it was one of the other blondes. It could have been Anita. It could have been Sylvia Miles. It could have been a ton of people, throwing drinks everywhere and throwing up."

A gleeful snort of laughter and she falls back against the pillows, stretching her arms above her head. Anyway, she says, turning serious, the last thing she wanted to do in the book was admit anything about the 60s. "It goes against my pride, really. I have a vicious pride, and I'm haughty, in a way, about these things. It's almost impossible for me to bow my head."

She takes a deep breath. "I really wanted to show Mick Jagger in a fair and proper way, and it does that. God, does it ever slay the image of the demon king. He's a nice, ordinary, lower-middle-class boy with proper . . . " She waves her cigarette in the air. "I don't really like him. He's not my kind of—I don't know why I ever had anything to do with him, really, except that it had something to do with the *Zeitgeist* of the times. But if I had had any of what they laughingly call control, I wouldn't have had anything to do with him."

A friend of hers says, "I don't think she realizes how much she actually broke his heart. Mick was totally besotted. He would have done anything for her. To a certain extent, she thought she was the countess and he was this middle-class boy. She used to say to me that she would never marry Mick because she didn't want to be a Jagger. I think that was the basis of the rift—a class thing. She just would never come down from her high horse."

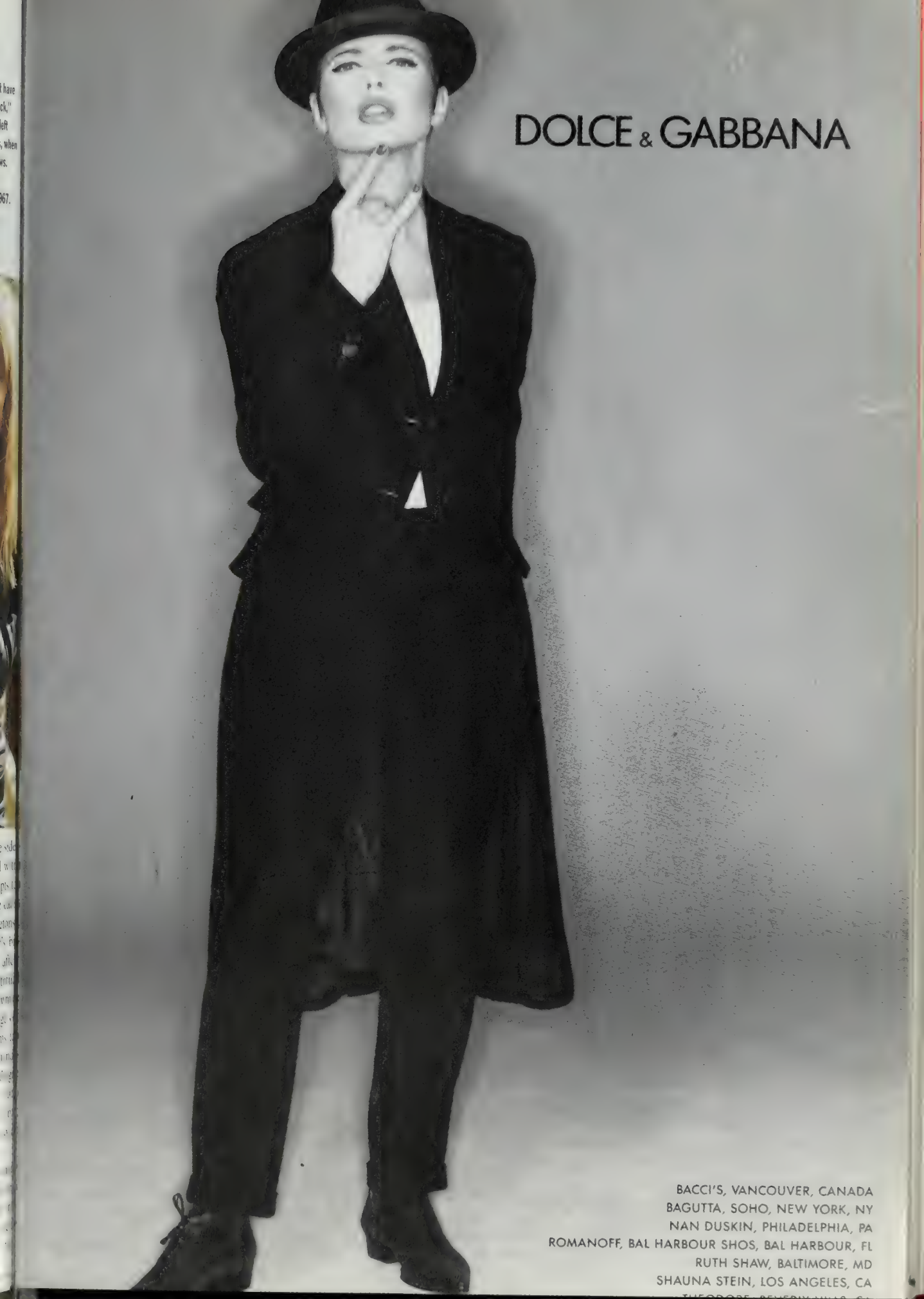
In her book, Faithfull is careful to present a sensitive, funny portrait of two young lovers swept up by the times. Her recollections of some of their dopier moments together—watching a frustrated Tina Turner teach Mick the side ways Pony, for example—are told with affectionate ribbing. But her attempts to explore Mick's darker side, as she calls it, ultimately produce few skeletons apart from intimations of Jagger's bi sexuality and homoerotic lusting after Keith Richards. (In one scene, Faithfull describes Jagger probing her body while loudly invoking the throbbing image of Keith.) Most of the time she seems to have Mick down on the mat: demanding, on the one hand, that he indulge her when it comes to her affairs with men and women alike, and chastising him, on the other, for being too boojie in his emotions.

There can be no doubt that Marianne Faithfull's greatest battles were waged on the other side of the 60s, and that her triumphs, when they came, were entirely her own. In the long aftermath of the





"If I had had any of what they call control, I wouldn't have had anything to do with Mick," says Faithfull, pictured at left with Jagger in the late 60s, when their every move made news. *Below:* Marianne filming *Girl on a Motorcycle* in 1967.


DOLCE & GABBANA
BACCI'S, VANCOUVER, CANADA
BAGUTTA, SOHO, NEW YORK, NY
NAN DUSKIN, PHILADELPHIA, PA
ROMANOFF, BAL HARBOUR SHOS, BAL HARBOUR, FL
RUTH SHAW, BALTIMORE, MD
SHAUNA STEIN, LOS ANGELES, CA

60s, when many of her contemporaries either died or continued to play the same old songs, Marianne kept moving, transcending herself with each new incarnation. That *Strange Weather,* her 1987 masterpiece of sorrow and lost youth, sounds remarkably different from *Broken English* is simply because, in the intervening years, she had lived precariously on the edge: in squats, with bad men, quite often in a state of unconsciousness.

"There's sort of a sense that Marianne is singing for survival," says Michael Colgan, director of the Gate Theatre in Dublin, where Faithfull played Pirate Jenny in a 1991 production of Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera.* "That's what gives her this presence. When she sings a song there's a defiance about her. It's almost as if she were facing a great wind." Chris Blackwell, the founder of Island Records and a friend since the late 70s, has seen Marianne through some of her worst ordeals—her disastrous 1979 appearance on *Saturday Night Live,* when drugs caused her vocal cords to seize onstage; her pathetic attempts to hustle money from people she barely knew. But one thing that Blackwell has never witnessed over their 15-year friendship is self-pity. "Never," he says. "Not even in the most terrible times."

But survivors rarely ever make their break without leaving behind casualties, and Marianne, says her collaborator, David Dalton, "is utterly ruthless with people." Another friend, from the past, agrees. "I think Marianne is a survivor at all costs." And so if Mick comes off in the book as a sentimental yob—"a bit of a drip," says Dalton—it may simply be the inevitable result of Marianne's once again cutting her losses and moving on.

But has she?

Anita Pallenberg, her old friend from the 60s, wonders. "I don't see why she has to cut Mick down to size," says Pallenberg, who has recovered from her own heroin addiction and now lives in London. "I don't know what the point is.

"But then," adds Pallenberg, "the 60s has been so mythologized that, really, anything goes.

"Personally," continues the former girlfriend of Brian Jones and Keith Richards, her voice close to a purr, "I would have said I was there when Jim Morrison died. Why not?"

By the time Marianne Faithfull was born in Hampstead in 1946 under the sign of Capricorn, her mother, Eva, the former Baroness Erisso of the Austrian Sacher-Masochs, had likely decided that she had been wrong about her husband: Major Glynn Faithfull was not quite the doting Englishman she had hoped for. When they met at the end of W.W. II, the Sacher-Masochs were living in three rooms at the Hungarian Institute in Vienna. They were worn down by the war, and Eva, according to her daughter, had been raped by Russian soldiers and had had an abortion.

Marianne says, "I don't know what my mother thought she was getting when she married my father. A way out of Austria, I suppose, but you can't imagine two more different people. My mother loved high drama, and she expected my father to treat her like a princess. He, on the other hand, was only interested in Utopian schemes for humanity."

"One minute I was studying Jane Austen and Shelley and the next I was on the road with Freddie and the Dreamers."

In 1950, Glynn Faithfull became involved in a communal-living experiment in an area of the Oxfordshire countryside called Braziers Park, and moved his family there to devote himself to the study of "integrative social research." Eva bolted after less than two years, setting up housekeeping in a terraced house in a working-class section of Reading. "It wasn't a slum," Marianne told an interviewer in 1972, "but we had no middle-class symbols. We had no television, telephone, and, above all, no money."

Eva enrolled Marianne as a charity boarder at the nearby St. Joseph's Convent School, and she indoctrinated her daughter with her own philosophies. "She taught me that to be beautiful, as I knew I was, shouldn't be a passive thing," Marianne told Rolling Stones biographer Philip Norman. "It was something to be put to use, the way that, in the past, she'd put her own beauty to use. I was trained by a highly trained professional."

She was a powerful personality, Eva, autocratic and vain. In later years, Marianne would complain bitterly about her smothering influence, comparing life wit the baroness to incarceration in the Rea ing jail. But one imagines that Eva w way beyond feelings of rejection or blam when she took in a dope-sick and dir Marianne after her forays into the Lo don underworld, and accepted respons bility for raising young Nicholas unt Marianne lost him in a custody batt with John Dunbar. When Eva died, i 1990, at the age of 80, she had mai tained not only her pride but her silenc After Marianne came out of Hazelden, i 1986, she wanted her mother to tal about the misconnections in their live but Eva would say only, "There are som things you just can't deal with." As a fin twist to her story, Eva spent the last 2 years of her life in a thatched cottage pr vided by none other than Mick Jagger.

Glynn Faithfull, now well into his 80 remains at Braziers Park, as he has sinc Eva left more than 40 years ago. Iron cally, it was to the nutty isolation of Br ziers that Mick and Marianne fled afte the Redlands drama. In photographs tak en by Michael Cooper, they are see jumping off haystacks, and in one sho Mick is twirling a delirious Adam Coo per, Michael's son, in the air. They loo incredibly young and happy.

Faithfull's reputation as someone wh has lived with despair has made he something of a cult figure. Not lon ago the photographer Bruce Webe asked her to appear in the documentar he is making about Robert Mitchum. T Weber, Marianne is a kind of heroine "She's this amazing woman who's bee through a lot," he says. "She's sort o the female counterpart of Bob, actually."

Sara Driver began to think abou making a movie with Faithfull after the met in London several years ago. "She just so vibrant. I couldn't stop thinkin about her. She's one of these people wh wears her heart on her sleeve. And he honesty. And her beauty. She's been rav aged by time, but in a beautiful way." The role that Driver eventually create for Faithfull in *When Pigs Fly* is that o a specter—a woman who comes back t haunt her abusive husband. Faithfull ap proaches her role with the ironic dis tance of someone who, as she says, ha "been out of fashion for so long."

But one imagines that somewhere i her past she would have been horrifie by this kind of attention. "People ca help me by just forgetting me," she said in 1969, shortly before leaving Jag ger. The woman whose ravaged beauty would later be admired, in fact, spen

ost of the early 70s sitting on a wall Soho. Twenty-four jacks of pure itish pharmaceutical heroin, obtained rough the National Health Program, pt her in a perpetual trance. "I didn't ve any consciousness, really," says ithfull. "All I knew was happiness d pain and fear. I understood those ngs but nothing else. What I knew is that I had to find my consciousss. I went at it in a very odd way by ding unconsciousness, by going as ep as you can into it and coming out e other side." Though she escaped rm, relying on strangers to look after r, she shriveled to 98 pounds and d two front teeth knocked out in a awl with a male nurse. In a whore's t, she nearly overdosed on pethidine, anesthetic, and at her mother's use in Aldworth she took a razor ade to her face, convinced that her auty was to blame for her troubles.

Asked if any of her old friends tried find her, Faithfull says she occasiony ran into art dealer Robert Fraser, o was busted with Mick at Redds, and sometimes, in the morning ld, she would see Eric Clapton with girlfriend outside the house of exander Trocchi, the Scottish writer o got registered as an addict. Otherse she saw no one and nobody came oking for her. "I mean, I can't say I me it all on them," says Faithfull. "I n't want to see them any more than y wanted to see me."

By the time Faithfull married her ond husband, musician Ben Brierley, June of 1979, with Johnny Rotten ong the wedding guests, she was ll into her third incarnation. Her secd, as a country-and-western singer, s short-lived. But with the success of *oken English,* Faithfull had finally nd her voice. And though it was not overcast as it would be a decade lat- when a critic compared her mourn- sound on *Strange Weather* to "Lotte nya serenading from a sidecar," it arly belonged to someone who was t afraid to expose the bitterness of life.

Faithfull says that only lately has she derstood how much her life depend- on re-creating herself. "I really n't look like the person I was and I dly didn't sound like the person I s," she says. "I was more complicat-

What I was trying to get at was ne bit of actual truth that corre-onded to the way I really sounded d appeared to be.

"It's sort of like cheating people," she says after a long pause. "To look so angelic and to actually be very saturnine just hasn't worked very well until now."



Faithfull today: "There's been a tremendous amount of healing in my life. I don't really have any reason to destroy myself."

By the early 1980s, Faithfull was living in New York. "That's when it all got very sad with me and Ben," she says quietly. "I don't know what it was—going to New York or celebrity or maybe it was just time to get high again." Blackwell had given her a substantial advance toward her next album, *Dangerous Acquaintances,* but it went mostly for drugs and clothes, with scant music to show for it. Eventually, things fell apart with Brierley, and Faithfull drifted into another dependent relationship with a musician. "All I know," she says, "is that by the time it was 1985 I was using heroin again and I was very sick."

There is no way to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies in her life except to say that, in the end, she came through them. At Hazelden, her voice was used to talk fellow addicts through their fears, and in Boston, where she went to live afterward, she opened her house to people who, like herself, had been to "the other side" and survived. "She really took care of dozens of people," says her friend Deborah Theodore.

At the end of her book, Marianne Faithfull draws no conclusions. Instead, she offers fragments, the loose ends of a life reclaimed. She writes about her brief marriage to writer Giorgio della Terza, the birth of her grandson Oscar, and the night Robert Mitchum swept her into his arms and kissed her in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. But there is no redemption scene. She simply went back to work. In Boston, she sat in her living room with Hal Willner, who produced *Strange Weather,* and listened to 400 songs—Holiday, Dylan, and Ledbetter. Ten songs were recorded and she hit the road. "I went to see her at the Bottom Line in New York," recalls former Stones manager Allen Klein. "There was nothing like those performances. She just dominated the stage." In Dublin, she played Pirate Jenny to critical acclaim for eight weeks. "Her talent to me is not a progression of the talent she had," says Michael Colgan. "She has a new career."

But this does not mean that Marianne Faithfull has found peace with herself, and at the end of dinner in New York she comes back to Mick Jagger. She has seen him on several occasions, she says. After her mother died, she spoke to him about letting her keep the Aldworth cottage for Nicholas, who is now 28 and lives in London. "My mother had just died and, well, I was indulging in my most pernicious sin, the sin of pride," recalls Faithfull. She tried to pretend she didn't want the cottage after all. "Well, he talked to me the way he always did in these situations. It's the sort of tone of voice that says, 'Now, Marianne, be reasonable.'" She rolls her eyes. "And I do try to be reasonable but . . . "

There was also the time Mick and Jerry Hall sent her flowers—on opening night of *The Threepenny Opera* in Dublin, with a card that said, "Break a leg."

"I kept the card, actually. You'll see it when you come to Ireland. It was really quite moving. . . . "

She nods, her eyes falling on the white tablecloth. "Poor old thing. I never really give him a break."

Faithfull says she thinks it was Marina Guinness, Desmond's daughter, who suggested she come and live at Shell Cottage on the old Carton Demesne Estate, west of Dublin. "And whenever I'm in one of my black moods, I curse her for it!" roars Faithfull, padding across the worn carpets in her Turkish slippers to a pine table in the center of a large white room that overlooks a lake. The house is named after the shells that cover the walls of the earliest room. The rest of the cottage was built in the last century as a kind of tearoom for a brief visit from Queen Victoria to Ireland. There is an enormous fireplace in the main room, with books stacked up on tables near a pair of couches. Bruce Weber once said that "one of the sexiest things about Marianne is that she reads a lot." Her interests, in fact, range from Buddha to Shakespeare. On the coffee table is a copy of *The Collected Letters of Nancy Mitford,* on loan from Desmond Guinness, Mitford's nephew.

"Naked Girl at Stones Party": rumor placed a Mars bar at the scene—between Marianne's legs, to be exact.

At the moment, however, Faithfull is perusing her horoscope in *The Irish Times* to see if conditions are favorable for lunch with Daniel Day-Lewis; a mutual friend has said he'll try to convene a rendezvous with the actor. "Oh, I'm dying to meet Daniel Day-Lewis!" crows Faithfull. "But"—she snaps the paper shut—"we mustn't get our hopes up." She goes into the tiny kitchen to look in on the chicken she is roasting for dinner.

In Ireland, she has found not only a home—perhaps her longest-sustained address since leaving Jagger—but a community of friends, many of whom have known her for years. "It's a kindred world, and it's a slightly misfit world," says a Dublin friend. "There are the English who, for whatever reason, can't make it work in England, and there are the aristocrats and the Anglo-Irish eccentrics. You never know whether they have a million or a penny. I think there's great comfort in that for Marianne."

As it happens, this is the first year in 25 that Faithfull has earned enough money to pay income tax, and with her book and her two albums, she says, she is even thinking about building a small house in Jamaica. Her friends concede, however, that apart from her royalty and tour earnings Faithfull has often survived on her wits. "She's lived on a quite meager income over the past few years," says Blackwell, adding with a rueful laugh, "She is the world's greatest hustler of small amounts of cash. She was in Jamaica a few years ago, in shocking shape. She was going around the island tapping people for 20s and 100s. Even the doorman at her hotel had been tapped for a 20."

Sitting in her kitchen that evening, as Faithfull makes salad dressing from Eva's recipe, I ask her whether her drinking, while modest, doesn't pose a problem for someone who has been in a recovery program. She is silent for a moment as she stirs sugar and lemon juice in a wooden bowl.

"I still think I have to be very careful," she begins slowly. "There are definitely situations that I can't put myself in. I don't know what to say. I wish it were more simple. When I was in the program, I absolutely believed it was the right thing—until it really didn't feel that way and then I changed my mind. I was very frightened the first time I had a drink. It was in Dublin, while we were doing *The Threepenny Opera,* and I had a vodka and tonic. I was actually trembling because I was sure—well, I wasn't sure—but I had had that conditioning that if you have a vodka and tonic, then the next stop is a needle in your arm in Piccadilly Circus."

She goes back to pouring olive oil in the bowl and after a while says, "There's been a tremendous amount of healing in my life, and what I feel is that an awful lot of the great sources of my pain are gone. I don't really have any reason to destroy myself."

The next day, wearing the same black sweater and jeans she had on the night before, Faithfull announces, "We're going to have an afternoon of music. No more questions. I'm afraid last night's discussion quite did me in." For the next three hours she plays Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, Harry Nilsson, Marlene Dietrich, and, after some prodding, her 1965 recording of "Yesterday."

On my last day in Ireland, Faithfu gets up early, dresses in a black m hair sweater and tartan mini fr Anna Sui, and we set out in my car. S is giving me the tour, the same one s gave David Dalton, but it is not much about the present as it is abo the past. To Leixlip Castle to s Desmond and Penny Guinness. To Lu gala, across the Wicklow Mountains, visit the family home of Gare Browne. Driving down the steep road the house, she passes a lake, and at t edge, between the mountains and a fie of grazing deer, is the burial marker Tara Browne, the Guinness banking he who died toward the end of the 60s in car crash, and who had been a friend Brian Jones and Keith Richards.

Inside the house, Faithfull mee Roderic O'Connor, a friend who staying there, and after tea they dri into the village of Roundtree for lunc at a pub.

Around one o'clock, Daniel Da Lewis walks in, and Faithfull, who h been leaning against the bar sipping Bloody Mary, extends her hand.

"Oh, I've been wanting to meet yo for so long," she says.

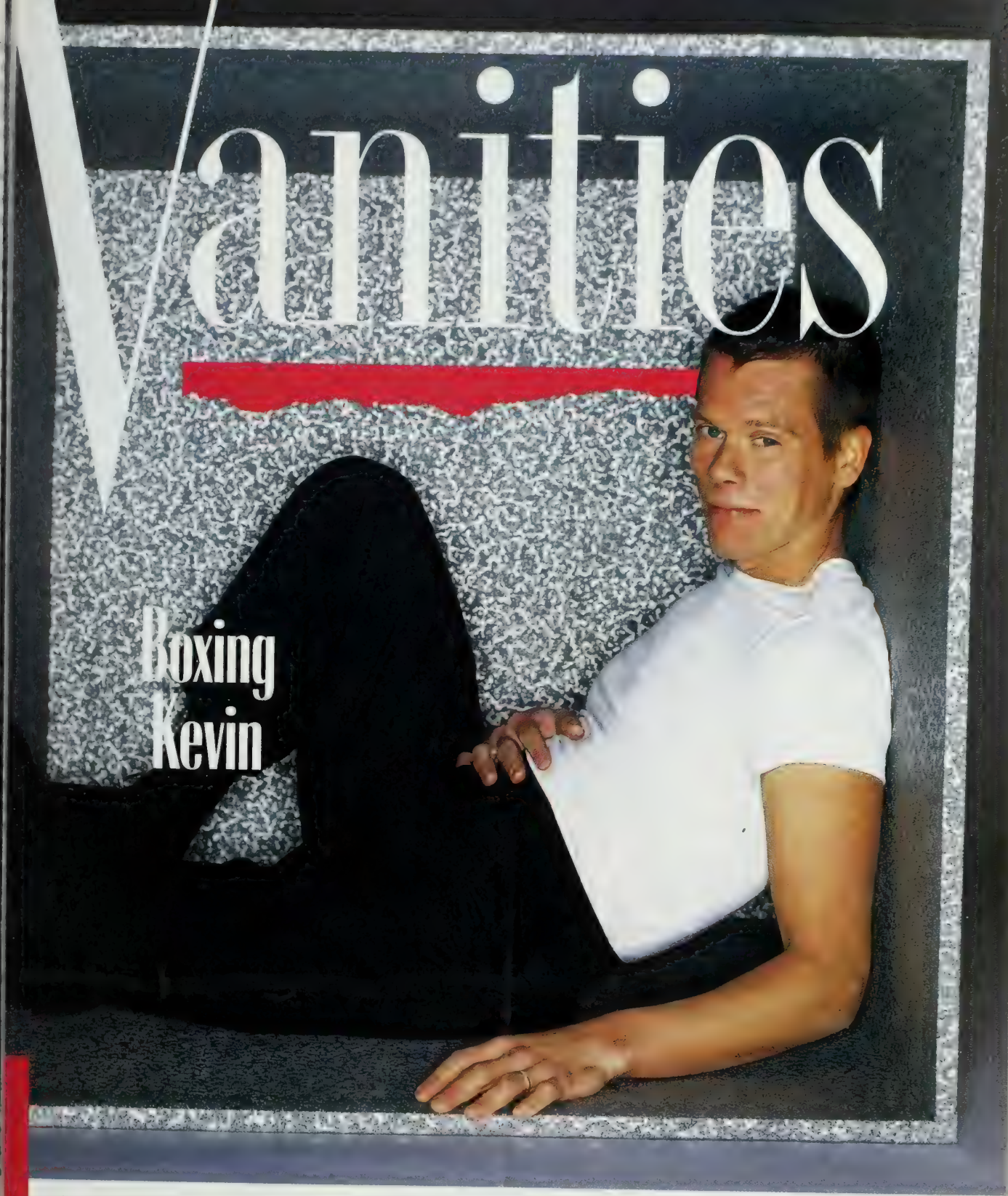
"Yes, I've been wanting to meet yo too," says the actor shyly.

They talk about acting and music f more than two hours. Then, around fou Faithfull gets back into the car and drive across the mountains, past the plac above Luggala where Michael Coope recorded his famous image of Bria Jones and Anita Pallenberg tripping o the moors, and back to Leixlip. At eigh she stops by to see Victoria Lloyd, daug ter of the late Lord Harlech, and he husband, Julian Lloyd, who is fixing tun casserole. She sits by the fire, in a roo that smells and sounds like the 60s chairs draped in faded floral bedspread candles, and Bob Dylan, Willie Nelso and Johnny Cash on the turntable.

Whether it was then or later, she tol me something I have not been able to g out of my mind. And that is: when sh was in Jamaica last winter she ran int Keith Richards, and when he learne she was doing a book, he told he "Make sure, Marianne, that everyon knows what a wonderful time we had." She was wearing a T-shirt at the tim and on the front were the words " Fucked Mick Jagger but the Dress Wa His Idea." It was a reference to th Hyde Park concert 25 years ago, whe Mick appeared onstage in a girlish whit tunic, shocking timid souls. Mariann Faithfull had not forgotten after all. □

Vanities

Boxing Kevin



In *The River Wild,* Kevin Bacon, as a meanie terrorizing Meryl Streep's family rafting trip, performs even more white-water stunts than Hillary Clinton. But that was a day in the park next to the real-life prison drama *Murder in the First,* which re-creates all the horrors of Alcatraz (minus the Birdman). "When I was doing *River,*" says Bacon, "we were wet, cold, my ass always itched under my wet suit, and every day we'd have to get in the boat and paddle as hard as we could. I thought, When I go to do *Murder,* it'll be easier." Wrong! "I was covered in dirt and bugs, with rats chewing on my leg. I was naked, wet, filthy, and shackled into a four-by-six cell." But, for Bacon, these films provided exciting acting challenges that well offset the physical demands. "That's what's really thrilling for me," he says. "That's my bungee jumping—throwing myself into a really good character."

—MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by DAVID ROSE

Hype & Glory

By JULIA PHILLIPS

Young, depressed, and self-obsessed in America: Elizabeth Wurtzel's premature Prozaculations

Every couple of years, Americans embrace some new feel-good prescription, usually to repair the ravages of its predecessor. Heroin was invented to cure the "soldier's disease," addiction to morphine, which was dispensed lavishly during the Civil War. Valium was created to get people off Miltown, and Xanax to get them off Valium. Right now, it's Prozac.

Prozac Nation: Young and Depressed in America is hot young thing Elizabeth Wurtzel's account of her lifelong battle with the blahs, the shrinks, and, of course, the pills, which Houghton Mifflin is rushing to bookstores this month. "Depression" is such a mild-mannered word for something so devastating. In her first, flashy paragraphs, Wurtzel is determined to convince you *how* devastating:

I start to get the feeling that something is really wrong. Like all the drugs put together—the lithium, the Prozac, the Desyrel and desipramine that I take to sleep at night—can no longer combat whatever it is that was wrong with me in the first place. I feel like a defective model, like I came off the assembly line flat-out fucked and my parents should have taken me back for repairs before the warranty ran out. . . . I am trapped in my body as I have never been before. I am perpetually zonked.

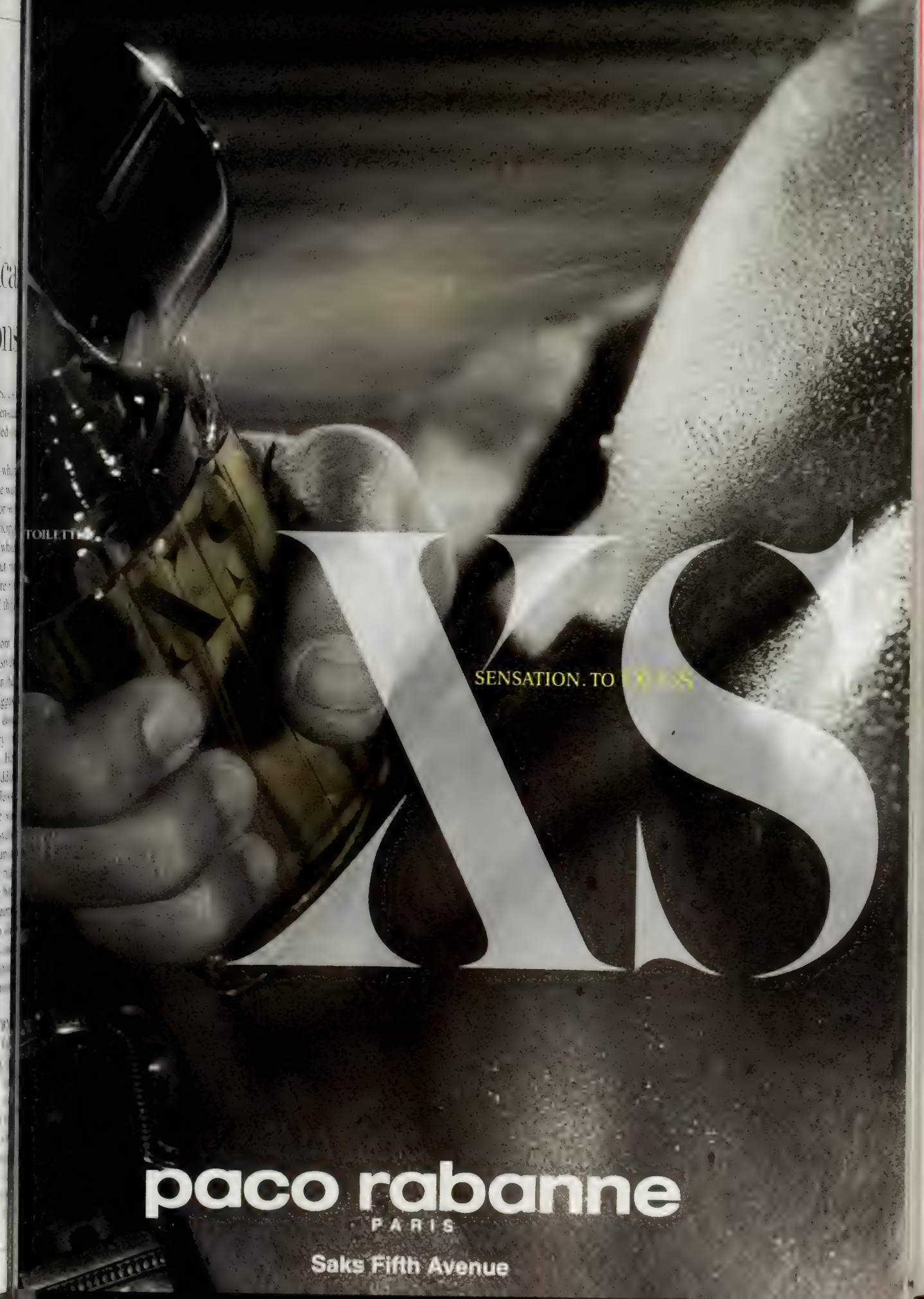
I know a thing or two about depression. I also know a thing or two about brazen self-revelation as infotainment—harmonizing with myselves, as i were. Elizabeth, who gets awfully blue without her green-and whites, harmonizes, too. Has the student surpassed the teacher? Old and Depressed in America.

In one of her more profound moments, Wurtzel—whom one could label a Prozac Baby (or is it Babe?), if one were into labels—worries that 20 years from now a doctor will whisper to her, "Inoperable brain cancer," an unanticipated by-product of the very medication which has rendered her not happy but not sad for too many years. We're not even talking feel-*good* here. I think she's right to worry.



Wurtzel comes from a long line of depressives, and there is little in her background to suggest that she could have done anything but carry on the family tradition. Her parents, lower-middle-class New York Jews, divorced when she was nearly two. Her psyche was the terrain upon which their ensuing battles were fought. The battles were nasty, but it seems to me the mother (who *did* vote for Nixon three times and probably deserved to be punished) was easily the more browbeaten.

The father, an IBM middle manager on Valium, carried health insurance that paid for 90 percent of the medical bills, but refused, until he was finagled by Elizabeth's shrink, to fill out *(Continued on page 120)*


TOILETTE
SENSATION. TO
paco rabanne
PARIS
Saks Fifth Avenue

Vanities

(Continued from page 118) the necessary claim forms for his daughter's therapy. This whilst professing love and sorrow, followed immediately by Valium-induced tears and dozing. He also disappeared—vanished into thin air—for four critical years of his daughter's adolescence, although, given the nature of their get-togethers, it's hard not to wonder if this might not have been the proverbial blessing in disguise.

Early on, Elizabeth manifested blatant signs of existential self-fear-and-loathing. At 11, she commenced hacking at her legs during lunch hour with whatever sharp instrument was available. When her mother, suspecting the worst, found her 14-year-old daughter's unused stash of birth-control pills, she wailed her mantra, "How can you do this to me?" and stood dangerously close to an open window. Elizabeth writes:

"And I want to scream—but don't—What do you mean, how can I do this to *you?* Aren't we confusing our pronouns here? The question, really, is How could I do this to *myself?*

"She is hysterical, and it seems crazy to me, just plain wrong, that my boyfriend left me, my father left me, and I am sitting here trying to talk my mother away from the ledge. What's wrong with this picture? I mean, who died and left *me* in charge?"

If these two represent the parenting skills of a segment of American society upon whom we could heretofore rely for family values—or at least a sense of family responsibility—who even wants to *think* about the rest of our dysfunctional population? Nearly 250 million lost souls, according to the last census. To paraphrase Keanu Reeves in *Parenthood,* we really oughta consider a test and a license for the mother/father gig.

And beyond that, *why,* I keep asking myself as I press on, should any reasonable young person feel anything *but* depressed in America? Given the current state of domestic/world affairs and all. Wurtzel is *not* reasonable—and she *is* manipulative, self-absorbed, and repetitive. She is also smart, she is funny (most particularly when she recounts a wander through Dallas after having ingested about 10 grams of magic mushrooms, and in a chapter titled "The Accidental Blow Job"), she is thoughtful, and, in spite of the hype heralding the release of her book, which makes it tempting to pick on her a little, she is very, very brave. Wurtzel portrays, from the inside out, an emotional life spent perpetually outrunning the relentless pursuit of what she describes as a black wave, often sacrificing her likability on the altar of her truth.

Elizabeth Wurtzel is exhausting—depression can be really, *reeeaaallly* boring after a while—but like all provocateurs, she poses questions which make you think. Of more questions, mostly. What if depression isn't a "disease"? What if it is an ineradicable facet of the Human Condition and essentially impervious to the latest pill, our predisposition for the quick biochemical fix notwithstanding? I just hope I'm not reading something 10 years hence titled, say, *Kicking Prozac or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Inoperable Brain Cancer: Dead and Depressed in America.*

Briefly, Adrienne Shelly



Occupation: Versatile, if preternaturally pubescent-looking, indie-film diva.

How Versatile? Has played a waif (*The Unbelievable Truth*), a saint (*Trust*), a virgin (*Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me*), a leather enthusiast (NBC's *Homicide*), and Long Island princess (*Sleep with Me*).

Next Typically Atypical Role: As Red in Daren Serafian's action drama *Roadflower.* She's a member of an outlaw gang led by Craig Sheffer that terrorizes Christopher Lambert's family. "I'm your basic horrible/adorable victim/killer."

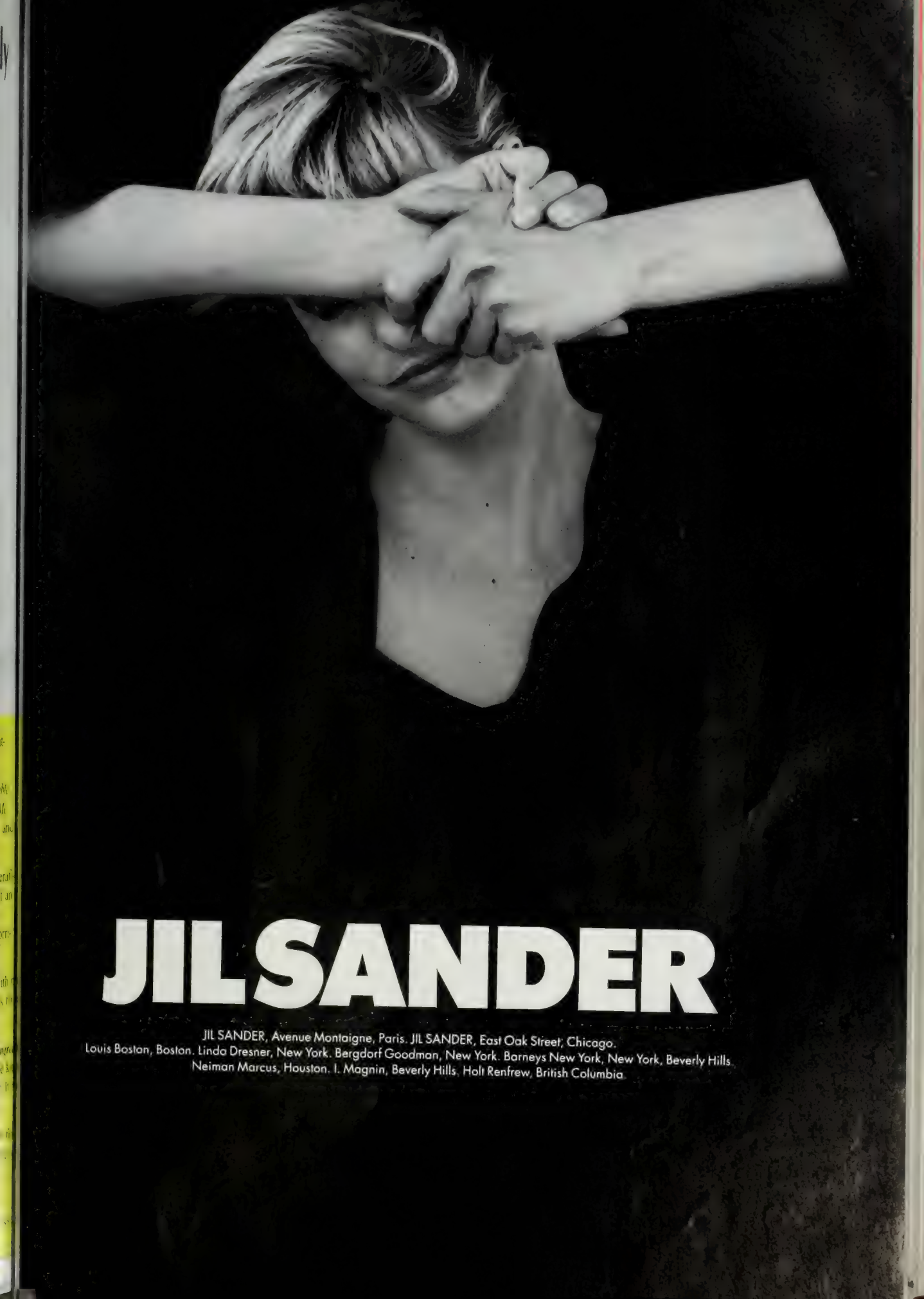
And . . . : A Roller-Blading nymph who messes with h man lives in *Opera Number One,* Hal Hartley's fiv minute opera for Comedy Central.

Is Adrienne Shelly on Roller-Blades an Essential Ingred ent of Comedic Opera? Yes. "I was supposed to be kin of klutzy, and I filled the bill. I only had about half a hour to practice."

O.K., She Can Skate, but Can She Direct? She just fin ished directing *Urban Legend,* "a New York City fairy tale," which she also wrote.

Is There Anything She Can't Do? Play taller.

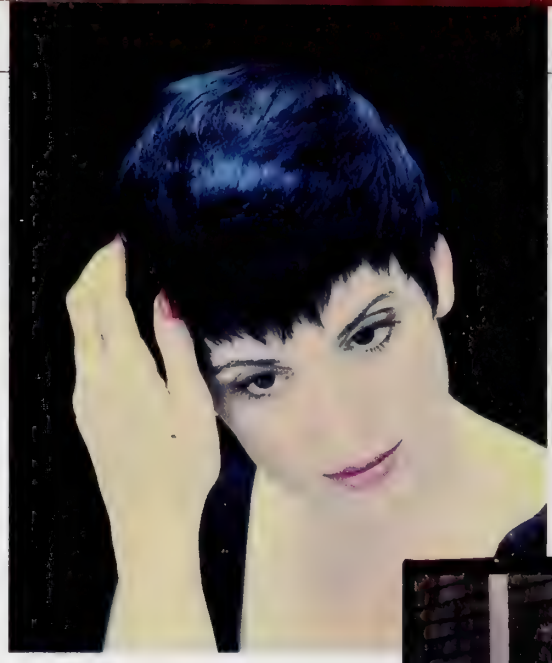
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Vanities

Hot Type



Author Karen Moline serves up Lunch. A Son of the Circus, *by John Irving, takes place in India.*

After a grueling summer of sipping Negronis in the Hamptons, publishers are getting back to business, cranking out some of this year's biggest books, and none is bigger, literally, than **JOHN IRVING'S** *A Son of the Circus* (Random House). In the 633-page novel (his eighth) the ambitious maestro of Misfit Lit goes to India, where Irving's pet passions—faith, murky sexual identity, alienation, and dwarfs—are all trotted out under the big top.

Also this month: **JACKIE COLLINS,** the Queen of Supertrash, fingers the progeny of America's hot spot in *Hollywood Kids* (Simon & Schuster). Sexual obsession is the plat du jour in **KAREN MOLINE'S** *Lunch* (Morrow); however, as literary fare, *Lunch* is a microwave burrito. Nobel laureate **NADINE GORDIMER'S** new novel, *None to Accompany Me* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), reflects the hope and hazards of life in the new South Africa. A gay man is haunted by the mysterious disappearance of his lover in **JOSEPH OLSHAN'S** bold and transcendent *Nightswimmer* (Simon & Schuster). **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS'S** *The Style's the Man* (Scribners) is a compilation of his artful essays. **JACK HITT** goes *Off the Road* (Simon & Schuster) in Spain on a quest for the Holy Grail, and a vial of the Virgin Mary's breast milk. **BILL MAHER** sends up stand-up in his "comedy novel," *True Story* (Random House). **GRANT TINKER'S** autobiographical *Tinker in Television* (Simon & Schuster) is the skinny on the man who gave us *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* Thirty years' worth of curator and art critic **HENRY GELDZAHLER'S** essays and interviews with the likes of Haring and Warhol are collected in *Making It New* (Turtle Point). A mother searches for her runaway son on Philadelphia's mean streets in **STEVEN LOPEZ'S** *Third and Indiana* (Viking), and a scrappy single mother finds her life on the rocks in **SUSAN JEDREN'S** *Let 'er Eat Cake* (Pantheon). **JOHN GREGORY DUNNE'S** heroin goes from 1940s naughty-nymphet movie star to 1990s trailer-park queen in his new novel, *Playland* (Random House). **SALLY MANN'S** *Still Time* (Aperture) features never-before-published work of one of America's most original and provocative photographers. **ALEXANDER THEROUX'S** essays wax rhapsodic on the pan-cultural significance of red, blue, and yellow in *The Primary Colors* (Henry Holt). **NEAL KARLEN'S** *Babes in Toyland* (Times Books) is a behind-the-scenes look at how this all-grrrl garage band crashed the all-boy dance party of grunge rock. *Adrian Mole: The Lost Years* (Soho Press), by **SUE TOWNSEND,** is another hysterical installment in the diary of young Master Mole, the beleaguered British nerdling with the soul of a poet and the libido of a longshoreman. Hansel and Gretel Spare Ribs is just one concoction you'll be tempted to whip up from **ROALD** and **FELICITY DAHL'S** *Revolting Recipes* (Viking). Just in time for rabbit season, **H. LEA LAWRENCE'S** *Small-Game and Varmint Hunter's Bible* (Doubleday) advises the intrepid on bagging prairie dogs, squirrels, and other perfect-for-potpie fare. And the average Joe takes a shot on the chin in the late **WILLIAM A. HENRY III'S** *In Defense of Elitism* (Doubleday), a book guaranteed to provoke spitting and fist fights at Labor Day picnics, which we're sure would have pleased Mr. Henry immensely.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL









Jackie Collins dishes in Hollywood Kids; *Bill Maher, author of* True Story; *a spread from Sally Mann's* Still Time.

Vanities

A Real Luker



Cool hand Luker: Rebecca Luker stars in Show Boat.

No one doesn't love *Show Boat.* Since its Broadway premiere in 1927, the Edna Ferber–Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II ode to romance, show business, and Progress has been made into ree different movies (including silent one) and received major eatrical restagings in every dec- e since. Well, it's no wonder. ow Boat contains a trunkful of e prettiest songs ever written for musical. The newest incarnation *Show Boat* will open on Broad- ay at the Gershwin Theatre on ctober 2, in a politically scrubbed d expensive staging by Harold ince. The show runs with the eed of a Rottweiler on the scent of raw porkchop, although it is actually some three hours ng. All your favorite songs are still there, and even a few ew" ones not included in the 1927 production have been lded. Prince has not stuffed his production with mega- ars from television sitcoms and movie sequels in order appeal to those for whom Broadway is an alternative to isney World. He has relied instead on the tuneful and dancy score and opted for stage effects of opera-house magnitude.

At the still center of all this Show Business is the lovely Alabama-born Rebecca Luker, last seen on Broadway in *The Secret Garden.* She plays Magnolia Hawks, the showboat's heroine, with the sweet starchiness of a Victorian valentine. Luker has the best voice in the show, a golden lyric soprano that's beautifully focused and soars over the orchestra without strain. She brings down the house when she sings "After the Ball" while wearing Florence Klotz's wine-colored bustled dress all swagged and draped with silver beads. "I love that dress," she says. "It's the only red dress in the show." And, God knows, it is a monument to opulence; it reeks with the luscious glamour of a tufted sofa in a whorehouse. But instead of cheapening her, the dress actually makes her seem more vulnerable, like a little girl playing dress-up with stuff she's found in the attic. And Magnolia is, after all, the girl we just heard sing "Make Believe." —DAVID DANIEL



e Swing: *nder-publisher id Lauren.*

Swing Time

It may sound like a magazine for softball junkies, but *Swing* is actually a hip digest that targets readers between 18 and 29, the folks who supposedly constitute the "swing vote" in elections. It sounds better than *Blame* magazine. The push behind *Swing* comes from founder-publisher David Lauren, a 22-year-old recent Duke graduate who happens to be the son of fashion titan Ralph Lauren. But he resoundingly rejects the fashionable term Generation X. "I don't think you can classify everyone the same way," says David, whose mag—backed by private investors and due this fall—will address its sprawling market with diverse features on politics, business, gossip, sports, and health. Will Dad, who is planning to launch his own *Lauren* magazine, be involved? "No. This is my project. My father has nothing really to do with it. It's put together by people in their 20s for people in their 20s." —M.M.

The Four Amigas

Latina literature's new doyennes



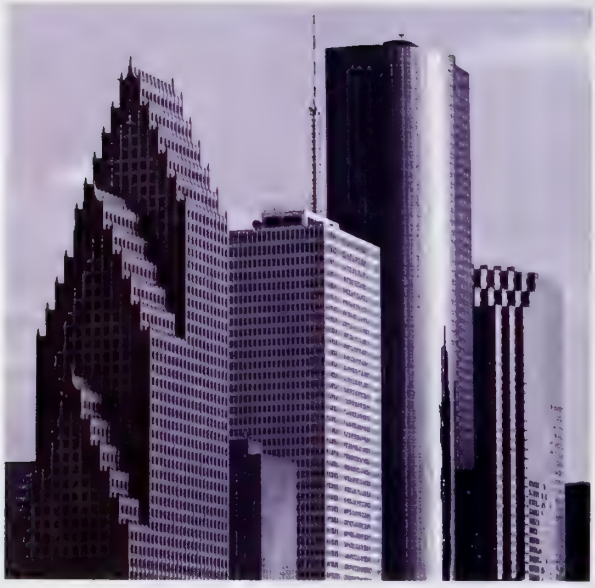
Las Girlfriends: Ana Castillo (standing), Denise Chávez, Julia Alvarez, and Sandra Cisner

No, they aren't the new Menudo. They do sing one another's praises, on the dust jackets of enough novels and collections of poems and essays among them to fuel a college course on contemporary Latina literature. And they are charter members of a group: Las Girlfriends, dedicated to good writing, unselfish support, and the latest gossip. More to the point, all four have new books out this month—surely a record of sorts.

As of now, the best-known writer in the group is Sandra Cisneros, whose coming-of-age novel was first published 10 years ago in paperback by a small Houston press. *The House on Mango Street* became a contemporary classic; last spring, Knopf reissued it in hardcover. Cisneros and Ana Castillo, both Latina writers from Chicago, had met in the 70s. In one teaching gig, Cisneros used Julia Alvarez's poems; Alvarez, it turned out, was using *Mango Street* in another; eventually, mutual admiration drew them together. By the time Denise Chávez joined the three for a boisterous evening of *chismes* around Cisneros's kitchen table in San Antonio, the sisterhood had acquired its name. It had a raunchy backbeat that Cisneros especially liked. Were Las Girlfriends . . . lesbians? Loose women? Or, given that each keeps an altar to various virgins not far from her computer, literary cultists?

A certain gravity attends the name as well. Las Girlfriends are hybrids, raised in America with strong Latino roots; their work is an attempt to come to terms with intertwined cultures. The essays in Castillo's *Massacre of the Dreamers* (University of New Mexico Press) make the case for a new, aggressive brand of feminism she calls Xicanisma, to w brown women a place in a black-and-white country. In h second novel, *In the Time of the Butterflies* (Algonquin Alvarez, brought as a child to safety in the U.S. from Tr jillo's Dominican Republic, reconstructs the real-li tragedy of three sisters who stayed to confront the regim Chávez's first novel, *Face of an Angel* (Farrar, Straus Giroux), recounts the hardscrabble life of a Chicana wa ress in her native New Mexico. This month, Cisneros is th lightweight, with *Hairs/Pelitos* (Apple Soup/Knopf), a sho but lovely excerpt from *Mango Street* illustrated as a bili gual children's story. But, in a sense, *pelitos* are what L Girlfriends are all about. "These women," says Chávez her pals, "are the kinds where you can see the *pelitos* each other's sinks and it's O.K." —MICHAEL SHNAYERSO


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Vanities



Jack's Acts

Big Womack attack: Author Jack Womack.

Jack Womack, whose fifth novel, *Random Acts of Senseless Violence,* arrives from the Atlantic Monthly Press this month, is a drive-by futurist cruising those streets down which we all wish we could lose America's worst bad dreams. His aim is utterly merciless, and the central strength of his arsenal is an ability to fracture the language of the late 20th century into vicious shards that wound us in unexpected ways.

One of those dangerous southern literary men (Lexington, Kentucky) capable of hunkering down and flat-out *appreciating* Manhattan in ways usually undreamed of by the general populace, Womack knows his way around the compost of violence and death impacting the roots of his chosen city. He knows that we are always just a few clicks off the frequency of terror. *Random Acts* gives voice to this knowledge in the diary entries of Lola Hart, aged 12. Her downwardly mobile parents spiral, along with the rest of their ill-fated cohort, toward a catastrophic singularity compounded of massive unemployment, inflation, bad government, and violent civil unrest. Lola, a kind and intelligent child, counts the score as best she can, but we watch, chilled and fascinated, as primordial forces combine to make her a small but furious element in a streetscape where sociopathy looks like a basic survival characteristic.

That Womack makes this transformation heartbreakingly credible is testimony to both the seriousness of his intent and the skill of his attack. The novel's closing pages, in which Lola casts off her beloved diary, are intoned in a lyrically murderous American Newspeak as sharply tragic as anything our language has recently produced. New York City Orwell for 1994. —WILLIAM GIBSON

DAVID BARRY

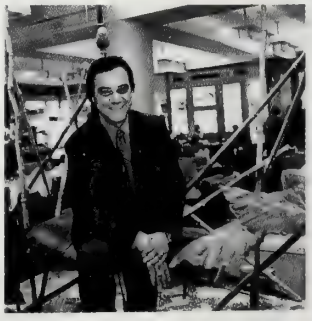
Night-table Reading



Deborah Harry,
singer: Genius: The Life and Science of Richard Feynman, *by James Gleick (Vintage). "It's a fascinating story about a sexy, mad, old bongo player."*



Lesley Stahl,
co-editor of 60 Minutes: The Ladies' Lunc *by Patricia O'Brien (Simon & Schuster). "It's a Washington mystery novel about a circle of women who really like each other. It's about friendship."*



Pino Luongo,
restaurateur: Dream Story, *by Arthur Schnitzler (Sun & Moon Press). "It's a very detailed psychological mystery thriller about Vienna in the 1920s."*


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Vanities

Easily Suede



Young bucks: Simon Gilbert, Mat Osman, Bernard Butler, and Brett Anderson.

Britain used to export a jillion of these guys: thin, pale, sexually ambiguous, devoted to the decadent possibilities of rock 'n' roll. Now that Peter Murphy and David Bowie have long been subsumed into a sea of moth-eaten flannel, there may be only Suede's Brett Anderson, a brittle man fond of telling reporters he is a bisexual who has never had a homosexual experience. English to the core. In American pop circles, Suede is known mostly as the group anointed best new band by the British music press before they had issued so much as a single, the essential product of the U.K. hype machine. But in an authenticity-obsessed rock world, where the last thing a rock star is supposed to want to be is a rock star, Suede at least seems to enjoy their profession. "You're playing on a stage and you get a kick out of it," says Anderson. "Denying that is like saying you don't enjoy sex."

Faced with a lawsuit last year by a Washington, D.C., folksinger who also goes by the name of Suede, the band was renamed London Suede (at least in America), which sounds more like a 1974 denim boutique than a pop band, but is squarely in the tradition of other litigation-impaired groups such as Chaos UK and the English Beat. Their second full album is due out next month, and Anderson promises it will be more accessible than the last. "It's like Billy Joel, then we knock it around a bit and it somehow turns into Suede." Make that *London* Suede.—JONATHAN GOLD

Pen Paul



Screenplay Paul of fame: Paul Attanasio.

Paul Attanasio may be the only screenwriter in Hollywood who doesn't sound bitter or defeated. "Knock wood," he says, "but my creative experiences have not been frustrating." Of course, there's not much to complain about when the directors you work with are named Levinson and Redford. This month, *Quiz Show,* his first script, directed by Redford, re-creates the 1950s Charles Van Doren TV game-show scandal, and stars Ralph Fiennes as the embattled contestant. It's an auspicious big-screen start for the ex–*Washington Post* film critic, who began as a small-screen writer for NBC's ratings-challenged but critically acclaimed show *Homicide.* "I look at *Quiz Show* as my chance to get even with television," says Attanasio, relishing the irony that the film bares the foibles of the medium in which *Homicide* has struggled to survive.

His next mega-project is *Disclosure,* based on Michael Crichton's book (and directed by Levinson). And, somehow, in between these major undertakings, he has a thriving practice as a screenplay doctor—most recently for *The Hot Zone,* a movie about a man-eating virus. Perhaps because of his capacity as a *re*-writer, Attanasio, in spite of his success, is sensitive to the pitfalls of the trade. "In every screenplay there's a bad movie yearning to get out."

—HAYES JACKSON

The Heston Commandments

Charlton Heston's career is reaching biblical length

The embodiment of the Hollywood Leading Man, Charlton Heston has played just about every historical great in the book. Now he's adding Brigham Young to his list, and, as GEORGE WAYNE discovers, the man who was Moses has no intention of laying down his staff.

George Wayne: *Mr. Heston, do you mind if I call you Chuck?*

Charlton Heston: By all means . . .

G.W. *You've always been known for your larger-than-life roles: Moses, Ben-Hur, El Cid . . .*

C.H. Well, I challenge "larger-than-life." Most of those roles have been about specific historical individuals—Michelangelo, Richelieu, Moses. To call them larger-than-life means they are not real people.

G.W. *But were you not the first action hero—before Stallone or Schwarzenegger?*

C.H. I guess you could describe *Ben-Hur* as an action film. In a sense, I think the action film has developed as a genre. *El Cid* was certainly an action film. No, I take back what I said about *El Cid.* Both *El Cid* and *Ben-Hur* are epics. That's the proper definition of those films.

G.W. *What roles are you getting these days?*

C.H. I'll soon be playing Brigham Young, who is to Mormons the Moses of his day. I am also in a film with Sam Neill called *In the Mouth of Madness.*

G.W. *You seem to be in tremendous physical shape for a senior citizen. What's your regime?*

C.H. I get up at 5:30 and I read the paper, have my toast and coffee, get in the pool, and I'm out by 7. Then I play an hour of tennis.

G.W. *Are you a card-carrying member of the John Birch Society?*

C.H. Certainly not.

G.W. *But your politics are extremely conservative.*

C.H. My politics aren't that far from the politics of the Democratic Party in the days of Jack Kennedy, for whom I campaigned.

G.W. *What are your thoughts on President Clinton?*

C.H. Let's not get into that.

G.W. *O.K. Is drinking malt whiskey your only vice?*

C.H. Yeah, well, I'm trying to stop that; as you grow older you have to quit all kinds of things you enjoy.

G.W. *For me there is not a more glorious image than that of a young Charlton Heston in a suit of chain mail. What role is your all-time favorite?*

C.H. It would be either Macbeth or Marc Antony. The great roles are always Shakespearean.

G.W. *Which of your leading ladies was it hardest having screen sex with?*

C.H. I don't see any advantage in saying negative things about any of them, but I turned down a picture with Marilyn Monroe because I thought it was just gonna be too difficult.

G.W. *Would you be up for a role in the sequel to* Planet of the Apes*?*

C.H. Oliver Stone says he wants to remake it, but I don't think I'd like to do that makeup again.

G.W. *What recent films have you liked?*

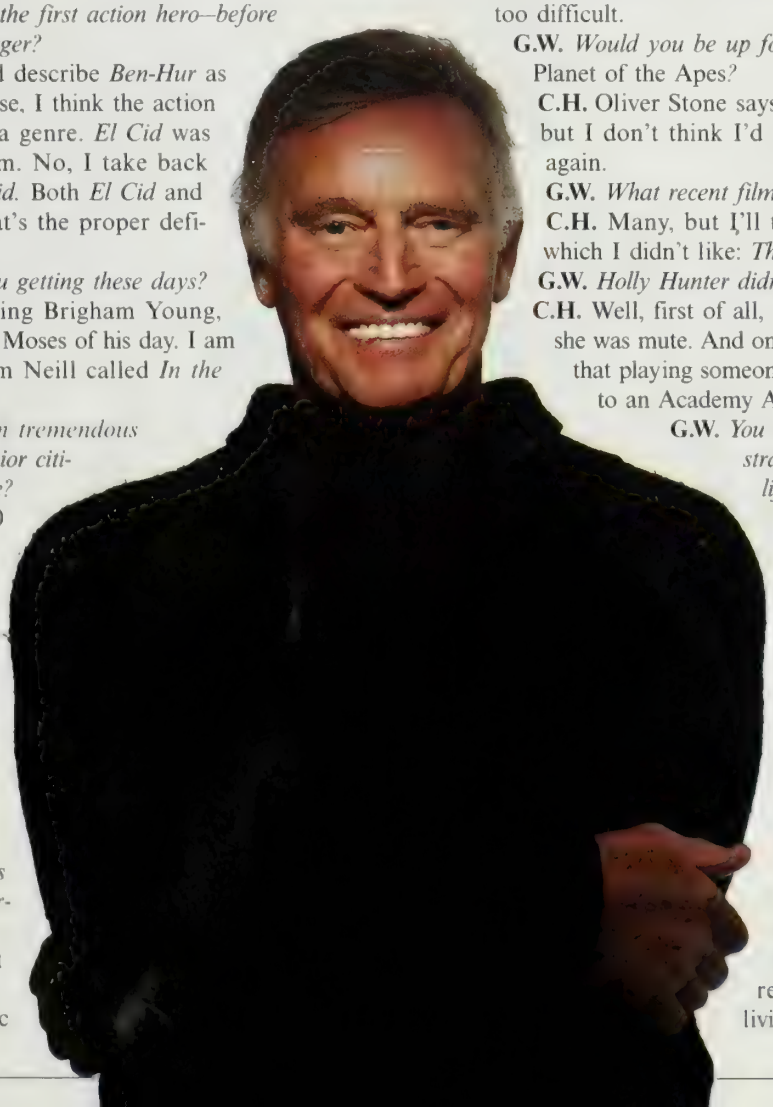
C.H. Many, but I'll tell you about one film which I didn't like: *The Piano.*

G.W. *Holly Hunter didn't impress you?*

C.H. Well, first of all, we never were told why she was mute. And one must always remember that playing someone mute is a surefire road to an Academy Award nomination.

G.W. *You must deal with awestruck strangers every day of your life.*

C.H. I am grateful that people like my work. They're very nice to me and I appreciate it. You have to recognize that what they are admiring in my case—I've played some extraordinary men. So it's hard not to think well of Moses and John the Baptist and those guys. Of course, that is not really me, but I try to be the kind of public man that does not deflate that reputation. But it's hard living up to Moses.



Vanities



I want my B.L.T.: Alison Stewart, Kennedy, Jon Stewart, and Tabitha Soren of MTV, and Jill Rappaport of VH-1 in line at the Lodge.

House of Grub

If you still believe that the Four Seasons and 44 are the only places that matter for Manhattan media power feeding, then it's clear you haven't lunched at the new midtown dining establishment that's so exclusive it has a virtual members-only policy. We're talking about the Lodge, Viacom Inc.'s private cafeteria—where MTV V.J.'s get B.L.T.'s A.S.A.P.

Located seven stories above scenic Times Square (where alfresco dining affords intimate eye-to-eye contact with Joe Camel), the Lodge admits only Viacom Inc. employees—most of whom seem to be under 30 and working for MTV, VH-1, Nickelodeon/Nick at Nite, or Comedy Central. Designwise, the place is a postmodern stew, where bloated black TVs bulge from an Adirondack-style stone fireplace. But the material mélange is appropriate for a cafeteria that is a *fin de siècle* twist on the fabled Paramount and Fox studio commissaries. So, while Lodge regulars don't espy Gable or Stanwyck rubbing elbows as they grab their grub between takes, they do see Cindy Crawford grazing at the salad bar, or Tabitha Soren and Todd Oldham ladling their own at the Lodge tureen, or Kennedy and Jon Stewart returning their trays to the conveyor belt. But perhaps the best part (for those Viacom employees wanting a raise): even corporate *Über*-burgomaster Sumner Redstone pops in—he was last seen puzzling over a stack of Rice Krispie treats. Perhaps he was looking for Dick Snyder's head. —YALE SAMPSON

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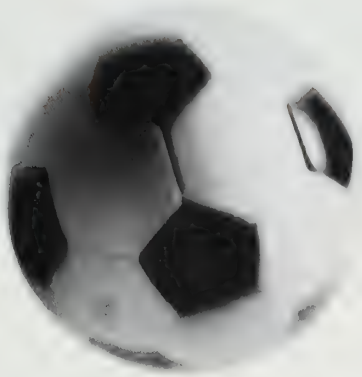
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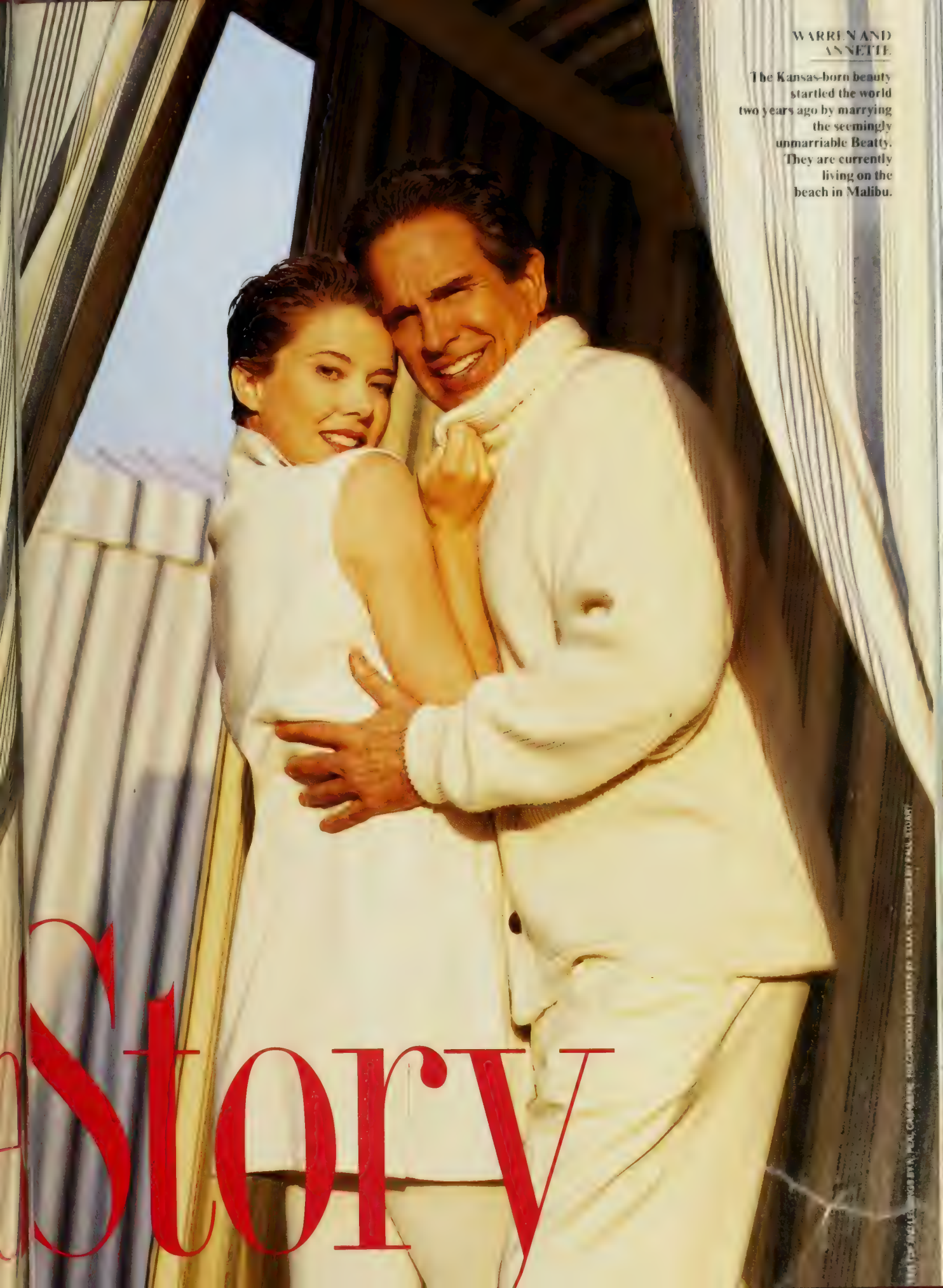
VANITY FAIR
SEPTEMBER 1994



Love

There's an old saying that marriages made in Hollywood are never made in heaven. But then, Warren Beatty and Annette Bening have never played clichéd roles. They are celebrating the imminent arrival of their second movie, *Love Affair*, and their second child (a boy). DOMINICK DUNNE sits in as the Beattys rebuild their dream house—and Warren romances Kate Hepburn

Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



WARREN AND ANNETTE

The Kansas-born beauty startled the world two years ago by marrying the seemingly unmarriable Beatty. They are currently living on the beach in Malibu.

story



"It was like I was driving in high gear, and then I shifted into park," Warren said of meeting Annette.



L THING

view of *Bugsy* ribed the ng of Bening Beatty as re incendiary than hing between ·en Bacall and ıphrey Bogart, :tween k Gable and :n Leigh."

"Old-fashioned" is not a term that Warren Beatty would like, but old-fashioned is the only way to describe the sort of movie star he is, a man moving comfortably and gracefully in his own mystique. Think of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, those icons of another era who seemed to be with us forever, famous from youth to seniority, who were still kissing Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn and Doris Day long past kissing time, and you begin to get the idea about Warren Beatty. We're talking about a movie star in the grand manner, an elusive presence, a nonfixture on the party and premiere circuits, a nonappearer on the chat shows. He's neither braggy nor ingenuous when he stretches out his arms, furrows his brow, shakes his head, and says, "I've been famous for 34 years." It's a fact of his life. It's who he is. It's what he's all about. "Private" is the other word that best describes Warren Beatty. He's a private public man, and for him fame is no burden.

Although in conversation Beatty is witty, bright, interesting, interested, and a veritable storehouse of film and Hollywood history, he is a notoriously difficult interview. Speaking with journalists is a part of the filmmaking process that he despises, even though he understands that it is a necessary part. He is given to postponements, to extreme discomfort when any subject that might be deemed personal rears its ugly head, and to the utmost reluctance when it comes to showing the picture that is the reason for the interview in the first place. He does not hesitate to tell you that he has been misquoted often, that false statements have been attributed to him, and that today's technology preserves each bit of misinformation in the Nexis database for posterity, to be regurgitated each time he is written about. Sometimes he talks and talks without giving a quotable line. I remember watching Steve Martin—at a party at Michael York's house in Hollywood in 1990, the night after Beatty was interviewed on television by

Barbara Walters—do a hilarious imitation of Warren, whom Walters, perhaps the most skillful interviewer of them all, could not get to open up on anything the audience wanted to hear about. Martin had Beatty's vocal nuances, facial expressions, and body language down to perfection. Often, when an interviewer gets an interesting nugget out of Beatty, he catches himself and quickly adds, "That's off the record, you understand."

When I called him from New York to set a date for this interview, he began to stall. Then he mentioned magazine articles he had read recently that he found unnecessarily mean.

"When will I be able to see the picture?" I asked.

"Oh, you want to see the picture?"

"That's what this is all about, isn't it? The new picture?"

The new picture, which Beatty produced and stars in, along with his beautiful wife, Annette Bening, is called *Love Affair.* The story has been filmed twice before, in 1939 with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, and again in 1957, with Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr, when it was called *An Affair to Remember.* The latter version recently received a great deal of attention when it was used as the film within the film in the comedy *Sleepless in Seattle.*

Beatty and his family are at present not living in their own house. The glass structure high up on Mulholland Drive, which was Beatty's pride and joy, was severely damaged in last January's earthquake. They lived for three months in the Hotel Bel-Air, and are now in a rented house in Malibu.

"How do I get there?" I asked.

"Do you remember where the Ziffrens' house was?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It's about five houses before that."

"What's the number?"

"I don't know."

We did not meet as strangers. We were old acquaintances with a large overlap of friends. In the early 60s, I was a producer at Twentieth Century–Fox. It was a wonderful time at Fox, just before the glamour ended. Marilyn Monroe was the biggest star on the lot. The commissary was the place to be for lunch. It was like dancing on the *Titanic,* the tail end of the great days of the old studio system and the beginning of Fox's entry into the upstart television. Beatty was cast in the secondary role of a spoiled rich boy in the TV series *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis,* which starred Dwayne Hickman. Although Beatty was signed for 13 episodes, he was ceremoniously pulled out of the series by his agents after only 3. It was clear that this young man with the extraordinary good looks had Movie Star written all over him, and that not another frame of film was going to be wasted on television. Then came *Splendor in the Grass,* with Natalie Wood, which catapulted him into the big leagues. Elia Kazan, who directed the film and to whom Beatty pays constant homage in conversation, said to Jack Warner when he was trying to persuade the studio head to cast the unknown actor, "This boy is as bright as they come, with all that thing women secretly respect: complete confidence in his sexual powers, confidence so great that he never has to advertise himself, even by hints." At that time, more than 30 years ago, when he was just beginning his movie career, Beatty was finishing it up with Joan Collins and starting it up with Natalie Wood.

Annette Bening, the Kansas-born beauty who startled the world two years ago by marrying the seemingly unmarriable Beatty—he had managed to slip through the arms of many of the most beautiful and famous actresses in the world—was not at the house when I got there to have dinner with them. She had gone to watch the final rehearsal of the cabaret act of her friend Heather MacRae, the daughter of Sheila and Gordon MacRae. The Beattys live in a glamorous beach house they are renting from Bob Newhart in one of the best parts of Malibu. Bening clearly oversees what's known in some circles as a well-run house. There are flowers in the vases and a nice scent in the air. There was a cook in the kitchen preparing dinner, everything fat-free but delicious, like the best meal you could order at Canyon Ranch. There was a nanny overseeing the child's dinner. The Beatty child, Kathlyn, two and a half, is named after Warren's mother, who died last year and of whom he spoke very fondly. When I arrived, Kathlyn was seated in a high chair, and her attention was concentrated on her macaroni and cheese. "She loves macaroni," said the nanny.

On a table in the living room was a large architect's scale model of Beatty's rebuilt house on Mulholland Drive, a property, according to Beatty, that has the most beautiful view you could imagine. "It was my fault," he said, talking about the fate of the house during the earthquake. "I wanted an all-glass house." The new structure, which is a revised version of the old, will be stucco and glass. He leaned in close and stared at the model, as he had probably stared at it many times before, still dissatisfied. "Sometimes I think it looks too much like a bunker," he said. It's safe to say that the architect's plans, like the films Beatty directs and produces, will be tinkered with for a long time to come.

We walked out toward the beach. It was sunset and beautiful and very peaceful. Although the houses in Malibu are built close together, there was a sense of complete privacy; this was a perfect place for movie stars. "Annette loves the beach," he said. "She walks five or six miles a day." He seemed to enjoy talking about his wife. They were expecting their second child, a boy, in a matter of weeks. "She has the capacity to be happy, which is a great gift to me and an even greater gift to her children. That's the greatest gift you can give a child, the feeling that it's O.K. to be happy."

There was nothing in the background of Warren and his sister, Shirley, that forecast the remarkable lives that were in store for them. He was born on March 30, 1937, in Richmond, Virginia. The family later moved to Arlington. His mother was a schoolteacher who taught acting. His father, Ira, forsook a career as a violinist for the more practical profession of teaching. Acting was not a yearning from an early age for Warren, who excelled in sports. His family would have preferred a career in law or medicine for him, but his sister, who became Shirley MacLaine, had a spectacular early success when in 1954 Carol Haney broke her foot during the first week of *The Pajama Game* and Shirley danced into her

rt. A famous Hollywood producer
ıo happened to be in the audience
ned her up and made her a movie
r, which she remains to this day. It
ıs probably inevitable that Warren
ıuld move in the same direction.
We sat at a table overlooking the
ach and had a perfect dinner, served
the cook, who called Warren War-
ı. "There's no salt in this, Warren,"
: said, putting a plate in front
him.

"*Love Affair* was Steve Ross's
/orite movie. Steve said to me,
lease make this.'" Steve Ross,
til his death in 1992, was the
ad of Time Warner. At his
emorial on a soundstage in the
arner Bros. Studios, Beatty told
w Ross had called him when
heard that he and Annette were
nking of doing a remake of *Love*
fair, and said, "Promise you
ın't make it with anybody but
:." *Love Affair* was also the fa-
rite film of Charles Feldman,
: great Hollywood agent, who
ıs a close friend and mentor of
atty's until his death. These were
ıical friendships for Beatty,
ıose curiosity is insatiable. A
end of his told me that when
wants to know something he
:ks up the phone and calls the
st person on that subject.

I don't like to conceal that the picture's a remake," Beatty said. "If you're going to do it, do it." This is not Beatty's first foray into remakes. His enormously successful 1978 hit, *Heaven Can ıait,* which earned nine Academy ıward nominations, was a remake of :e 1941 film *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* guess the theme of the film is either ve conquers all, or in sickness and health. It's the simple classic form." Two people who are engaged to oth- people meet on a trip and fall in ve. Beatty plays Mike Gambril, a rmer medium-famous pro-football ayer who has minor celebrity status a television sports announcer. His ncée Beatty describes as a wealthy lk-show host "who is an industry to herself." That role is played by ate Capshaw, the wife of Steven ielberg. Bening plays a not particu-ly successful singer named Terry McKay, who sometimes chirps in commercials. Her fiancé is a very rich investment banker, played by Pierce Brosnan, who was recently cast as the new James Bond. In the film, Beatty takes Bening to meet his aunt, who immediately recognizes that they are in love. The part of the aunt is played by Katharine Hepburn. At the end of the trip, the lovers plan to meet again on the top of the Empire State Building after they have extricated themselves from their relationships. On the way, the woman is struck down by a car. The man waits and waits atop the building, thinking that she has changed her mind. Sometime later, by accident, he runs into her at a theater, where she is with her fiancé. He doesn't realize that she is a cripple.

"To do this movie is a sort of gamble," Beatty said, "like coming into a rap concert and singing 'Danny Boy.'"

Beatty is a good storyteller. He involves you. He intrigues you. He uses his hands and stares you down. He doesn't go too far or spell everything out. He makes you ask questions. It is probably the way he sells an idea for a picture to a studio head. It's a "green light" presentation.

"Will she ever walk again?" I asked, even though I had seen both of the previous versions.

He paused. "I think she will," he answered.

Although he did not say so, my impression was that he felt that a love story with a teary dénouement might be a little out of kilter with the violent times we are living in. More likely, however, he is on the crest of a wave of romantic films, such as this summer's *I Love Trouble* and *It Could Happen to You.* A Warner's flack said, "Warren's picture will do for the love story what *Unforgiven* did for the Western." Beatty said, "To do this movie is a sort of gamble, like coming into a rap concert, or a rock concert, and singing a lovely old plaintive melody like 'Danny Boy.' There's nothing shocking about it, but I think I've earned the right to sing 'Danny Boy.' If you like it, fine. If you don't, it's not the end of the world."

Out of the house raced Kathlyn, post-macaroni, post-bath, her hair just shampooed and tied with a ribbon on the top of her head, smelling of Johnson's baby powder. She emitted a little shriek of joy at seeing her father, and from that moment on it was Kathlyn time. He gave her his total attention. She asked him questions. He answered. "Why?" she kept asking, as if she wanted to learn everything there was to learn.

Beatty looked at the child with an expression of wonderment, as if he could not quite believe that such an enchanting creature could be his. The previous evening, he and Annette had taken Kathlyn to a children's screening of *The Lion King* in the projection room at Arnold and Maria Schwarzenegger's house. The film had affected her deeply. She told us the plot, talking in complete sentences and using such unchildlike words as "courageous." She was still distressed that the herd of antelope had trampled the Lion King to death. Beatty told me that at one point she had run out of the projection room and would only peek at the screen from the hallway outside.

Later, when Kathlyn had gone to

bed, Beatty told me that she is embarrassed that she cannot yet read, so she pretends that she can. She holds a book open while she makes up a story, turning the pages at the proper intervals. There's a proud-daddy look on his face when he talks about her.

Before traveling out to Hollywood to meet with Beatty, I had written Katharine Hepburn a note asking if I could see her to discuss the film. To my surprise, she promptly responded by telephone, and agreed to see me if I would go to her house immediately. She specified that 20 minutes would be my allotted time with her. Her ever faithful majordomo, Nora, answered the door and indicated that I was to go right upstairs. There Miss Hepburn was, the legend, seated in her living room on the second floor of her town house in the section of New York known as Turtle Bay, reading a screenplay. She is proud to tell you that her eyesight is perfect. She also is quick to tell you that her memory is not. She was wearing a red windbreaker, slacks, and sneakers. Her manner, as always, was crusty New England, just bordering on haughty.

"I don't remember," she kept saying, shaking her head, after most of my questions. When I asked her if she had enjoyed working with Beatty, she replied, rather dismissively, as if it were a stupid question, "I enjoy everyone." After five minutes, my notepad was empty. "Just say she's lost her mind," she advised me whimsically, pointing at my pad.

"Didn't Warren fly here to New York in a private plane to take you out to California?"

She, like he, can be maddeningly elusive. "They offered that. I heard the words 'private plane.' But I could have been in third class on TWA for all I remember."

She was no more forthcoming about the film. When I brought it up, she asked, "Have we shot it?"

"Yes."

"Nothing makes an impression anymore." Suddenly she became loquacious. "My experience with people is that they all struggle to be nice. If they're not, they have a good reason not to be. Warren's a lot of fun. He has a good sense of humor. That's always a relief, isn't it? I don't really know her. It's very difficult to be married in this business."

My time was up. "You won't mind if I don't go downstairs to see you out?" she said.

"Annette has the capacity to be happy, which is a great gift to me and an even greater gift to her children."

"I went to see Katharine Hepburn before I came out here," I told Beatty.

"You did?" He seemed surprised.

"I live just a block away from her. I wanted to ask her about the movie."

"Did she remember me?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Sometimes . . . "

"I know. She told me that. Sometimes she doesn't remember."

"Her eyes are perfect, though," he said. "She can read anything."

That Warren Beatty persuaded Katharine Hepburn to play the one-scene-only part of his aunt is a testament to his powers of seduction, for seduction it was, even if it was a seduction by charm alone. The story was told to me not by Beatty but by friends of his and Miss Hepburn's. She repeatedly declined, and declined adamantly, to play the part. Although she said no such words to Beatty, it was clear that she had never been in a film in which she played a supporting role. According to her friends, for Katharine Hepburn to play a one-scene part would be simply out of the question. There was no point in discussing it any further. Over and out.

In the meantime, many other names were suggested to Beatty as alternatives. There are still a lot of the great ladies of film around. Frances Dee, Jennifer Jones, Luise Rainer, Deborah Kerr, Loretta Young, and Dame Wendy Hiller were discussed. Some of them looked too good. Beatty wanted someone whose face had never been lifted. He wanted an old lady who looked 80, not an old lady who looked 60. Hepburn was on his mind, and Hepburn he was going to get, no matter how many times she turned him down. One friend of Miss Hepburn's described it to me this way: "He pursued her like a lover—flowers, the whole thing." Finally she succumbed.

On the day she was to leave for California, Beatty, taking no chances that she might have a last-minute change of mind, flew back to New York on the Warner plane to accompany her on the flight. When he arrived at Miss Hepburn's house, Nora opened the door and told him that Miss Hepburn wasn't going to go after all. But she went. And so did Nora. These days Miss Hepburn doesn't make a move without Nora.

Beatty had offered her a suite at the very exclusive Hotel Bel-Air, but she wished to live in a house. He rented her a handsome one high up on Coldwater Canyon near Mulholland Drive, close to his own. Every courtly courtesy *(Continued on page 200)*



CO-STARS

Speaking of Bugsy Siegel, Beatty said, "He was very promiscuous throughout his life, until he met Virginia Hill."

Clinton's Rhodes Warrior

Strobe Talbott was a star on the intellectual playing fields of Yale and Oxford—where he was a Roommate of Bill—and in the hallways of *Time* magazine. Now, as the president's number two at a rudderless State Department, he is confronting a world that doesn't play by a gentleman's rules. Is Talbott the right man in the wrong era? MARJORIE WILLIAMS loosens his old-school ties to investigate

He begins by trying to puncture the stereotype that goes with a name like Nelson Strobridge Talbott III. "It's not, obviously, a name that I've advertised," he says. "People like to make fun of it—it has a kind of Doonesbury quality to it: you can imagine the kind of character that Doonesbury would have with a name like that."

A character something like, well, Strobe Talbott. A man of perfect manners and excellent teeth; third-generation Hotchkiss and Yale. The kind of man who is elected to the governing board of his alma mater a few seconds after he graduates. A Rhodes scholar; a gentleman diplomat born of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission. A man who, in describing his boyhood in the "verdant" Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights, cites the joys of hunting with his father. "Pheasant," he elaborates. "Pheasant east of town, and duck west of town."

The name is pronounced Tawl-butt, by the way, never Talbitt. "Branches of the family," Talbott says, "have been quite

Photograph by JAMES HAMILTON



PILLAR OF SALT
Nelson Strobridge Talbott III, photographed in his office in Washington, D.C., March 1994.

distinguished in the business world. I had a great-uncle who was named George Mead, and who, I believe, started the Mead Paper Company. It certainly would stand to reason."

This is Strobe Talbott's world: one in which all the happiest assumptions stand to reason. And now that world has deposited the 48-year-old Talbott at the pinnacle of the diplomatic establishment, as deputy secretary of state. An Oxford roommate and old friend of Bill Clinton's, Talbott was able to step smoothly from *Time* magazine, where he had spent all 21 years of his career covering arms control and foreign affairs, into government—first as special ambassador in charge of policy toward the former Soviet Union and then, after less than a year, in the number-two slot at State.

Because of his special relationship with the president, Talbott's promotion to deputy secretary early this year drew attention far beyond the normal lot of a number-two bureaucrat. Not only was he rising fast, he was rising in the ambit of Warren Christopher, the administration's least successful performer in a major Cabinet post. In an administration where titles matter less than ties to Bill and Hillary Clinton, the move was greeted as an announcement that Talbott was the president's answer to the many ills that have plagued his foreign policy.

Since then, as events have unfolded in Haiti, in Korea, in Bosnia, Clinton's reputation as a world leader has only continued to decline. Successive firings and hirings at State—with White House counselor David Gergen moving over to become "special adviser" to Christopher, and Richard Holbrooke returning from the U.S. Embassy in Germany to take over the Europe portfolio—have further fueled rumors that the president will jettison Christopher or national-security adviser Anthony Lake this autumn or winter. But even in an atmosphere where other senior advisers are nervously watching their backs, few doubt that Talbott has a rosy future, and heavy betting has him taking over Lake's job. Amid Washington's standard curiosity about anyone who is perceived as gathering power, little has been said about the most notable aspect of Talbott's rise: the insight it offers into why Bill Clinton's foreign policy has been so chronically insecure. For Clinton's reliance on Talbott illustrates, once again, the president's open passion for elites of all kinds—and his tendency to make the safe, respectable choice in any area where he doubts his own instincts.

In choosing Talbott as Christopher's deputy, Clinton chose a throwback: a pale but eager heir to the patrician gents who preceded him into 20th-century diplomacy, from Henry Stimson down through Dean Acheson, George Kennan, Paul Nitze, and the brothers Bundy.

"When someone calls him a pillar of the Establishment," says an old friend of Talbott's, "he *glows*."

"Strobe Talbott buys into the Wise Man fallacy like you wouldn't believe," adds Bruce Jackson, a former military officer who has spent hours debating foreign policy with Talbott. "He'd never admit it to himself, but breeding is important to Strobe's view of foreign policy."

It would be unfair simply to say that Talbott has le charmed life, and leave it at that. He is very smart; h one of the hardest-working and, in certain ways, most s denying men one can imagine. But although Talbott liv through the same turbulent social history that so haun Clinton's presidential campaign, he seems only technica a man of his own generation. Rather than promising swers to the pressing questions of a new age, his aspi tions mark him as the last of an old breed.

Given this orientation, and the nature of the presid he's working for, Talbott seems cut out less to fix Cl ton's foreign-policy problems than to embody them.

He places his visitor firmly—"Why don't you *there*"—in a chair on one side of the room, a seats himself on the end of a couch that fa it from the other side. Perhaps in the State D partment this feels like a cozy distance at whi to conduct a meeting. To someone trying connect in human conversation, it is a distan just great enough to feel bizarre.

Talbott talks in lengthy, grammatically i peccable paragraphs, moving his long white han in the standard statesmanly gestures—the asserti jab, the pensive steeple, the admonitory finger in the a While he is gracious, beautifully mannered, generous wi his time, he rations his smiles as carefully as if each co stituted a unilateral concession to the adversary. "Strobe says a man who has served as a Talbott source, "tak himself very, very seriously."

"I've never seen a shred of irony from him in an form," says Christopher Tilghman, a fiction writer who b longed to the same social club as Talbott, St. Anthon Hall, in Yale's class of '68. "Strobe, I guess you'd have t say, has never done anything that *he* thinks is funny."

He is such a great specimen of Patrician Man that it with no sense of surprise that one discovers he is relate through the marriage of his father's cousin, to the famil of George Bush. ("Might as well confess it at the outse rather than having you drag it out of me," he says pleas antly.) But he is also an exemplar of another, distinctl Washington type—of the almost antiseptic masculinity tha makes visitors from more bohemian cities scratch thei heads in wonder at a culture so controlled.

Only a woman who has spent a long, long time i Washington could say, as one woman in his social circl recently confided, "I think Strobe is very sexy. He's so re pressed: imagine if all that energy was released."

"He really is a figure from an earlier age," says Tilgh man. "Those men who might have penned a line or tw of verse, but they were men, men, men who were chilly You don't picture too many babies on those laps. Bu maybe they nurtured an odd passion for hyacinths."

Talbott's passions include classical guitar, scuba diving and the great sweep of Russian culture, including exten sive studies in Russian poetry as a student at Yale and Ox

"He was a Time Inc. wet dream, so smart and presentable

rd. These affinities are intriguing for their contrast to the lk of his journalism career. For the chief work of Talott's life, up to now, has been a formidably close study the grim science of arms control.

In addition to working at *Time,* mostly in a succession Washington jobs that included White House correspont, diplomatic correspondent, bureau chief, and columst, Talbott has written or co-written six books. And of ese the best known are a trio relating the history of nuear diplomacy, *Endgame* (1979), *Deadly Gambits* (1984), id *Master of the Game* (1988). He wrote these books in e wee hours of the morning all the years he was workg in *Time*'s Washington bureau. "I have pooped parties 1 four continents," he says; he is famous for leaving his vn dinner parties at 9 or 9:30, in order to get up as earas 3 the next morning. "He's always got a reason to go stairs—a phone call, or a five A.M. meeting," says a forer colleague. "One time, he just said, 'Excuse me,' and ever came back."

Until he put on the dark suits of the diplomat, Talbott fected a careless Wasp style: shiny old corduroys and own turtlenecks, tuna-fish lunches in the coffee shop downairs from the *Time* bureau. He and his wife, Brooke earer, and his two sons, Devin, 17, and Adrian, 14, live a split-level brick house for which Talbott paid $450,000 out 10 years ago. It is centrally located, just above owntown Washington off Connecticut Avenue, conveent to the many people the couple invites for casual, our-of-the-moment dinners.

Brooke is a more colorful figure than her husband, eir friends agree. The daughter of *Parade*-magazine columist Lloyd Shearer and the sister of longtime Clinton pal erek Shearer, she is a petite, very pretty brunette. "She ys the first thing that comes into her mind," says Ben radlee, *Washington Post* vice-president-at-large, who kes her. "They're an odd couple, because he seems to e so controlled, and she seems to be so uncontrolled." ut other friends say that this is an illusion: that beneath more intimate style, Brooke is as intense as her husand, even high-strung. Talbott and Shearer met when e was only 17, and married just after she graduated om Stanford, moving to his first posting, in Yugoslavia, e next day. Three different people described her as carying a burden of anger related to a sense of eclipse by er husband.

But no one says of her what even some of Talbott's iends say of him: that he is stuffy. "I love Strobe. I have deep affection for Strobe," says a former colleague, who onetheless adds, "He can be a bit of a horse's ass."

Several Strobe watchers observed that he was one of ose people who present themselves as major figures ng before they have a record of achievement to match. I remember going into his office," says a friend, who as struck by the cathedral ceiling, the many framed picres of Strobe shaking hands with world leaders, the bound olumes of the *Yale Daily News* that contained his undergraduate writings. "It was, unself-consciously, a kind of temple to Strobe."

To make sense of this, it helps to consider the great expectations that surrounded Talbott's youth. He was a golden boy, the Platonic ideal of the Yale man and Rhodes scholar. "The phrase 'effortless superiority' applied to him," says Rick Stearns, a fellow Rhodes who is now a U.S. District Court judge in Massachusetts. As he launched his career, recalls a colleague from *Time,* "Strobe was like the head boy at Eton who everybody knew was going to be prime minister."

And yet, beneath this melodious talk, Talbott's friends sound one other consistent note: the repetitive bass note of duty and convention. "He was one of those old young men," says *Newsweek* Washington-bureau chief Evan Thomas, who worked with Talbott at *Time.*

"All grown-ups loved Strobe!" echoes Steven R. Weisman, a Yale classmate who is now deputy foreign editor at *The New York Times.* Summarizes Talbott's wife, "Strobe has been very loyal to every institution he's ever come into contact with."

The first institution "Strobie" ever pledged loyalty to was the Talbott family, of Shaker Heights, Ohio. One friend describes the Talbotts as a clan with "an attractive, archaic sense of duty." Strobe is the eldest of four children—two boys, two girls. His parents, Josephine and Nelson Strobridge "Bud" Talbott Jr., are prominent figures in Cleveland business and society. Kirk Talbott, 10 years younger than Strobe, says his parents worked hard to instill a sense of responsibility, "of not taking for granted the material wealth that we had been bestowed with."

It is clear, from the conversation of both Talbott sons, that they grew up in a strong patriarchal tradition. "My father is my closest friend," Strobe says, and then amends, "among my closest friends—I mean, obviously my wife is my closest friend, but my father is a very special person in my life, and he was very close to his father, and I was very close to his father." Bud Talbott, who at one time was president of a major Cleveland brokerage firm, is active in conservation, and always placed a major emphasis on the outdoors: summers, the Talbotts took lengthy family camping trips—to Alaska, Canada, Wyoming—in a tradition that was begun by Bud Talbott's grandfather and continues to this day.

Implicit in Bud Talbott's praise of his elder son is a sense of the family's priorities: "Strobe is a very careful, scientific kind of person," he says proudly. "He is not . . . a person that just deals on an emotional level."

Talbott followed his father and grandfather to the Hotchkiss School. It was there that, quite by chance, he conceived his passion for the Russian language, through the influence of a popular teacher. As a senior Talbott was voted by his classmates the student having "most *gratia* with the faculty." His roommate David Detweiler re-

represented the *ideal* of what *Time* was all about."



RHODES WITHOUT MAPS

Above, conferring with the president in Washington, July 1994. "He's *never* tried to take advantage of his relationship with the president," says a State Department aide. *Top,* the Rhodes scholars, class of 1968, photographed at Oxford, included Bill Clinton and Strobe Talbott.

calls that Strobe's major infraction of the rules was his habit of rising before seven o'clock reveille and luring his wayward peers into pre-dawn study groups.

Family tradition took him next to Yale, from which his father had graduated in 1943, and where his grandfather (class of '15) had captained the football team. Detweiler—with whom he continued to room at Yale—recalls that during his freshman year Talbott kept a journal, "in part to record how well he was doing. In the front of it he had a picture of his father and his grandfather, on a fishing trip they took every year. And each had a string of fish. In Strobe's script underneath it, he had written, 'Get the point?' . . . The point Strobe got was he needed to catch some big fish, too."

Talbott made his mark in part as a scholar, earning a summa cum laude degree and writing a thesis on the 19th-century lyric poet Fyodor Tyutchev. But it was as chairman of the *Yale Daily News* that he began to shine within a wider establishment than Cleveland and Yale.

In the paper's editorials, Talbott opined about all the topics that were bound to grip a student in 1967 and '68, including drugs, race, and especially the Vietnam War. Some of Bud Talbott's old pals grumbled about what his boy was writing in the *News:* perhaps the most radical act of his young life was devoting his first editorial to a plea for the legalization of marijuana.

But, in truth, Talbott's political activism was of a kind that gave comfort to his elders: he was opposed to the war, but not personally threatening to the Establishment he was bred to join. A more typical Talbott editorial exhorted Yalies to be "the coat-and-tie standard bearers of the New Middle" in their opposition to the war. He was the student who would serve on delegations to Washington to meet with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and President Johnson; he was the one chosen for a panel to discuss the draft with men such as Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor and Yale president Kingman Brewster. In this way, one could protest and network simultaneously.

James Reston came to New Haven in the spring of 1967 and wrote in *The New York Times* about "the Strobe Talbotts at Yale," and what the dissent of such a "serious, idealistic, patriotic, progressive Republican type" portended for the Establishment he was so tactfully bucking.

Under Talbott's leadership, the *Daily News* took the morally impeccable stance that student draft deferments were unfair in wartime. But that was theory; Strobe himself was safe from the draft. For those deferments saw him through his four years at Yale, and in June 1968, he got a medical deferment, based on a knee injury he'd incurred playing intramural football at Hotchkiss.

In a column he would write 24 years later, defending Bill Clinton's evasions of the draft, he noted that it was an injury bad enough "to keep me out of the Mekong Delta but not off the squash courts and playing fields of Oxford," and acknowledged "a moral discomfort that bordered on guilt." Talbott was hardly alone in taking this classic escape of the sons of the elite. But it does help explain how he could go through life seeming, in some ways, so unchanged by the experiences that divided other men of his age from the generation before.

"Strobe was like the head boy at Eton who everybody knew



Talbott's promise was borne out almost as soon as he graduated from Yale. As a student, he had been recruited as a stringer and future prospect by *Time,* which is deeply connected to the *Yale Daily News* (and also the Hotchkiss School) through the loyalties of *Time's* founders, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden. When Time-Life acquired the taped memoirs of former Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev, it entrusted them to Talbott—then at Oxford—for translation and editing.

Their publication was a major news event and stamped albott, at the ripe age of 24, as a name in the field f Soviet studies. Among the few people who had nown about Talbott's project was his second-year house-iate at Oxford, Bill Clinton. Repeatedly, Clinton has old the story of how he would make breakfast for his ard-grinding friend as Talbott banged away at his type-riter.

After three years at Oxford, Talbott was hired by *Time,* ssigned to cover Eastern Europe from Belgrade. He was ext slotted for the Moscow bureau, but because of his nvolvement in the Khrushchev memoirs—a second vol-me was published in 1974—the Soviet government de-ared Talbott *persona non grata.* So he was transferred o Washington, where, over the next two decades, he ripened nto the very model of a *Time* Man. "He was a Time ic. wet dream," in the words of Evan Thomas. "He was o smart and presentable; he represented the *ideal* of hat *Time* was all about."

"Strobe has to be understood in the context of *Time* nagazine in the 70s," says Steve Smith, a former senior ditor at the newsweekly. "It was the last days of the Laj. . . . It was very old-school-tie." That Talbott had nade the Luce-Hadden pilgrimage from Hotchkiss to Yale, and also won the Rhodes scholarship, gave him a sort of triple crown in *Time's* value system.

But his worth to *Time* went even deeper. Historically, it was an ultra-Republican magazine: until 1968, it had bombastically supported the Vietnam War. Talbott, therefore, was once again the generational emissary who could confer some youthful legitimacy on a powerful institution of the mainstream. "The fact that an attractive young guy . . . was willing to go there, that was *really* valuable to them," recalls a classmate.

Time was, in the era of Strobe's rise, the premier weekly in the area of international affairs. *Time* foreign correspondents assumed quasi-ambassadorial status in foreign capitals, riding in chauffeur-driven cars, calling on the heads of state. Within Washington too, it had great weight: old-timers in the bureau reminisce to this day about the way presidents used to court their editors.

Talbott was a star in this system from the beginning: incredibly diligent, fast on his feet, skilled at the sort of instant turnaround a newsweekly requires. "As he moved up the hierarchy," says an old friend, "he gradually lost any sense of irony about *Time* magazine." By the mid-70s, says this friend, "he stopped saying '*Time,*' and began using 'We,' when he talked about it."

Russia had always been Talbott's one great refuge from the dutiful path he trod. Detweiler remembers him at college "stalking around while we were shaving, booming out 'Babi Yar,' the Yevtushenko poem, from memory." And this passionate fellow, declaimer of Russian poetry, remained a subdued but important part of Talbott's self-image as he climbed *Time's* corporate ladder. In 1987, after three books and hundreds of articles on foreign policy, he published a poem in *The New Yorker,* "A Toast for a Composer's Widow in Tashkent." He was visibly proud of it, *Time* sources say. And a friend recalls *(Continued on page 204)*

as going to be prime minister," recalls a colleague.

SPOTLIGHT

Éminence Grès

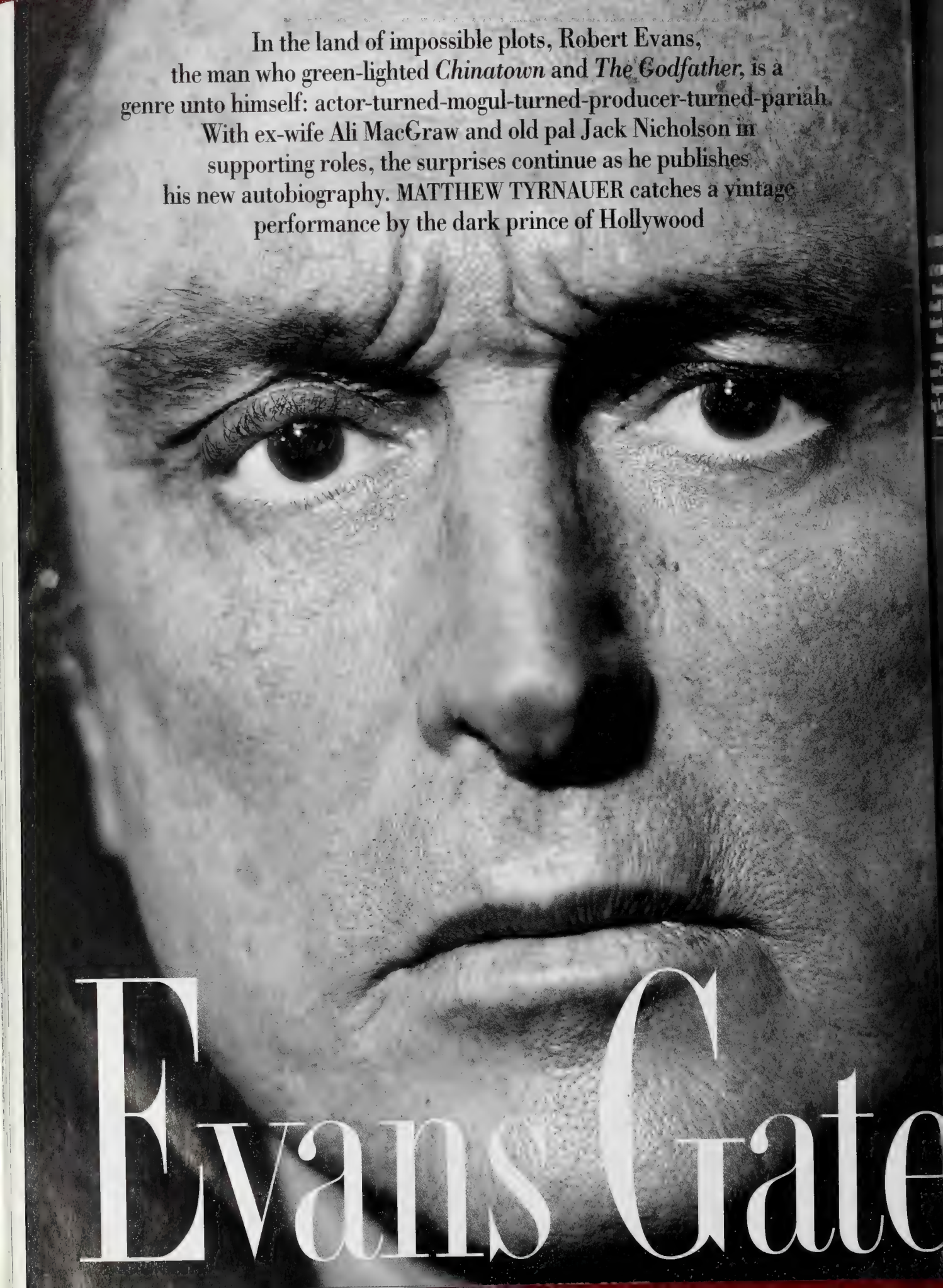
In Madame Grès's gowns, "women felt like love goddesses," ports curator Harold Koda, whose exhibition (conceived wi Richard Martin) on the reclusive, ninetysomething French co turière kicks off the fall season of the Metropolitan Museum Art's Costume Institute, in New York. Between the early 1930 when Grès began her business, and 1988, when she retire "any woman who had the body to carry it off had at least one her dresses," Koda says. "They were highly structured so th



Photograph by ERIC BOMAN • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

easts never popped out of place, but still soft enough to give a nse of flesh beneath all that fabric." The diminutive woman re-onsible for these Olympian feats of dressmaking—worn by ch avatars of elegance as (left to right) Mica Ertegün, Elizabeth ong-Cuevas, Isabel Eberstadt, Nan Kempner, and Chessy yner—was herself more Vulcan than Venus. Trained as a sculp-ss and partial to turbans and smocklike tunics, she shunned so-ty in order to consecrate herself solely to her craft. "Couture is truth," she declared cryptically. "You never hear about her having drinks with Cocteau," Koda says. "She existed only through her work. She really considered herself an artist." But, lured by the stately Grecian simplicity of her silhouettes and the impromptu, art-school atmosphere of her shows, patrons, especially Americans, flocked to her atelier—and sometimes she deigned to return the compliment. "American women have such good rib cages and backs," she allowed. "And such long legs." **—AMY FINE COLLINS**





In the land of impossible plots, Robert Evans, the man who green-lighted *Chinatown* and *The Godfather*, is a genre unto himself: actor-turned-mogul-turned-producer-turned-pariah. With ex-wife Ali MacGraw and old pal Jack Nicholson in supporting roles, the surprises continue as he publishes his new autobiography. MATTHEW TYRNAUER catches a vintage performance by the dark prince of Hollywood

Evans Gate



HE LIKES TO MAKE N ENTRANCE

Designed by Woolf in 1940, Robert Evans's home is an example of the hern California Regency style, ing Louis, part King Vidor.



THE LION KING

Above, **Robert Evans, resplendent in his Beverly Hills bedroom;** ***opposite,*** **the living room, where the fire crackles—even when the nights are hot. The window above the fireplace reveals a second fireplace in the screening room.**



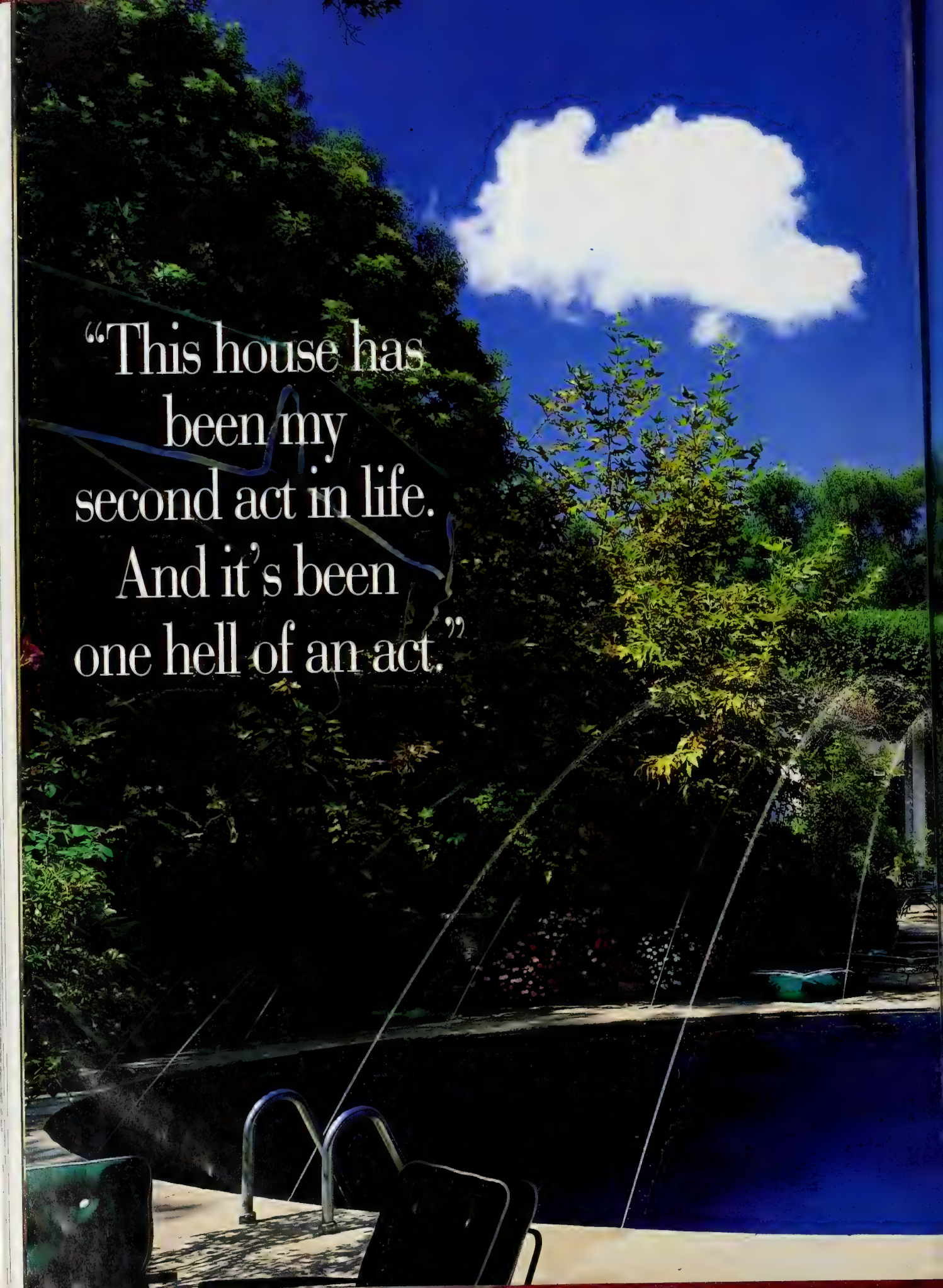


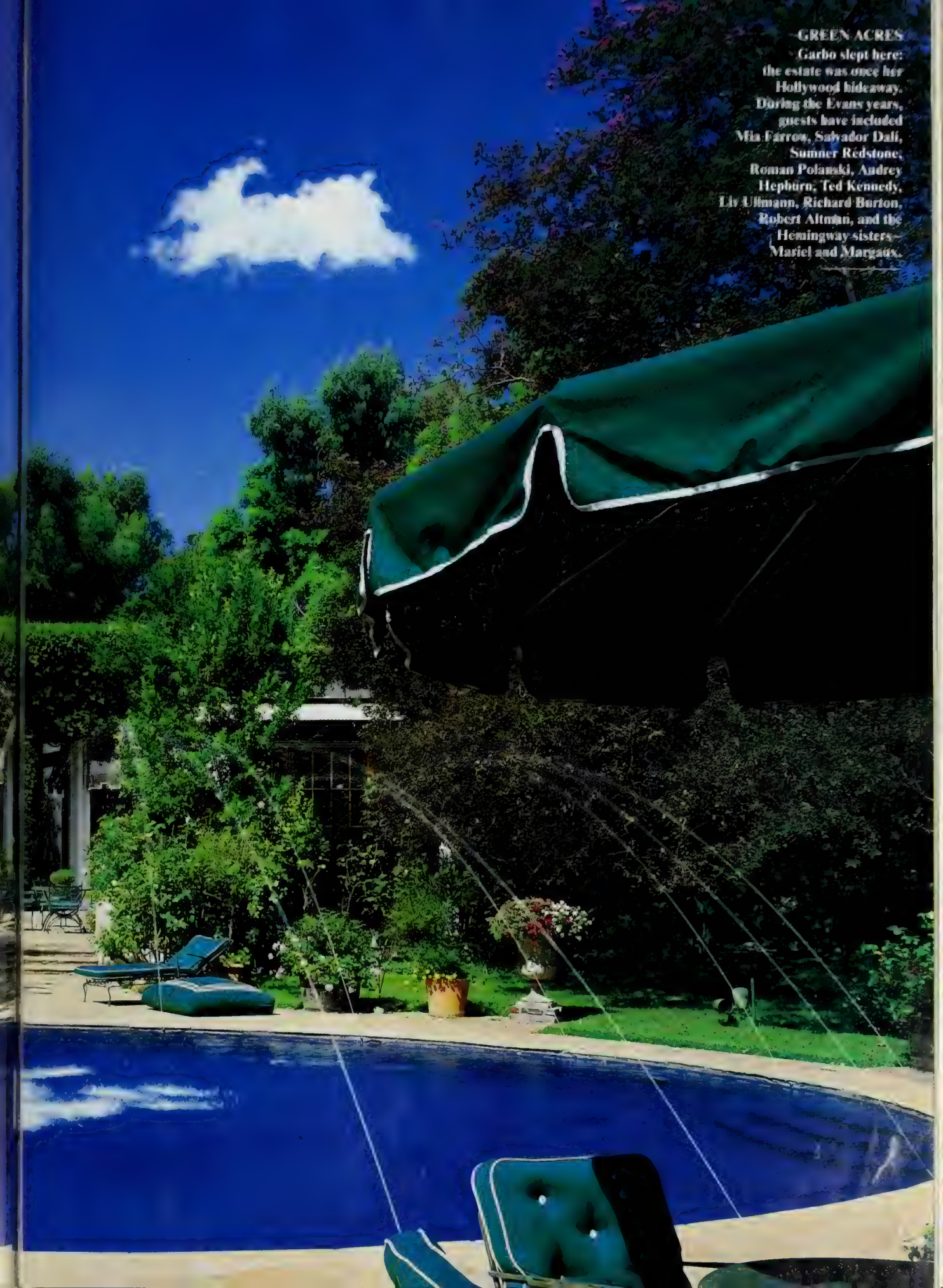
TIM STREET-PORTER

"Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all!" Robert Evans is rasping poetic under a shimmering moon in his Beverly Hills backyard, where vapors rise ghostlike from the pool and the breeze is heavy with the fragrance of eucalyptus. Evans exhales slowly, pats his inky tresses, sinks into memories of his dark Hollywood nights.

Once from this lush estate he reigned as Hollywood's tan Dauphin. At 36 he was the youngest-ever production chief of Paramount Pictures, the handsome, self-appointed heir to Adolph Zukor, Irving Thalberg, and Darryl F. Zanuck. According to his recollection, it was he who green-lighted *The Godfather, Love Story,* and *Chinatown,* he who saved the studio from crumbling. This could all, indeed, be true. He is a showman. Even in a city of legends, Evans and his spectacular rise stood out. Of course, there was the equally spectacular fall. The pictures that didn't work, the cocaine conviction, the *Cotton Club* murder case, where Evans, represented by Robert Shapiro of O. J. Simpson fame, took the Fifth repeatedly and barely escaped becoming a chapter in *Hollywood Babylon.* He hit the skids, lost his beloved house, and resurfaced most recently as a pal of L.A. madam Heidi Fleiss. "I went from legend to leper . . . famous to infamous," Evans is fond of saying. Rarely have the words been spoken with less hyperbole. This is a man with a past writ large—in prose of darkest purple.

But now he's crowing again—and rambling a bit—telling how he's back "rolling sevens." *Sliver,* his most recent movie, was a disappointment at U.S. box offices, but


"This house has
been my
second act in life.
And it's been
one hell of an act."



GREEN ACRES
Garbo slept here: the estate was once her Hollywood hideaway. During the Evans years, guests have included Mia Farrow, Salvador Dalí, Sumner Redstone, Roman Polanski, Audrey Hepburn, Ted Kennedy, Liv Ullmann, Richard Burton, Robert Altman, and the Hemingway sisters—Mariel and Margaux.

never mind that. Today he's got his house back (thanks, in part, to a good deed perpetrated by pal Jack Nicholson), and two pictures at Paramount ready to film this autumn: a screen version of *The Phantom* and the Joe Eszterhas–scripted *Jade*. Recent reports have implied that his romance with Paramount is more than a little rocky, but Evans says everything's coming up roses. He's determined to let nothing overshadow the fact that this month his confessional, or at least seemingly confessional, autobiography, *The Kid Stays in the Picture,* is to be published by Hyperion.

"I was worth 14 million bucks in 1979. In 1990 I had to borrow money to pay my electric bill," Evans says in a vengeful voice. "Now I'm back on top, and don't you think it doesn't taste sweet."

If the dialogue sounds filmic, so is Evans's world. His life and the movies, after 40 limelight-scorched years, are so tightly intertwined it's sometimes impossible to see the place where they diverge. Evans is perhaps beyond the effort. When the present gets a little hard to take, he hazily recalls the day in 1956 when he was tapped by Norma Shearer to portray her late husband, Irving Thalberg, "the boy genius" of MGM, in the Lon Chaney biopic, *Man of a Thousand Faces.*

Quickly he jump-cuts to his career as a producer, which flourished when his days as a would-be leading man faded. He worked assiduously to re-create his debut role: Bob Evans would become Irving incarnate. But unlike his icon, who died at 37, when he was still a "boy," Evans has slugged it out to 64. He has survived Mob death threats received at the time of *The Godfather* (perhaps with help from the man he calls his own godfather, powerful attorney Sidney Korshak), and his near brush with Helter Skelter the night of the Sharon Tate murder. (He says he decided to stay home rather than heading over to her house on Cielo Drive for a nightcap.) His days are now spent behind the gates of his celebrated compound, with an army of minions crisscrossing the walks, 30 phones beeping, intercoms blaring, his ex-wife Ali MacGraw lodged in the guesthouse, and other, inanimate memorabilia placed everywhere. It's a fragile, fantastic ecosystem—to *(Continued on page 197)*







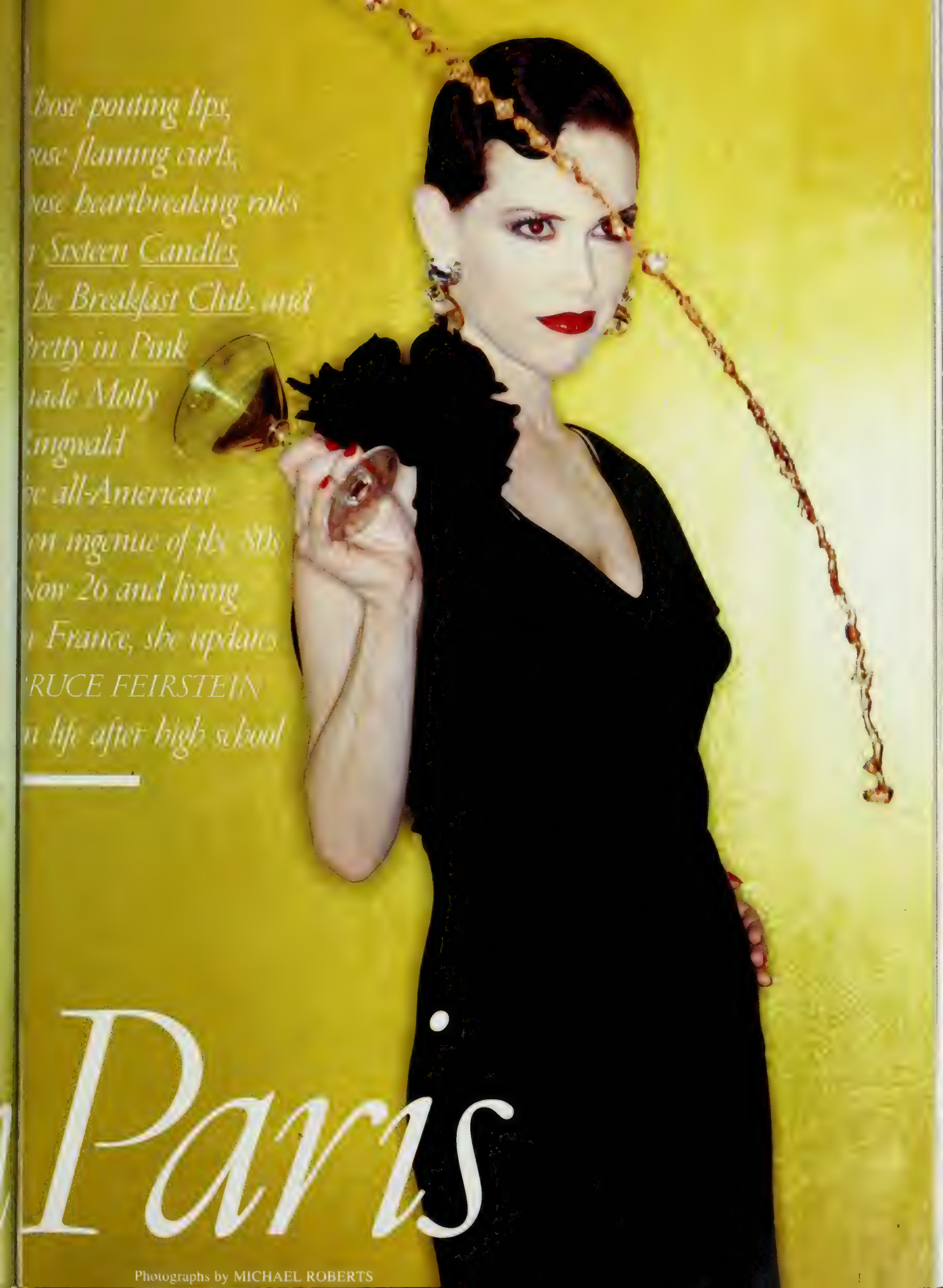
SCATTERED PICTURES
"The place is so much a part of him," says Robert Evans's ex-wife Ali MacGraw. *Opposite,* Evans with MacGraw at the 1970 Oscars. She was nominated for *Love Story,* which Evans green-lighted at Paramount. *Left,* the man and his memories in the screening room.

"I'd like to get my priorities in shape.
I'm lookin' for those three letters, P-O-M.
That's peace of mind."



TEMPESTUOUS
Paying homage to Helmut Newton, Michael Roberts has photographed Molly Ringwald, appearing soon in *Seven Sundays*, in a fur-from-fresh black gown designed by John Galliano.

Pretty in



hose pouting lips,
ose flaming curls,
ose heartbreaking roles
Sixteen Candles,
The Breakfast Club, and
Pretty in Pink
made Molly
Ringwald
the all-American
on ingenue of the '80s.
Now 26 and living
France, she updates
RUCE FEIRSTEIN
n life after high school

Paris

Photographs by MICHAEL ROBERTS

The first time I met Molly Ringwald, she was standing in the parking lot of Mann's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. It was one of those sweltering, stultifying, the-air-is-not-moving Los Angeles summer nights.

The year was 1982.

Her bee-stung lips were not yet famous; the signature bobble of red hair was still unknown; the rumors of her friendships with Beastie Boy Adam Horovitz and the gentleman on the cover of this magazine could not have been imagined. The John Hughes high-school angst trilogy (*The Breakfast Club, Sixteen Candles, Pretty in Pink*), which would iconize her as the quintessential 80s ingenue, and eventually land her on the cover of *Time,* was unshot, unwritten, not even log lines on a studio development slate.

On that particular evening, Mann's parking lot was covered by a white catering tent. The occasion was not just the premiere of Paul Mazursky's *Tempest* but, more to the point, the big-screen debut of Molly Ringwald.

She was 14 years old.

"Oh my God," Ringwald, 26 now, shrieks into the phone from Paris, the city that she currently calls home. "I was so terrified that night. So scared . . . " She pauses, and wistfully summons up an image: "I was wearing this . . . bright red dress." The words hang for a moment; she laughs. "That was *sooooo* long ago."

Ostensibly, Ringwald is on the phone to promote her latest film, *Seven Sundays,* the first American movie by *Cousin, Cousine*'s director, Jean-Charles Tacchella, in which she appears with Rod Steiger, Susan Blakely, and French star Thierry Lhermitte. But first there's the issue of geography to clear up.

"I came here two years ago to do a French TV movie," Ringwald explains in a voice that sounds exactly as it did in the old days, but also somehow older. Smokier. More sophisticated. "I just fell in love with the city. I'd already sold my house on Mulholland Drive. So it was like the gods were saying, 'Move there!'"

What about the language problem?

"It was hard at first. Sometimes it's still hard. But the thing is, it was a great change for me. People here don't really know my work. They may know the *Tempest* or that I played Cordelia in Jean-Luc Godard's *King Lear.* But the John Hughes films didn't have as big an impact here. I can walk down the street and be myself."

Curiously, when one considers the press treatment Molly has received over the past few years, the word that comes to mind is "cruelty." For example: an L.A. *Times* story snickered, "Ringwald plays the title role, but she is not the star," after her appearance in Alan Alda's *Betsy's Wedding.* And following a string of noble enough efforts that became box-office disappointments—*Fresh Horses, The Pick-up Artist—Premiere* magazine condescended to label Ringwald "a case study in career decline." Reading these things, you can't help but wonder: What were they thinking? She was 20 or 22 years old! Given the usual arc of celebrity—drugs, alcohol, Betty Ford, early marriages, the Tabloid Life—shouldn't they have given the girl a break?

"I started acting at nine, to make money for college," Ringwald explains. "I was a middle-class kid. But when you suddenly make a lot of money, and suddenly become a star, everything changes. . . . I feel like I missed a whole part of my life," she says with an attitude that somehow manages to combine determination and vulnerability. "That's why I'm in Paris. I just wanted to be normal."

Not a bad goal. And on the basis of the phone call, I'd guess she is succeeding. Especially when you consider that, in spite of everything, she has managed to build a more than respectable body of work, including the much-lauded *Something to Live for: The Alison Gertz Story,* the wildly popular ABC presentation of Stephen King's *The Stand,* and a new short film, *Some Folks Call It a Sling Blade,* which will show at the Chicago International Film Festival this fall.

"Please don't tell people that I've arrived or that I'm suddenly all grown-up and mature," she teases. "I'm more like a work in progress."

All that explained, a few final bits of business remain.

Re: What happened to the famous red hair?

"It's part of the normal thing," she chuckles. "Brownish red was my natural color. I dyed it for the movies."

And the red dress she wore to the *Tempest* premiere?

She laughs. "Calvin Klein just gave me this new red dress that I absolutely love," she says. "I like the stuff Dolce & Gabbana is doing; I adore Ann Demeulemeester's shoes." She pauses. "No. That's not true. I don't even *own* any of her shoes. I just like saying her name." She proceeds to repeat it three times, in three different European accents: "*De*meulemeester. De*meule*meester. Demeule*meester.*"

It's time to hang up. Molly is due to meet her current beau, French novelist Valery Lameignère, for dinner.

"Some days I'm ecstatic. Others I'm blue. I'd like to do another play with Godard; I'd love to do a movie with the guy who directed *Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould.* On the other hand, if you talk to me next week, I may be moving to Spain."

Hey, Molly, do us all a favor; leave a forwarding address and keep sending back those pictures. □

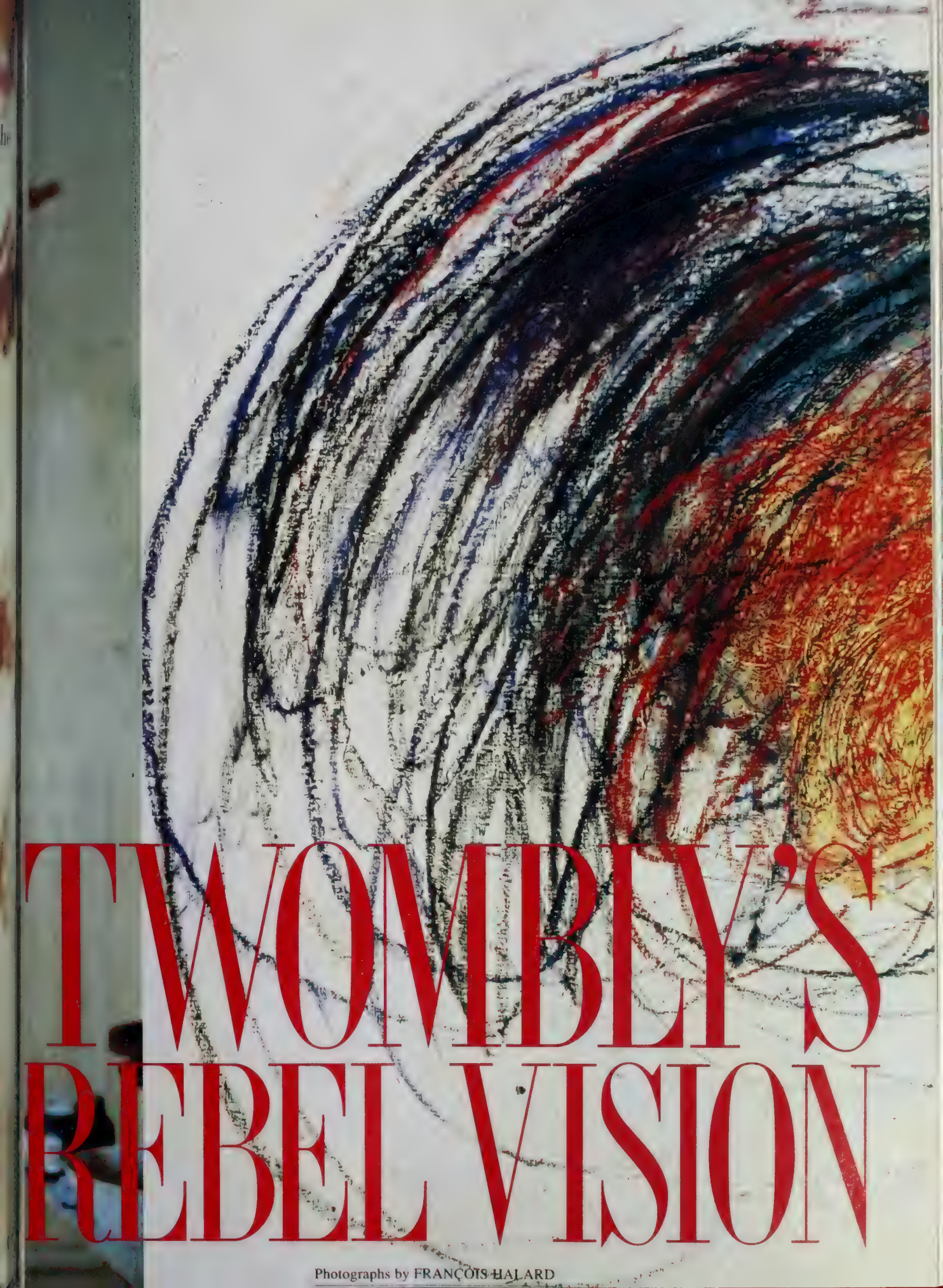


MOLLIFIED
"I dyed it for the movies," reports Ringwald when questioned about her famous red hair.

Revered in Europe—where he has lived, in Italian splendor, since 1957—Cy Twombly has finally achieved the star status enjoyed by Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg in his native United States. His eclectic, daring canvases fetch multimillion-dollar bids, and this month the Museum of Modern Art opens a major retrospective of his work. EDMUND WHITE visits the reclusive southerner in his hillside fortress



THE DANDY FROM CHITLIN' SWITCH
Cy Twombly at his home in Gaeta, Italy, standing before an unfinished painting, one of the series "The Four Seasons." *Opposite*, detail from *Shield of Achilles*, from the series "Fifty Days at Iliam," 1977–78 (oil, oil crayon, and pencil on canvas; 75½ in. by 67 in.).



TWOMBLY'S REBEL VISION

Photographs by FRANÇOIS HALARD

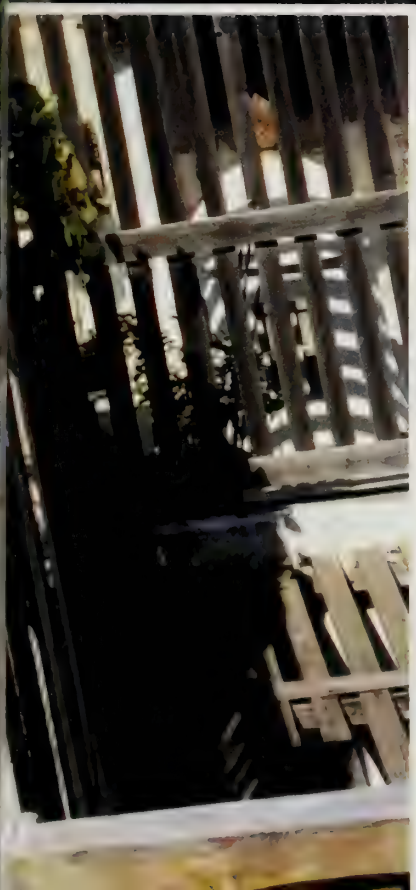
"Cicero had a villa here, as did Catullus—I'm su



"FORT LARAMIE"
The terraced gardens above Twombly's house in Gaeta, overlooking the church, the roof of the house, and the Bay of Gaeta beyond, combine palm trees with cement work copied from the finials on the church. *Inset*, a whimsical sign indicating "Artists' Entrance."

eta was an *artists' colony* in ancient times."





Cy Twombly's personality is as elusive as his paintings. He speaks in half-sentences, full of what he calls "reference"—tentative allusions to high and low culture, both European and American, recent and ancient—just as his paintings, with their penciled-in quotations from poets or their scrawled or scratched names, invoke worlds varying from the lyric purity of Sappho to the bloodiest pages of Roman history.

He's tall, with a big Founding Father nose and a hazy elegance of sketched-in gesture. He has a sloppy, shuffling way of walking. He dresses in high-Wasp thrift-store chic (shapeless old white linen trousers, a moth-eaten blue pullover). And he speaks with a mouth full of corn pone, for he was brought up in Lexington, Virginia, by an African-American nanny to whom he remains fiercely attached. When I interviewed him, he was planning to take her to the opening of his Museum of Modern Art retrospective in New York this month, though he was afraid she might shock the other guests with her outspokenness. I had been warned about Twombly's imperious aloofness, his neurotic skittishness, and his lordly ways, but I was surprised to discover how down-home he could be; when I asked him where he was from, he said in a good-ol'-boy drawl, "Me? Hell, I'm just from Chitlin' Switch," his way of saying he's nobody from nowhere.

Could be, but at the same time he has lived in Italy since the 1950s, he has been married to an Italian aristocrat for 35 years, and he possesses a formidable mastery of past and present culture (not to mention a vast Borgia palazzo in Rome). In the course of the two days we spent together, his conversation skipped all over the map and through the ages. He referred to the turn-of-the-century French travel writer Pierre Loti, the Greek Alexandrian poet C. P. Cavafy (whose verse Twombly has quoted in his work), the provocative current French painter Balthus, and the iconoclastic American novelist Gore Vidal—just to mention four names out of a hundred.

Like Loti, Twombly is a tireless traveler; I first met him in the mid-1980s on Crete, and later ran into him again in Luxor, where he was impressed less by the temples than by the desert and the traces of everyday domestic and agricultural life in ancient paintings and tomb objects. Travel books make up an essential part of his reading, in which one work leads thematically to the next. Currently, on his worktable, he had a pile of four related texts: George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea,* which had inspired the next under it, Norman Douglas's *Old Calabria,* which was written at the same time as *Moving Along,* by

"My painting is not fixed. I show things

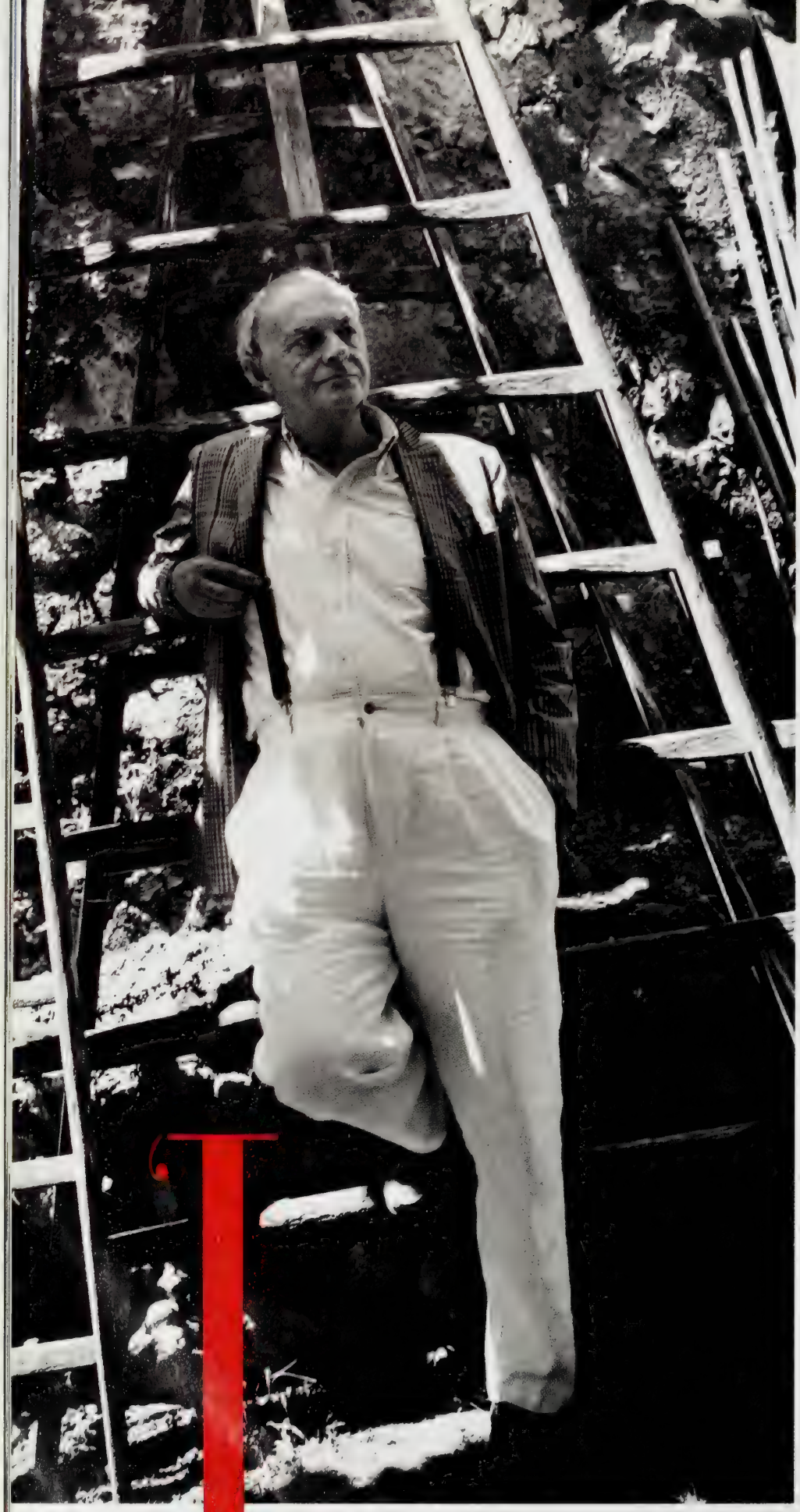




x: I respond to the Greek love of metamorphosis."



"ROMANTIC SYMBOLISM"
Ilians in Battle, from the series "Fifty Days at Iliam," 1977–78 (oil, oil crayon, and pencil on canvas; 118 in. by 149½ in.).



Norman Douglas's friend Giuseppe Orioli. The last book in the pile was *Capri: Island of Pleasure,* a look at the decadent history of that millenarian resort, where Douglas held court for 20 years.

Like Cavafy, Twombly lives at the juncture of several cultures and epochs and has struggled to plunder the classical past of its passion and force. Like Balthus, a hermit who resides in a castle and has assumed a noble title, Twombly is the absolute deity of a closed cult made up of his family and a few friends. He flees casual celebrity as assiduously as he cultivates artistic perfection. Finally, like Gore Vidal, Twombly is an American who has long lived in Italy in arrogant splendid solitude, although both men have vigilantly scrutinized the States from a safe distance and staged raids on it at unexpected moments.

Twombly has a very light touch when he juggles his references: "I've never much liked the Byzantine or medieval worlds—they're too closed-in for my taste. But Gore Vidal's *Julian* [about the late Roman emperor and apostate] did explain many of the backgrounds to Cavafy's poems for me, especially the intricacies of the city of Antioch. Of course, I love E. M. Forster on Cavafy. But the real question is: where did Cavafy himself *learn* all that?"

It's a stumper, and such a question could be intimidating, except that in this situation the listener is just a twig caught up in the flood of Twombly's conversation. Imagine a pond overflowing to engulf fields, ruins, and roads and you'll get an idea of the range and rush of the man's interests.

For all of the time he has spent in Italy, he speaks the language very approximately, and usually replies in English to questions asked in Italian. He bristles when the word "expatriate" is mentioned. "Art is international in this century! It's true, though," he drawls, "I prefer Rome to Chicago, but the whole idea of an expatriate is dated. I never think about that; I just go to the place I want to be. What's the difference whether you live in Rome or Houston? Of course, Americans don't like it if you live abroad

It's true I prefer Rome to Chicago, but th



ART AND NATURE
Twombly, *opposite*, on the upper terrace of his garden, and his 1986 painting *Paesaggio* (oil on plywood, 68½ in. by 50 in.).

nole idea of an expatriate is dated."

too long—they think you're getting uppity. Have you noticed how America is becoming more and more . . . *proletariat?* The other day I posed for an American photographer wearing a tie and shirt, and the photographer acted as though I were putting on airs."

Of course, you can't trust everything Twombly says. When I asked him what his parents did, he said that they were Sicilian ceramists, and that he'd sold their pots in Ogunquit, Maine. When I asked him how many paintings would be in his MoMA show, he said, without a blink, "Forty thousand." He will tackle a subject at an angle, crablike, then quickly abandon it. He often breaks into a radiant, gap-toothed smile that gives a raffish splendor to a face deeply creased with unexpectedly *vertical* lines. And he can sit for hours in a hard metal chair, then burst into urgent, pointless activity. In his judgments of his contemporaries, he takes away with one hand what he gives with the other ("Balthus is rather haughty in the French way, but he's a cultured and deeply interesting man"). And he enjoys puncturing pretension, with darts that seem small and harmless ("Gore Vidal once told me that the only one of his novels that compares with Joyce's *Ulysses* is *Julian*").

Sometimes Twombly seems to live more in the past than in the present. He drew a total blank when our conversation turned to the intricacies of Italian politics, but he warmed up considerably when we started discussing Peter the Great: "There was such a contrast between the *refinement* of Peter's palace in Petersburg and his barbaric cruelty. He cut off his wife's lover's head and put it by her bed for six weeks! But she never cracked or showed the least sign of emotion."

On the other hand, he talks about Picasso's bad character as though the tyrannical master were still living: "He was so unpleasant with his children that they're still *discussing* him. I suppose that's the way to make sure you're remembered. Nice dads are quickly forgotten." In this respect Twombly resembles his vision of the Irish, who he says go on about remote events as though they happened just yesterday. "People down South are a bit like that, too," he adds.

Twombly was born in Lexington, Virginia, on April 25, 1928, in a hospital that occupied the site of Stonewall Jackson's old house ("You can't get much more southern than *that!*" he exclaims). Although his mother was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, he calls her "Dixie Bell." His father was a professional baseball player from Maine and later an athletics instructor in the South. "He could still do a backflip at age 40," the sedentary Twombly recalls with some amazement. Named Edwin Parker Twombly Jr., the boy was always called by his father's nickname. Even today, when he returns to Lexington, the women call him "Cy Junior" and the men "Little Cy."

In Lexington he was taught by a Spanish artist, Pierre Daura, who had lived for years in Paris. The first painting Twombly recalls doing was a copy of Picasso's portrait of Marie-Thérèse Walter. In the course of interviewing Twombly, I saw a Picasso-ish portrait—perhaps the same one—on the dining-room wall in the house of his closest friend. "Oh, have you seen Cy's Picasso?" he asked.

Twombly studied art at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Art Students League in New York, and Black Mountain College in North Carolina, but the decisive experience in his formation was seeing the work of such Abstract Expressionists as Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Franz Kline. Twombly was immediately influenced by them, and to this day he defends the importance of the process. "'Influence' is not a dirty word," he declares. "I'm influenced by everything I see—a painting but also a rush of sky. The more character you have, the more in[f]ence you can take on. In the 19[5]a lot of painters became intoxica[ted] with their own image and saw eve[ry]thing as reflections of themselves. [Of] course, it's harder to be a painter n[ow]. People treat painters today the w[ay] they used to treat movie stars, wh[ich] is absurd. Why make a hero out [of] a *painter,* of all things? A painter nee[ds] a sense of humor to resist that s[ort] of idolatry. In the 1950s everyone [ig]nored painters. Museums were te[m]ples to the Muses then; now they [are] cattle cars."

If not an influence on, at least [a] catalyst in, the explosion of Two[m]bly's talent was his early encounter wi[th] Robert Rauschenberg, a fellow st[u]dent at the Art Students League a[nd] the first person he'd met of his ov[n] age who shared the same interests.

Twombly first traveled to Italy a[nd] Morocco with Rauschenberg, in 195[3]. Even before the trip, Twombly ha[d] begun to incorporate into his paintin[gs] elements drawn from so-called prim[i]tive art and from the layered, te[x]tured canvases of the contempora[ry] French painter Jean Dubuffet. Du[r]ing the trip he intensified this visio[n]. In Rome he filled notebooks wit[h] sketches of tribal artifacts fro[m] Abyssinia and sub-Saharan Africa th[at] he saw in an ethnographic museu[m]. In Morocco he worked on a dig [at] ancient Roman ruins.

After he returned to New Yor[k], he and Rauschenberg had a show i[n] May 1953 at the Stable Gallery. Som[e] of Twombly's canvases—*Tiznit* an[d] *Quarzazat*—were named after Moro[c]can cities. Abstract, black-and-white[,] they had the monumentality of Robe[rt] Motherwell's *Elegies to the Spanis[h] Republic* (Motherwell had been Twom[b]bly's enthusiastic and admiring teache[r] at Black Mountain), yet the forms wer[e] defaced with a scratchy, seemingly ran[-]dom irritability, as though an archae[o]logist had damaged a Latin inscriptio[n] by brushing aside the covering san[d] too violently. Twombly had by the[n] perfected his technique of drawin[g] with pencil and Conté crayon direct[-]ly on wet white paint.

The exhibition was a resounding flop

In the 50s everyone ignored painters. Museum

e critic, writing for the *Herald Tri-*
te, ranked it as one of the two
rst shows of the season. Already peo-
were complaining of the "infan-
sm" of Twombly's doodles and
awls. Curiously, over the years the
stile responses to his work have
ered between accusations that it is
elegant and that it is too childish,
nfully overcultivated and insulting-
messy. Twombly is apparently both
Paleface and a Redskin, to use po-
cally suspect terms once invoked to
scribe the extremes of the tricky
nerican sensibility.

The artist has learned to be philo-
phical, funny, even scatological about
defeats. As he says, "You name
and I've been through it." He re-
ls that as recently as 1979 his big
rospective at the Whitney "went
er about as well as a turd in a punch
wl." Public scorn or indifference
s never bothered him. Until the
80s he was much less well-known
an his contemporaries Rauschenberg
d Jasper Johns. "But I always had
few people who believed in me,"
hastens to add, "like the German
critic Heiner Bastian and various
ropean collectors. Of course, I
s never miserable, not like van Gogh
Pollock." Suddenly I realize he's
ing the word "miserable" as the
ench and Italians use it, to mean
stitute (as in *Les Misérables*). "In
y event, the whole art market has
come absurdly inflated in our day—
many mediocrities playing with
eir talent as though they were in
e stock market. I was happy when
e art market collapsed after the
80s." He looks at me with a new
terest and a glimmer of compassion.
t's pitiful how little writers are
id. I suggested to the Whitney that
oland Barthes write the essay for
e catalogue for my retrospective. I
sisted that he be paid $5,000—after
, he was one of the most famous
iters in the world! The Whitney tried
renege and lower the fee to $2,000,
it I held out for the full sum. Barthes
as very touched. It was the most he'd
er earned—can you *imagine?*"

His 1953 defeat preceded, perhaps
ecipitated, the most important step ahead Twombly was ever to take. Drafted into the army that fall, he was stationed at a camp near Augusta, Georgia. He rented a room in town for a studio, and during weekend leaves he drew at night in the dark—a deliberate strategy to defeat the natural eloquence of his eye and hand. This systematic undoing of his skill as a draftsman, Twombly said later, set "the direction everything would take from then on."

In this regard, as in so many others, Twombly is a pure product of the 1950s. The suspicion of anything merely decorative or "ingratiating" (a taboo word), the conviction that the unconscious can guide the hand better than the awakened mind, even the action-painting credo that painting does not *mean* but *is*, does not refer to an external object but rather records the painter's choices, finally the belief that "primitive" art is closer to this contemporary process than is the "high" art of the European past—all these are the *idées reçues* of the period. In 1957, Twombly dutifully wrote, "Every line is thus the actual experience with its unique story. It does not illustrate; it is the perception of its own realization."

Twombly, Johns, and Rauschenberg were not, however, just abject disciples of Pollock, Kline, and de Kooning. They were broader and more heterodox in their reach than their masters and often more outrageous. Johns incorporated numbers and a real broom and plaster casts of faces into his canvases, while Rauschenberg included growing grass and a real bed into his. Twombly began to scrawl words and names and phrases, sometimes illegible or half erased, onto his huge paintings. As Roberta Smith, art critic for *The New York Times*, has written, "Like Johns's and Rauschenberg's, these paintings talked back to the viewer in a new way and helped establish the preoccupation with meaning that has been central to the art of the second half of this century."

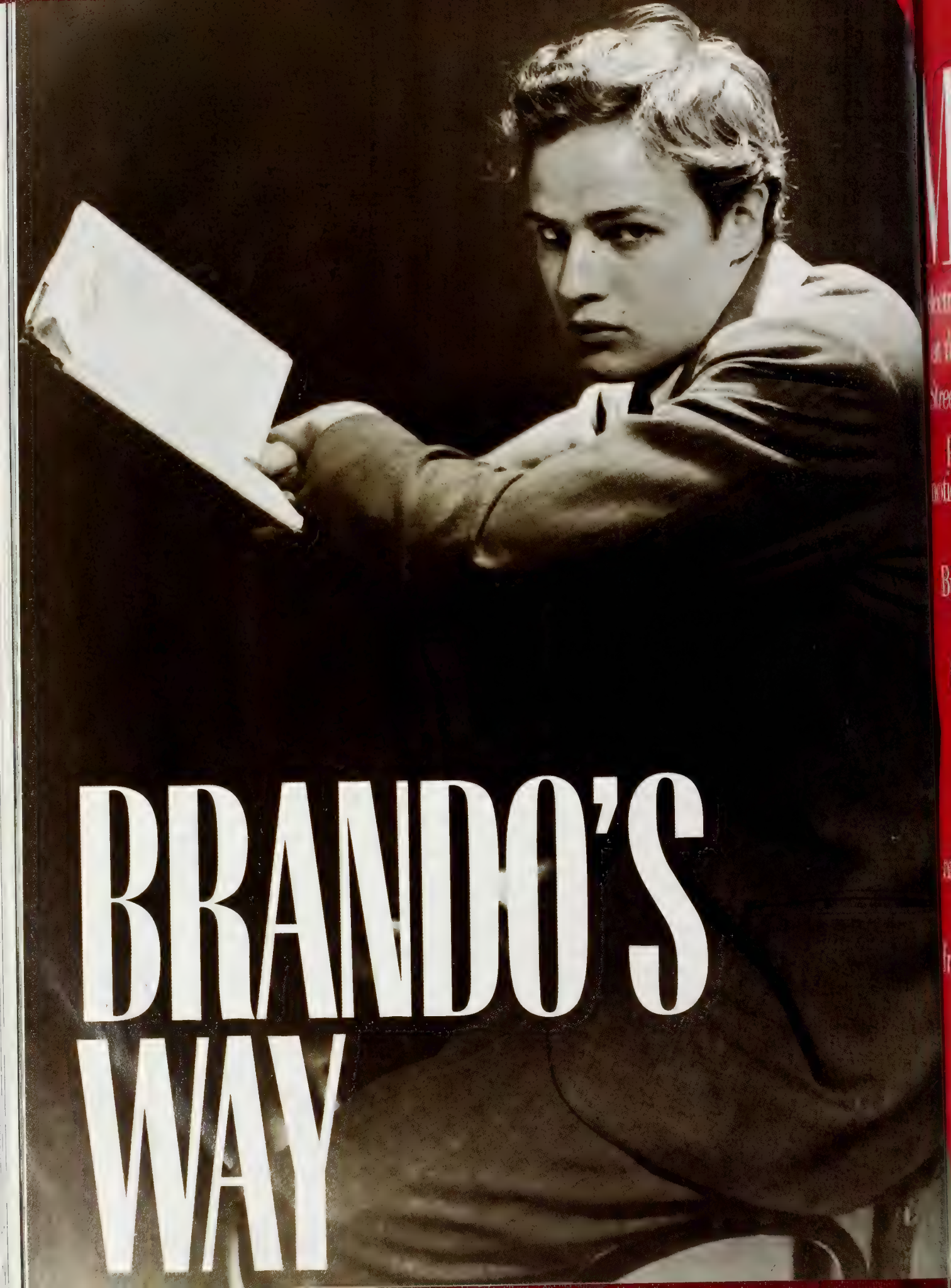


GRASS ROOTS
Cy Twombly, left, and Robert Rauschenberg at the time of their joint exhibition at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York in 1974.

In 1957, Twombly traveled to Italy in what turned out to be a permanent move. When I mentioned to him that one critic had hazarded that he'd been attracted there by the remaining traces of ancient Roman graffiti, Twombly sputtered, "How sick would you have to be to cross the water just to see some dirty words written on a toilet wall?"

Twombly insists he was drawn to Italy by its stimulating and beguiling modern atmosphere: "I came to Rome for the life." He spent the summer of 1957, however, not in Rome but on the island of Procida, near Naples. "I had a two-domed *(Continued on page 210)*

re temples to the Muses; now they're cattle cars."



BRANDO'S WAY

Marlon Brando's electrifying stage turn at the age of 23 in *Streetcar Named Desire* put the world on notice that a new genius had arrived. But in the half-century since, his art has frequently taken second billing to his turbulent relationships, his troubled children, and his mercurial temperament. In these excerpts from *Brando: The Biography*, PETER MANSO jump-cuts through the chaotic drama of Brando's outsize life



PASSAGES
Marlon Brando in 1947, *opposite*, photographed by Cecil Beaton after his stage triumph in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and in 1990, arriving at the Santa Monica courthouse during his son Christian's hearing for the killing of his half-sister's boyfriend.

STEVE GRANITZ

1947: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Marlon Brando was not the first choice to play Stanley Kowalski, and he was certainly not expected to steal the show from the play's heroine and turn his character into an American icon. *A Streetcar Named Desire* is the story of a neurotic southern belle, Blanche Du Bois, who after losing her family's estate is forced to seek refuge with her sister and brutal brother-in-law. The drama of her destruction was clearly Tennessee Williams's central vision, mirroring the defeat of southern culture by the harshness and vulgarity of the modern world.

At first, it seemed that two Hollywood stars, Margaret Sullavan and John Garfield, would play the leads. But Sullavan, who was producer Irene Mayer Selznick's choice, failed to win over Williams with her reading. Garfield was a problem, too. The short, tough-talking Group Theatre alumnus was eager to work with Elia Kazan, the director, but Garfield felt the part of Kowalski was not big enough.

Meanwhile, Selznick and Kazan learned of a revival of Williams's early one-act play *Portrait of a Madonna* in Los Angeles. The play's protagonist, an early version of Blanche, was being played by the British actress Jessica Tandy to excellent notices. Tandy's husband, Hume Cronyn, was the director, and he had in fact arranged the revival in lieu of a New York audition for *Streetcar*. After traveling to the West Coast, Selznick, Kazan, and Williams unanimously agreed to offer Tandy the role.

Next to be cast were Karl Malden, whose work Kazan knew, and Kim Hunter, who was offered the part of Stella. For the role of Stanley, feelers went out to Burt Lancaster, Van Heflin, Edmond O'Brien, John Lund, and Gregory Peck. Then Kazan got a phone call from the agent Edith Van Cleve, pressing for Brando.

Brando had already been rejected as too young—he was 23, and Williams described Kowalski as nearly 30. Also deemed too "pretty," Brando looked more like a poet than a beer-drinking mechanic. Kazan didn't hang up the phone, however. He knew from *Truckline Café*, a recent Broadway flop, that Marlon had animal magnetism. He also knew that Stella Adler, Brando's mentor, had predicted great things for him, even though he had failed to distinguish himself opposite two of America's leading actresses, Katharine Cornell in Shaw's *Candida* and Tallulah Bankhead in Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*. Van Cleve admitted that "an audition would prove nothing except that Marlon was a lousy reader," but Kazan nevertheless offered the role to the enigmatic young man, who had grown up in a small town in Illinois and didn't even have a high-school diploma.

The monthlong rehearsal period began in the first week of October. Kazan's method relied heavily on making connections between Williams's script and the actors' personal experiences. Family, religion, schooling, sex, likes and dislikes—all were fair game for his probing, and he dug very subtly in order to draw his actors out. It was a slow process. Brando volunteered little, and Kazan gave him lots of elbowroom. At the end of the first week of rehearsal, Marlon moved a cot into the theater and spent nights there. By the middle of the second week, it looked as though he were losing the battle.

While the other leads were struggling to find their parts, Kazan let Brando proceed "with just muttered snatches of his speeches." It was a "team play," though, and Brando was so intent on his character that sometimes he'd break the tempo completely. The mild-mannered Malden was the first to explode. "We were rehearsing the bathroom scene, the one where I come out and meet Blanche for the first time and Stanley says, 'Hey, Mitch, come on!' Now, as we were working on it, every day would be different. Marlon would come in before you said your line, or way after you said your line, or even before you had anything to say. The beat was all wrong.

"Anyway, we were doing the scene and it was just beginning to go well for me for the first time, like when you think, Oh, my God, this is it, and *boom*—he hit me with one that ju upset everything. I said, 'Oh, shi and threw something and walked o stage. Kazan said, 'What the hell ha pened?'

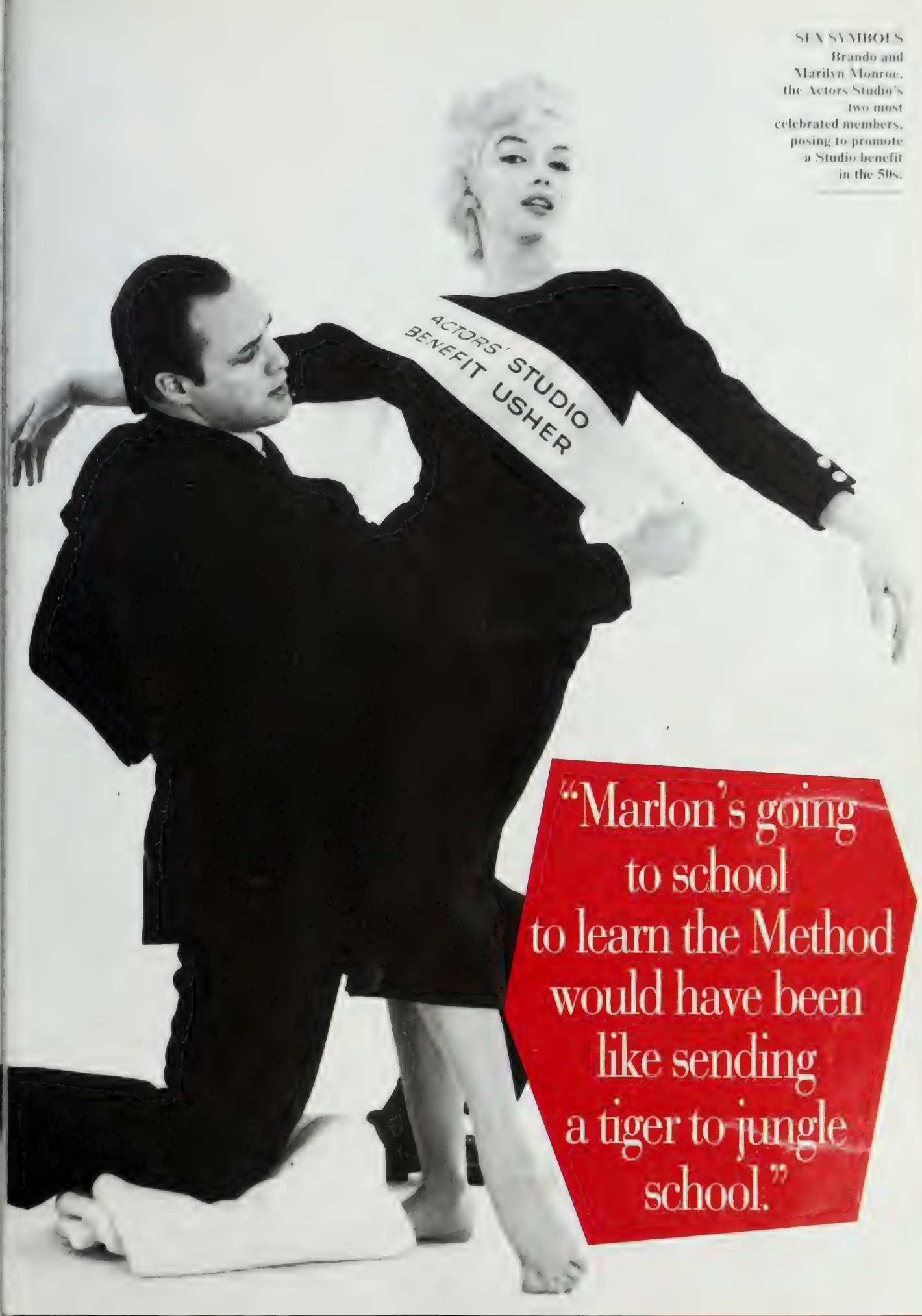
"'I can't concentrate,' I told hi 'I was going along beautifully and a of a sudden in comes this jarri thing. It throws me. It's impossible I was furious and explained that had been happening regularly. H said, 'Wait.'"

Brando eventually began to foc on his lines. Nonetheless, his *uhh* sounds still threw his partners off, e pecially Tandy. The product of a cla sical British training with almost 2 years' stage experience, she could n relate to Marlon, or his idiosyncrati behavior, or his drums and dumbbel backstage, or his cot, on which h would crash in his street clothes. all seemed to be epitomized by a spl seam in the back of his trousers, a ordinary tear that in the course o several days extended almost down t his crotch. This was brought to th attention of Kazan, who had to tel him to take his pants to the cleaner and have them mended.

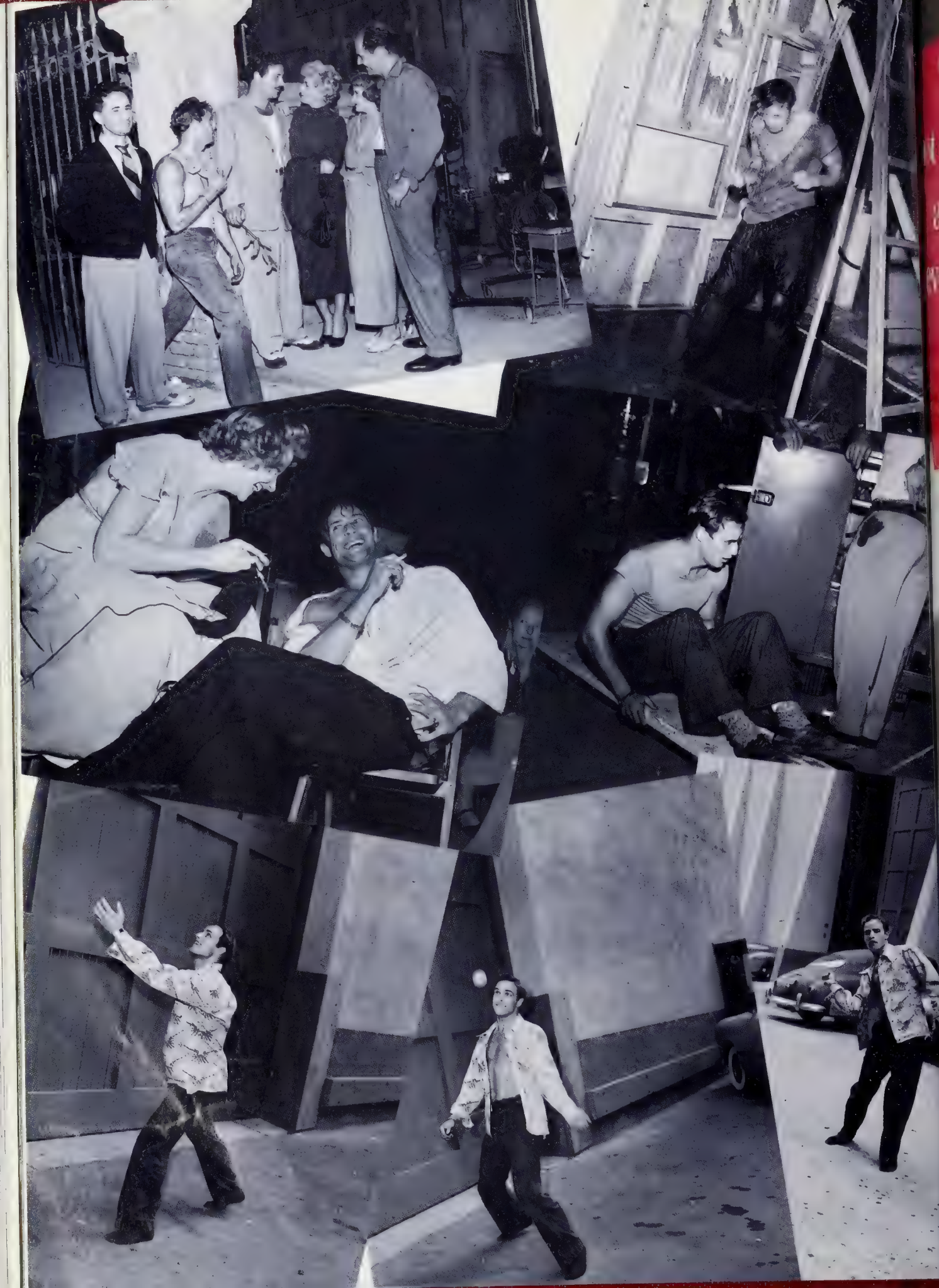
A crew of Con Ed ditchdigger provided Lucinda Ballard, the play' costumer, with the inspiration for th "undesigned" clothing that was to be come part of Kowalski-the-icon. "Thei clothes were so dirty," she recalled "that they had stuck to their bodies I thought, That's the look I want . . the look of animalness." She modifie a half-dozen undershirts, dyeing them a faded red, and created the first fit ted blue jeans. "I thought of them as though they were garments in the time of the Regency in France," she said, "which meant fitting the Levi's wet, pinning them tight. I had seven pairs, and I washed them in a washing machine for 24 hours; then Marlon and I went to the Eaves Costume Company. He was up on a pedestal, looking at himself in the mirror, when he insisted on being fitted without any underwear."

Ballard left the dressing room. When she returned, the tailor had finished the basting, and Marlon "almost went crazy. . . . He was leaping like a tiger

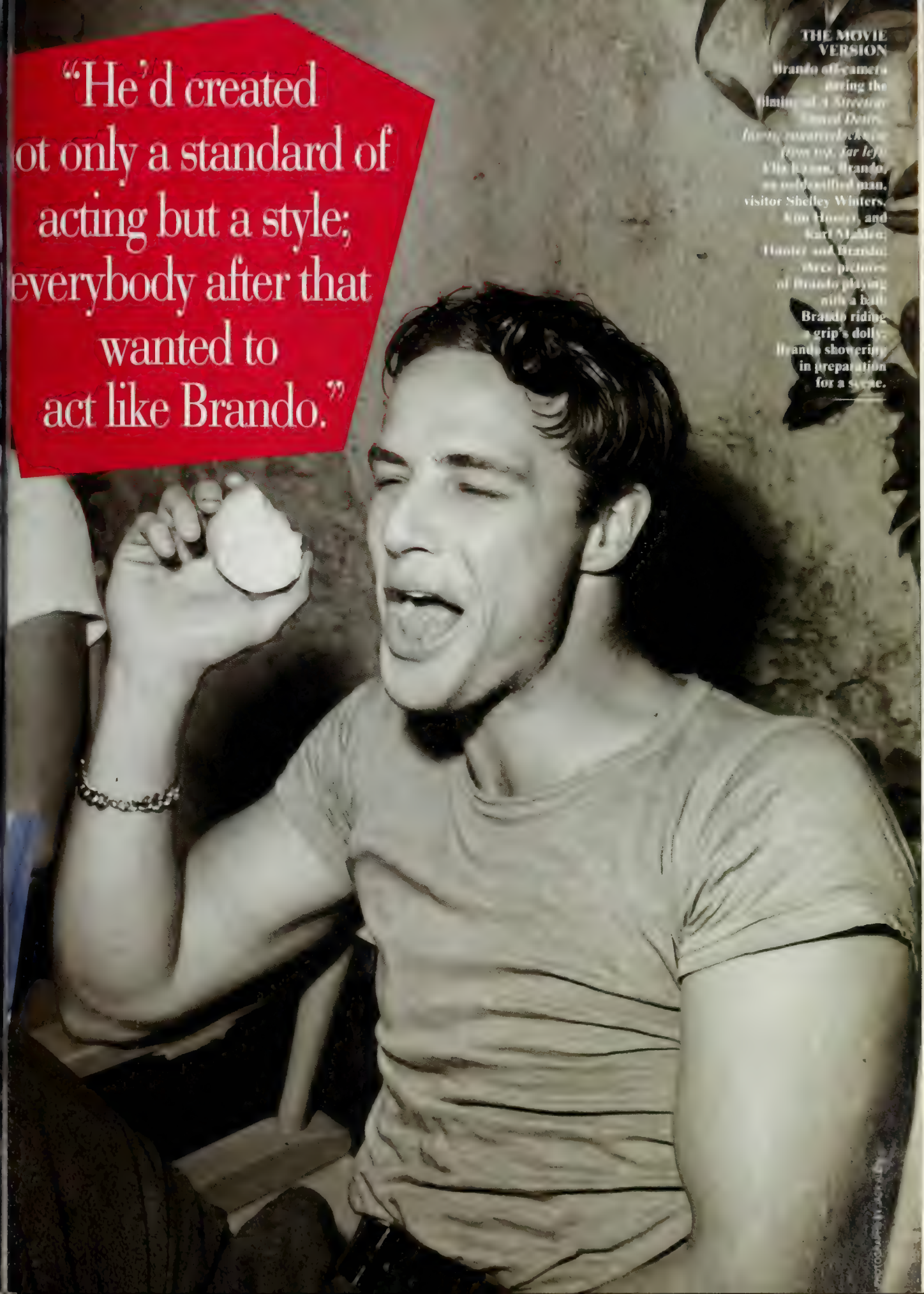
Excerpted from *Brando: The Biography*, by Peter Manso, to be published in October by Hyperion; © 1994 by Peter Manso.



SEX SYMBOLS Brando and Marilyn Monroe, the Actors Studio's two most celebrated members, posing to promote a Studio benefit in the 50s.

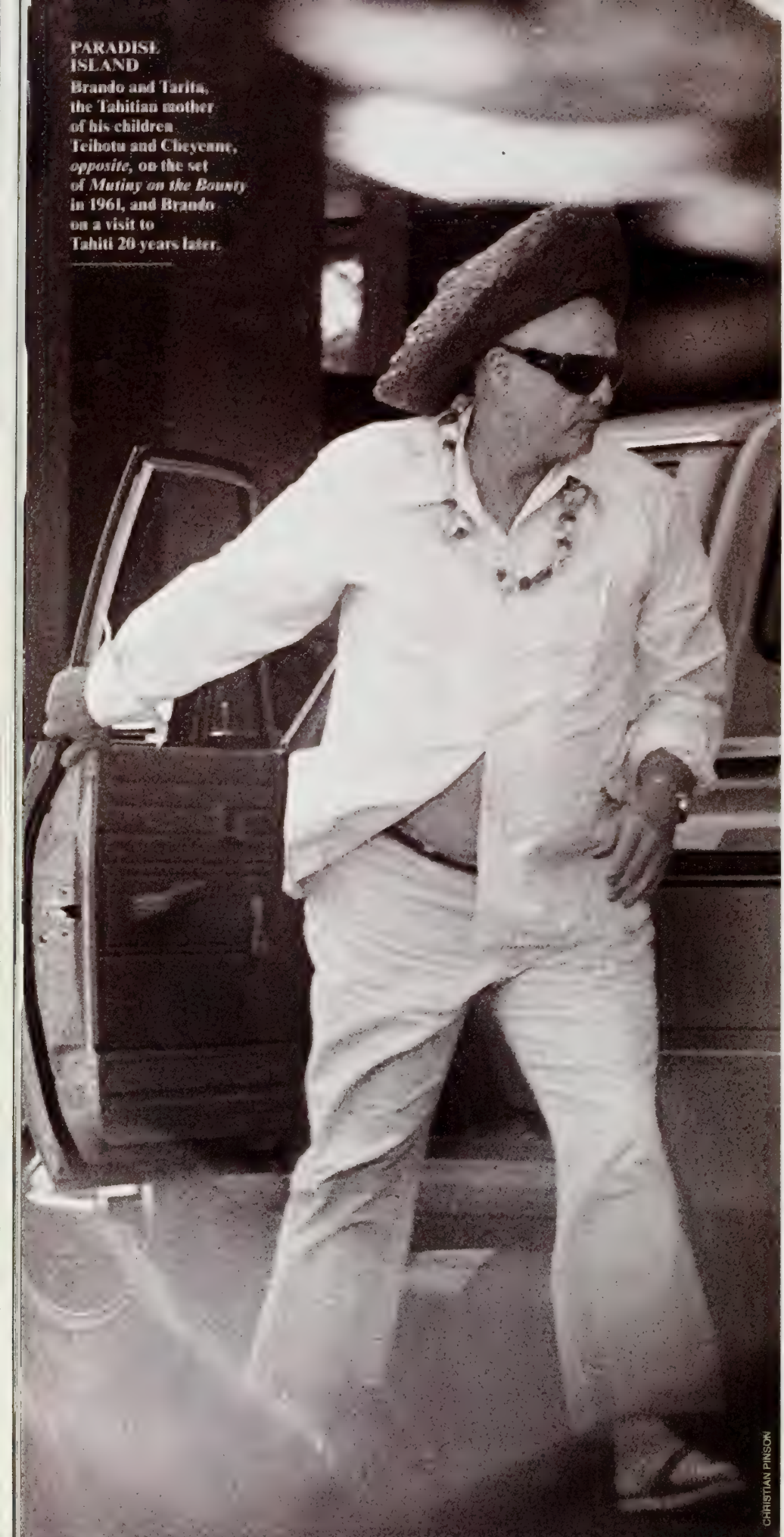


"He'd created not only a standard of acting but a style; everybody after that wanted to act like Brando."



THE MOVIE VERSION

Brando off-camera during the filming of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, leaving restaurant (from top, far left): Vivien Leigh, Brando, an unidentified man, visitor Shelley Winters, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; Hunter and Brando; three pictures of Brando playing with a ball; Brando riding a grip's dolly; Brando shoveling in preparation for a scene.



PARADISE ISLAND
Brando and Tarita, the Tahitian mother of his children Teihotu and Cheyenne, *opposite*, on the set of *Mutiny on the Bounty* in 1961, and Brando on a visit to Tahiti 20 years later.

CHRISTIAN PINSON

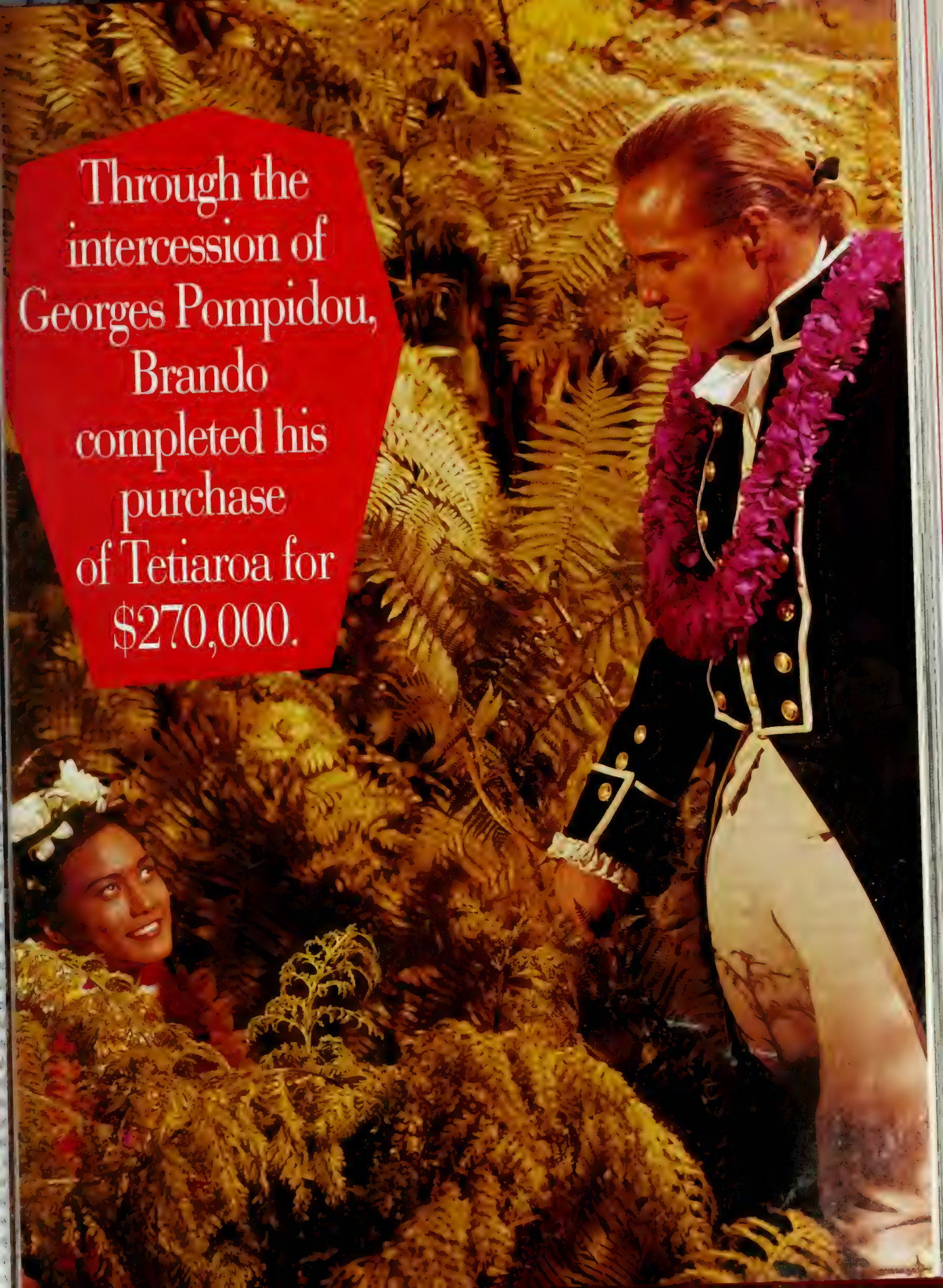
in this costume that outlined his body, the designer recalled. The tailor smiled "as one would about a child," but Brando was unfazed, saying, "This is it. This is what I've always wanted!"

Ballard had "painted" the trousers, strategically deepening the blue at the sides to get a straight up-and-down look, to "accent the maleness, the muscles." She had also removed the interior of the front pockets, which Marlon now pleaded with her not to put back in. "I think Stanley was like me—very physical," he said. "And I think that Stanley would have liked to put his hands in his pockets and feel himself."

By mid-October the script was frozen. About a week later Marlon "suddenly shot up," as Selznick's assistant Irving Schneider put it, in a run-through with both Stella Adler and Hume Cronyn in the audience. Afterward, Cronyn expressed his concern; his wife, he felt, could do better, and he asked Kazan to keep encouraging her. In fact, what he had intuited was that the meaning of the play had been altered; Brando's performance was beginning to shift the play's balance, and would make the young actor the star of the show.

"Perhaps Hume meant," Kazan wrote years later, "that by contrast with Marlon, whose every word seemed not something memorized but the spontaneous expression of an intense inner experience—which is the level of work all actors strive to reach—Jessie was what? Expert? Professional? Was that enough for this play? Not for Hume. Hers seemed to be a performance; Marlon was living onstage. . . . A performance miracle was in the making."

On December 3, after tryouts in New Haven, Philadelphia, and Boston, *Streetcar* opened in New York. Irene Selznick later recalled what happened: "That night was the first time I ever saw an audience get to its feet. And for the first time I saw the Shuberts stay for a final curtain. . . . Round after round, curtain after curtain, until Tennessee took a bow on the stage to bravos." The audience applauded for a full half-hour, and when Brando came out, the house caved in. Backstage, it was a mob scene. Wally Cox, Brando's friend from childhood, managed to fight through the crowds to his dressing room and found Marlon holding a box of chocolates and several telegrams. One read, DON'T MAKE AN


Through the intercession of Georges Pompidou, Brando completed his purchase of Tetiaroa for $270,000.

ASS OF YOURSELF. MOM. Another, from Williams, brought a smile to his face: RIDE OUT BOY AND SEND IT SOLID. FROM THE GREASY POLACK YOU WILL SOME DAY ARRIVE AT THE GLOOMY DANE FOR YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT MAKES THE THEATRE A WORLD OF GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

Although most critics were overflowing in their praise, not one of them saw that Brando's performance was likely to change the face of American acting. But the cognoscenti knew what was happening. "He'd created not only a standard of acting but a style," said Bobby Lewis, co-founder with Kazan of the newly formed Actors Studio, "which was unfortunate, since everybody after that wanted to act like Marlon Brando."

Williams got the Pulitzer Prize and Tandy won a Tony, but it was Marlon who became the darling of the press. *Life, Look, The Saturday Evening Post, Vogue, Mademoiselle,* the fan magazines and daily press—all clamored for interviews. Cecil Beaton and lesser lights took his photograph. People pointed him out on the street.

"It took me a long time before I was aware that that's what I was—a big success," he said years later. "I was so absorbed in myself, my own problems, I never looked around, took account. I used to walk in New York, miles and miles, walk in the streets late at night, and never *see* anything. I was never sure about acting, whether that was what I really wanted to do; I'm still not. Then, when I was in *Streetcar,* and it had been running a couple of months, one night—dimly, dimly—I began to hear this roar. It was like I'd been asleep, and I woke up here sitting on a pile of candy."

The roar of acclaim eventually made him uncomfortable. As the stress and strain increased and his anxiety worsened, he finally decided to seek professional help. When he approached Kazan for advice, the director recommended his own analyst, Dr. Bela Mittelmann. For the next 10 years Brando relied heavily on Mittelmann, and continued to consult him until the doctor's death in 1959.

As Harold Clurman, Stella Adler's second husband, who had directed Brando in *Truckline Café,* realized, Brando had erected walls of defenses in order not to have to confront and acknowledge his deepest psychic scars. "Brando's mother was a fine, well-bred woman, but a hopeless alcoholic," Clurman acknowledged. "He suffered untold misery because of her condition, and the soul-searing pain of his childhood . . . lodged itself in some deep recess of his being. . . . He cannot voice the deepest part of himself: it hurts too much. That, in part, is the cause of his 'mumbling.'"

Another sign of Brando's insecurity was his confusion about how to play Stanley performance after performance. As months passed, he was not only uncertain but also bored, and his rendition varied depending on his mood. Tandy was trying to keep the show the way they had rehearsed it, and was having one of the hardest times of her life. The reviews and sacks of fan mail, even her Tony, couldn't change the fact that people were coming to see Brando. *Streetcar* was Stanley's show, and Blanche's defeat was becoming more personal with every performance.

Tandy was the lady, chauffeured to her Upper East Side residence after each performance by a driver whom she'd inherited from Judith Anderson. Brando was the brute, taking off after an evening's performance with a girl on the back of his motorcycle. Selznick, who reportedly saw him fondling a young woman in front of the theater, was appalled: "It just looks terrible to have him out there on the street carrying on at the ticket window."

Worse were his pranks. In the middle of one of Tandy's most emotional speeches, she noticed giggling in the audience. Looking back at Brando, she saw him, stone-faced, shoving a cigarette up his nostril. Another time, the chicken in the birthday scene had mistakenly been undercooked by one of the prop assistants. Marlon gagged onstage, then came off swearing, "I'd rather have dogshit!" The next performance, someone left a mound of mock dog turds on his plate. For weeks afterward he retaliated in kind, leaving joke-store turds onstage in the most unexpected places—in the refrigerator, even in Blanche's trunk.

Brando's most demanding scene came after Stanley is beaten up by his poker pals, when he gives his famous cry "Stella!" which brings his wife back into his arms. During one performan[ce] he lost it completely. A group in [the] orchestra laughed nervously, and s[uddenly] suddenly, as though something h[ad] snapped, he stalked to the footlig[hts] and screamed, "*Shut up!*"

In mid-April 1949, less than t[hree] months before the end of his c[on]tract, he broke his nose. He was b[oxing] ing in the downstairs boiler ro[om] with a stagehand. "All of a sudd[en] the guy winds up and throws a h[am]maker from the floor," Brando t[old] his actor friend Carlo Fiore. "I saw [it] coming, but I couldn't get out of t[he] way. Next thing I knew, I was flyi[ng] ass over heels into a pile of wood[en] crates . . . and I began bleeding fr[om] the nose like a stuck pig. . . . I p[ut] some cold compresses on my bea[t] but I couldn't stop the bleeding. I hea[rd] my cue coming up and ran to ma[ke] my entrance, and I held my nose, b[ut] from the break in the bridge a reg[u]lar geyser of blood shot about 10 fe[et] across the stage."

He whispered to a startled Tand[y] "Broke my nose," and she hisse[d] back, "Bloody fool!" When the cu[r]tain came down after two more scene[s] it was complete chaos. Irene Selznic[k] shrieked, "No more—this is the end!" Over Marlon's repeated protests, sh[e] had him rushed to nearby Rooseve[lt] Hospital. During Brando's absenc[e] Jack Palance, who had been unde[r] studying Anthony Quinn in the Chic[ago] go production, was brought in.

When Brando was released a wee[k] later, he had a different nose. Selznic[k] was aghast, and urged him to have [it] broken and reset. Marlon refused, claiming that he liked it the way [it] was. He wasn't perfect anymore; h[e] looked "rugged, like a fighter."

Despite a great deal writte[n] about Brando's involvemen[t] with the Actors Studio, his par[t]icipation was sporadic. "H[e] came into the Studio with[out] whatever he had," said found[ing] ing member Martin Balsam, "and he left the Studio with[out] the same thing." For the grit[ty]-voiced Elaine Stritch, it was sim[pler] pler still: "Marlon's going to schoo[l] to learn the Method would have been like sending a tiger to jungle school."

Often, he'd sit in Bobby Lewis's class, "always next to some girl whom he

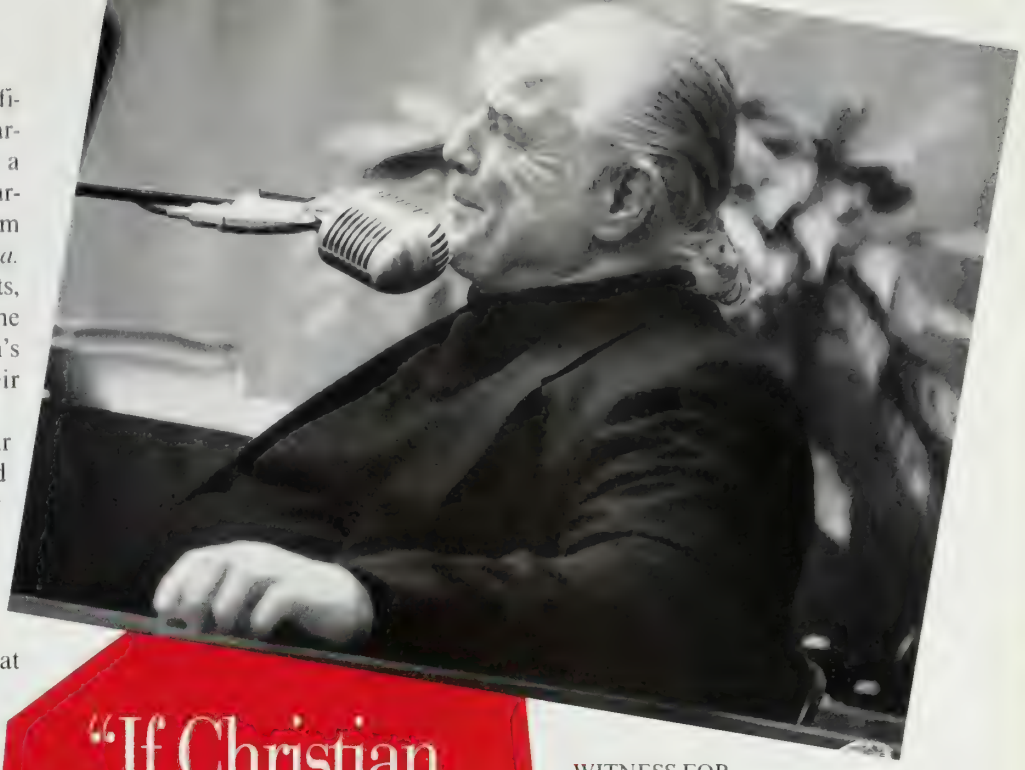
ldn't keep his hands off," and fi- lly Lewis laid down the law. "Mar- n," he ordered, "you'd better do a ne or you're cut." To everyone's sur- se, Brando settled on a scene from bert Sherwood's *Reunion in Vienna.* late 1948, after many postponements, idio members assembled to watch the ne, and Karl Malden, at Marlon's quest, asked them to close their es until the cast was ready.

When the eager group opened their es, they were astounded. Instead the ruffian from *Streetcar,* they saw real prince in uniform, with a nocle. Marlon's speech was per- t, his Austrian accent absolutely target, and with his first line got a big, appreciative laugh that rked like a "blood transfusion," wis recalled. "It was as if he re- zed, Oh, my God, I can really this. I can be funny. He was e young John Barrymore."

1960: *Mutiny on the Bounty*

ter Streetcar, *Brando never re- rned to Broadway. Over the next e years, he made six acclaimed ms, the last of which,* On the aterfront, *brought him an Acad- ny Award. Kazan, who direct- l it, as well as* Viva Zapata! *d the movie version of* Streetcar, *lled Brando's scene in the back- at of the car with his brother, ayed by Rod Steiger, "the finest thing er done by an American film actor." hn Gielgud, who acted with Brando* Julius Caesar, *told Joseph Mankiewicz, e film's director, "This young man is agnificent," and he begged Brando to ay Hamlet on the stage in England r him. During the second half of the 0s, however, Brando made less and ss artistically significant films, and is ego and personal life seemed to af- ct his career more and more. During* iva Zapata! *he became involved with Mexican actress named Movita Cas- nada, who would become his second ife. During the making of* One-Eyed acks, *a much-postponed, overbudget Western he directed and starred in, he as in court battling his first wife, the xotic actress Anna Kashfi. By the time e agreed to star in* Mutiny on the Boun- y, *his difficult temperament was al- eady an issue.*

MGM's remake of the 1935 classic,



"If Christian was black, if he was Mexican, or if he was poor, he wouldn't be in this courtroom."

WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE
Brando tries to hold back his tears in February 1991 as he testifies on behalf of his son Christian, who was sentenced to 10 years in jail.

budgeted at around $12 million, would ultimately cost more than $25 million and bring the studio to its knees. The picture marked the pinnacle of Brando's self-indulgence. During the laborious 13-month shoot, he outdid himself with time-wasting tantrums, on-the-set script doctoring, and flagrantly irresponsible behavior. But if *Mutiny* represented a turning point in his professional life, it also introduced him to Tahiti, the island paradise that would become his refuge from Hollywood, and the symbol of his hopes.

To play Fletcher Christian, Clark Gable's role in the original, Brando was paid $500,000 against 10 percent of the gross receipts, $5,000 for every day the film went over schedule, and reportedly $10,000 a week in expenses. He was also guaranteed consultation rights for the film's final sequence, but he would wield a free hand in making script changes throughout the picture.

Carol Reed, the distinguished British director of *The Third Man,* was signed to direct. For the role of Captain Bligh, Reed and producer Aaron Rosenberg cast Trevor Howard, and Richard Harris, the Irish stage actor, was assigned the role of John Mills, the manipulative mutineer. With 95 percent of the film being shot on Tahiti, the movie would feature not only an international cast but also a 350-ton replica of the *Bounty.*

Arriving on Tahiti in late fall 1960, Brando rejected the stately manor provided by MGM in favor of a traditional thatched *fare.* He also began wearing a sarong and soon adopted the native custom of wearing a frangipani blossom behind his ear. "I love it down here. I'm not Brando the star, I'm Brando the man," he told assistant director Ridgeway Callow. Re-

moving himself from the cast and crew, Brando liked to hold gatherings at his *fare* in the evenings. Alice Marchak, his secretary, would bring in local musicians, and Brando would reportedly play drums into the night with them, sweat pouring down his forehead, his face expressionless.

Brando and other members of the company also took up flagrantly with the local women. "It was out of control," said one staffer. To the crew's amazement and delight, the *vahines* weren't after money or husbands but merely romance. Old, fat, thin, alcoholic, or infirm, they loved to invade male cast members' apartments. Soon an epidemic of venereal disease—the so-called MGM flu—swept through the cast, crew, and extras. For Brando, sexual partners had never been a problem, but what he found particularly attractive about these women, aside from their extraordinary skin, was that by and large they "made no attempt whatsoever to tie him down," according to Bengt Danielsson, a technical adviser on the movie.

Most of the Tahitian women cast in the film had minor, nonspeaking parts, but there was one role of substance: Maimiti, the chief's daughter and Fletcher Christian's lover. Reed, Rosenberg, and Brando auditioned 100 candidates, finally choosing 19-year-old Tarita Teriipaia, a dishwasher at the restaurant Les Tropiques. Part Chinese, part Polynesian, Tarita was also a dancer in the floor show at Les Tropiques, which was managed by her Danish boyfriend, John Christiansen.

Heimata "Charlie" Hirshon, her former boyfriend, had to bring Tarita by three times before Reed and Brando made up their minds. Brando had first lobbied for Anna Gobray, another dancer. Then he turned to Vaea Benet, a teenager who also danced at Les Tropiques. But Tarita had caught his eye.

Soon Marlon had invested Tarita with his Rousseauesque notions of purity. While he had several other girls servicing him in what was basically a turnstile arrangement, he would "never go to bed with her," said Nick Rutgers, an American expatriate who served as a production coordinator. "He would sleep on the floor and she'd sleep on the bed. They'd hold hands, that kind of thing." Once the affair with Tarita was consummated, though, Brando continued his romance with another Tahitian dancer and juggled the two women.

Brando's professional relationships with the other actors were constantly on the verge of flaring into open hostility. His habit of forcing multiple takes quickly pushed Richard Harris past the breaking point. In one scene, according to Jimmy Taylor, one of the costume men, Brando was especially flat and finally said, "I don't know if it's going to work or not." Harris blew up. "Damn you! Look at me! Act! Who the hell do you think you are?"

It was the same with Trevor Howard. "Brando never knew his lines. He just made them up as he went along and always to his own advantage," said Hirshon. "There was one scene when Marlon asked for a retake maybe 18 times, because in 17 of the takes Trevor was better. But after they'd done it over and over, Howard got fed up, and suddenly Brando felt he was better, so the 18th take he kept."

In February, with only one-third of the footage shot, the cast and crew gave up in the face of relentless storms and departed for Los Angeles, where filming would continue at MGM's Culver City studios. Several of the Tahitian women, including Tarita, were installed at the Hotel Bel-Air, where Brando continued his amorous pursuits.

The cast was scheduled to regroup in Tahiti the third week in April, but Brando was delayed. On April 19 the actress Rita Moreno, with whom he had had a long on-and-off affair, suddenly re-entered his life by trying to take her own. "The peppery Puerto Rican actress was rushed to a hospital from the home of actor Marlon Brando Wednesday after she took an overdose of sleeping pills," stated an L.A. news story.

Brando was soon winging his way to Tahiti. During this same month, he telephoned Anna Kashfi, his ex-wife and the mother of his son Christian, to let her in on the secret he'd managed to keep for nearly a year. "He told me he had married Movita the previous summer and that he wanted their son, Miko, to be a brother to Christian," she recalled. "He suggested that I and Devi [her preferred name for Christian] should move to Tahiti to live." If Brando thought the phone call would appease Kashfi, with whom he was involved in a long [illegible] tody battle, he was sorely mistak[illegible] Instead, the fights in court continu[illegible]

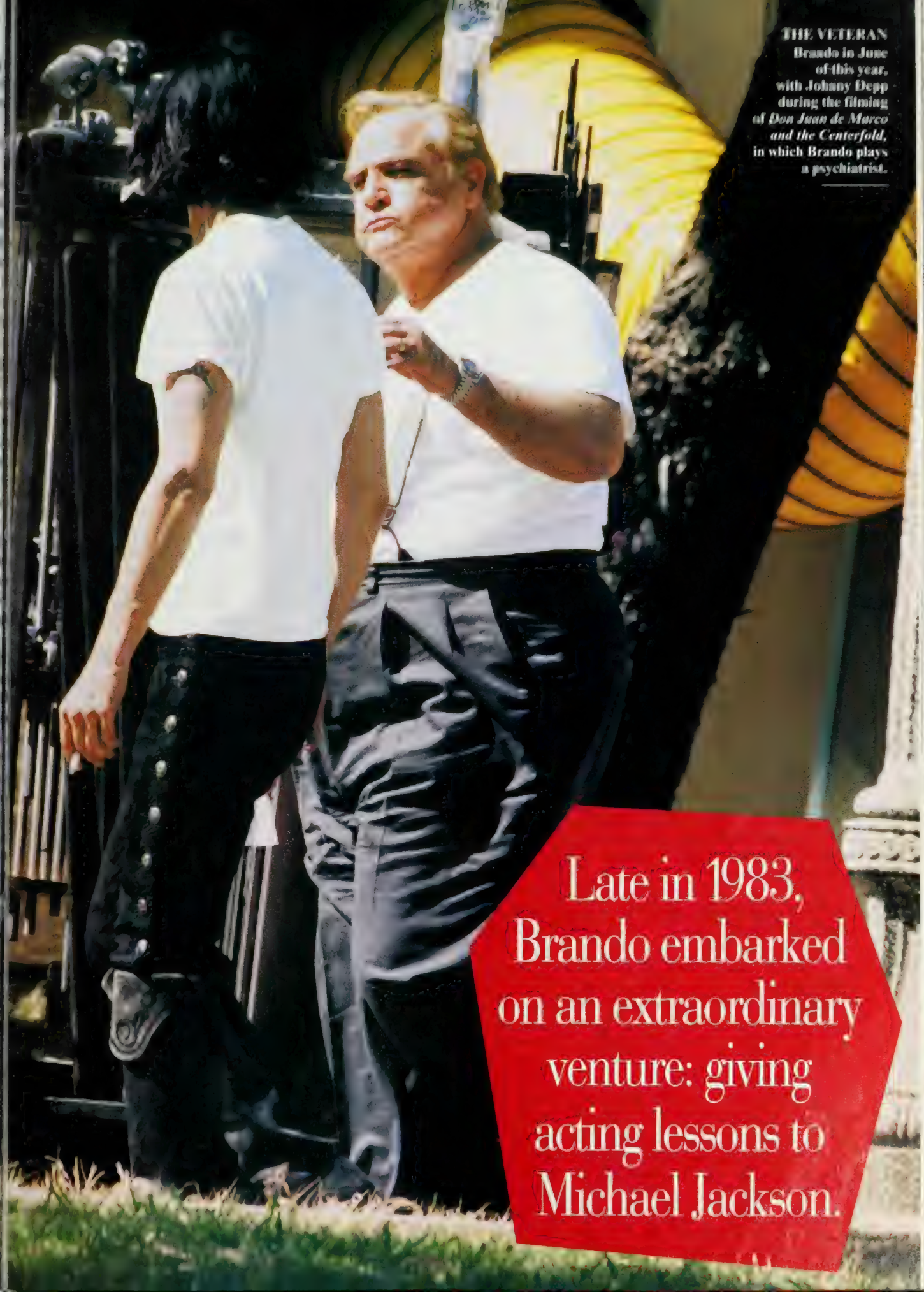
Meanwhile, the troubled [illegible] ture of the *Bounty* p[illegible] duction had become on[illegible] the worst-kept secrets [illegible] Hollywood. "The mu[illegible] million-dollar epic is ab[illegible] one-third completed an[illegible] laments from MGM t[illegible] costs have soared far [illegible] yond the budget," Hedda Hopper wr[illegible] in the *Los Angeles Times.* MGM [illegible] ecutives were preparing to deleg[illegible] the blame. But while Brando could [illegible] fingered and even set up, he could[illegible] be fired. Instead, director Carol Re[illegible] took the fall. At the end of Februa[illegible] he was replaced by Lewis Mileston[illegible]

On June 29, Brando left Tahiti [illegible] a 30-hour visit to L.A. to battle Kas[illegible] fi in court in Santa Monica. The [illegible] sue once again was Christian[illegible] specifically, Brando claimed, becau[illegible] a distraught Kashfi had barred the a[illegible] tor from seeing his three-year-old s[illegible] in April. Immediately after the hea[illegible] ing Brando left for Tahiti.

On August 1, with only half th[illegible] film shot, Brando's $5,000-per-day ove[illegible] time fee went into effect. The sum woul[illegible] eventually reach $750,000 above an[illegible] beyond his $500,000 base pay and pe[illegible] diem rate. Charlie Hirshon remembere[illegible] Marlon's shows of temper. "He'd ju[illegible] go, 'Oh, fucking shit!' and take h[illegible] costume off and walk away. It hap[illegible] pened for any reason—either he wa[illegible] fed up with the directing or the stun[illegible] man wasn't doing something correc[illegible] ly; someone made eye contact whe[illegible] he was saying his lines; or he was to[illegible] hot; or he wanted to go home and screw[illegible] Whatever it was, he'd walk off at 1[illegible] in the morning and we couldn't shoo[illegible] anymore that day."

The only thing that interested hi[illegible] besides his women was Tetiaroa, an ato[illegible] that he had spotted during locatio[illegible] scouting. Situated some 35 miles nort[illegible] of Papeete, Tetiaroa was composed o[illegible] 12 small *motu,* or single-reef islets, en[illegible] closing a central lagoon. The property[illegible] was not for sale, Brando learned, bu[illegible] he asked several people to look int[illegible] the possibility of his buying it.

Meanwhile, MGM would suffer an[illegible] operational deficit and a major drop[illegible] in stock and would replace Joe Vogel[illegible]



THE VETERAN Brando in June of this year, with Johnny Depp during the filming of *Don Juan de Marco and the Centerfold*, in which Brando plays a psychiatrist.

Late in 1983, Brando embarked on an extraordinary venture: giving acting lessons to Michael Jackson.

BRANDO

as president, citing as the major factor "the full anticipated loss" on *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Sol Siegel, MGM's production chief, reportedly threatened to sue Brando for "throwing" his performance and trying to force his own ending on the picture. Brando publicly challenged all charges of misbehavior.

There was also talk that Brando had tried to add homosexual overtones to the role of Fletcher Christian. Brando's foppish portrayal annoyed Richard Harris, particularly during a scene in which Brando was supposed to slap Harris in the face. Brando merely flicked his wrist. Harris, taking the gesture as an insult, responded by kissing Brando on the cheek. On the next take, Brando tapped him again. "Shall we dance?" Harris yelled, and stomped off the set. The following day Brando stubbornly played the scene the same way, and Harris once again took his leave, this time refusing to reappear for three days. Harris later told the American press that when he finally returned Brando approached him and said, "Dick, you shouldn't have done it. I'd like you to know this: I'm the star of this picture and you're opposing me. Remember that, please."

"For six weeks Brando sabotaged [the production]," Hedda Hopper wrote in December 1961. "He'd show up on the set when called and ask, 'Where shall I stand and what do I say?' Then he'd speak his lines in a meaningless monotone. . . . A million words have been written about what's wrong with Hollywood. Well, here's the answer."

In August 1962, Tarita returned to Los Angeles along with several of the cast's mutineers for a few days of reshoots. Milestone stayed on for appearance's sake, but refused to go near the camera or Brando. George Seaton, an MGM contract director, was nominally in charge, but, aware of the stigma attached to the project, he had agreed to take the assignment without pay and only on the condition that his participation not be publicized or credited. Essentially, Brando directed himself, and his death scene was more bizarre than anything he'd done to date.

"He was lying there naked," said Jimmy Taylor. "The makeup man had put burns on his exposed flesh, and I had this fabric with simulated burn marks that I was going to paste on his skin to cover up his genitals. Then he asked, 'Why doesn't my crotch burn?' I said, 'Well, I can't do that, Marlon. We've got a censor problem. Maybe we can use makeup to blend this in with the pants.' 'No, no. If the pants are going to burn, so is the cock. You've got to show it.'

"I then got to Rosenberg and explained what Marlon was demanding. Aaron's reply? 'Well, he's shown his cock to everybody else—now he wants to show it to the American public. Don't worry, I'll put a tarp over him.'

"I'd never seen anything like it in my entire career," Taylor added.

> "He started at such a violent pitch that I said to myself, 'Maybe I cannot work at the level of this actor.'"

"An actor, a star who is prepared to lie out in the middle of the stage with his cock hanging out. The whole crew was there—there must have been 60 or more people standing around—and he had no embarrassment."

To help Brando prepare for the scene, Seaton told him that when a person is severely burned the loss of body fluids leaves him in a state similar to that of being frozen. "Get me a couple of hundred pounds of cracked ice," Brando ordered. "Spread it out and throw a sheet over it."

Ridgeway Callow brought out the ice, and Brando lay down on it for 45 minutes. "I want to get the death tremors," he announced as his skin turned bl... Through chattering teeth he gave an en... mously effective rendition, even though ... couldn't remember his lines. This time ... human cue card in the person of Tar... was utilized. The camera was shooti... over the back of her head, and Bran... was supposed to murmur a couple ... words in Tahitian as he died. As Call... recalled, "We got a grease pencil a... wrote the words on Tarita's forehead."

Brando attended the star-studde... $100-a-ticket benefit opening in Los A... geles with Movita. Rosenberg escort... Tarita, who seemed indifferent to the pr... ence of Marlon and Movita. Marlon th... made an appearance at the New Yo... premiere, where die-hard film buffs boo... him. After 15 minutes of the film, he lef...

Around Christmas, Brando volu... teered to be present at the premiere ... Tokyo, and arranged to meet up wi... Tarita. She was four months pregnan... and he asked the wife of one of ... Tahitian friends to accompany her ... Japan, where the question of an abo... tion could be discussed.

Tarita refused to go through wi... it. After the birth of a son on Ma... 30, 1963, in Tahiti, Tarita told th... friend's wife, "I had my baby an... Marlon was very mad after me... The baby was named Teihot... but he was not given the Brand... name. Later, Brando woul... change his mind, laying his r... luctance to acknowledge p... ternity on the complication... of his ongoing legal problem... with Kashfi; at the time, h... probably did not want to upse... Movita, either.

In early 1967, through the inte... cession of French premier George... Pompidou, Brando completed h... purchase of Tetiaroa for $270,00... During his sporadic visits to Tahit... usually a week or two in duration, h... would stay with Tarita and their son i... the waterside compound he had bough... for them in the wealthy Punaauia section... just south of the Papeete airport. But of... ten he would make the two-hour voyag... across open seas to Tetiaroa to wande... the bone-white beaches of the atoll alone...

1972: *Last Tango in Paris*

Brando had hit the $1 million salary mar... with The Fugitive Kind, *a failure based... on Tennessee Williams's play* Orpheus De... scending, *and then for a decade he found... himself trapped in mediocre—or, at best, in... teresting—films with some of the greates...*

ctors in the world, from Charlie Chap- (A Countess from Hong Kong) *to n Huston* (Reflections in a Golden). *During this period, Montgomery t, Brando's rival as an actor for many s, said, "Marlon isn't finished yet. He's resting up. He'll be back bigger than ."* *Indeed, Brando's artistic integrity redeemed temporarily by two films he le back-to-back in the early 70s,* The lfather *and* Last Tango in Paris.

When the Italian director Bernardo tolucci gave Brando the script of *Last go in Paris* to read, he emphasized he wanted much of the movie to be rovised. Hoping to explore questions solation, despair, and sexual obsession ough Brando's character, he asked the r about his memories of his child- d, his feelings about his parents, his pest sexual fantasies. Remarkably, ndo seemed to open up to him.

n due course both acknowledged their eriences with psychoanalysis. As the ctor explained, "I wanted him to for- [the character of] Paul and remember self and what was inside him. For him as a completely new method. He was inated by the risk, and afraid of the se of violation of his privacy." Brando Bertolucci developed a pattern. Each they huddled privately for several rs to discuss what they'd been thinking ut, and their talks seemed to evolve mutual psychotherapy sessions, with h man energizing the other.

"He was wonderful," Bertolucci later l. "I always fall in love with my actors l actresses, but especially with Mar- ." Once, holding a photograph of ndo, the director exclaimed, "Isn't he utiful? Just look at that face." He then ught the picture to his lips and kissed 'Oh, Marlon," he said, "you are good ugh to eat."

Brando's character is a world-weary, perately lonely, and disillusioned man , after the suicide of his wife, be- nes obsessed by Jeanne, a beautiful year-old woman. In the opening ne, in which Brando is standing on the -Hakeim bridge while the Métro roars overhead, Bertolucci chose to shoot actor's back as he clamped his hands r his ears. "I can't believe this," Bran- told an assistant director. "Bernardo is npletely crazy. He wants me to play s with my back to the camera." How- r, he went along and did the director better. Brando not only put his hands r his ears but also erupted in a heart- rcing scream. "I was shocked," said tolucci. "He started at such a violent ch that I said to myself, 'Maybe I can- not work at the level of this actor.' I was very scared."

Several days into the shoot Brando finally met Maria Schneider, the actress chosen to play the young woman. Schneider was the illegitimate daughter of French stage actor Daniel Gélin, one of Brando's apartment-mates during the summer of 1949, which he spent in Paris. Now Brando was to enact on film an obsessive, sadomasochistic affair with his old friend's daughter, who was not yet 20. The director had interviewed more than 100 actresses, and although Schneider had little acting experience—she'd left home at age 15, danced in a French stage comedy, worked as Brigitte Bardot's stand-in, and appeared in two small movie roles—Bertolucci thought she was the personification of the hip but bourgeois student. "She was a Lolita, but more perverse," he explained, adding that when he had asked her to take her clothes off during the screen test, "she became much more natural."

Later there would be much speculation about whether Schneider and Brando actually had an affair. Schneider confided to her father that she and Marlon had indeed begun one. It would seem that there was some residual bitterness, however, because later Schneider was quite outspoken about Marlon's age and flabbiness. "I never felt any sexual attraction to Brando," she said. "He's almost 50, and he is only beautiful to here," she added, gesturing to her neck. "He was very uptight about his weight; he kept pulling curtains whenever he changed clothes."

During the filming, as Bertolucci watched Brando with Schneider, he urged them to become more sexually explicit. "You are the embodiment of my prick," he told Marlon. "You are its symbol." Brando would diminish the importance of the movie by exclaiming in an interview, "I don't think Bertolucci knew what the film was about. And *I* didn't know what it was about. He went around telling everybody it was about his prick!"

Schneider, meanwhile, claimed that she understood what was happening, since she shared the same sexual proclivities that both Brando and Bertolucci were rumored to have. In her usual, unflinching way, she announced that she and Brando got along together because "we're both bisexual and it's beautiful." The sexual scenes, she added, were a way of "acting out Bernardo's sex problems."

On the day that Brando was to give his monologue over the body of his dead wife, Bertolucci saw new and extraordinary depths in his affect. As scripted, it was a genuinely moving and painful episode, but afterward Brando acknowledged that the scene had brought him to real anguish, because, as Daniel Gélin recalled, "he was remembering the death of his mother." Dodie Brando had tried to commit suicide at least once, and there was also the love and grief mixed with anger and a sense of betrayal in his character that paralleled Marlon's own ambivalence toward his mother. All of it pushed him beyond anything he'd ever done before. In front of the camera his pain, grief, and indignation were extraordinary, as if the inner Brando, propelled by a spring, had jumped out of a box.

For the scene in which Paul sodomizes Jeanne, the butter was Bertolucci's idea. "Get the butter!" Brando commands before he mounts Schneider from behind and forces her to repeat vile epithets against convention, religion, and the idea of family. "I'm going to tell you about the family. . . . Repeat it after me. . . . Holy family, church of good citizens. . . . The children are tortured until they tell their first lie. . . . And freedom is assassinated. . . . Family . . . you fucking, you fucking family," he rants in an orgasmic gasp as Schneider sobs out the black litany until he falls spent on top of her.

Bertolucci pushed Brando even harder when it came to the monologue in which his character was to reveal his past and cry with bitter revulsion. "Give me some reminiscences about your youth," the director instructed him when the moment came, and then told his cameraman to load 900 feet of film. "The scene was completely improvised, and Marlon was *truly* naked at that moment," he later explained. "I had no idea how long it was going to last."

The improvisation was framed by Schneider's asking Brando's character

Beauty Credits

Cover: Bening's hair styled with Paul Mitchell's hair-sculpting lotion. On her face, Gentle Beige Compact Finish Double Performance Makeup; on her eyes, Taupe 1 and Taupe 5 Compact Disc EyeShadow, Seal Brown Automatic Pencil, and Rich Brown More than Mascara; on her cheeks, Peach Dream Blushing Natural Cheek-Color; on her lips, Spice Spice Double Color Everlasting Lipstick and Champagne Just-a-Kiss High-Performance Lipshine S.P.F. 4, all by Estée Lauder. Beatty's hair styled with Aramis Malt[illegible] Protein-Enriched Styling Gel, on his face, Aramis Advanced Moisturizing Aftershave

Page 140: Bening's lips lined with Estée Lauder's Spice Lip Defining Pencil and shaded with Creme Brulee Double Matte Moisturizing Lipcolor

Page 164: Christian Dior's Lipstick and Nail Enamel in the color Sicily

BRANDO

about his memories of America. Brando paused and rubbed one eye, as if he were going into a self-induced meditation.

"Oh," he said with a sigh, "my father was a drunk, tough whore-fucker, barfighter, supermasculine, and he was tough. My mother was very, very poetic, and also a drunk. And uh-h . . . All my memories of when I was a kid was of her being arrested, nude. We lived in this small town, a farming community. . . . I'd come home after school. . . . She'd be gone, in jail or something." He stopped after a while, as if blocked. "I don't know. I can't remember very many good things." Then he began to describe another image from his troubled boyhood—the spring he was thrown out of military school and returned home in shame, totally at the mercy of his father's stern discipline. In contrast to earlier scenes, in which he had faked his sobs, real tears welled in his eyes. When he mentioned his old dog, Dutchie, his voice faded away. It was not another bit of business. He was unable to go on. In the silence, Bertolucci exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful."

Last Tango was presented on October 14, 1972, the final night of the New York Film Festival. Pauline Kael registered the shock of the audience by announcing that *Tango* was "the most powerfully erotic film ever made, and it may turn out to be the most liberating." She asserted that the date of the screening "should become a landmark in movie history comparable to May 29, 1913—the night *Le Sacre du printemps* was first performed—in music history. . . . Bertolucci and Brando have altered the face of an art form."

Last Tango would prove to be a true gold mine for Brando, since he earned a percentage of the gross. "It cost about $1.4 million to produce and its breakeven was about $3 million," explained producer Alberto Grimaldi. "The movie grossed more than $45 million, and it was still making money 20 years later. I would guess that Marlon earned at least $4 million from it, probably more."

Social Concerns

On March 27, 1973, Liv Ullmann and Roger Moore stood onstage at the annual Academy Awards ceremony, reading the nominees for best actor: "Marlon Brando for *The Godfather,* Michael Caine and Laurence Olivier for *Sleuth,* Peter O'Toole for *The Ruling Class,* and Paul Winfield for *Sounder.*" Then Ullmann announced, "The winner is . . . Marlon Brando!"

As the audience broke into thunderous applause, a statuesque Native American woman made her way to the podium. The clapping dwindled away into gasps of surprise and audible groans when she moved to the microphone. "My name is Sacheen Littlefeather," she said. "I'm Apache, and I am the president of the National Native American Affirmative Image Committee. I'm representing Marlon Brando this evening, and he has asked me to tell you . . . that he very regretfully cannot accept this very generous award. And the reasons for this are the treatment of American Indians today by the film industry and on television in movie reruns."

> "There was one scene when Marlon asked for a retake maybe 18 times, because in 17 of the takes Trevor was better."

As the broadcast's closing credits rolled across millions of TV screens, Littlefeather handed the press copies of Brando's 1,000-word statement scoring America and the film business alike for their treatment of Native Americans. She also confirmed that Marlon would soon be on his way to Wounded Knee, S Dakota, to support the American In Movement (AIM) protesters who been under siege there for four week

As it turned out, Brando did not Wounded Knee, but for more than a ade, beginning in the early 60s, he mitted himself to protesting social inju He rallied with Martin Luther King Southern Christian Leadership Confer CORE, and, later, the activist Black thers. But most of all, he pledged hi to supporting Native Americans. He shot at in Gresham, Wisconsin, during takeover of an Alexian-brotherhood tiate by a group of Menominee Indi Throughout this time, he was inordin generous with not only his time but also money; his contributions were estimate exceed $500,000. Unhappily, as a resu what AIM leaders Dennis Banks and Ru Means saw as Brando's unrealistic expe tions for social change, by the end of 70s his participation proved as frustra to the actor himself as to the Indians.

Lawsuits and Dreams

During the 1980s, Brando became m and more reclusive in his Los Ang home on Mulholland Drive, seemed to enter into more laws than movie negotiations. After Apo lypse Now in 1979, his performan were taken less than seriously, and frequently voiced his desire to m money and support his growing fa ly by means other than acting.

With the release of *Superman I* 1981, Brando revived his long-stand 1978 lawsuit against the film's prod ers, in the amount of $50 million. April 6, 1982, the suit was quietly sett out of court when producer Alexan Salkind and Warner Bros. agreed to p Brando a share of both *Superman* fil earnings estimated at between $10 and $ million. Brando, wrote one columni "made more money in the courtroom than he did on screen."

A few weeks later, Brando filed a s against Francis Ford Coppola, who h helped him win his second Oscar w *The Godfather.* The issue was Brand 11.3 percent of the adjusted gross fro *Apocalypse Now.* Brando claimed that addition to $8 million in residuals he w due $40 million in punitive damages.

In March 1983, Brando tried to orga ize his life by hiring yet another assista someone to run things at his house Mulholland Drive, including constructi and security. This time he turned to To Papke, a techie with a background


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films, computers, and electronics, whom he had met through a friend. Papke remained in Brando's employ for 14 months, after which he would work for the actor on individual projects for another six years. As with everyone coming into contact with Brando, he would experience the usual periods of excommunication and temporary disfavor. But what struck him the first day he reported for work was the inspired craziness of the actor's lifestyle.

"The first thing he said was 'I want to see if you're really as good as I think you are,'" Papke recalled. "'Do you have lockpicks?' I was afraid to say yes, but of course I did, and he led me outside to the building where he kept his motorcycles, the welding gear, and tools. It took me a while—two steel doors. I was standing there picking the lock, the lock went *click,* and then he said, 'Can you open anything else?' Eventually he had me working on all the locks in the whole place."

The 48-year-old Papke was exactly Brando's kind of guy, zany enough in his own right, bright, loyal, eager to please, but also unconventional, even though his usual outfit was a Botany "500" suit. "Throughout my relationship with Marlon, what he wanted to do was use technology to make lots of money," said Papke. "Money, though, wasn't ultimately what was pushing him. What motivates Marlon is the opinion of other people, and he wanted to do something on his own, a high-tech project that would gain him the respect of the world as someone of intellect and high achievement, not just some actor."

By Hollywood standards Brando was not living opulently. The main house of what was often described in the press as a sprawling Beverly Hills estate was in fact quite modest—3,000 square feet of open, whitewashed Japanese-style space. Yet, as Papke was beginning to see, the actor's impulse buying could be disastrous. On the weekends, spur of the moment, Brando was capable of sending Yachiyo Tsubaki, a Japanese heiress who was his serious girlfriend at this time, down the hill to pick up $2,000 worth of tape recorders. When it came to cameras, radio equipment, and tools, he was unstoppable.

"I could be browsing somewhere," recalled Papke, "then come back to Mulholland and say, 'Gee, Marlon, I saw this device which I think is pretty nifty.' He'd ask, 'What's the phone number?' and grab the phone. 'Hello? This is Marlon Brando. Do you have—yes, Marlon Brando. No, I really am Marlon Brando. . . . Uh-huh. Listen, do you have so-and-so?'"

Just for effect, Brando would sometimes dribble food out of his mouth while eating. Like a musician challenging his audience, he might also let loose long, rippling, glissando farts in the middle of a conversation, waiting for the other person's reaction. The apotheosis of Brando's "poo-poo, ca-ca, wee-wee stuff" was called "Dial-a-Fart." Brando and Papke were sitting around one day trying to think of something to do with the newly available 976 telephone numbers, a local variant of commercial 900 numbers. "Why not Dial-a-Fart?" said the 11-year-old daughter of Brando's personal assistant, Caroline Barrett. "You'd have to identify famous movie stars' farts."

Brando came unglued. "We were going to call up Charlton Heston and see if he'd fart for us," Papke recalled. "Marlon would call up all the movie stars."

"We rig it up so people would fart into the phone, and there's another contest there," said Brando, excited. "We'll call it Fart of the Week, Fart of the Month, Fart of the Year. And we could give a big prize."

Dial-a-Fart was a recurrent topic of conversation for weeks. Brando thought of sending a safari to Africa to record elephant farts. This, said Papke, degenerated into talk of the smallest audible fart, a mouse perhaps. Finally, with the solemnity of negotiating a film deal, Brando called Allen Susman, his attorney, to discuss the legalities of the plan. "Here are our ideas," he told Susman, running down Dial-a-Fart from A to Z. "What are the liabilities? The federal laws here, and the local ones?"

Soon the attorney was laughing, said Papke, who was on the extension. "Finally he said, 'Marlon, if you'll excuse the expression, if anyone gets wind of this, you're finished in Hollywood.' And then, *click,* he hung up the phone."

An equally comic scene occurred when Brando, in one of his frequent attempts at losing weight, decided to try stretching exercises and asked Papke for help. He had already purchased a rotating hoop-frame device and special hooked boots, from which he would be suspended, but, due to his girth, he found that he was unable to flip over and hang upside down. He sent two of his employees out to the garage for a winch that had been mounted on his truck, then had them bolt it to the ceiling of his bathroom.

"In the meantime," Papke recalled, "Yachiyo had come over to cheer him on. She was all in favor of it, since she had been making him every kind of salad even though he'd been paying employees from McDonald's in the Valley to come up on the sly and toss him stuff over the fence. You'd find the mess in the morning. Several Big Macs, French fries in the whole thing."

By late in the afternoon, after six hours had been spent locating the joists in the ceiling and setting up a 12-volt power supply for an on-off switch, Brando's two helpers had the apparatus in place and had tested the mounting. Soon Brando was hanging in the air. A new problem quickly became apparent, though. "He was hanging head down," Papke explained, "and because of his weight and blubber started to roll forward, almost choking him. He was coughing and muttering, unable to speak."

They immediately lowered him to the floor. Brando, however, was determined to stretch, and the solution he proposed was to try it horizontally. Detaching the winch from the ceiling, the two employees fixed another heavy screw eye into the wall of the bathroom opposite the door. Once again, Brando readied himself. "He wanted Yachiyo to straddle the door the way and hold on to his hands while the winch pulled from the opposite direction," said Papke. "But the winch was too strong that she couldn't hold on. But Marlon wasn't letting go either, and Yachiyo was being pulled through the door into an almost inverted position. When he finally released her, she popped through the doorway like a cork, and the whole megillah collapsed."

Then there was Marlon's touching attempt to reach out to his son Christian, who had had serious problems with drugs and drinking, by proposing that the two of them, together, get their high-school equivalency diplomas. Brando had never graduated from the military school he attended, and Christian, now 25, had gotten only as far as the 10th grade. Unfortunately, after only several weeks, the lack of application sank the program.

Just before the holiday season of 198[illegible] Brando embarked on an extraordinary new venture: giving acting lessons to Michael Jackson. Brando's connection to the singer had come through Quincy Jones, whom he had known since the late 60s. "He wanted to take his kids to Michael Jackson's concerts, especially when Cheyenne [Brando's daughter by

ita] was visiting from Tahiti," said Pat
nn, an actress who was for years a
nd and assistant of Brando's.
Quincy Jones had also been indirectly
olved in the hiring of Miko, Brando's
with Movita, as Jackson's bodyguard.
January 1984, Miko saved the singer
n his hair caught on fire during the
ing of a Pepsi commercial. It was not
sual for Miko to bring Jackson up to
lholland, and soon the young singer re-
ded Brando not merely as a father figure
as an idol. Jackson taped their sessions.
After a year of working for Brando,
Quinn was told that "there was no
re work." The reason Marlon let her
she later felt, was that Yachiyo had
ome jealous. "That's when he ar-
ged for me to work as Michael's
retary," said Quinn, "and he took
over to the house where [Jackson]
d with his parents in Encino."
When they arrived, Jackson
eted them at the door dressed in
Pinocchio outfit, complete with
g nose. "It was quite surreal,"
d Quinn. "He was standing
re like a character you see at
Disneyland parade, and he
nt the entire meeting in this
up. Marlon's idea was that
ce Michael was starting a pro-
ction company I could get in
the ground floor. But after six
eks I couldn't bear it any long-
One day I asked myself, What
I doing here? I was in Mi-
ael's bedroom, with him looking
er my shoulder as I was changing
chimp's diapers. That's when I
cided to leave. But Marlon was fu-
us at my decision. He was sure I
uld have had this wonderful career
Jackson's film company."
Brando's failure to lose weight was
ported by British tabloids as the rea-
n for Yachiyo Tsubaki's storming out
the house during the spring of 1989,
er devoting her life to Marlon for sev-
years. But more than likely it was the
lmination of many disputes and Bran-
's increasing interest in his housekeep-
Cristina Ruiz, a young Guatemalan.
When Cristina became pregnant, Bran-
summoned Tom Papke and told him
locate a house in the San Fernando
lley to buy and to work out the finan-
al and legal arrangements. On May 13,
89, Brando accompanied Cristina to
int John's Hospital in Santa Monica,
here he watched her give birth to a
ughter named Ninna Priscilla Brando.
can't believe I can feel all this love at
y age," he reportedly announced.

1990: The Shooting and the Trial

Two hours after Marlon Brando reported a shooting at his home on Mulholland Drive on the night of May 16, 1990, homicide detectives arrived at the house. Paramedics had pronounced the victim dead of a single .45-caliber gunshot wound to the face, and Christian Brando, Marlon's 32-year-old son, had been handcuffed and was on his way down to the station for questioning, having blurted out to the police that he'd accidentally killed his pregnant half-sister Cheyenne's Tahitian boyfriend.

Marlon Brando explained to a detective that Cheyenne, her mother, Tarita, and her boyfriend, Dag Drollet, had been living in the house at his invitation. Cheyenne had been having severe psychological problems for the past year, owing to an automobile crash and resultant plastic surgery. The actor had brought the girl from Tahiti to Beverly Hills a week earlier to see a psychiatrist.

> "He cannot voice the deepest part of himself: it hurts too much. That, in part, is the cause of his 'mumbling.'"

That evening Christian had visited the house for two reasons, Brando said: to bring his pistol for safekeeping and to take Cheyenne out to dinner. About 15 minutes after their return, Brando became aware that they were in the living room. He had not heard the shot, but in the living room he found Christian holding a large handgun, and his son told him that he had just shot and killed Dag.

Nine months later, on February 26, 1991, defense attorney Robert Shapiro (who is currently defending O. J. Simpson) called Brando to the stand to testify at his son's sentencing hearing. As the actor rose from his seat, his face was expressionless. For the most important performance in his life, he had chosen to wear a rather old, somewhat frayed-looking black turtleneck and a rumpled blue cashmere blazer, its tailoring pulled out of shape by his enormous girth. Slowly he walked across the front of the courtroom to the witness stand. The clerk completed the recitation of the oath with the usual phrase, "so help you God?"

"No, I will not swear on God," Brando announced abruptly. "I will not swear on God, because I don't believe in the conceptional sense and in this nonsense. What I will swear on is my children and my grandchildren."

"We have a different oath we can give him," the judge said quickly, gesturing to the clerk.

After the oath, Brando sat in the witness chair, but because of his weight—more than 300 pounds, it appeared—he had to shift sideways at times, his arm draped over the railing to support himself.

Announcing his name as "Marlon Brando Jr.," he responded in a muted, almost choked voice to Shapiro's request that he describe Christian's childhood years, including "any traumatic experiences." Brando began a rambling narrative about his relationship with Anna Kashfi. He called her "as negative a person as I have met in this life," adding, "I think the tincture of what her character is can be encapsulated in the fact she is not in this courtroom today."

Brando told the court that he had married Kashfi ("probably the most beautiful woman I have ever known") because she was pregnant and he didn't want his child to be illegitimate, but that the marriage soon ended. His voice grew angry as he described how she had lied to him about her Indian parentage.

He recalled one ugly battle with Kashfi after she had gotten a court order requiring him to send a chauffeured limousine whenever Christian was to be brought to Mulholland Drive. One time he drove himself and Anna became irate with his explanation that he had done so because the limo was late. "She took a

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fencing foil, and beat me on the back with it, and it hurt a lot. I pretended that it didn't mean anything at all. . . . I have never said anything bad to Christian about his mother. I have always tried to tell him that his mother was ill."

He announced, "I think perhaps I failed as a father," and though "the tendency is always to blame the other parent," he admitted that "there were things that I could have done differently had I known better at the time, but I didn't."

Asked how far Christian went in school, Brando didn't answer directly. "As far as I am concerned, Christian is still going to school." He then spoke warmly about his son's going to technical school, where "his tactics in welding were very good." He was invited to be a teacher, "for which I was very proud, and he had to take his written tests, which scared him to death."

"Some people have reported that Christian is the son of a rich and famous man. What would be your comment to that?" Shapiro asked.

Now Brando flared up again. "Then either they are a lying son of a bitch or they don't know what they are talking about. Of all the children I have," he continued, "Christian is the child who, from the beginning, has been the most independent. . . . He wanted his own identity, and he works hard to get it."

As Christian silently wept, his father's anger returned to the fore, and he lashed out at the reporters with whom, he said, Christian "is still struggling. This is the *Marlon* Brando case," he said heatedly. "If [Christian] was black, if he was Mexican, or if he was poor, he wouldn't be in this courtroom. Everyone wants to get a cut of the pie, including the—" He stopped himself abruptly.

"I want to direct your attention now to the events of May the 16th," Shapiro said, "and I want you to relate to the judge when you first saw Christian that day, the day of this horrible event."

"What day is that?" Brando asked.

"The day of the death of Dag Drollet."

"Oh."

There were gasps in the courtroom. Jacques Drollet, the victim's Tahitian father, who had been staring at Brando intently, now shook his head in angry despair. Later in his testimony, after Brando had recounted the events of the evening of the shooting, Shapiro asked, "Did you see the body being taken out?" Again Bra was confused, substituting Dag's name that of Dag's father, Jacques Drollet.

"As much as it may not be believed Dag, Lisette [Dag's mother]—that is loved Dag," he said. "He was going to the father of my grandchild, and I tall to him a lot and about taking dope giving dope to Cheyenne. . . . That about a week before, because I had find out from him what kind of dr Cheyenne took." Then he returned to removal of Dag's body, the scene t Shapiro had prompted him to descri "When they brought him out," he called, "I asked some officers to un the bag, and I wanted to say good-b and admire him properly. I kissed hi told him I loved him, and that is all."

Throughout, Jacques Drollet sta back at him, and even though he, t had tears in his eyes, there was not slightest sign of forgiveness on his face

The judge turned to Stephen Barsh the prosecutor, expecting his cross-exa ination. But for the past several ho the prosecutor had been watching Br do carefully, calculating his own mov He was deeply distrustful of the testin ny, suspecting that all the confusions, the deflections, all the inability to answ a direct question, were Brando at best. "He may be acting," Barshop w overheard saying, and by the ti Shapiro finished he had made up mind. He was not going to ask for an core or take the chance of allowing t greatest actor in the world to elicit m sympathy for himself and his son. have no questions," he told the judg who then excused Brando from t stand.

Several days later, after extensive pl bargaining, Christian Brando was se tenced: 6 years for voluntary manslaug ter and an additional 4 years because gun was used in the commission of t crime, a total of 10 years in a sta prison. He would be eligible for parole about four and a half years.

Christian was hustled from the cou room by the bailiff, and Brando follow after him through the rear exit. The ar in back was caged off, with heavy bar ers and chain-link fences surrounding t driveway. Hundreds of photographe and reporters were massed on the f side, shoving cameras and microphon through the bars. Brando walked out in the slight drizzle that had started to fa his eyes hidden behind heavy wra around sunglasses. He stepped into Mercedes, the gate was lifted, and was driven away. □

EVANS

ntinued from page 162) wander across borders is to enter an architectural shback montage on two acres just north Sunset Boulevard.

When I arrive at the estate, which is ac-sed by a winding, tree-lined driveway, ntains are burbling, hearths are blazing en though it's a warm day), and staff prowling. But the principal player is where to be seen. Robert Evans, I have rned, likes to make an entrance. A but-in a waistcoat and splashy tie has lked me to the screening room, near the nis court and swimming pool, where I seated in what is reverentially referred as "Jack's chair." There I wait. The ckout curtains have been closed and pitch-dark. After a lengthy interval, h a suddenness that could only be ged, the lord of the realm appears. rough a break in the curtain, in a blade white light, he walks on to begin his ne: "Well, hello," says Evans with a ght shake of the head, as if he were sur-sed to find someone here. As he strolls o the room, an electrical current pulls blackout curtains apart and light urs in after him. He stands before me, apparition in little oval-shaped rose-col-d shades, a gray sweater, gray pants, a ped shirt, and a bolo tie.

This is a man so thoroughly put togeth-he seems assembled from disparate rts. The hair is a blackened frizzy pom-dour, swept up in front and silver at ends; his face is wide and puffy, col-d an otherworldly shade of brown. e little spectacles (he owns approxi-tely 60 different styles of eyeglass mes) are from Alain Mikli, and he's al-ys armed with two pairs—one for his e, the other to grip. (This is not a life d without props.) His walk is, to say least, unique: half strut, half prance, ns glued firmly to his sides. His black ther pumps (no socks) make a clopping ise on the wood floors inside and the gstones outside. He is armed and ready h ideas for this piece.

"As a producer I know you need an an-for this," says Evans. "I was going to ggest, not to seem overbearing, but how out 'The Great Gatsby' as a theme?" on old magazine articles are brought in a factotum and spread out on the table ore us—including one entitled "Is Bob ans Really Jay Gatsby?" dating from 73, when he was producing a screen aptation of the novel. He had bought the rights from Scott Fitzgerald's daughter as a gift for Ali MacGraw, whose fondest wish was to play Daisy Buchanan. When he surprised her with the news of the acquisition, he says she cooed, "Evans, you really *are* Gatsby." He seems, even after the dissolution of their marriage, the failure of the film, and all these tumultuous years, to have kept on believing her.

Poring over the frayed magazine spreads, sensually caressing the yellowed pages, Evans obviously gains pleasure from the adulatory headlines and the flattering photos. And the same goes for every part of his sprawling scrapbook house—every dramatic high-ceilinged room, each imported French brasserie plank, the dozens of silk shirts in his closets, the specially made candles that burn all day and night. Every object, every picture of every guest is a key that unlocks a memory and another and another. We have entered a realm beyond reality, part Norma Desmond, part García Márquez.

"The place is so much a part of him," says MacGraw, who was lady of the house from 1969 to 1972. She moved back in last year with her two cats and two dogs after her house burned down in the Malibu fire. (Evans remains friends with even his nonresident ex-wives: Camilla Sparv, 1965–66, and Phyllis George, 1977–78, although he's lost touch with his first wife, Sharon Hugueny, whom he married and divorced in 1961.) "He's imprinted everywhere," MacGraw adds, "his habits, the books, which flower, what color candle, which music. I think it's an extraordinarily beautiful little but very dramatic place."

And so it has been painstakingly conceived. "This house has been my second act in life," Evans says, always mindful of his own story arc. "And it's been one hell of an act. . . . It's had the highest highs and the lowest lows. It's had the most romantic, extraordinary, and desperate moments . . . and you know what the terrible thing is," he adds, slipping into an old English thespian's voice. "And I say it somewhat sadly: I'll never have again in the future the times I've had here in the past." At moments like these, you can almost sense him reeling backward into his past, perhaps never completely returning.

"I first walked over here from the Beverly Hills Hotel with Norma Shearer," Evans tells me as we take a stroll around to the front yard. In his book, he recounts, "We entered a hidden oasis, protected by hundred foot tall eucalyptus trees. The French regency home was owned by James Pendleton, considered one of the finest interior designers in the country." The house was one of Greta Garbo's hideaways and thus, by Beverly Hills standards, consecrated ground. The Pendleton estate had a reputation for being among the most elegant in the city. Designed in 1940 by John Woolf, the architect of choice for such Hollywood worthies as Judy Garland, Vincente Minnelli, Fanny Brice, Cary Grant, George Cukor, and Mervyn Le Roy, the structure is an early example of Southern California Regency, a vernacular style loosely based on 18th-century French architecture: a Versailles Trianon by way of Cedric Gibbons.

When he first visited this house, Evans was a 26-year-old executive for Evan-Picone, the clothing company co-founded and run by his brother, Charles. He had just been "discovered" by Shearer at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, and was impressed by the high style and opulence of the place she showed him. A full decade later, in 1966, when he was installed as Paramount's production V.P., the studio's late, legendary overlord, Charles Bluhdorn, instructed him to purchase a house that could double as a locale for private screenings and executive functions. Evans had only one place in mind. He paid a call on the aging James Pendleton and persuaded him to sell him the estate for $290,000. "Paramount put at least a million into it," Evans recalls, "an army of 60 studio engineers, carpenters, painters, electricians, bricklayers, built outbuildings, and expanded the pool house into a screening room with state-of-the-art projection facilities and the largest seamless screen ever made—16 feet wide. It took them three months; it should have taken three years."

"Charlie didn't want to go to the studio, because people would ask him for things," Evans says. "And more deals were made in this house than were ever made at Paramount. Charlie bought countries here! One day men from every conglomerate met here and they actually split up the country, which was not allowed. It's anti-trust. And like a schmuck I didn't know, I wasn't even invited to the lunch!"

The celebrated screening room, a pavilion situated between the oval pool and the tennis court, is a wood-paneled hideaway that has long functioned as a private film-industry clubhouse. Dailies for *The Godfather, Chinatown, Rosemary's Baby, Marathon Man, Love Story, Plaza Suite, Black Sunday,* among many others, were projected here. In the halcyon days, Evans hosted weekly movie parties for all-star crowds. Warren Beatty, Dustin Hoffman, Mike Nichols, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Cher, and Susan Sarandon all watched films here, sitting in oversize loungers that lined the rear wall. Recently

EVANS

he had the old, tattered chairs replaced with new recliners, but now he almost wishes he'd kept the originals.

"The stuffing was coming out of the old chairs. I couldn't give 'em away to the Salvation Army, so I had them replaced. And then Jack Nicholson comes over here for a screening one day and he says, 'Hey, kid, where them old blackies?' And I say, 'Out in back. Why?' and he says, 'Can I have 'em?' and I say, 'Sure, take 'em. I can't give 'em away.' And the next day, nine A.M., a truck pulls in here and picks up the chairs. And the next time Nicholson comes over here for a screening, he says, 'Thanks, kid.' And I say, 'For what?' And he says, 'Them blackies—don't you know they was the most valuable thing you had in the house? Everybody wants one—Warren, Bernardo, Faye Dunaway, they all want them blackies. You don't know what you have, kid. Them blackies changed all of our lives. History was made in them chairs.'"

So much showbiz lore goes with this house it almost seems like a special branch of the Hollywood Wax Museum. Evans tends to drift, even scamper, around the place. "This is the entrance," he says, clip-clopping into a formal oval vestibule with the walls covered in a floral-printed cork that was fashionable in the late 60s. Next thing I know I'm being positioned in the center of the glass-walled living room to view the architectural *pièce de résistance:* a symmetrical vista featuring the house's marble hearth and, through a pane of glass above it (where the chimney flue normally would be), a second fireplace on the same axis visible in the distant screening-room pavilion. But tonight things aren't quite as they should be. "The fire! The fire's not on!" Evans bellows, dashing out to grab the butler. Suddenly a frantic figure in a waistcoat goes running out the back door. "Now, go stand right there," he instructs as the flames begin to shoot up in the distance. Outside it is summer.

Weaving, darting, wending in and out of soaringly fenestrated rooms where Gregorian chants pipe over the sound system, Evans wields a little yellow flashlight, all the better to point out *objets.* In the living room: "Ali gave me that Georgian silver. . . . I bought that table from the Betty Hutton estate; she had it cut down to a coffee table because you couldn't get tables that size." He dotes on a 19th-century Steinway left behind by his fourth wife, Phyllis George: "Worth a fortune . . . definitely one of my favorite pieces. There's something that's Fabergé on the mantel that Phyllis gave me." In the hallway: "This is Biedermeier," he says, turning the light on a bronze sculpture of a young woman that is housed in a vaulted niche. "It's a stove. You put coals in it and smoke comes out her ass!" In the bedroom: "Alain Delon made me this parquet mink quilt because he used to stay here for long periods of time. . . . Bob and Natalie gave me this cup as a wedding present—they signed it on the bottom. . . . Lew and Edie Wasserman gave me this. . . . Henry Kissinger gave me this jade figurine from his first trip to China—see, a beautiful jade figurine . . . "

> "Now I'm back on top, and don't you think it doesn't taste sweet."

Wandering halls, gazing at framed photos, and poring over thousands of images scattered across tables throughout the place, Evans seems haunted by—yet inexorably drawn to—the past. "Kate Jackson . . . Francis Coppola," he says, pulling frames off walls, pointing out old, often former friends, dress extras from the living movie. In some pictures he appears to be an entirely different man. There's a vitality that's been lost: his face then appears to have had more character, deeper lines, bags under the eyes that seem, as if by magic, to have been erased. His hair flows long and greasy in the 1970s; his eyeglasses are different in every photo. "Here's Beverly Johnson. . . . She broke the color barrier of being the first black girl on the cover of *Vogue,* and I broke her barrier of being the first white guy she fucked! And you can use that!" Moving on: "This is Passover . . . Kirk Douglas, Walter and Carol Matthau, Sue Mengers and Jean-Claude Tramont, and Wa Beatty in a yarmulke! . . .

"Henry Kissinger . . . we shared many unusual things together. Noth wrong with what we shared, but he so naïve," Evans says, his voice fa wistfully. "By the way, he's very wor about the book."

(A Kissinger "bombshell" was one the main publicity teases for *The* But, unless you count as explosive revelation that the Doctor dropped Kid cold after his adventures in the caine trade, Evans fails to deliver.)

It would be hard to find a famous ch acter from the 60s and 70s who has in some way benefited from Evans's travagance. When I ask him who been a houseguest here, he open three-ring binder and reads m litany: "Richard Gere has sta here," he says, gesturing tow the guest quarters where MacG now lives. ("Meant to be a v sexy room.") "Mia Farrow, Ri ard Burton, David Niven liv here for quite a while. Robert A man, Salvador Dalí, Ted Kennedy, Olivier, Dustin, C Grant, Audrey Hepburn, Ro Schneider, Liv Ullmann, Sum Redstone, Bob Towne, Dr. J, b Mariel *and* Margaux Hemingw and Roman Polanski." The direct retreated here in 1969 after h wife, Sharon Tate, was murde by the Manson family. "How I member cradling Roman," Evans wri in his book. "I felt his pain. Even thou criticized, I went the extra nine yards, d ing whatever I could, whatever to ea his suffering."

Those were Evans's golden day "From 1965 to 1980, no one had a mo glamorous 15 years," he says. But by t mid-80s he was in for his own bout of s fering. After a playmate introduced hi to what he terms "the world of white," was eventually convicted for possession cocaine. Then a tremendous financial lo on *The Cotton Club* left him broken a depressed. "Instead of basking in the gl ry of achievements past, I was a rat co nered, my carcass lay naked for the l cust's ink," he writes in *The Kid,* with ty ical restraint.

In 1989 he sold the house to his neigh bor Tony Murray, a French entrepreneu for a quick infusion of cash. He hit bo tom soon after. "I didn't realize how de pressed I would be when the house wa taken away from me," he says. "I sold i for one-half the price it was worth



Evans, a umbler d as a gift e louse, his g room. ge d is from *d Who the West,* he in 1958.

rything in it. I began renting it, pay- $25,000 a month so I didn't have to ve out. . . . I threw myself into an asy- . . . . I wanted to get into a car and one way, kid. I was going to kill my- no theatricality."

At the time, Evans was producing *Two Jakes* with Jack Nicholson. "We uld come back here to watch the ies every night and Jack saw me ivel in front of him," he says. "We d together, we actually cried together, ause I didn't have my house. Jack was sitive enough to see that loss." And en Evans resolved to buy the house k, and his overtures to Murray fell . Nicholson took matters into his own ds. "He got on a plane and flew to nte Carlo for 48 hours to see Murray. caught him in his bathrobe as he was ting ready for the Red Cross ball!" cholson talked him into selling the se back. He didn't make "one penny fit," says Evans. "Murray said, 'You ple in show business are all crazy. I n't want anyone in the world to think I got one dollar from Robert Evans!'"

"I suppose I had it too good," a repentant Evans tells me later in the evening, his sunglasses still perched on his face. "I was cavalier and not cautious, and I paid with my ass, my pocketbook, my head, and almost my life . . . but at that point the house was my survival. I never thought I would get it back."

And now that he's done it, Robert Evans says, he's prepared not to look back. "I know one thing: I'll never recapture those years. I'm not trying to you've got to move on to different things," he says. "This is the second act, closing on this house. This is the last story that's going to be done on this house," he assures me. "I've become a recluse. . . . It's like the movie *The Servant,* when the servant takes over the house–but the house has taken over the person. . . . My barber comes up here, my shirtmaker, my pants guy comes up here they want to come up here! The lawyers, directors. . . . Before, it was the last bastion of my dignity . . . the best prop I had. Well, my brain was the best prop. I couldn't have come back without it . . . but now I'd like to get my priorities in shape. I'm lookin' for those three letters, P-O-M. That's peace of mind," he says, his feet propped up on the thick manuscript of his book.

"By the way, they're taking out an ad for the book on Sunset Boulevard. It's going to say, 'To Hell and Back,'" he tells me as we walk out to my car. The servants have been sent home, the fires in the hearths are now extinguished, the fountains no longer burble. Evans gives me the bolo tie from around his neck, and says, "Here, kid, I've had good luck ever since I've worn this . . . and I know where I can get another." As the house's electric gate opens slowly, scraping along pavement, I can't help but think of the line in *Chinatown,* spoken by Noah Cross, the wily old character who once owned all of the water in L.A.: "Politicians, ugly buildings, and whores all get respectable if they last long enough."

Robert Evans may still have a way to go.

LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 146) was extended in the old show-business manner of a star honoring a great older star. The library was converted into her makeup-and-fitting room. The costumers and makeup artists came to her rather than her having to go to the studio. Her work schedule never exceeded two or three hours a day, in the afternoons. Evenings, during her three-week stay, Beatty often visited her just to talk, or drove her around to look at places she remembered from the years she lived there. Once, he asked her about Howard Hughes, about whom he has a near obsession. Hepburn was romantically involved with Hughes more than 50 years ago. "She called him 'my Howard,'" he told me. Her invitations to dinner went as follows: "Come at seven. Have a drink. We'll eat at 7:30. And you'll leave at nine."

At the end of their stay, Nora said to one of Hepburn's friends, "Warren's a gentleman of the old school. He always called her Miss Hepburn." Certainly, as he talked about her that night at the beach, his devotion and admiration seemed limitless. "I could look at that scene of hers over and over again," he said. "She's an inspiration to be around."

On the final day of shooting, Hepburn received the ultimate soundstage tribute, a standing ovation from cast and crew. It had been her intention to stay on in Los Angeles for a few days after she finished her scene, but the Warner's plane became available on short notice, and she and Nora left in a hurry. The next day the massive January earthquake struck Los Angeles. Both Beatty's house and the house that Hepburn had just vacated were badly damaged.

When Beatty talks about the earthquake, he gets the same look on his face as everyone else I have spoken with who experienced that terrible night. He had had trouble sleeping and had gotten up and gone to another room to read and fallen asleep there. When the earthquake hit, he ran toward the center of the house, where he found Annette, who had already grabbed the baby. They huddled together in a doorframe and later ran out to the driveway and waited until it was light.

Annette Bening came home after Heather MacRae's rehearsal. She was massively pregnant, full of praise about her friend's performance, charming, beautiful, funny, and the possessor of a dazzling smile and an infectious laugh. "How did you guys get on?" she asked.

There was one thing I knew for sure by then. Deadline or no deadline, the private part of Warren Beatty was not going to allow me, or anyone else, to see *Love Affair* until he was damned good and ready to show it, and he was not yet ready.

"I'd really like to see it, Warren," I said again.



Beatty, who plays the piano beautifully, was photographed by Dominick Dunne at a party at the Vincente Minnellis' in the 60s.

"What are you doing tomorrow?"

"There's a hearing on the Menendez case, but I'll be out by noon."

"O.K. Come over tomorrow to the editing room."

His editing room is not at Warner Bros. It is in a building in a mall at the top of Beverly Glen and Mulholland Drive. As he walked me through the large space which encompasses his offices and editing facilities, introducing me to the members of his staff, he showed me an area that is being converted into a playroom for Kathlyn and her friends when she comes to visit. His film editor is Bob Jones, who won an Academy Award for co-writing the screenplay of *Coming Home*. Jones was working at the Avid editing system. On the mon I saw Beatty arrive at his seat o plane, look down at Bening, who i ready in the window seat, and sit d next to her. "Listen, we don't wan disturb you when you're working," B ty said quickly to Jones. The frame the Avid machine froze, and that wa much as I saw of the picture. All I tell you is that Warren Beatty is wea a dark-blue shirt in the scene.

Beatty suggested a cup of coffee an iced tea in a pizza joint in the n We walked through a long arcade. He wearing a white shirt open at the n and jeans, and he is in very trim co tion. I had heard an occasional refere to "my trainer." He walks briskly, ke talking, looks just above the eye leve people who stare at him. Suddenly voice called out my name from the n parking lot. It was Toby Rafelson, an friend, who was o married to director B Rafelson. Toby was i jam. She was driv a friend's Jaguar a could not get the key turn in the ignitio Beatty said, "Give the key. I can start it you." He got into t Jag, but he could start it, either. "Lo here's what to do," said to Toby. "Do y see that building? N office is on the seco floor. Go in and t them I sent you a they'll telephone whoe er to come and fix it."

We went into San Pietro's pizza parl which is his hangout. T waitress called, "Hi, Warren. Iced tea?"

"Diet Coke," he replied.

"How's Kathlyn?"

"Great."

A child of about six came to the tab and asked him if he would sign an a tograph for her mother, who was seate at another table, smiling an emba rassed smile. "Sure," he said. "What your name?" The little girl told hi and he chatted with her for a moment.

"Thank you," said the child, taking t paper with the autograph.

"Thank *you,*" Beatty replied.

One of the unknown facts of Warre Beatty's life is that he plays the pian beautifully. Years ago, before anyone ev heard of him, he played cocktail-loung piano at a bar in New York calle


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LOVE STORY

Clavin's. In *Mickey One,* a fascinating but obscure film directed by Arthur Penn, he was a nightclub piano player. I heard him play once years ago, at a party at the home of the late film director Vincente Minnelli and his then wife, Denise, who is now Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale of San Francisco. Beautiful women in evening clothes flocked around the piano to listen to him. I took a photograph of him there, which I have in a scrapbook. He only vaguely remembered the night. "Who was there?" he asked.

I named some of the women. "Suzy was one of them," I said.

"Suzy who?"

"Suzy, Aileen Mehle, the society columnist."

"Oh, yeah, Suzy," he said, smiling, as he remembered. "She was kinda cute."

He patted the table and said, "This is where we wrote *Bugsy,* Jimmy Toback and me. Barry Levinson and I worked on *Bugsy* right here," he added, referring to the director of the film. Then he pointed to another table. "I met Annette right there," he said. At the time, Bening was an up-and-coming actress of exceptional talent, known within the industry but as yet unfamous, having delivered superb performances in *Valmont, Postcards from the Edge,* and *The Grifters.* She had come to meet him about the part of Virginia Hill in *Bugsy.*

Prior to their meeting, Beatty had been quoted as saying to Barry Levinson, "The thing about Bugsy Siegel . . . he was very promiscuous throughout his life, until he met Virginia Hill. That's what makes the story so vital. When they got together, he never went after another woman. . . . He found someone who accepted him for what he was."

Annette Bening was born in 1958, the fourth child of a couple from Iowa who moved to Topeka, then Wichita, then San Diego before she was seven. Her father was the manager of an insurance company. Her mother was a soloist in church.

"I was having a great life. I was happy," said Beatty, recalling his life before the meeting with Annette. The effect she made on him was profound. "It was like I was driving in high gear, and then I shifted into park. Later, driving down Benedict Canyon, I had to stop the car. What had happened to me was so fully engaging that I had to pull over. I sat there for about five minutes, and I thought it through. It was as if all the nines turned over and everything made sense. I hadn't realized quite until that moment that I hadn't necessarily expected things to make sense. I thought I had had an unusual life, that I had been well rewarded in so many ways, but in other ways things had not come together as well. I was not shaking. It was not an emotional moment. Who knows what leads you to the moment where you are?"

It is a fact that the women in his life have mostly been the women in his career, but this meeting was more. One review of *Bugsy* described the pairing of the tw "more incendiary than anything betw Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart between Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh

The next day I flew to London. made plans to meet one more t in New York, on the day after my turn, when, by happenstance, he wo also be there. At a party under a in Kensington Gardens sponsored by *ity Fair* to benefit the Serpentine Gall I sat next to Joan Collins, who was lo ing especially wonderful in black lace v

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 8: Photographs, top to bottom, by Cecil Beaton/Sotheby's, London; Michael Roberts; François Halard. **Page 14:** Photographs, top to bottom, by John Kelly/Camera Press/Retna Ltd., Louis Psihoyos, Chuck Nacke. **Page 26:** Photographs, bottom left, robes from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; bottom right, robes by special order from Fernando Sanchez, 212-929-5060. **Page 48:** Photograph from Dalmas/Sipa Press. **Page 74:** Photographs, top, from Ron Galella Ltd.; bottom, from Photoreporters. **Page 86:** Photograph from Agence France-Presse. **Page 94:** Photographs, right, by Andrei Lounin/Private Pictures. **Page 102:** Bustier and fake-fur suit from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A., and Ultimo, Chicago; stockings from Fogal of Switzerland, N.Y.C.; stylist for Art & Commerce; hairstylist for the Pierre Michel Salon at the Plaza, N.Y.C.; makeup artist for Oz New York. **Page 106:** Photographs, top, from Camera Press/Globe Photos; bottom, from Camera Press/Imapress. **Page 117:** T-shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and the Calvin Klein stores, Palm Beach and Dallas; pants from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills and San Francisco; shoes from Diego Della Valle, N.Y.C. **Page 118:** Shirt from Alice Underground, N.Y.C.; styled by Andrew Dosunmu for Achard & Associates; hair and makeup by Colin Booker for Salon Dada. **Page 120:** Dress and socks by Calvin Klein, shoes by Barneys private label, all from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; styled by Scott Newkirk for Ivy Bernhard Artists Rep; hair and makeup by Genevieve for Oz New York. **Page 122:** Photographs, clockwise from top, by Alistair Morrison, Ashkan Sahihi/Outline, Ted Morrison, Stephen Sigoloff. **Page 127:** Photographs: Top, clothing courtesy of Holt Renfrew Canada; styled by Luigi Carrubba, hair and makeup by David Goveia, both for the Artist Group; photographed at the Centennial Park Golf Centre, Etobicoke, Canada. Bottom, styled by Jennifer Elster; grooming by Linda Daniele for the Louis Licari Color Group. **Page 128:** Castillo: dress by Lella Nelson, from Blake, Chicago; scarves from Toshiro, Chicago; earrings from Ultimo, Chicago. Chávez: suit by Dolce & Gabbana, from Blake, Chicago; earrings from Art Effect, Chicago. Alvarez: tank dress by Ghost, gown by Helen Storey, both from Showroom Seven, N.Y.C.; shoes by Robert Clergerie, from Ultimo, Chicago; earrings from Krivoy, Chicago. Cisneros: dress by Whistles, from Blake, Chicago; cardigan by Lianne Barnes, from Showroom Seven, N.Y.C.; shoes by Dolce & Gabbana, from Blake, Chicago; necklace from Art Effect, Chicago. Styled by Lucy Curry; makeup by Darcy McGrath for Shu Uemura; hair by Dan Sharp for Arlene Wilson; bench and tatting from Gary Marks Antique & Contemporary, Chicago. **Page 132:** Photographs, center right, by Roxanne Lowit; bottom right, by Carol Whaley. **Page 134:** Photograph, top, grooming by Lynne Easton for Aveda. **Page 135:** Styled by Mariane Apodac Cloutier; grooming by Kerry Malouf for Visages Style **Page 136:** Alison Stewart: shirt by Ghost, skirt by Li Barnes, both from Showroom Seven, N.Y.C.; shoes by L Whitcomb; barrettes by James Arpad. Kennedy: dres Anna Sui; tights by Hanes; bracelets by Erickson Bea from Showroom Seven, N.Y.C. Jon Stewart: jeans and T by Paul Smith; jacket by Cheap & Chic by Mosc Soren: jacket and boots by Todd Oldham; tank top by Lagerfeld; miniskirt by Marc Jacobs. Rappaport: jacke Jysp Johnson; T-shirt by Paul Smith. Styled by Kelly Leig Ackerman; hair, makeup, and grooming by Troi Olliv and Joe J. Simon for Oz New York. **Pages 140–41:** top and leggings from N. Peal Cashmere, N.Y.C. and Francisco. His cardigan from Sulka, N.Y.C., Chicago, L.A.; trousers from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C. **Pages 142–43:** top from Cashmere Cashmere, N.Y.C. and Chicago; gings from N. Peal Cashmere, N.Y.C. and San Franci His shirt from Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue, both in N and all Nordstrom and Macy's stores on the West Co trousers from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; sunglasses from the G gio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, Palm Beach, and erly Hills. **Page 147:** Robes from Bergdorf Goodm N.Y.C. **Pages 152–53:** Large photograph from B. J. H ris of Gillman & Soame Oxford; inset from A.P./W World Photos. **Page 162:** Photograph, left, from Everett Collection. **Pages 164–65 and 167:** Dress fr Bagutta, N.Y.C., Comme des Fous, L.A., Neiman Marc L.A. and San Francisco, and Saks Fifth Avenue, Washing D.C., and Chicago; earrings from Boutique Accessoires Y Paris; hairstylist and makeup artist for the Carole Agen **Page 167:** Shoes from the Yves Saint Laurent boutiqu N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; earrings from Boutique Accesso YSL, Paris. **Pages 169 and 172–73:** Paintings court of the Philadelphia Museum of Art; photographs of paintin by Graydon Wood. **Page 177:** Photograph courtesy the Leo Castelli Gallery. **Page 178:** "Brando's Way" from *Brando: The Biography,* by Peter Manso, to be p lished in October by Hyperion; © 1994 by the author. Ph tograph from Sotheby's, London. **Page 179:** Photogra from Retna Ltd. **Page 181:** Photograph from Springe Bettmann Film Archive. **Pages 182–83:** Photographs fr Archive Photos. **Pages 184–85:** Photographs, left, fr Sipa Press; right, from Photofest. **Page 187:** Photogra from A.P./Wide World Photos. **Page 200:** Photogra from the collection of Dominick Dunne. **Page 208:** Ph tographs, top left and top right, from U.P.I./Bettmann; bo tom, by Thomas McAvoy/*Life* magazine, © by Tim Warner. Drawing from Maria Elena Rico Covarrubia Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University Texas at Austin.

ished-up-high bosom and a couple of ding diamond bracelets. Collins and tty had a famous romance more than ears ago, which ended badly. Collins te about it in her autobiography.

eatty's effect on women has been wn to be devastating. I remember ching him dance with Kim Novak, at the peak of her Columbia star-, at a party at Ray and Fran Stark's se in Holmby Hills. The sexual ten- between them was so extraordinary everyone in the room was aware of n, and it was not what would have known as a square crowd.

I saw Warren yesterday in Los Ange-' I said to Joan.

Did you, now?" she replied, a trifle ly. She opened her bag, took out her pact, and began powdering her face le looking in the mirror.

He has a new movie. I'm doing a sto- on him for the magazine."

Are you, now?" she said. She pow-ed her face more, with quick little pats.

A lot of makeup," I said.

My life is makeup," she replied, roar- with laughter.

week later I met up with Beatty again at the Carlyle Hotel in New k. He was leaving the next day for me to hear the score for *Love Affair,* ch has been composed by Ennio Mor-one. His suite was on the 27th floor had a large picture window looking vn on the Fifth Avenue penthouse ter-es below.

There are a lot of rich people," I said.

Sure are," he replied.

I hear you got into a long discussion h Robert Shapiro at Bobby Evans's ty the other night," I said. Robert ans is the Hollywood producer. Sha-o is O. J. Simpson's lawyer.

How did you know that?" he asked.

I heard it in London yesterday."

He laughed.

Did he tell you anything about O.J.?" sked.

No."

Did you ever know O.J.?"

Just slightly. I talked to him on the one once about a maid he'd had who s going to come to work for me."

We talked about old times, old friends, d, not inexplicably, Sharon Tate's mur-r, which up to now has been the case ut most traumatized the Hollywood mmunity, since it came perilously close the lives of so many famous people. reminded me of something I had for-tten: that until Charles Manson and his ng were caught three months later, the press castigated Tate's husband, director Roman Polanski, who was in London on the night of the killings, as if the macabre and provocative nature of some of his movies made *him* responsible. What I had not forgotten was the tension in the community at that time, the fear that another celebrity hit might take place at any moment.

"Were you at Jay's funeral?" he asked.

Jay was Jay Sebring, a popular fellow in Hollywood during that period, a barber who changed the style of men's haircutting and became great friends with Steve McQueen and Paul Newman and other stars. He was one of several macho hairdressers who would inspire the character Beatty played in *Shampoo.* Sebring had once been engaged to Sharon Tate, and remained friends with her and Polanski after their marriage. Jay was stabbed to death that night in Beverly Hills with Sharon, Abigail Folger, and Voytek Frykowski. Warren remembered the specifics of the eulogy, that it had dealt more with Jay's hair products than with Jay.

"Do you remember that strange guy who came up the aisle talking so loud?" Beatty asked. "I was seated with Steve McQueen and Neile." Neile was Steve McQueen's first wife. "I saw Steve put his hand inside his jacket, where he was carrying a .45. Everyone was edgy then, after what had happened. But the guy turned out to be harmless."

"What movie stars were your heroes when you were young?"

"When I was a kid, I was not so interested in the movies. It was hard for me to get Gary and Cary and Clark straight. Later, I was interested in politics and the legitimate theater. I was interested in Elia Kazan, or George Abbott. Laughton interested me, but I was not really a movie fan. Then there were the athletic heroes—DiMaggio, Williams, Musial, Sammy Baugh, Lou Boudreau."

"Are you frightened of age?" I asked. He is 57, approaching, if we may use the S-word, sixty. One friend of his said to me, perhaps cynically, that Warren picked *Love Affair* to act in because Cary Grant, when he played in the second version, was of a similar age. There is an oft repeated story about Cary Grant. A *Time* magazine fact checker wired Grant's agent, HOW OLD CARY GRANT? Grant, seeing the telegram, replied himself: OLD CARY GRANT FINE. HOW YOU?

"No more frightened now than when I was 21. In the 60s, I realized my life in movies was going to be odd, because there were things I was interested in whether I was acting or directing. As you move along, the things you are interested in and what you want to do have to do with your life. There are certain things you want to let out.

"I've been lucky in movies. I'm an actor, a good actor. If I'm involved with a movie and think someone else would be better for the part than me, that's O.K. I began *Bonnie and Clyde* with Bob Dylan in mind, not me. I began *Heaven Can Wait* with Muhammad Ali in mind. I developed it for Ali, but he didn't want to stop fighting. Dylan I didn't know in those days. He wouldn't have known I had him in mind. In *Reds,* I wanted to do the subject. I was very skeptical of John Reed's idealism, or so-called idealism, so much so that I didn't know if I'd be any good playing the part. In *Shampoo,* I never thought of anyone but myself. The political climate of that time interested me. When I got interested in doing *Dick Tracy,* I didn't think I was right."

If at some point in the future it is the intention of Warren Beatty to pack it in as an actor and concentrate completely on directing and producing, it's safe to say that that time won't come until he has directed, produced, and starred in a film that has been on his mind and gnawing at his gut for years, the story of the mysterious and elusive Howard Hughes. The man fascinates him, but he did not wish to discuss that project. "You either make a film or you write an article about it," he said. Hughes's obsession with privacy and his love affairs with famous film stars bear more than a slight resemblance to the life of Warren Beatty. Many of the ladies in Hughes's life are still alive. There's Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Terry Moore, and Miss Katharine Hepburn herself, not to mention Jean Peters, the former contract player from Twentieth Century–Fox, who loved Hughes, married him, divorced him after 14 years, and never once has sold or told her story. "What you must always remember about Howard is that he was deaf," said Beatty.

We were down on the street outside the Carlyle, saying good-bye.

"Where are you going?" he asked me.

"Home," I replied.

"Here, take my car," he said. His car and chauffeur were parked at the curb. "Take Mr. Dunne home," he said to his driver. I got in the backseat. He leaned in. "I saw Kate this morning," he said.

"Kate?"

"Hepburn. I went over to see her."

"How was she?"

"She was great," he said, smiling. □

TALBOTT

(Continued from page 153) receiving not one but two copies of the poem in the mail from Talbott. "It was the only thing he ever sent me that he had written."

But while he would travel in the U.S.S.R. dozens of times, he would never live in the country that was his area of expertise: by the time the Soviets lifted their ban on him, Talbott was too deeply enmeshed in Washington life for a move to Moscow—a fact that became a somewhat tender point with him, colleagues say. "There's a certain part of Strobe that thinks he's been there longer than anyone, and actually lived there," notes a reporter who covered the Soviet Union. "He'll say, 'I lived in that apartment over there,' without explaining that he lived there for three or four weeks."

Talbott's stardom made him a favorite of Henry Anatole Grunwald, who was Time Inc.'s editor in chief. Grunwald, an émigré from Austria, shared Talbott's passion for superpower diplomacy. Talbott apparently used this special connection with skill. He didn't often go over the heads of his immediate bosses, says Steve Smith, but they always knew that he could. "In the back of your mind, always, was 'Has Strobe gone to Henry on this? . . . Does this reflect what Henry thinks?'" Smith and others note that this setup was good training for a man who would one day have a similar advantage in his close connection to the White House.

Yet, for all Talbott's success at *Time,* he politely declined the prize for which Grunwald and others wanted to groom him: the job of managing editor and, ultimately, Grunwald's job. While he was attracted to the title, he wasn't much interested (nor was his family) in living in New York.

So he devised other ways of staying interested, following his own instincts deeper and deeper into the maze of U.S. arms-control policy. While colleagues whose stories were being trimmed grumbled sometimes about his long reports on the minutiae of SALT II, Talbott wrote his own rules.

In 1980, for example, the Iranian hostage crisis dominated Talbott's beat as diplomatic correspondent. "Strobe just really wasn't interested in it," recalls a colleague, "so he didn't cover it. He just really couldn't be bothered. A couple of grunts down the ladder did. . . . It really showed *Time*'s attitude toward him, too: 'Oh, you don't want to cover the biggest diplomatic story in 10 years? O.K. You want to go out to [the Aspen Strategy Group] and talk about arms control instead? That's fine.'"

The only management job he ever consented to adopt was Washington-bureau chief, from 1984 to 1989, where he was famously disengaged from the day-to-day operations of the bureau. He went from bureau chief to writing a foreign-affairs column, the traditional pasture of honor for a Washington eminence. There he could still perform what had become his most important function for *Time:* sprinkling his own prestige on an enterprise fast losing its identity.

When he left, he was making a salary of $294,100, a figure almost unheard-of in print journalism for anyone other than top editors; he also owned or controlled more than $600,000 worth of Time Warner stock. But *Time* also gave Talbott something even more valuable than money: an institutional role that bound him snugly into the Establishment he loves.

Watching Talbott at his confirmation hearing in early February, one had the odd sense that he had been practicing all his life for this role. He had a truly striking command of the argot: of *the larger interagency process* . . . and *the global nuclear-nonproliferation regime* . . . and *You can count on us not to drop the ball, Senator.* But the most telling moment came when Talbott was called upon to account for some uncharacteristically tough columns about the Middle East; in particular, he was grilled about a 1981 piece in which he wrote that "Israel is well on its way to becoming not just a dubious asset but an outright liability to American security interests."

"I certainly don't feel the way, today, that I felt 13 years ago on this or many other subjects that we might discuss," he told the senators. And he did not stop at recanting his opinions: he disowned the very premises on which he had uttered them, saying, "While I am proud of the 21 years that I spent as a journalist, and look back on many of the pieces that I wrote over that period with specific pride, I'm not here today to defend all of the opinions that I have expressed as a journalist over the years. . . . The view [on Israel] that I'm expressing to you now has been a constant in my opinion over the years. I have deviated, as it were, from that constant when in the heat of forensic and journalistic battle. I had a different line of work then."

The beat reporters covering the hearing all raised their eyes from their notepads simultaneously: it wasn't [illegible] day they got to see a man sheddin[illegible] years of his life—not to mention [illegible] own profession—as easily as Fred As[illegible] slipped out of a topcoat. But how [illegible] really, was Talbott's shift from one ro[illegible] the other? In truth, he had always de[illegible] identified with the people he covered [illegible] line he now crossed in moving to the [illegible] enth floor of the State Department [illegible] in practice, an imaginary one.

While he was a journalist, Tal[illegible] served on the governing boards of [illegible] (through which he made friends [illegible] men such as "Cy" Vance and "[illegible] Bundy), the Council on Foreign R[illegible] tions, and the Carnegie Endowment [illegible] International Peace; he was also a m[illegible] ber of the Aspen Strategy Group and [illegible] Trilateral Commission, for which he [illegible] a North American director. "It was [illegible] fortless for Strobe to get to know pe[illegible] in power," says Evan Thomas. [illegible] could talk the talk and walk the walk.

Talbott reminisces easily about h[illegible] eagerly he bonded, as a reporter, w[illegible] the people he was covering—many [illegible] them now his colleagues in the Clin[illegible] administration. "An awful lot of us h[illegible] been hanging out with each other in [illegible] setting or another," he says. Take nati[illegible] al-security adviser Lake: back when [illegible] bott covered the Carter State Depa[illegible] ment, Lake was head of its Policy Pl[illegible] ning Staff. "Tony," he offers, "was one [illegible] the people I most admired and liked a[illegible] enjoyed being around, even though [illegible] could never persuade him . . . to e[illegible] come onto a squash court with me."

And when Warren Christopher ca[illegible] to Washington to serve as Carter's depu[illegible] secretary of state in 1977, the couple w[illegible] gave a dinner welcoming him and [illegible] wife to town were Strobe Talbott a[illegible] Brooke Shearer, whose parents knew h[illegible] in Los Angeles.

Because the Soviets also had an Esta[illegible] lishment, which was engaged with the U[illegible] elite in the grand endeavor of arms co[illegible] trol, Talbott had his ties in Moscow to[illegible] As the Soviet Union began unravelin[illegible] Talbott joined with historian Micha[illegible] Beschloss to write a book, unself-co[illegible] sciously titled *At the Highest Levels,* abo[illegible] the close of the Cold War. While Beschlo[illegible] and Talbott were in Moscow, a Gorbach[illegible] associate approached them as intermed[illegible] aries to pass a message to Secretary [illegible] State James Baker urging the U.S. to inte[illegible] cede with Russian president Boris Yelts[illegible] on Gorbachev's behalf. The authors, in r[illegible] porting this odd transaction, seem to fin[illegible] their own roles in it unremarkable.

Talbott's writings in *Time* usually b[illegible]

ce a meliorist, moderate liberalism se hallmark is the faith that almost hing can be worked out between gen- ien such as those with whom Talbott alized.

His column lauded his Establishment nds at the expense of less clubbable yers," and tended to stroke his ees: during the Bush administration, example, Secretary of State Baker was n seen sagaciously correcting his pres- it's errors. Perhaps the ultimate exam- of Talbott's faith in government by so- network is an almost self-parodic col- n he wrote, in 1992, praising Vance's rts to broker peace in Bosnia. "He ws virtually everyone," bur- l Talbott; among the ties he merated was the happy fact "Vance is on a first-name s" with Serb president and monger Slobodan Milošević.

Talbott made dovish pleas for erstanding the psyches of U.S.S.R.'s leaders, and te optimistically of a distant re in which "nationhood as know it will be obsolete; all es will recognize a single, bal authority." According to ry Grunwald, he hated be- pushed to suggest solutions international problems. "I ld say, 'So what is it we uld be doing?' At one point accused me, half-seriously, of ution-mongering.'"

n an essay in *The Washington t*, David Ignatius explained y men like Talbott tend to e anemic opinions. Describ- the "delicious obscurity" of cussions at the Aspen Strategy oup, he noted that "strong be- s are almost a liability in this setting. ey get in the way. They make for awk- d moments at cocktail hour."

Talbott's sunny sense of entitlement netimes escalated into a real moral useness. In 1988, Talbott's Soviet ntacts enabled his extended family to ose Siberia as the site of their annual nping trip, a journey Talbott de- ibed in a photo-essay for *Life* maga- e. Flying by helicopter to an obscure e in the Tomsk region, the 13-member nily group fished and played football h two Russian guides. Talbott wrote, 'amping in Siberia' sounds like a bad litical joke. One imagines political soners shivering in the Gulag, with haps a smelly oil derrick or an even ellier yurt in the background. When a end who is an East European emigrée learned of our plans, she begged me not to take my family to 'that place,' lest my children grow up thinking that 'Siberia is for picnics and fun.'"

Note that this passage is *first* a joke about how improbable his family vacation was, and only in passing an observation of the history that had hallowed the site. This is the most disturbing note in Talbott's repertoire. As another longtime associate puts it, "I don't know whether his sense of tragedy is sufficiently developed."

In contrast to his breezy magazine style, most of Talbott's books are dense, rigorous, deeply researched. They are the true foundation of his eminence in the Washington establishment, for they clinched his place in what might be called the city's Cold Warrior Class. This was the work that brought the best rewards: the memberships in groups such as Aspen, the friendship of men such as Vance, the handwritten notes from Richard Nixon.

> "I think Strobe played a very important role in forming Clinton's worldview," says a fellow Rhodes scholar.

For this, it wasn't necessary that the books actually be widely read. (Even Talbott alludes, rather touchingly, to his habit of writing, every four years, "another dreary Strobe book about arms control.") It was necessary only that they be seen on coffee tables, and that they be mentioned, as Walter Mondale mentioned *Deadly Gambits* in one of his 1984 debates with Ronald Reagan.

Arms control is, of course, the ultimate establishmentarian project. It is about normalizing the abnormal, about forging a relationship (at the highest levels) that can transcend the on-and-off conflicts between nations. It is by definition a pursuit of elites. Talbott's hero is "the process," and his villains are those at either end of the ideological spectrum, but especially the Star Warriors of the Reagan and Bush administrations—who would destabilize it.

Yet those books also probably contain Talbott's truest professional surrender to something like passion. To master and narrate the story of arms control in the degree of detail and with the relative clarity he did required an extraordinary dedication. "He was the only journalist who could discuss these treaties with as much specificity as the assistant secretaries who were in charge of them," says Bruce Jackson, who served in the Pentagon under Reagan.

Still, it seems a strikingly chilly passion for a young writer to conceive. An old friend offers the intriguing theory that, by choosing such an abstruse field, Talbott "circumscribed" his ambition, hedging his bets against failure. "As important as it is, it's still something that no one else was really doing in the detail he was doing it," says this friend. "There wasn't any doubt, as a result, that his work would be remarkable."

By 1992, in any case, Talbott had to consider the impending obsolescence of his expertise: after the Soviet Union collapsed, it was of marginal glamour to be an expert on its weapons. This is where, after a lifetime of assiduous work, luck interceded: Bill Clinton was elected president.

Clinton and Talbott met when the Rhodes scholars chosen in 1968 gathered to sail to England on the S.S. *United States*. But the two did not become more than casual friends until their second year at Oxford. Talbott had made arrangements to live off-campus with his friend Frank Aller, and Bill Clinton, because of the gyrations of his draft status, had made no living arrangements at all. Thus Aller and Talbott invited him to join them in their rented house at 46 Leckford Road.

"That year," Talbott recalls, "we were extremely close. . . . Bill Clinton struck me then as being somebody who, in the very best sense, collects friends, and who is a

TALBOTT

kind of connoisseur of other people." They traded books and talked endlessly, with the earnest intensity that is encouraged in Rhodes scholars. Implicitly, each man understood that the other planned a future that was complementary to his own.

But it was probably their differences, as much as anything else, that drew the two together. "In Strobe's case, Clinton was one of those people who could penetrate that reserve," says someone who has spent time with the men.

As for Clinton, he had already come an incredible distance from Hot Springs to graduate from Georgetown and win a Rhodes scholarship. To look on Strobe Talbott was to behold the very model of what he was striving toward. "Here is the paradigm of the Rhodes scholar," says someone in a position to observe both men. "Clinton must have felt, 'You are everything I'm not.'" "I think Bill had a little bit of an inferiority complex," says Rick Stearns. "I think Strobe might have been a reassuring figure to Bill, and someone he might have admired, and gone to for that reason."

Another Rhodes scholar remembers Clinton soaking up knowledge from Talbott, especially about Russia. "I think Strobe played a very important role in forming Clinton's worldview," he says. "I think there's a sort of tutorial relationship between them. Strobe likes to lecture, or talk; Bill likes to learn."

It wasn't that Clinton wanted to ape Talbott's Wasp background: he has never dissembled about, or apologized for, his hard-luck history. But he has, to this day, an almost childlike admiration for all elites—all the different variations on American stardom. There is, for example, his lust for Hollywood, which he indulged at such great expense after his election. There was his poignantly obvious excitement at socializing with the Kennedys on Martha's Vineyard during his first summer as president. Finally, there is his unquestioning love of the credential—obvious in the legions of Yale-Harvard-Oxford meritocrats with whom he has stocked his government.

Talbott is one of the few people around Clinton who light up the board as a member of not one but two elites: Clinton's yuppie meritocracy and the old-line Wasp elite.

Today, the friendship between the Talbotts and the Clintons is not absolute. Brooke, who traveled with Hillary Clinton during the campaign, was reportedly disappointed at being named to head the White House Fellows Program—a nice sinecure, but far below the high-level job she had wanted on the First Lady's staff. Still, there is a genuine intimacy between the two families, based on mutual interest and the passage of many years.

Certainly, the relationship was close enough to make Talbott's getting a good job a foregone conclusion. He and Clinton worked out the idea of making him special ambassador, within the State Department, responsible for managing U.S. relations with all the states of the former Soviet Union.

What was not a foregone conclusion was how thoroughly Talbott, a supposed neophyte, would be able to dominate Russia policy—and, by extension, much of U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe. "I think he turned out to be a much better bureaucrat than you could have guessed," says senior presidential adviser George Stephanopoulos. "Now, he's got a lot of advantages in the bureaucracy," he adds with a laugh, "but he's used them well."

Perhaps no one should have been surprised at Talbott's bureaucratic skills: he had written entire books that were, on one level, tales of palace intrigue. The more striking thing is how well he has managed his relationships with those over whom he has subtle advantage because of his ties to Clinton. Talbott has perfected the game of working through, not around, Christopher and national-security adviser Lake. Good son that he is, he is completely comfortable in a posture of respect to his seniors.

In the Russia job, Talbott got generally high marks, despite some criticism for hewing too tightly to President Boris Yeltsin's political interests. Detractors say his romantic attachment to Russia has made him undervalue the aspirations of other new republics and the former Warsaw Pact countries.

But in the curious Washington fashion that divorces process from outcome, even some of Talbott's policy critics praise him as the one member of Clinton's circle who knows how to define an objective and then drive toward it. This is, of course, sad commentary on the rest of the administration. "He kind of walks into a room, and says, 'I think what we should do in this crisis is X.' No rambling," says an admiring State Department official, in tones suggesting that he hasn't witnessed many such performances around Foggy Bottom.

"In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king," says a Talbott detractor. "He's in a situation in which there's no intellectual competition at

This man is echoing the almost univ criticism of Secretary of State Christo Christopher's appointment, like L Bentsen's at Treasury, appealed to young president's trust in the respec choice. But as a man who has spent of his life in corporate law, Christophe approached his role as if he were an a ney acting on behalf of a client. Unfo nately, he has in Bill Clinton a client w goals seem to fluctuate, and who do much want to be bothered by the de Thus Christopher has seemed to be C ton's enabler in avoiding decisions grew only more difficult over time.

As Clinton has courted successive barrassments abroad—making and breal promises, being tested and defied by rulers of China, North Korea, Ser Haiti—his aides have given the telltale s of any policy's bankruptcy: First the peated claims that the administration simply neglected to *explain* itself; that it a perfectly swell set of policies in pl and has simply failed at *articulating* th Then the announcements that the presid has dined with experts to solicit opinio dozens, a hundred of them—about his c duct of foreign policy. And finally the ing of lesser officials who hadn't the po to fix the problems, even if they had h the skills. The recent transfer of Wh House spin doctor David Gergen to a "special adviser" to Christopher perhaps the crowning sign of Clinton's difference toward world affairs: it show first that he regarded State as an apt dun ing ground for a White House person problem, and second that he really did lieve his foreign policy had no failings t couldn't be cured by a better spin.

At the time of Talbott's promotion deputy secretary of state, Stephanopoul enumerated his new duties: he would c tinue handling the Russia portfolio, p form traditional understudy and manag ment duties, serve as a more high-prof spokesman for the administration—o and "he'll be able to build a more d namic policy shop in the State Depa ment," Stephanopoulos concluded. Sma wonder that, as Talbott was being co firmed, an old friend of his told me, think he's scared shitless."

Talbott has reason to be frightene For his whole life has been devote to earning membership in a foreign-pol cy establishment that is now obsolet And he has reached a realm where h lifelong posture of fealty to his elders wi not be enough to guide him.

In a world no longer defined by th

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TALBOTT

Cold War, where do America's interests lie, and which of them are important enough to warrant outlays of power and prestige? Clinton's true failure in foreign policy has been his reluctance to embrace the extent of his power—and his responsibility—to form answers that will have an impact for decades to come.

Talbott's great energy and undoubted brains are clearly assets in the daily management of foreign affairs. But the tradition he reveres—the generation of policymakers that never fully recovered from its own activism in Vietnam—is of little help to him in answering, or even giving shape to, the questions this president confronts.

The danger is that Clinton's basic disinclination to set limits, to bend others to his will—in short, to lead—may dovetail all too neatly with Talbott's need to believe that the world is a basically benign place, enacting a basically coherent narrative negotiated among gentlemen.

Last November, Talbott gathered about 10 other officials involved in dealing with Russia for a long meeting with his hero, George F. Kennan—the original director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff and the intellectual father of Harry Truman's policy of containment toward the Soviet Union. For two and a half hours, Kennan delivered what one participant described as "a nice little essay . . . about America's role in the world, spanning the century." When he was done, awed officials took him downstairs to help him locate the office he had occupied, in 1926, in his first year of government service. And that night, Talbott and his wife hosted a cozy dinner where the current secretary of state, among others, basked in Kennan's presence.

Inviting Kennan to Washington was "one moment I am very proud of last year," Talbott reminisces. It is understandable that he should admire a man who was present at the creation of the post-war world, and who has pondered so long the land that has always gripped Talbott's imagination. But it is a little startling to sit in the office of the deputy secretary of state, one of the architects of what will one day, for good or ill, be thought of as the Clinton Foreign Policy, and hear what he says next. "I want very much to get him back again," Talbott says of the 90-year-old Kennan, "because we have a lot of questions to ask him."

Flashback

Eleanor and Franklin







Executive sleepover parties did not begin with the Clinton administration. The Roosevelt White House, according to presidential historian Doris Kearns Goodwin's new book, *No Ordinary Time* (Simon & Schuster), was more like *Pajama Party* meets *You Can't Take It with You* than *Sunrise at Campobello.* Throughout Eleanor and Franklin's 12-plus years of presidential isolation, a cast of live-in courtiers gathered around them, brightening life in the grim years which saw war guns guarding the White House and blackout curtains in the old mansion's windows. Churchill himself moved in for weeks at a time, joining a stock company led by Missy LeHand, F.D.R.'s devoted amanuensis; Eleanor's pal Lorena Hickok; Harry Hopkins, the executive alter ego (who had the Lincoln Bedroom); and F.D.R.'s favorite exiled princess, Martha of Norway, who had a long stint in the Rose Bedroom.

Lest you believe salacious rumormongering was unknown in those days, Goodwin doesn't fail to mention the many rumblings from the back stairs: Was it Franklin and Missy? Harry and Eleanor? Eleanor and Lorena? Martha and the president? Who knows? Only one thing's for sure, and that's who whipped the Depression and won the war.

—MATTHEW TYRNAUER

Clockwise from top left: **Eleanor Roosevelt in England, 1942; F.D.R. and Eleanor, Easter Sunday 1941; F.D.R. by Covarrubias from the September 1933 *Vanity Fair;* Eleanor with soldiers on the South Lawn, 1942.**



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TWOMBLY

(Continued from page 177) house with a terrace, an iron bedstead in one room, and a window that looked out towards Capri," he recalls fondly. "There were wonderful sounds then that have since disappeared—the hee-hawing of a donkey, for instance. That summer I met Dylan Thomas's widow, Caitlin, who was sleeping with all the fishermen. Arshile Gorky's widow was also there, as was Iris Tree, who had a role in *La Dolce Vita.*"

Soon after this second arrival in Italy, Twombly was introduced to two members of the Franchetti family. Giorgio Franchetti, who shared Twombly's taste for old houses and new paintings, would become his first important collector and eventually a close friend. Giorgio's timid, high-strung sister, Tatiana ("Tatia"), would become Twombly's wife in 1959 (the marriage took place in New York) and the mother of his son, Cyrus Alessandro.

Twombly loves to talk about the Franchettis, whose history obsesses him. Sometimes he is mildly contemptuous of them, but one senses that the contempt is proof of his privileged access to these people he admires so much. He will say, "No, the Franchettis don't like *building.* They like fixing things up. Giorgio's grandfather was the one who restored the Ca' d'Oro in Venice. He did lots of the repair work himself, and his son would stitch away, mending some old piece of Venetian embroidery. Giorgio is always restoring things. He restored my house in Bassano. But when he designs something from scratch, it's too . . . " He doesn't finish the sentence.

The family, which came from Venice, had become vastly wealthy in the early 19th century, when the Austrian emperor confided the postal service to its care. The money allowed the descendants to indulge their taste for acquisitions and eccentricity. Twombly recounts their lives in his scattershot, breathless, impressionistic way. One of Tatia's uncles, Alberto Franchetti, wrote an opera about Christopher Columbus. "Half Wagner and half Puccini," Twombly says, "and with so many set changes the Fenice [opera house in Venice] couldn't afford to put it on, and he had to pay for it himself. There are all these sailors in the crow's nest singing, '*Terra, terra!*' "

Another uncle was an explorer, who gave his children unusual names—Afdera, for example, after an African volcano, and Nanuck, in honor of an expedition he made to the North Pole. Afdera became the fourth wife of the actor Henry Fonda. Yet another relative was a dashing lesbian who won Liane de Pougy, the most celebrated French courtesan of the turn of the century, away from the American writer Natalie Barney, known as "the Amazon of Letters." "One of Tatia's relatives," Twombly says, "was a French Rothschild—in fact, only one of the recent Franchettis was actually an Italian. This Rothschild girl received two marriage offers, one from an Englishman and one from a Franchetti. She and her mother waited a week in vain to cross the stormy English Channel. Exasperated, the mother finally announced, 'Let's go try the Italian.' "

Twombly bought a 17th-century Roman palazzo on the Via di Monserrato in the early 1960s. Stimulated rather than burdened by a tradition that was not, after all, his own, he then began to produce paintings that strike me as his best—canvases with such titles as *The Italians, The First Part of the Return from Parnassus, The Empire of Flora,* and the five-part "Ferragosto" series, named after a mid-August Italian holiday that dates back to ancient times. Vivid, loud, even festive, these large works look like the aftermath of a bull's tormented passage through a pastry shop.

Twombly's work has been appreciated in Europe for three decades, perhaps because it represents a marriage of the slashing American style of action painting with an august European cultural heritage—as though a jazz riff and a strict Bach canon had been united.

He has, in fact, inspired significant European painters of the recent past, a sign of the continuing relevance of his vision. Anselm Kiefer, the German painter who became prominent in the late 1970s for his homages to such philosophers as Hegel, learned to enshrine on his canvases a few key names and words in order to invoke, at least for the cultured few, a whole long filiation of ideas and personalities. Francesco Clemente—who shuttles from India to New York to his native Italy and back again—has derived from Twombly not only a sense of invigorating internationalism but also the power to appropriate erotic and naïve imagery from other cultural traditions.

In America, the acceptance has been much slower in coming. When, in March 1964, Twombly presented an ensemble of nine paintings called *Discourse on Commodus* at an early show at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York [illegible] exhibition was widely labeled a fia[illegible] As Kirk Varnedoe, the director of p[illegible] ing and sculpture at MoMA, puts i[illegible] the catalogue for the upcoming re[illegible] spective, "The same painter who [illegible] been criticized in the late 1950s for[illegible] sulting high art with his lack of aesth[illegible] organization was now accused of be[illegible] over-refined and arty in a damnin[illegible] old-world, European way."

Twombly is *both* primitive and o[illegible] refined, even in his manner. Insu[illegible] ed from the grubby realities of the [illegible] marketplace by his expatriate status, [illegible] the wealth and power of the Franche[illegible] and by his own indolent indifference, [illegible] is free to explore his fraught sensibil[illegible] which despite (or because of) his [illegible] moteness is wonderfully sensitive to [illegible] world around him.

He has an extraordinary gift for cr[illegible] ing beautiful environments in which [illegible] live and work. I visited his house in G[illegible] ta, up the coast from Naples. It lo[illegible] down on a blue bay and the mounta[illegible] beyond. "This town was named after [illegible] neas's wet nurse," Twombly confid[illegible] "who died here as soon as he and his [illegible] lowers landed. Cicero had a villa here, [illegible] did Hadrian and Catullus—I'm sure G[illegible] ta was an *artists' colony* in ancie[illegible] times." From the outside, his hou[illegible] which towers above an imposing 19[illegible] century church, resembles a military o[illegible] post ("I call it Fort Laramie," Twomb[illegible] jokes). He flies an Italian flag, thou[illegible] typically Twombly sees no political—or[illegible] artistic—significance in that: "It's one [illegible] the most beautiful of all flags, and he[illegible] seen against the bay, it looks like [illegible] Manet. Anyway, we're in Italy. Wh[illegible] should I fly, the Puerto Rican flag?"

The seven or eight rooms in the hou[illegible] are all on slightly different levels. T[illegible] floors are covered with a mixture of o[illegible] tiles, some of which Twombly found [illegible] trash heaps after the big Naples eart[illegible] quake a few years back destroyed ma[illegible] structures. The external walls of t[illegible] house are unpainted and unplastered. [illegible] the inner courtyard, the wood lattic[illegible] supporting grapevines are raw and u[illegible] finished. Palm trees, a trickling fountai[illegible] cement turbans crowning columns co[illegible] ied from the finials atop the church ne[illegible] door, tree trunks in the upper garde[illegible] painted white to repel ants—these are th[illegible] elements with which he pieces togeth[illegible] his daydreams. The sparse furniture i[illegible] side the home was picked up at fle[illegible] markets—blue-and-white Delft china, [illegible] silver sword, curvaceous imitation Lou[illegible]

chairs around a long dinner table, a ine Louis XVI canopied bed, a vel- screen from Portugal. On the walls two photos of the old Matisse by ri Cartier-Bresson. In Twombly's y are stacks of catalogues from his vs. It is the sort of house a connois- would swoon over and a thief ld leave untouched, disgusted, con- ed there was nothing of value in it. course, the three paintings in gress in Twombly's high-ceilinged io are worth, literally, millions. He ies me through that room, saying, "I 't want you to see my work in that nished state."

Twombly stammers slightly. He is by s paranoid and innocent and open. has trouble writing, even something amiliar as his address in Rome, and ceeps looking at his letters as though I just learned how to hold a pen. This l aphasia or dyslexia throws a curious t on the painter celebrated for incor- ating words into his canvases. He nbles the conclusions of phrases into hand, often the qualifying, tart little hs that come at the end of otherwise dly conventional sentences.

When he comes to life is when he con- s images in clipped phrases—all im- visational, entirely pointillistic. "Have ever been in Arcadia?" he'll ask, ting up. "You must make the trip n Olympia to Epidaurus. The land- pe is extraordinary—springs gushing from the base of plane trees. In a vil- e, I saw a young woman weeping. 'd stop crying, then start again. Her es would buckle; she'd have to be held by the other villagers. She'd just lost husband, who'd died a few days after ir marriage in a car crash. She would er find another husband, since she no longer a virgin. Her whole life t already become tragic."

If he grows enthusiastic while talking out his pet subjects ("My favorite arts landscaping, architecture, and paint- —I don't care for music anymore, ugh it was once necessary to my rk"), he becomes shy and even cagey you ask him a direct question about personal life. His son, Alessandro om he has nicknamed "Goon Baby"), is now a handsome painter in his mid-30s. Twombly admires Alessandro's paintings of wild irises but scoots away from any speculation about his son by saying, "I wouldn't know about that. We have a very formal relationship. He went to an English-language school in Switzerland, and lives part-time in New York, so his English is impeccable, but even so he's 120 percent Italian and a true Franchetti." He is similarly evasive about his wife, Tatia, though friends say that she is the first person to whom he shows a new painting. One could even say that Twombly's delicate, allusive painting style is the exact analogue to his conversational evasiveness and mercurial personality.

Classical mythology is an important aspect of his oeuvre, but he is quick to say his form is not classical. "I think of myself as a Romantic symbolist. My painting is not fixed. I show things in flux: I respond to the Greek love of metamorphosis. The Greeks had a very strong love of nature and a religion based on the change of seasons."

In the last decade Twombly has slowed down. "I don't go to the studio every day. I have to be in a certain mood to work, and I only work when I feel a real need to paint. Of course, I've always worked in spurts, and often do sets of 8 or 10 all in a rush. Not to say I'm less active. I'm just not like those assembly-line painters who have studio assistants and who churn out a canvas a day. I have lots of paintings I've been working on for 15 years and many others I've finished but not yet shown."

At 66, Twombly is casting an inquisitive glance at the fate of old painters. "Matisse and Titian both took motifs from their earlier work and rethought them in a freer fashion." Much as he may despise the market, the public seems to have a growing respect for him. A Twombly fetched $5.5 million in 1992. In Houston, a $3.5 million Cy Twombly Pavilion is being built to house some 35 paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by the artist from 1954 to the present.

Despite this attention and the consecration of the MoMA retrospective, there are still sharply dissenting voices. A year ago, *60 Minutes* presented a segment entitled "Yes . . . but Is It Art?" in which reporter Morley Safer, who is a Sunday painter, attacked the hype used to promote "worthless" contemporary art. A prime target was Twombly. Describing a 1950s painting auctioned at Sotheby's, Safer said, "This one, a canvas of scrawls done with the wrong end of a paintbrush, bears the imaginative title of *Untitled*. It is by Cy Twombly, and was sold for $2,145,000. And that's dollars, not Twomblys."

Such philistine murmurs don't even reach the god's ears on Olympus. Or on Parnassus West, for he spends more and more time every year in his native Lexington, Virginia, where he is insulated from insults by the adoration of neighbors, friends, and professors at Washington and Lee University. His 1920s brick house there has four bedrooms, four baths, and lots of light on each side. "Everyone in Lexington is a retired general out walking a fussy little dog," Twombly says approvingly. "One of my neighbors, whose wife is a great cook, brought me the new Fagles translation of the *Iliad*. I have lots of charming acquaintances—better than *friends,* who always turn on you. I love the architecture. There are more *columns* between Lexington and Charlottesville than in all ancient Rome and Greece."

I dined with some of his Lexington neighbors who were passing through Gaeta—a classics professor, a professor of ancient history, and the wife of the one and the sister of the other, intelligent, good-humored people with impeccable manners and conversation that veered from lightly worn erudition to mild teasing. One of the women said, "Well, Cy Junior, how can you give up It'ly and move back to Lexington?"

"You see, ma'am, I'm like an old dog who's gone home to die."

"I declare. Don't say it like that."

Social smiles, a small tightening around the eyes to register the truth behind the banter, an easy flow of optimistic chat—these are the graces that this most enigmatic and elusive of all modern artists likes to surround himself with. They are the soft cotton batting around the hard, angular gem of his edgy genius. □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

Nothing drives you crazier than the silent treatment. When you're all fired up with more zeal and dedication than a fleet of Mormons marching through a decadent neighborhood, a lack of response from others can irritate you no end. Saturn's going retrograde in your 7th house means that you may have to continue providing for a while for people who don't seem to give a damn. With Pluto moving direct in your 3rd house, remember that what keeps relationships alive is *two-way* communication. So if you don't want to be ignored, stop snubbing others—lest ye be snubbed.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

The transit of Venus through Libra between August 7 and September 6 should be a wonderful interlude. Granted, it's only 30 days, but in this mad, ever changing world, one sane, healthy month is still one sane, healthy month. It brings a glow to your cheeks, bevels a few of the hard edges, and removes the chip you are usually carrying around on your shoulder. In some weird way it makes people want to give you things, which, God knows, with Pluto scraping every dime out of your savings account as it moves through your 2nd house, you could use.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

You're functioning at such full power now, with all your thrusters operational, that you could pilot a starship through an asteroid belt while leading the crew in camp songs. You haven't been this snazzy, hot, and sexy in years. Of course, therein lies one of the great ironies of your life to this point. Just take a look at your audience. If only Bette Davis were alive, eyelashes and all. She could sum up your life right now with a World War II tune she sang in *Thank Your Lucky Stars* more than 50 years ago. Maybe you've heard it: "They're Either Too Young or Too Old."

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

The selfless-service bit is fabulous for accruing good Karma and scoring points for your next life. Even the highest-minded Sagittarian this side of Heaven, however, is feeling nauseated by all the sweetly spiritual attitudes in the air. As Pluto prepares to leave Scorpio and enter Sagittarius in the coming months, you will find yourself hanging on for dear life to the end of your rope and feeling quite able to strangle with your free hand all the goody-goody people who have been telling you to turn the other cheek, let go, and believe. The joke is, though, that they're right.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

Since 1984, Pluto has been moving through your 11th house, changing all your goals and values, and altering irrevocably your friendships and associations. You've got to make an effort to understand that people come into your life for a reason, and that that reason is your transformation. When the deed is done, they move away into the haze as if they'd never been there. That's hard to accept for a forever person like you, who didn't date much in high school, because for you a simple date usually has to lead to the kind of marriage all the folks at the Vatican pray for.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Publicly, you're in pretty fair shape, considering the hammering you've experienced over the last few months. In fact, with Jupiter, the moon's north node, and Pluto in your 10th house, you could conceivably make a fantastic connection now that would put you on top of the world and yield you a decent measure of power. Just make sure nobody knows your private business—especially what's going on at home. The media being what they are, you certainly don't want to wake up some day and see all your secrets blurted out across America on *A Current Affair.*

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

With Saturn crawling backward in their sign, scores of Pisceans ar dering why they should bother staying on the straight and narrow look at what's going on in North Korea," they mutter. "And what the chemical waste still being dumped into our lakes and streams? all Pisceans are using an apocalyptic attitude as an excuse for sniffi more false ecstasy, however. As Pluto moves direct this August, members of your sign are taking a brighter view, cleansing their b and raising their consciousness without stimulants or other artificial

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

You're a vital, fun-loving person with little time for trauma. In fact, wheels of your carriage get stuck in the mud even for a second, off the wagon and charging through a monsoon on foot, just so tha won't miss the party. What a drag that there are astrologers around mind you that sometimes there are no shortcuts to the celebration. forward motion in early August marks a rite of passage that will about a year to complete. If you find it too painful to be aware changes, you can always try turning up the volume on your Walkm

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

If there seems to be nothing tangible to grab hold of because every around you is changing too rapidly, take heart. You know how it is. goes on swimmingly for a while, then—*whoosh*—the Wicked Witch o West flies by the window cackling gleefully. The solar eclipse of last has set off a period of great transformations. Nothing causes agitation being in the middle of a cyclone with your life whirling out of co while some idiot is telling you to go with the flow—especially if you the one preaching to you has questionable intentions!

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

As Mars transits Gemini until mid-August, you'll feel dangerous, alive, touchy, but at least you'll express yourself, even if you are barking. Y also need to re-create the thrill of taking a corner on two wheels. hey!, that's not what we're taught to do. We're told to get a job, ke job, make a buck, keep a buck. We're not supposed to jeopardize se ty, let opportunities slip through our fingers, and spend dough as fa we earn it. But you simply can't be a Gemini *and* a member of the b geoisie at the same time. That's all there is to it.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

Ever wonder why some people stay mentally balanced while others go s ding down a chasm from which the only return is medication? It's not cause of money problems, aggravation from the kids, or any other outw circumstances. There is a mechanism in your head over which you h total control, which can either trip a lever that pushes the red button keep you centered and steady. As Mars passes from your 12th house a grand trine in water signs toward the end of August, learn to locat calm spot inside and then smile absently at your oppressors.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

For years you've been sitting on a huge dinosaur egg, which, thanks Pluto's direct motion, is hatching at last. The dinosaur egg is a metap for a house you should have moved out of years ago, for a child who n er grew up, for a controlling parent—any symbol of traditional family personal security you have been hanging on to. It's amazing that you actually been able to sit through all this while dealing with the absurd p occupations of daily life, such as trying to resist selling out totally to Establishment and keeping your hair looking decent.

The first time I gave her a diamond ring I didn't hear the answer. I saw it."

I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
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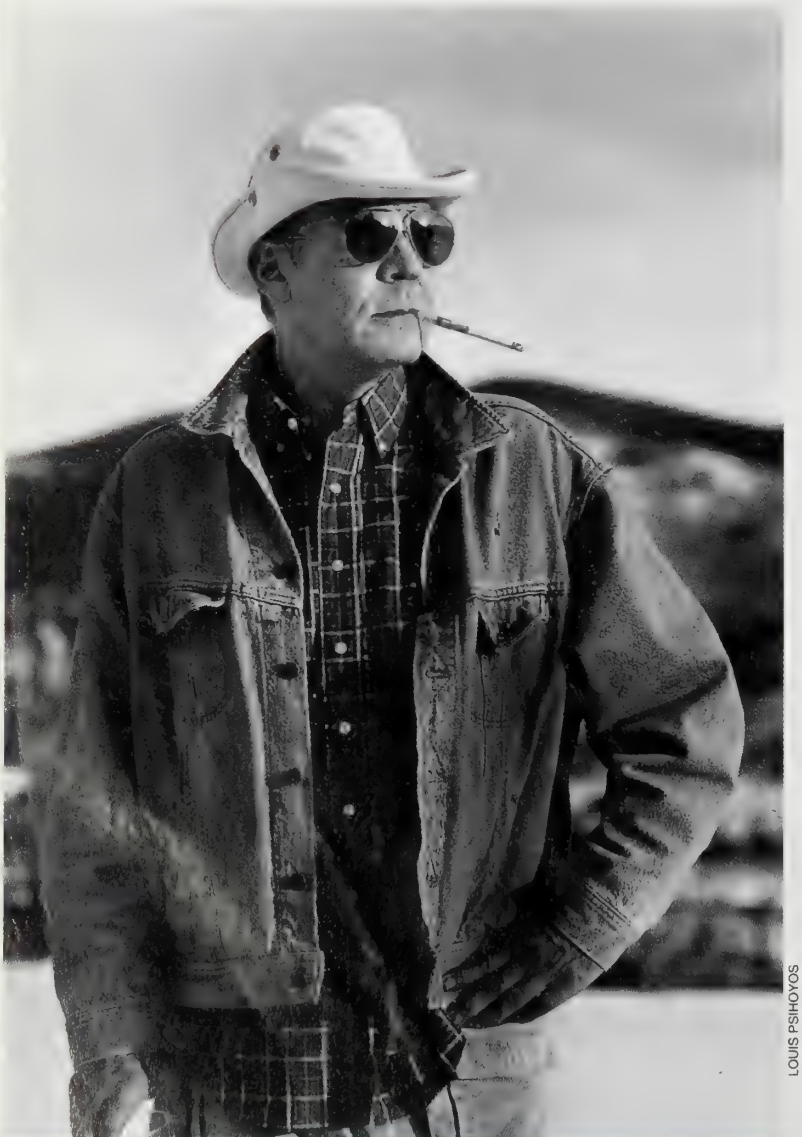
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Social Study

Hunter S. Thompson

Gonzo journalism's granddad (and sole survivor), Hunter S. Thompson strikes again with *Better than Sex*, a recollection of loathsome Campaign '92. This month he also casts a bleary eye on *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire



LOUIS PSIHOYOS

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Marquis de Sade.

Which living person do you most admire?
Richard Nixon—despite rumors of his death.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Greed and dumbness.

What is your greatest extravagance?
The money I spend on the physical love of animals.

What is your favorite journey?
Racing the stoplights on Park Avenue in a fast car at fo o'clock in the morning.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Moderation.

On what occasion do you lie?
To the police.

What is your greatest regret?
The destruction by greedheads of the once honorab Woody Creek Tavern.

If you could change one thing about your family, wh would it be?
To get rid of my evil son.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would be?
I have no choice (and neither do you). I have been he many times for many reasons and I will be here after yo leave. I am Lono.

Where would you like to live?
In the Place of Refuge on the south Kona coast.

What is your most marked characteristic?
A tortured, honky-tonk smile.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Dracula.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Hal Haddon [lawyer, Gary Hart's campaign manager] Morris Dees [civil-rights activist], Nina Hartley [porn star] Jacques Cousteau [undersea explorer].

How would you like to die?
Explode.

What is your motto?
"Res Ipsa Loquitur."

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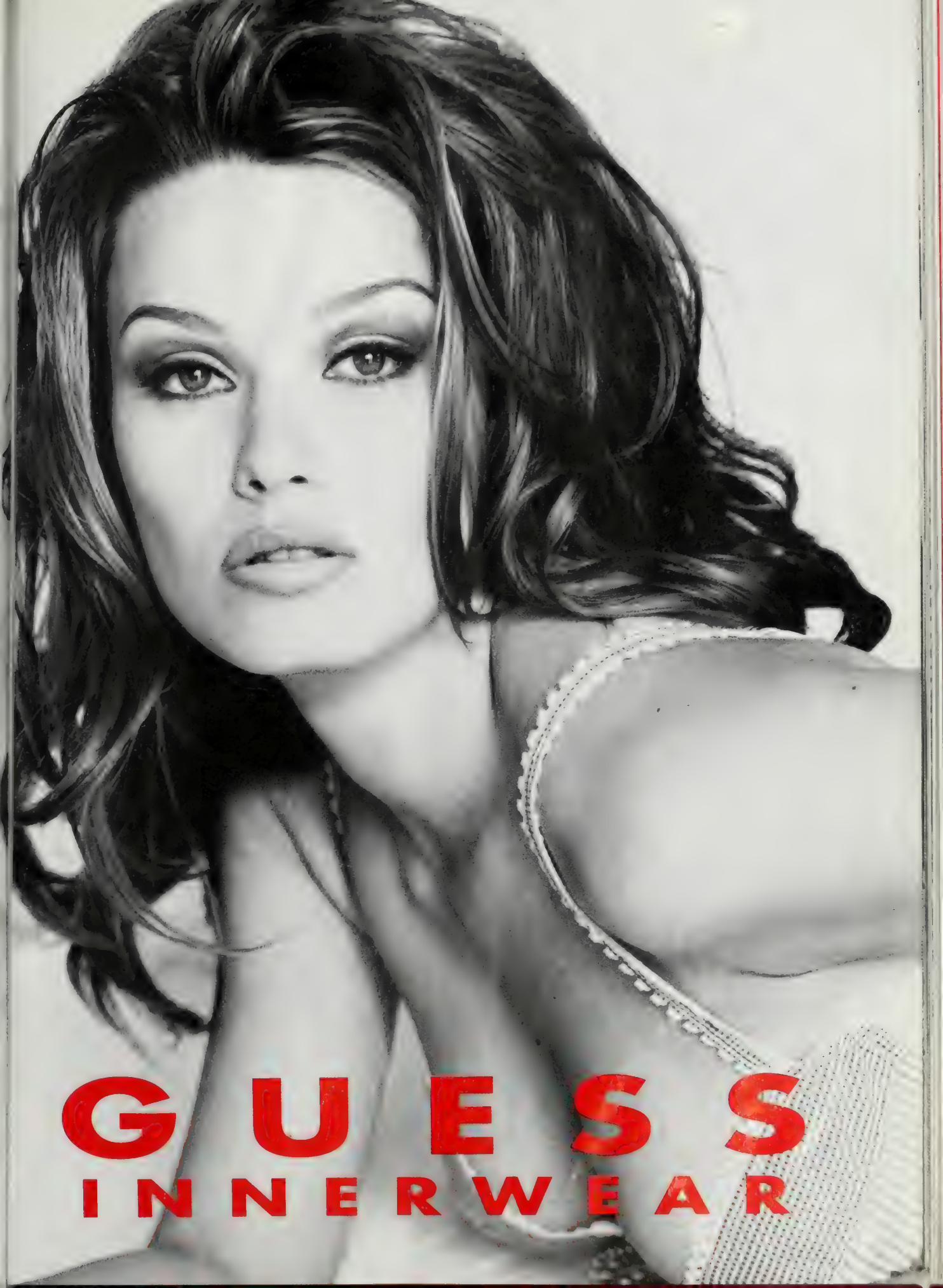
Redefining Power in America

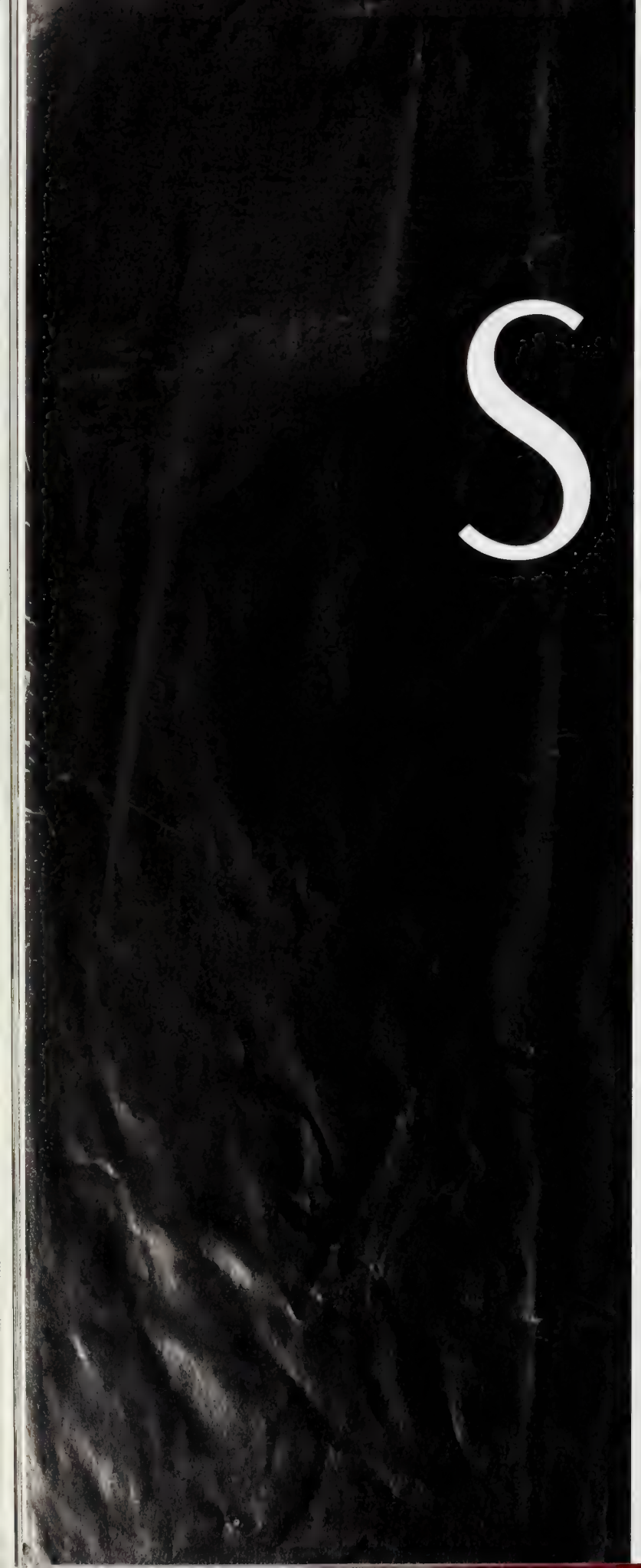
The New Establishment

by David Halberstam, Nicholas Lemann and Elise O'Shaughnessy

Plus 19 Portraits by Annie Leibovitz

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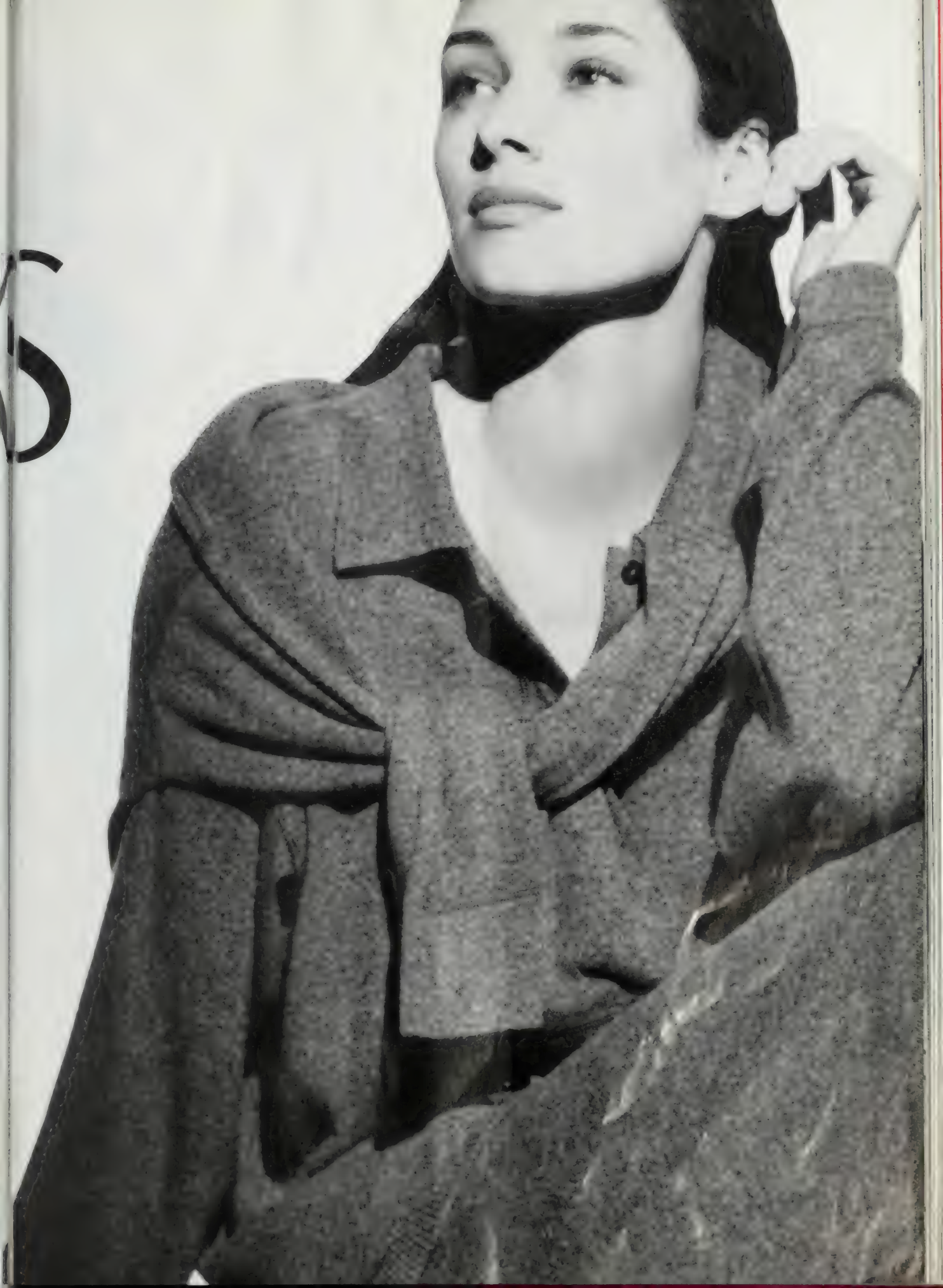
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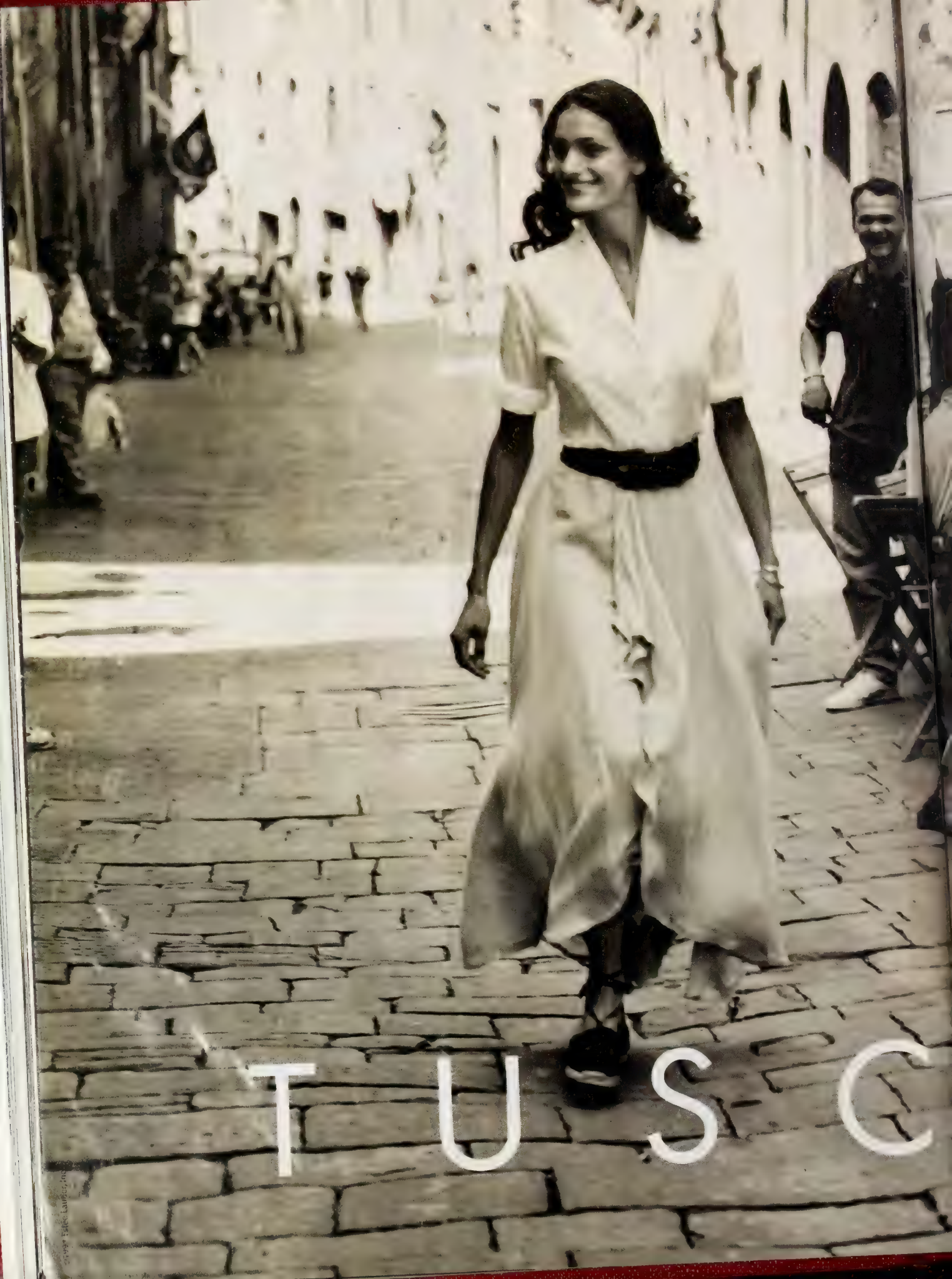
And there's nothing quite like

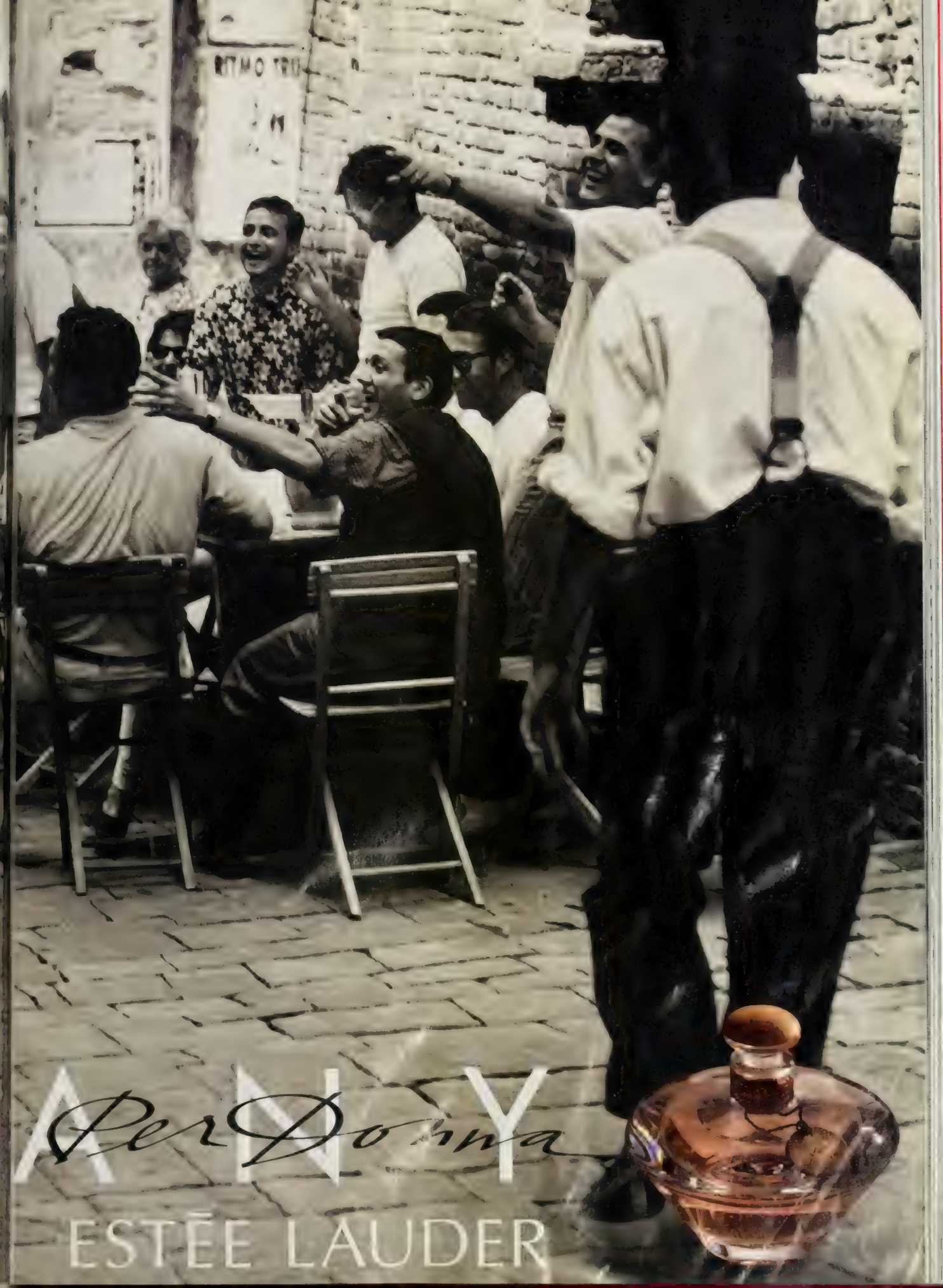
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VANITY FAIR

Volume 57 Number 10 October 199



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The New Establishment

The Information Age has arrived. As a new American frontier opens, who is driving the country forward? The names and faces have changed, along with the landscape. In a special report, *Vanity Fair* examines how the old elite lost its power—and how a New Establishment has risen to take its place **209**

The Portfolio of Power: From a yacht off Ketchikan, Alaska, to a Gulfstream IV in mid-flight, to a 100,000-acre ranch in Montana, to Hollywood, New York, and the Pacific Northwest wilderness, Annie Leibovitz tracks down the members of the New Establishment and catches the faces of change **212**

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Cruise Speed: The classic Tom Cruise role is a carefree, all-American hero. His new movie, the already controversial *Interview with the Vampire,* puts him in a startlingly different light—as the lascivious, hedonistic Lestat. Talking with Kevin Sessums, Cruise confronts questions about his own sexuality, his marriage, and his Scientology. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **188**

Chatelaine on a Hot Tin Roof: Heather Locklear has taken off as the Queen Bitch of *Melrose Place*—and carried the floundering show with her. But to Michael Musto, the prime-time vixen is still a Valley Girl, right down to her roots. Photographs by Michel Comte . . **196**

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The Queen of Less Wants More: Jil Sander is Germany's answer to Armani, an elegant, minimalist fashion superstar. But even as her $200 million empire expands into the United States, the designer herself remains an enigma. In Hamburg, Bob Colacello sizes up Sander's life of luxe. Photographs by Eric Boman **202**

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POLO RALPH LAUREN



THE NEW ROMANTIC




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POLO RALPH LAUREN


THE NEW ROMANTICS

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Mr. Holbrooke Builds His Dream Job: After almost 14 years on the sidelines, Richard Holbrooke is back in Washington, as assistant secretary of state for Europe. But will his lust for power continue to obscure his talent? Marjorie Williams profiles the notorious Beltway operator **128**

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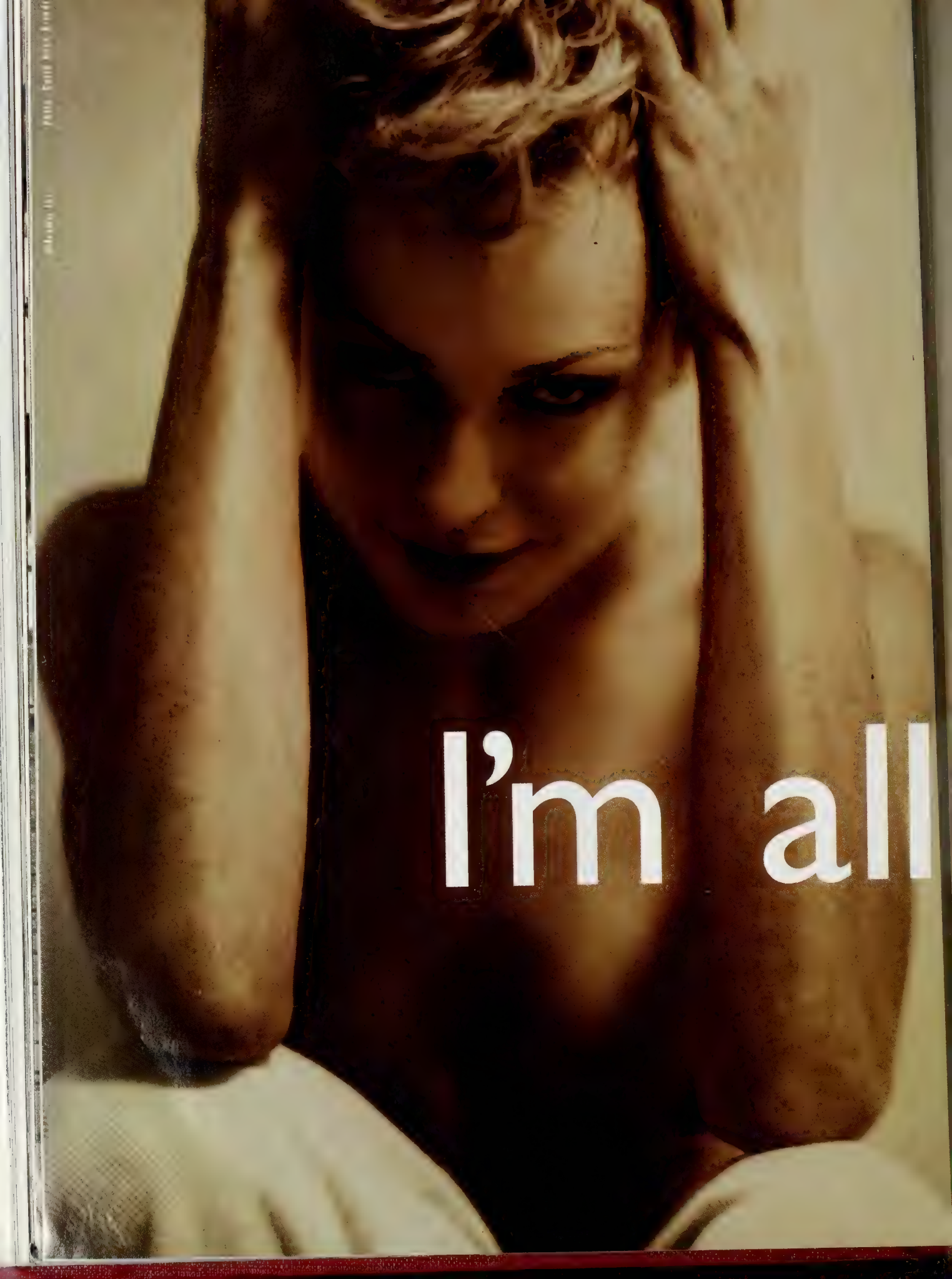
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Editor's Letter

The New Establishment



In this issue, *Vanity Fair* has taken on the challenge of redefining the power center of America as it enters the Information Age. With an extraordinary 30-page portfolio by Annie Leibovitz, beginning on page 212, we have taken a group portrait of the New Establishment. Leibovitz's photographic tour de force took her more than 30,000 miles, from Herbert A. Allen's exclusive conference in Sun Valley, Idaho, to Rupert Murdoch's yacht off Ketchikan, Alaska, to David Geffen's Gulfstream IV, to Ted Turner's 100,000-acre Flying D ranch in Montana. It is accompanied by three provocative articles by David Halberstam, Nicholas Lemann, and Elise O'Shaughnessy which illuminate the fundamental shifts in our society as America has moved from its role as military-industrial giant to a new supremacy as the world's entertainment-information superpower.

For most of this century—indeed, right up until the end of the Vietnam War—the Establishment was a small group of Wasp men whose breeding grounds were the playing fields of prep schools such as St. Paul's and Groton and the ivied halls of Yale and Princeton. They were to be found on the East Coast, in the leather chairs of exclusive men's clubs, at the War Department, the State Department, the C.I.A., the Ford Foundation, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the white-shoe firms of Wall Street. Halberstam, the renowned and veteran chr icler of the postwar era—*The Best and Brightest, The Powers That Be, The Reck ing*—examines why their dominion ultima ly waned and charts the rise of a new br of power player embodied by Henry Kissin

Lemann, an acclaimed journalist and thor of *The Promised Land,* takes a lo at what is left of the Old Establishment as it continu its earnest gatherings behind the oaken doors of exclus think-tanks-cum-clubs. And *Vanity Fair* executive edit Elise O'Shaughnessy listens to the group of maveric college dropouts, and visionaries who constitute the N Establishment and who are defining and exploiting t frontiers of the Information Age. Members of this n work are as likely to have sprung from the William M ris mailroom as from any New England prep scho They are in Silicon Valley and Hollywood, rather tha Wall Street and Washington. They are on the informati superhighway, feeding entertainment, ideas, trends, and ne to the world. They are Michael Ovitz, Bill Gates, Steve Spielberg, Gerald Levin, John Malone, Sumner Redston Barbra Streisand. It's their world now. Welcome to it.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Stunt Man





LEE ANNE HAIGNEY



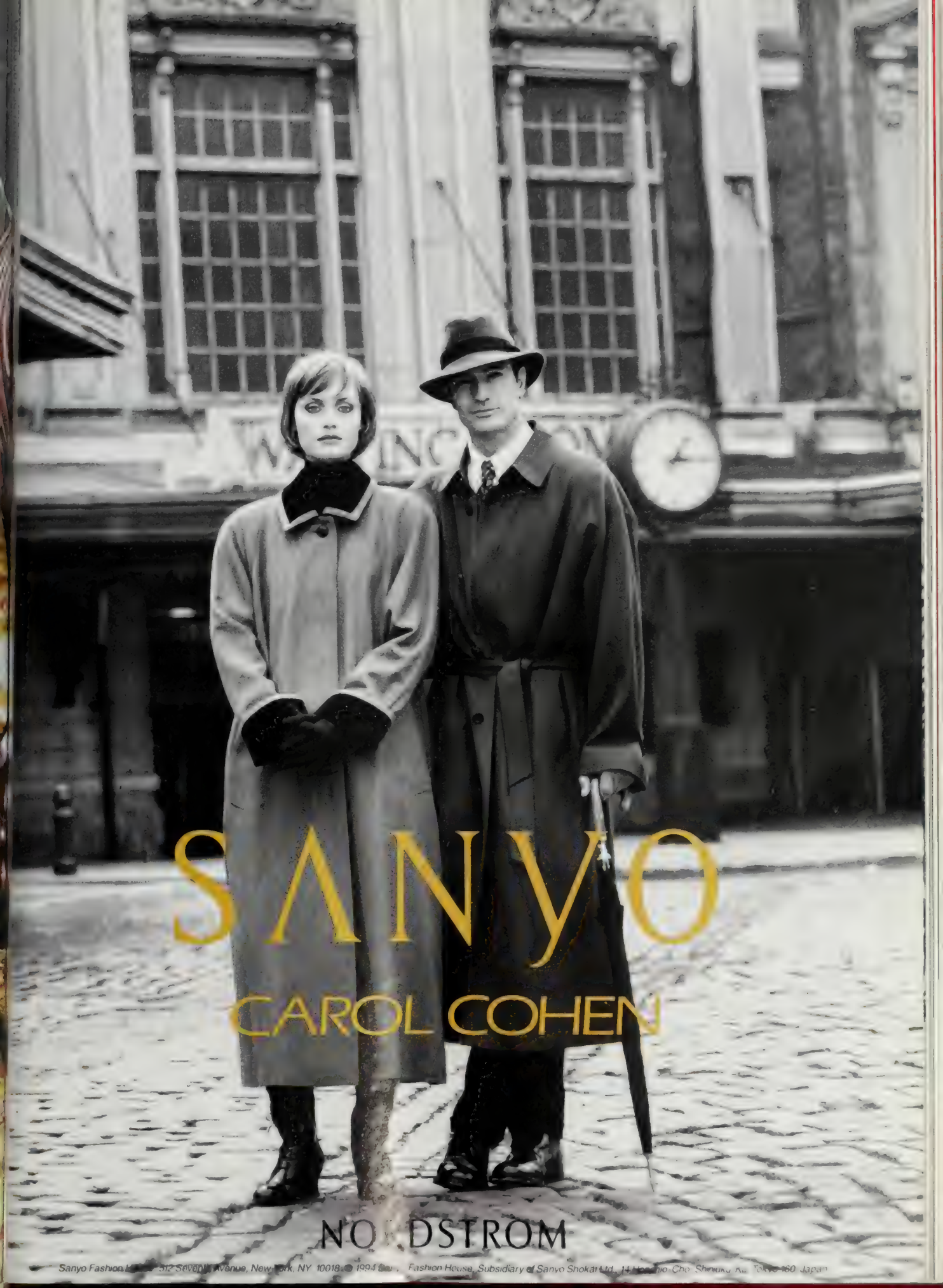
LEE ANNE HAIGNEY

ON THE COVER
Tom Cruise wears a turtleneck by Giorgio Armani. Hair by Sally Hershberger for Profile. Grooming by Carol Shaw for Lorac. Grooming products from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.

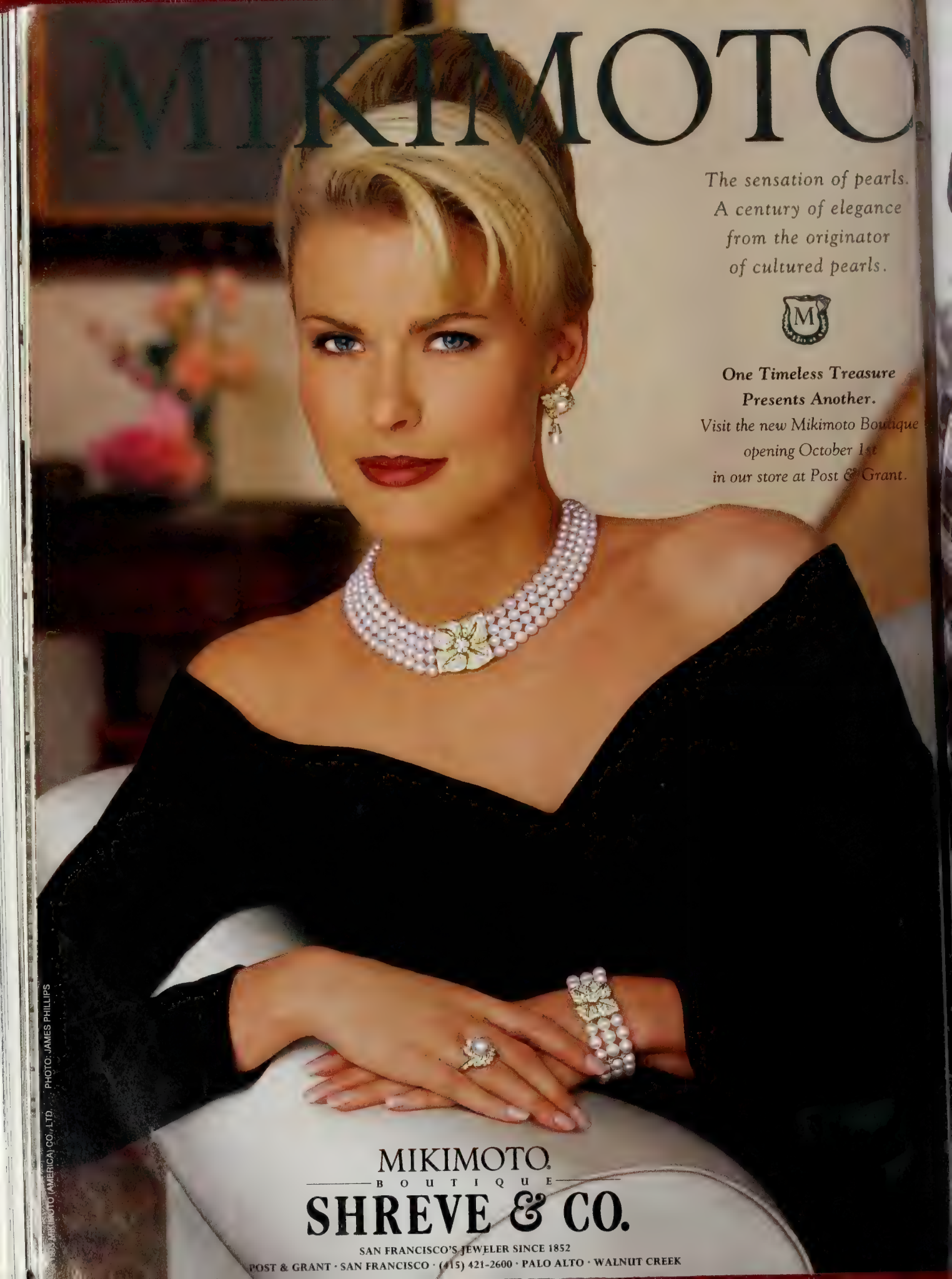
Cruise and *V.F.* contributing editor Kevin Sessums, *far left,* land in Santa Monica in a Pitts S-2B biplane. *Above,* after an hour of aerobatics up and down the Pacific coast, the daredevils emerge smiling.


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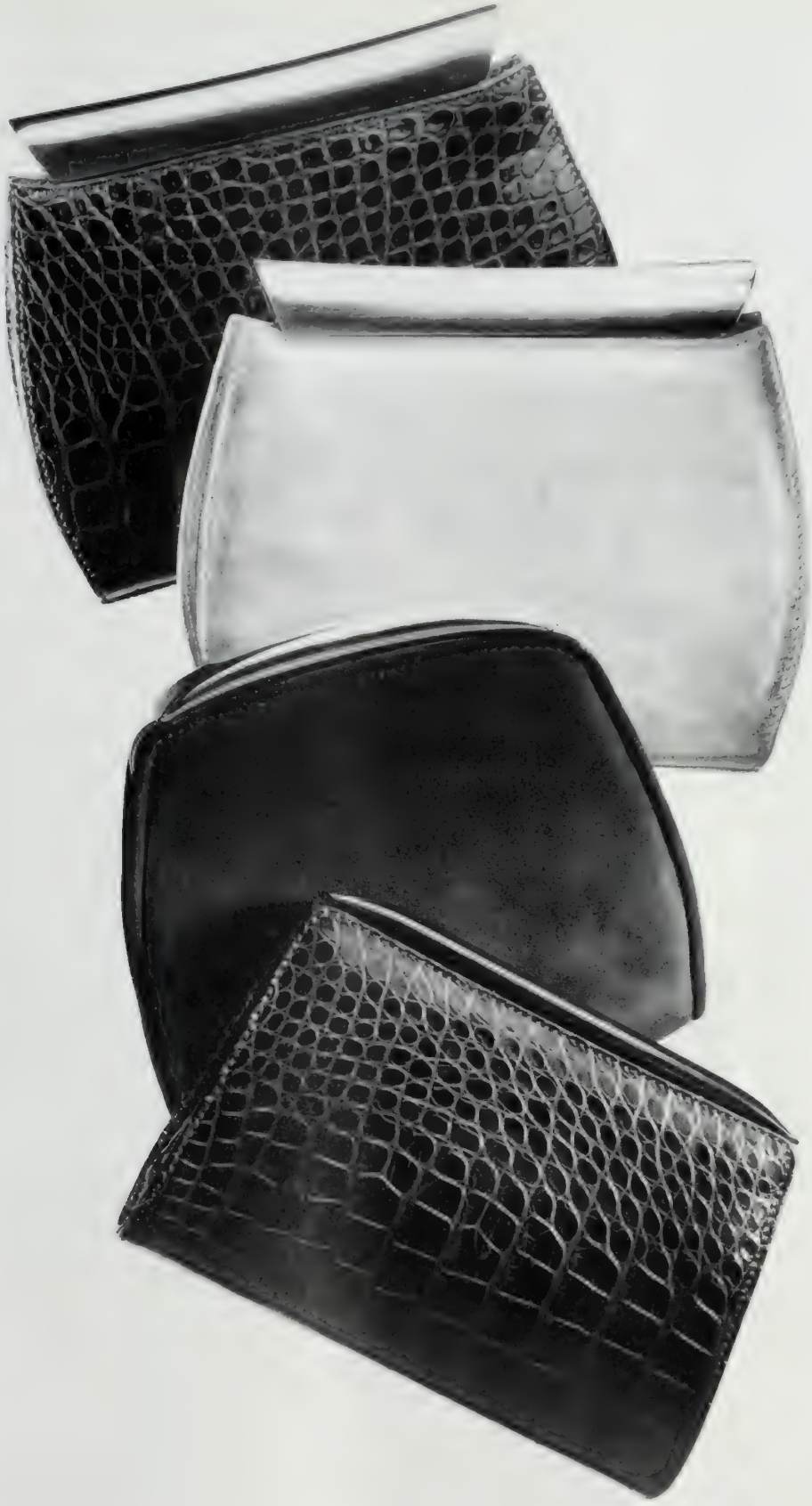








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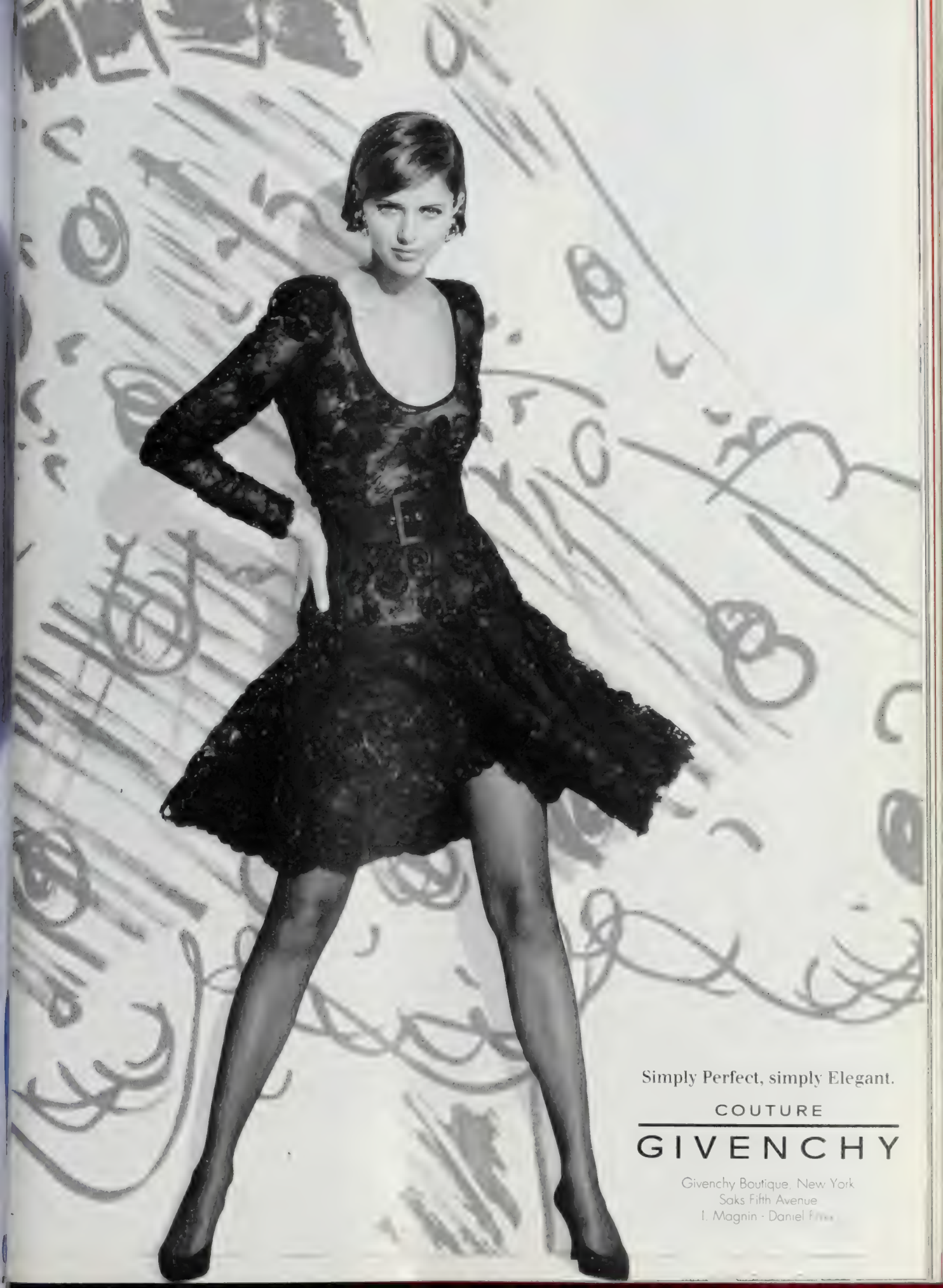


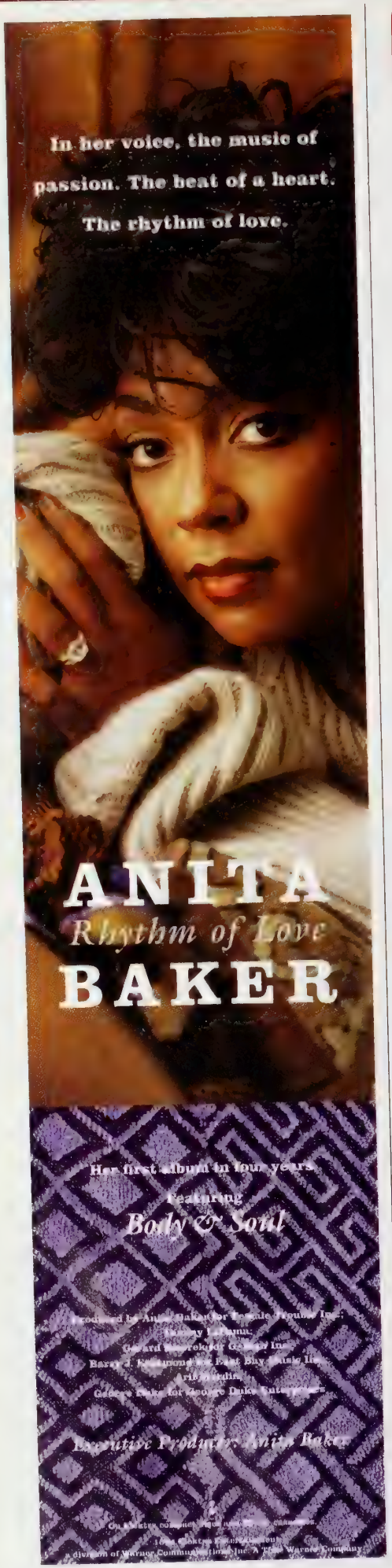
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DAFYDD JONES

"These are people who have always lived in the business sections, but now they command front-page headlines," says Annie Leibovitz of the moguls of the New Establishment. For her portfolio of power on page 212, "I was planning to do straightforward portraits of them in their offices, but for these people the office is anywhere they have a telephone." Leibovitz was also intrigued by Tom Cruise, her cover subject this month: "Tom's director, Neil Jordan, told me that Tom could never go back to his old roles after his work in Interview with the Vampire. *And there is something different about Tom now. He's unbelievably sexy, but there's something a little rougher around the edges. I wanted to photograph him at this moment of change."*



LAURA BOCCALETTI

Robert Lacey's groundbreaking biography of Grace Kelly, excerpted on page 98, is due out from Putnam this month. "I developed an enormous admiration for her while writing the book," he says. "Princess Grace was much more than the ice maiden of studio legend."

Leslie Bennetts, who profiled Hillary Rodham Clinton in the June issue, writes about another embattled woman this month. "Once again Debbie Reynolds's life is in a mess, but she will survive the latest romantic and financial fiascoes, as she has so many others," says Bennetts. "Reynolds is truly indomitable."

Frequent contributor **Eric Boman** says that before every photo shoot he forms a preconceived picture of the subject in his head, "and sometimes I'm spot-on. But what I love is to be thrown off, to be surprised by something unexpected. Jil Sander threw me with her smile, her ease, her tenderness. I wanted to try to capture that." Boman also photographed golden-age trouper Debbie Reynolds for this issue. *(Continued on page 48)*

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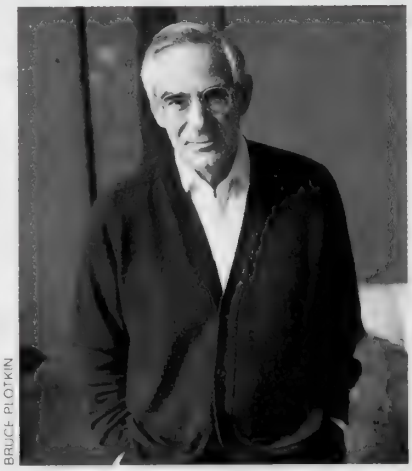
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Contributors

(Continued from page 44)



BRUCE PLOTKIN

David Halberstam made his name as a journalist and historian with his Pulitzer Prize–winning dispatches from Vietnam and with The Best and the Brightest, *an epic account of the Old Establishment's greatest foreign-policy fiasco. On page 246, he gives a dramatic account of the fall of that Establishment, and of the rise of Henry Kissinger, the man whose brilliant but solipsistic machinations contributed to the slow erosion of America's political elite.* October 1964, *his latest book, is about the season when baseball's greatest dynasty came to an end.*

"Jil Sander is a rare, almost unprecedented combination of a creator and a businesswoman," says **Bob Colacello.** "She is the first high-style designer to emerge from Germany and be accepted in Italy, France, and now in America." His profile of Sander is the latest of many fashion stories he has done for *V.F.*, including articles on Oscar de la Renta, Pierre Bergé, and John Fairchild.



FRAN COLLIN

Nicholas Lemann, national correspondent for The Atlantic Monthly, *probes the heart of the Eastern Establishment for his essay on page 242. He is following his award-winning history,* The Promised Land, *with a book on the meritocracy in America.*

Los Angeles–based photographer **Michel Comte** caught the manic *Melrose Place* energy of Heather Locklear



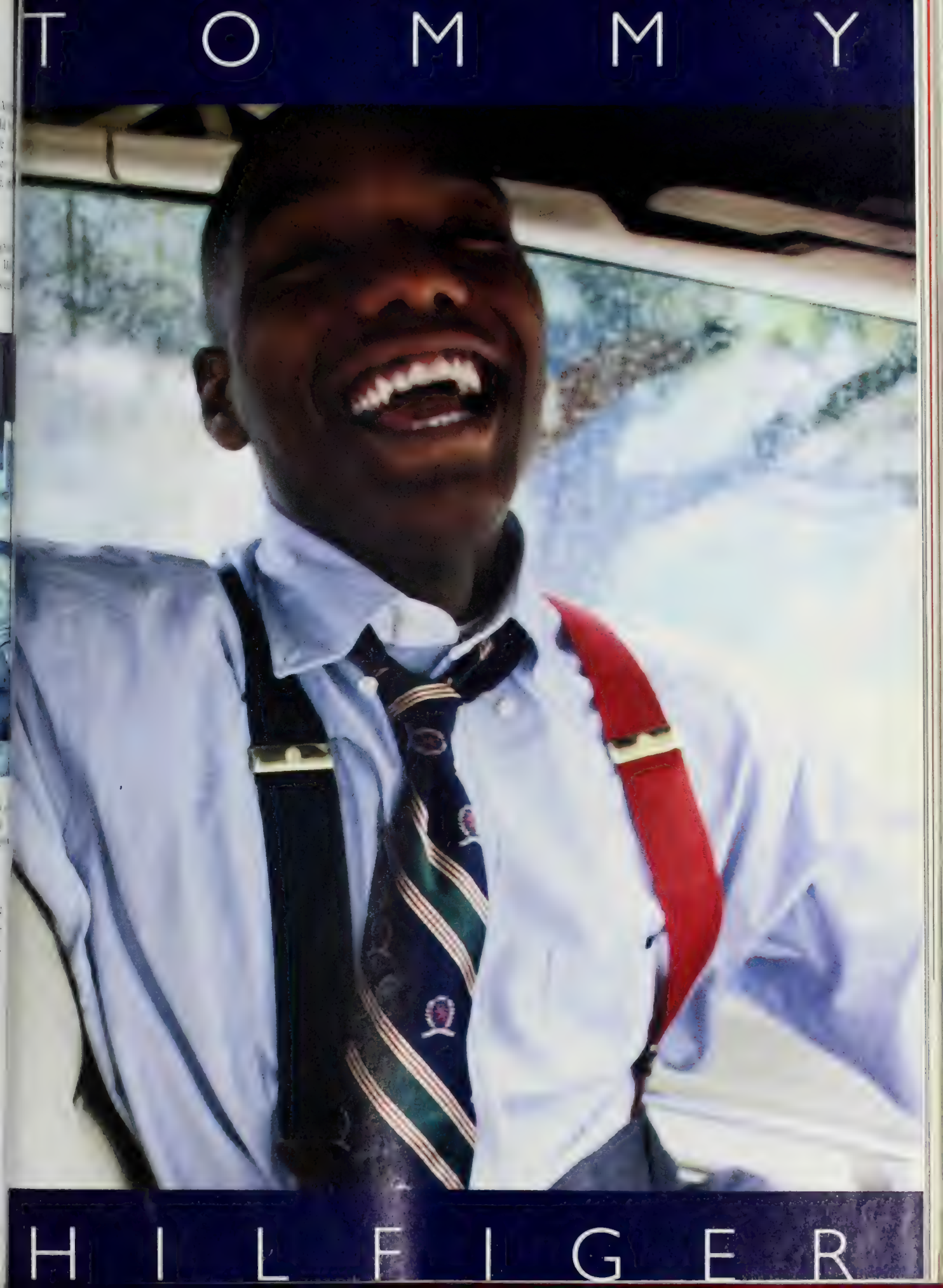
Vanity Fair *executive editor Elise O'Shaughnessy visits the titans of the Information Age in her profile of the New Establishment, which begins on page 214.*

Christopher Hitchens's book on the United Nations, *International Territory,* with photographer Adam Bartos, is due out this month from Verso.

Michael Musto writes the "La Dolce Musto" column in *The Village Voice* and "Poplife" for *Spin,* and is a regular in "Vanities." He also appears on the E! channel's *Gossip Show.* "Interviewing Heather Locklear was a longtime fantasy," he says. "Next stop, Dollywood."

Kevin Sessums is writing a novel, *Porterhouse,* for Random House.

Marjorie Williams profiled Strobe Talbott in last month's issue.


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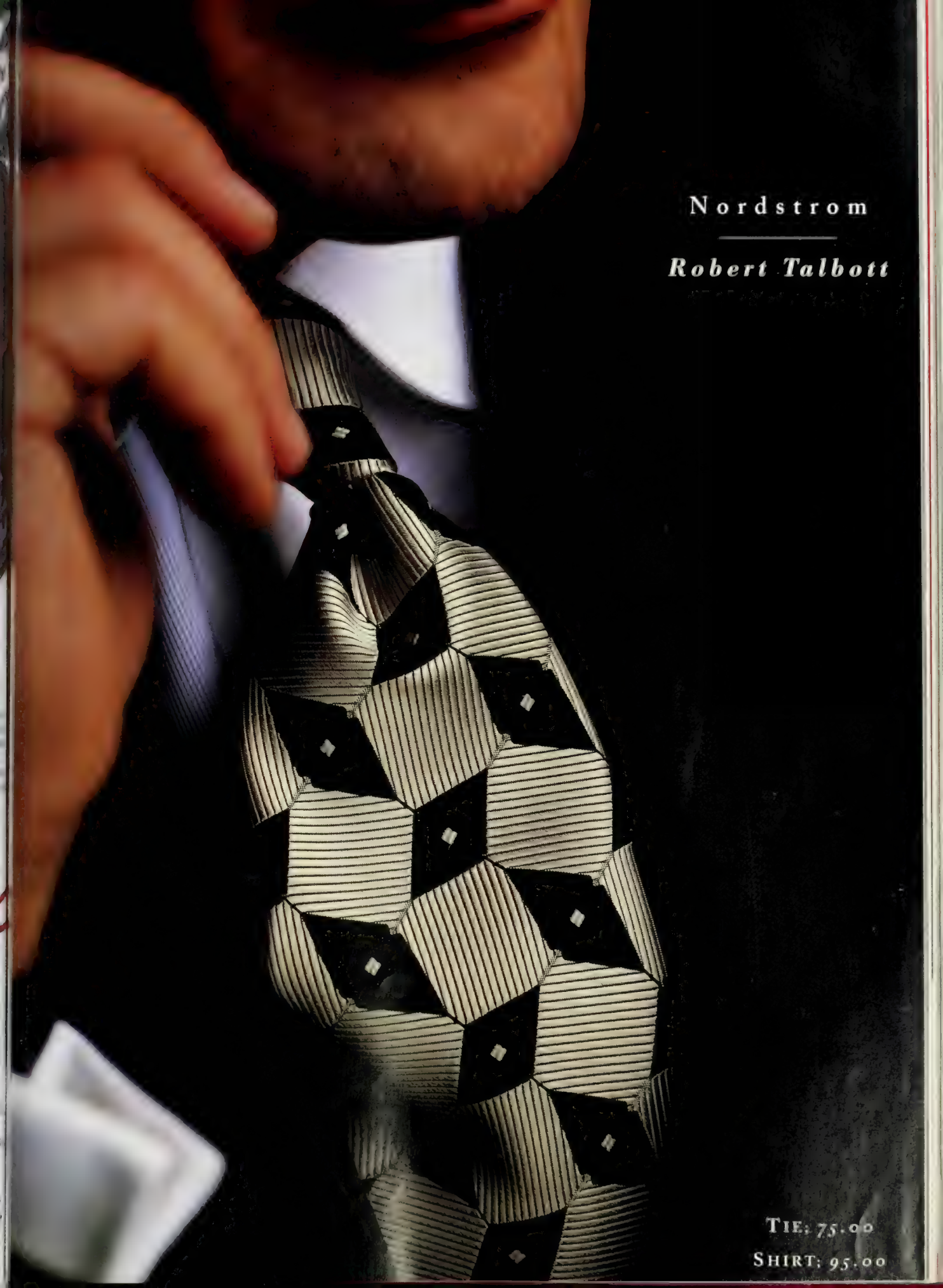
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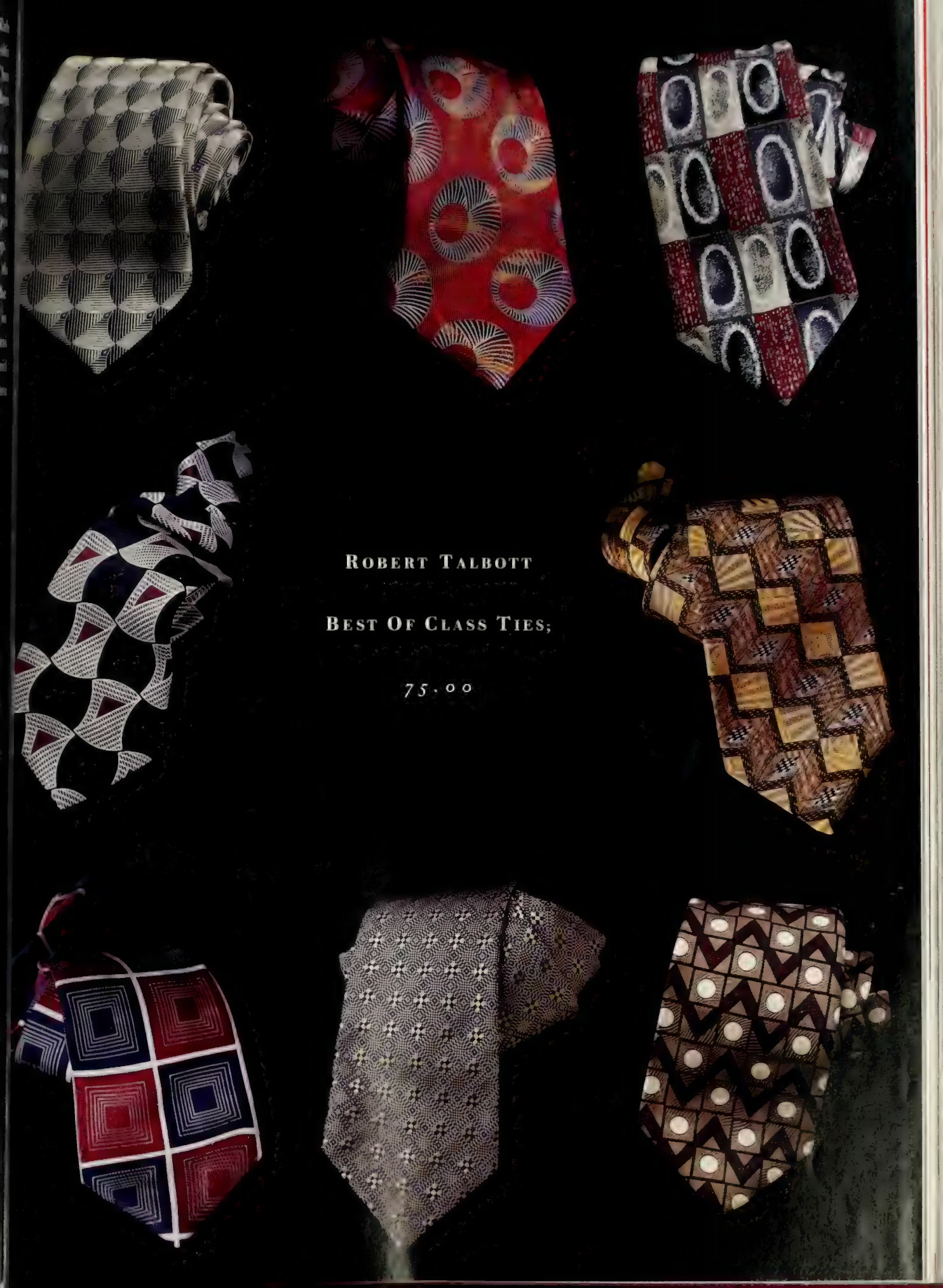

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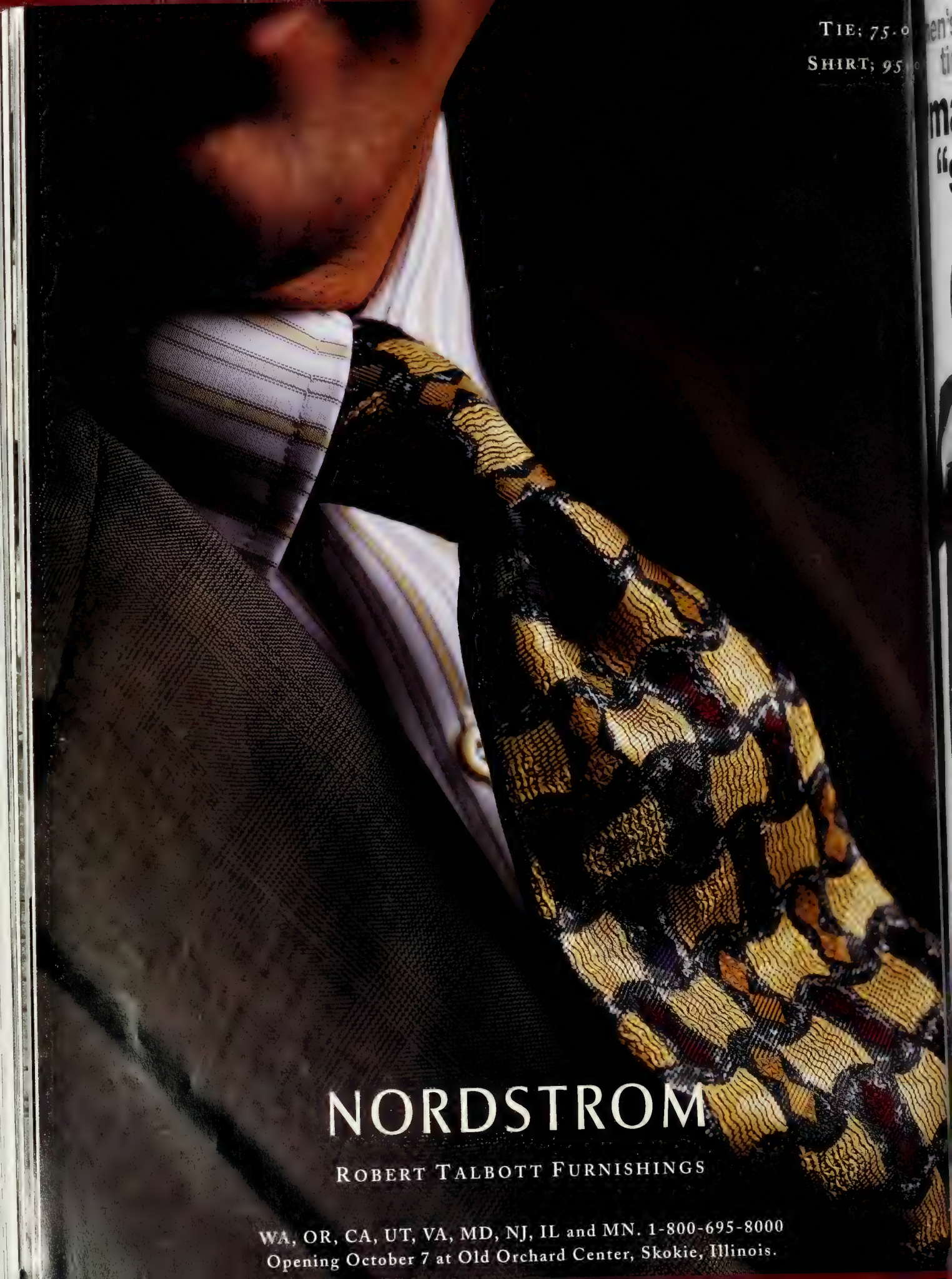


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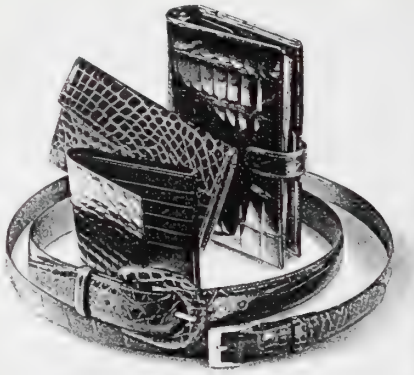
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Letters



ORIGINAL CINDY

Incendiary Crawford

Herb Ritts's pictures of supermodel Cindy Crawford are superb, and Cathy Horyn's article "Absolute Cindy" [August] is delightful and one of the best depictions of Cindy that I have read recently.

JEANNE DUELL
Los Angeles, California

Your cover of Cindy Crawford is the best cover I have ever seen, anywhere, anytime. Cindy defines the word "beautiful," for beauty truly comes from within. Her sense of self alone is an amazing achievement.

CATHERINE RASMUSSEN
Toms River, New Jersey

My heart goes out to kind, sweet, wonderful, rich Cindy—a bandage on her foot you say? Really? How horrid!

LANA BERGEN
New York, New York

I just wanted to drop you a line to tell you about two things I never thought I would do. I never thought I would write a letter to a magazine, and I never thought I would purchase a magazine because of the cover photo. If all your cover photos are as fantastic as your Cindy Crawford cover, I will continue to do both.

MIKE GOLDIE
Redlands, California

While I think Cindy Crawford is to the 90s what Raquel Welch was to the 60s, I have just one request: the next time an incredibly lucky and naturally beautiful goddess like Miss Crawford starts to moan about life at the top, why not just go ahead and slap a gag order on her before all those superfluous insights go to print.

Come on, Cindy! Compared with O.J., you've got nothing to worry about!

CAROLINE PIKE
New York, New York

Page 10 of your August issue credits Malia Mills as the bikini designer on your cover photo of Cindy Crawford.

I've spent a considerable amount of time (hours) studying this lovely photo and simply cannot find the bikini.

BARRY J. MATTHEWS
Moraga, California

In the year of the 25th anniversary of man's first walk on the moon, I find it especially painful *(Continued on page 70)*

NOW MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO BRING UP A DELICATE SUBJECT. DRINKING.



The subject may come up in a moment of shared intimacy, during quiet time before bed, when she's talking about her day at school or perhaps while you're discussing a family outing or event. She may ask. Or you may bring it up.

It might seem that nine or ten is very young to talk with a child about a subject as grown-up as drinking. But experts say that this is a time when she's probably forming her ideas about many adult things, alcohol among them. It's also a time when she may be most open to your loving guidance.

But what do you say? Many of us at Anheuser-Busch are parents, so we know just how hard it can be. And we know that too often, not knowing what to say can lead to saying nothing at all.

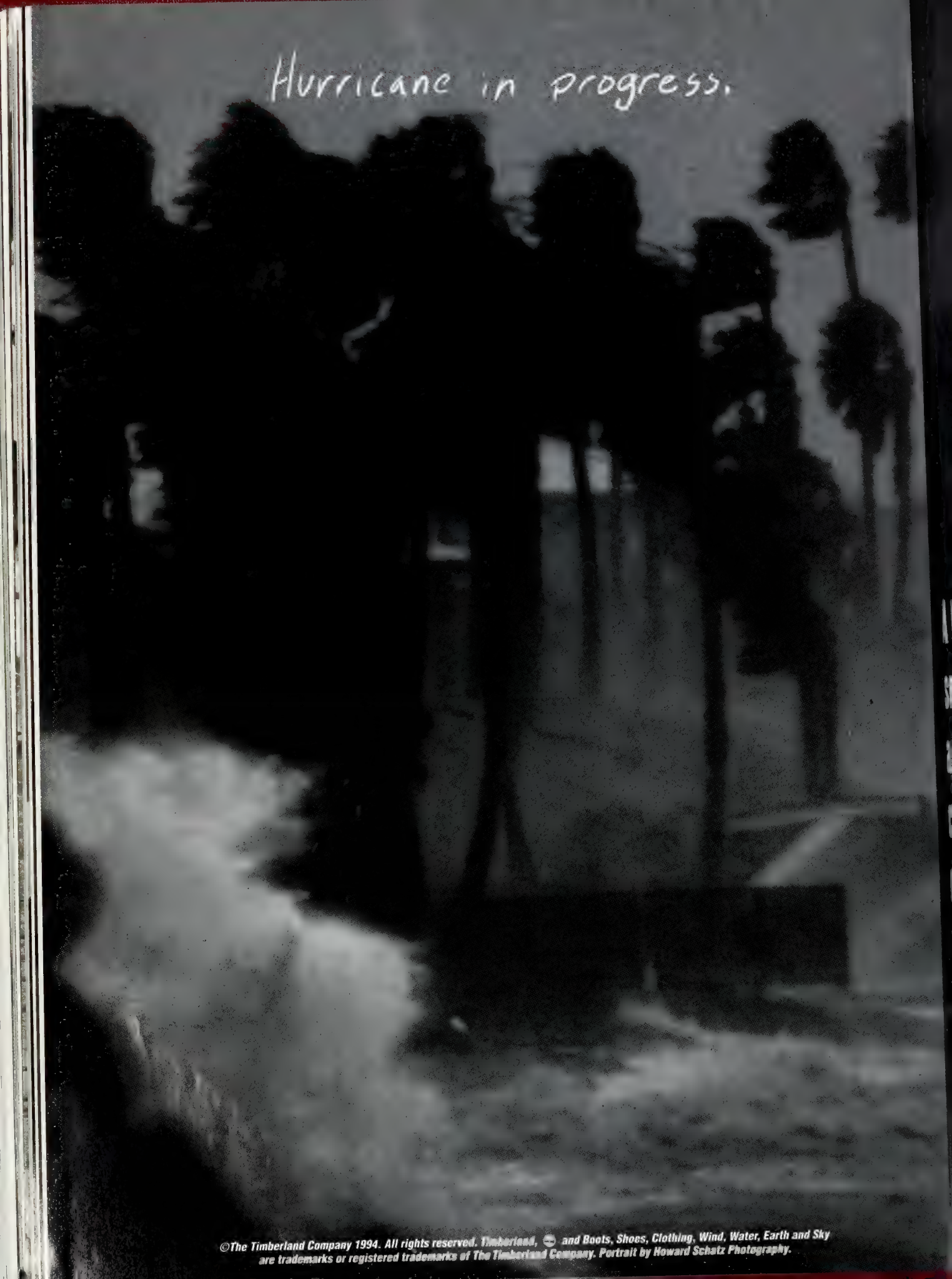
That's why we've created "Family Talk About Drinking." "Family Talk" features two informative guides written by prominent authorities on child development, family counseling and alcohol treatment.

The guides discuss a number of subjects, among them how to talk with younger children, recognizing teenage drinking problems and addressing the issue of drinking and driving. Call 1-800-359-TALK for a free copy.

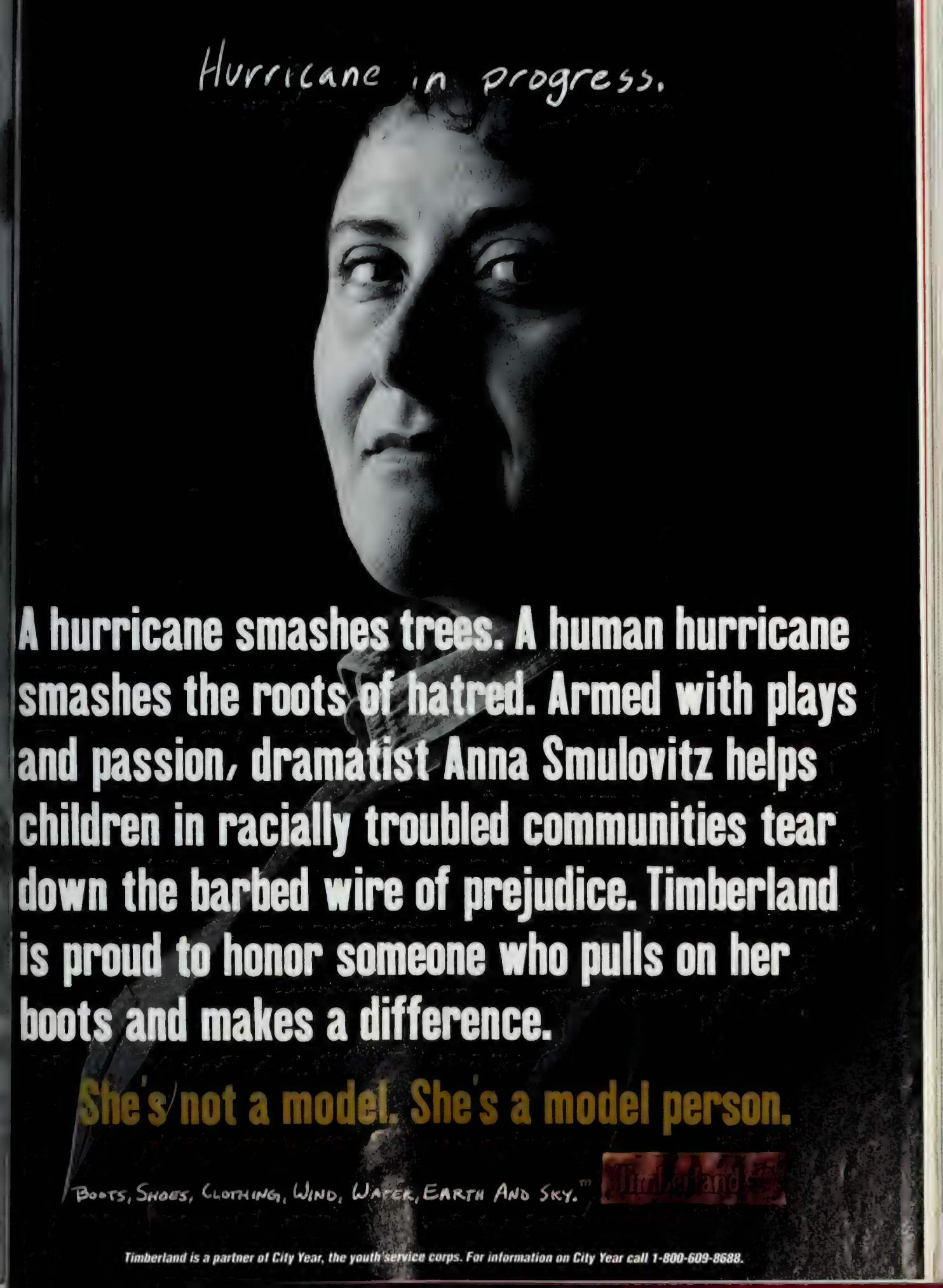
Because you want to take care of her for as long as you can. And one of the best ways to do that is to share the knowledge that will help her take care of herself.

LET'S STOP UNDERAGE DRINKING BEFORE IT STARTS.

Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

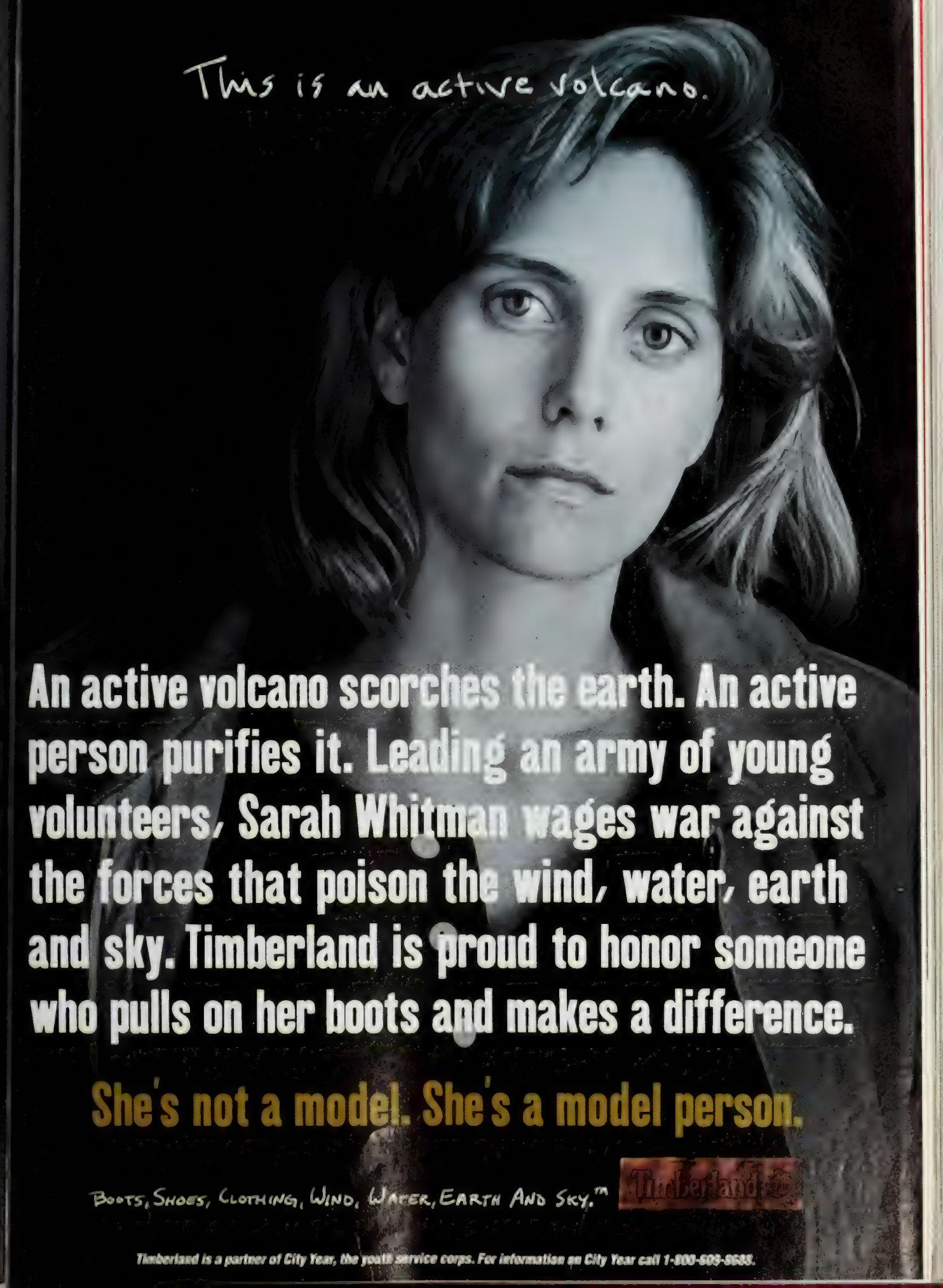


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Hurricane in progress.
A hurricane smashes trees. A human hurricane smashes the roots of hatred. Armed with plays and passion, dramatist Anna Smulovitz helps children in racially troubled communities tear down the barbed wire of prejudice. Timberland is proud to honor someone who pulls on her boots and makes a difference.
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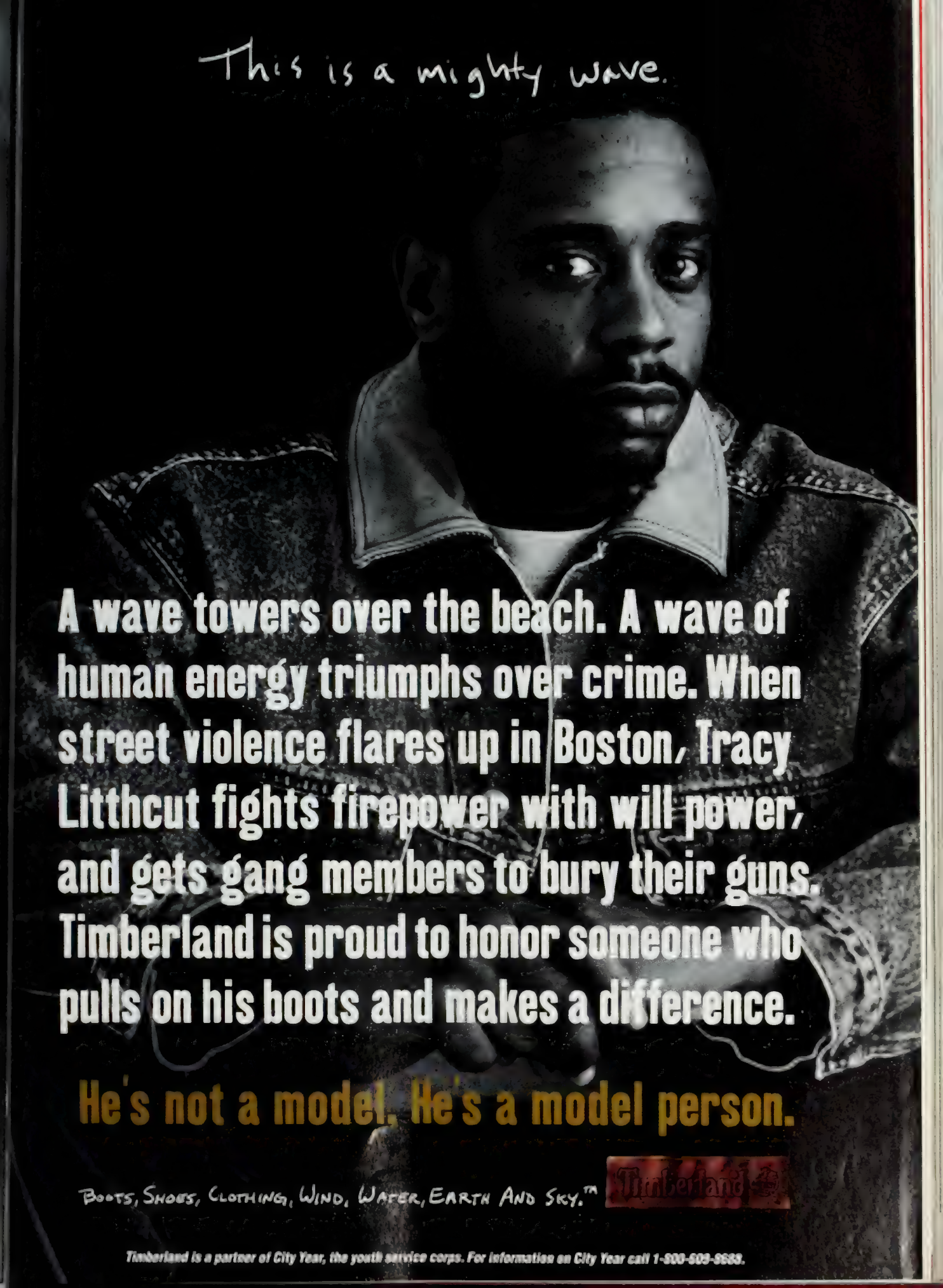


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This is an active volcano.
An active volcano scorches the earth. An active person purifies it. Leading an army of young volunteers, Sarah Whitman wages war against the forces that poison the wind, water, earth and sky. Timberland is proud to honor someone who pulls on her boots and makes a difference.
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This is a mighty wave.
A wave towers over the beach. A wave of human energy triumphs over crime. When street violence flares up in Boston, Tracy Litthcut fights firepower with will power, and gets gang members to bury their guns. Timberland is proud to honor someone who pulls on his boots and makes a difference.
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Letters

(Continued from page 62) that today one of the most celebrated women in America is a supermodel. In the 1960s, little boys dreamed of being astronauts; in the 1990s, little girls dream about being supermodels. By the way, we don't care if Cindy is insecure about her looks.

I bought this issue because of the Bret Easton Ellis article.

RUTH HOVICK
Chicago, Illinois

Marilyn, Inc.! Elvis, Inc.! Imagine that we might still be enjoying their company had they understood what Cindy Crawford was smart enough to recognize and is wise enough to accept and market. Sometimes a talent is simply to have been born (and have a great manager) and nothing else. Marilyn was not a great actress, nor was Elvis a great musician (and vice versa). Rather than accepting their limitations and making hay with their marketability, they opted out.

I look forward to decades of the beautiful Cindy, Inc., and wish Marilyn and Elvis had permitted me the same.

ELIZABETH DUNLAP SABIA
Oreland, Pennsylvania

It takes a lot of lights and makeup to be in a *Playboy* centerfold, which is certainly anything but practical or down-to-earth, let alone real. It may have been a business move on Cindy Crawford's part, but it definitely was not a pragmatic one.

TISHA ELLIOT
Portland, Oregon

The media portray her as virtually perfect. She's gorgeous and supersavvy in business. How refreshing to know that on top of everything else she's human. Thank you for writing a profile that shows that even Cindy Crawford gets the blues.

BONNI KOGEN BRODNICK
Pound Ridge, New York

To compare Cindy Crawford to Jackie O is to compare lobster and truffles to a Happy Meal. Cindy Crawford, you're no Jackie Kennedy!

ANGELA LUCERO-REED
Pueblo, Colorado

Cindy Crawford has succeeded Madonna as the media version of Chinese water torture. I don't want to be her and I don't want to do her; I just want to slap that mole right off her face. Overexposure has rendered her less fascinating than Demi Moore's belly. We already know she makes an unconscionable amount of money and is married to what's-his-name. We've seen her posing pouty-lipped next to the Dalai Lama. We stand advised to consider her a role model, though she has neither authentic talent nor a shred of mystique. Please defer further mention of this woman until the next millennium.

CAROL L. SMI
Lompoc, Califo

I can't tell you how relieved I felt after reading your Cindy Crawford profile. I had always assumed that doubt and worry plagued only middle-class plain Janes with balding, beer-bellied husbands. Now I discover that even obscenely wealthy supermodels with hunky movie-star husbands have problems. To be faced with such mind-numbing issues and pressures each and every day is almost too horrible to contemplate: Is this the right time to launch a "Cindy doll"? Should I pose nude to widen my demographic appeal? What must I do next to ensure that my $7-million-a-year income keeps rolling in?

Before devouring your article, I admit I often felt that my troubles were insurmountable. Now, before the first pang of anxiety can even take root, I breathe deeply and remind myself, "Jeanne, it could be far, far worse. You could be living the nightmare that is Cindy Crawford's life." Thanks, *Vanity Fair*, for helping me put my insignificant troubles in perspective.

JEANNE M. FRAZI
Livonia, Michiga

Bill of Right

I found your recent story on the Bennett brothers ["The Fabulous Bennett Boys," by Frank Deford, August] interesting. William Bennett, former secretary of education, recently compiled an Index of Leading Cultural Indicators to get a practical grasp of the condition of America: statistics on 19 aspects of American social life were sampled at five-year intervals from 1960 to 1990.

Over the last 30 years, there has been a 560 percent increase in violent crimes, a 400 percent increase in illegitimate births, a quadrupling of the divorce rate, a 200 percent increase in the teenage-suicide rate, and a drop of almost 80 points in S.A.T. scores, to cite only the *(Continued on page 74)*

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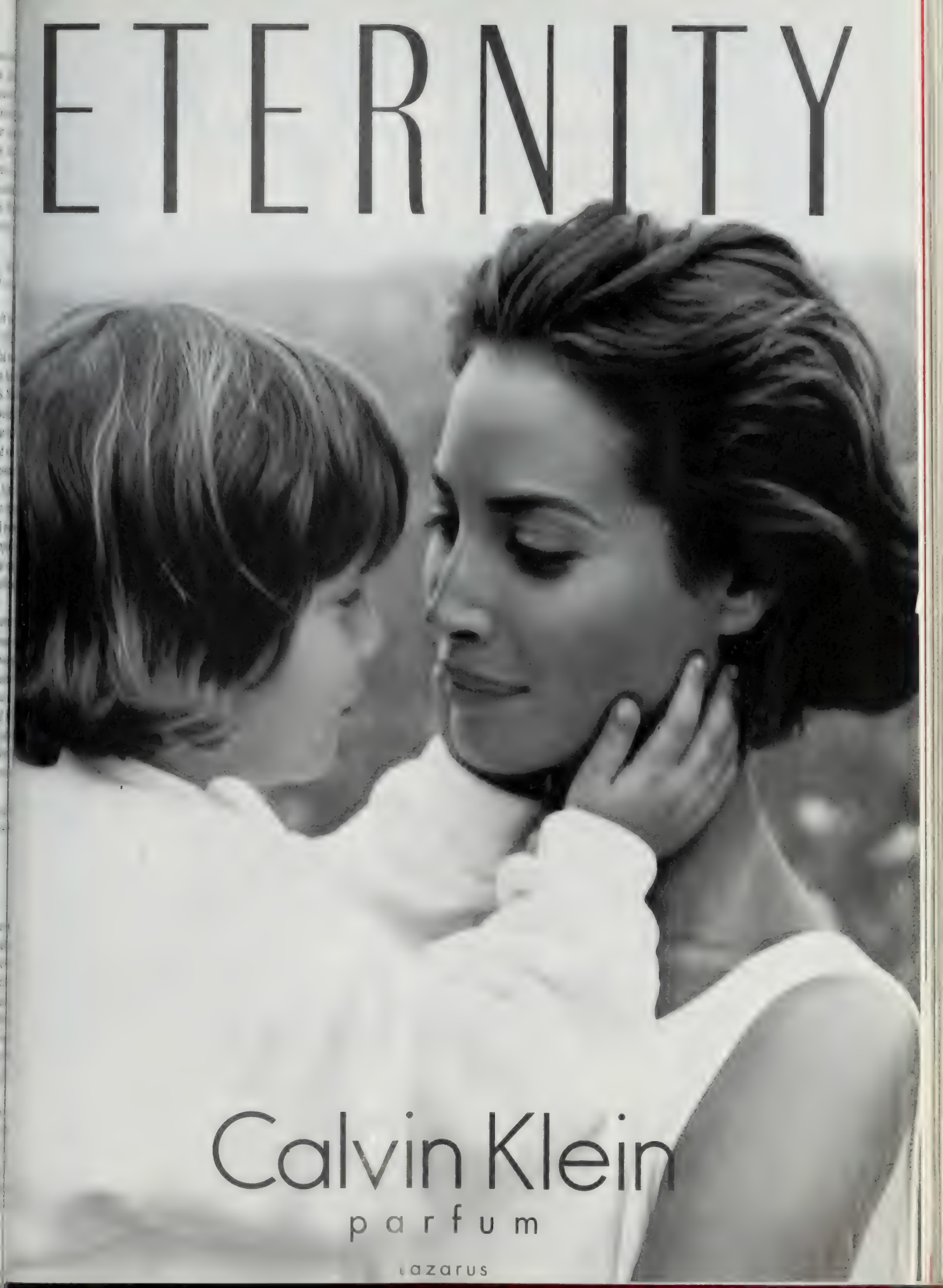
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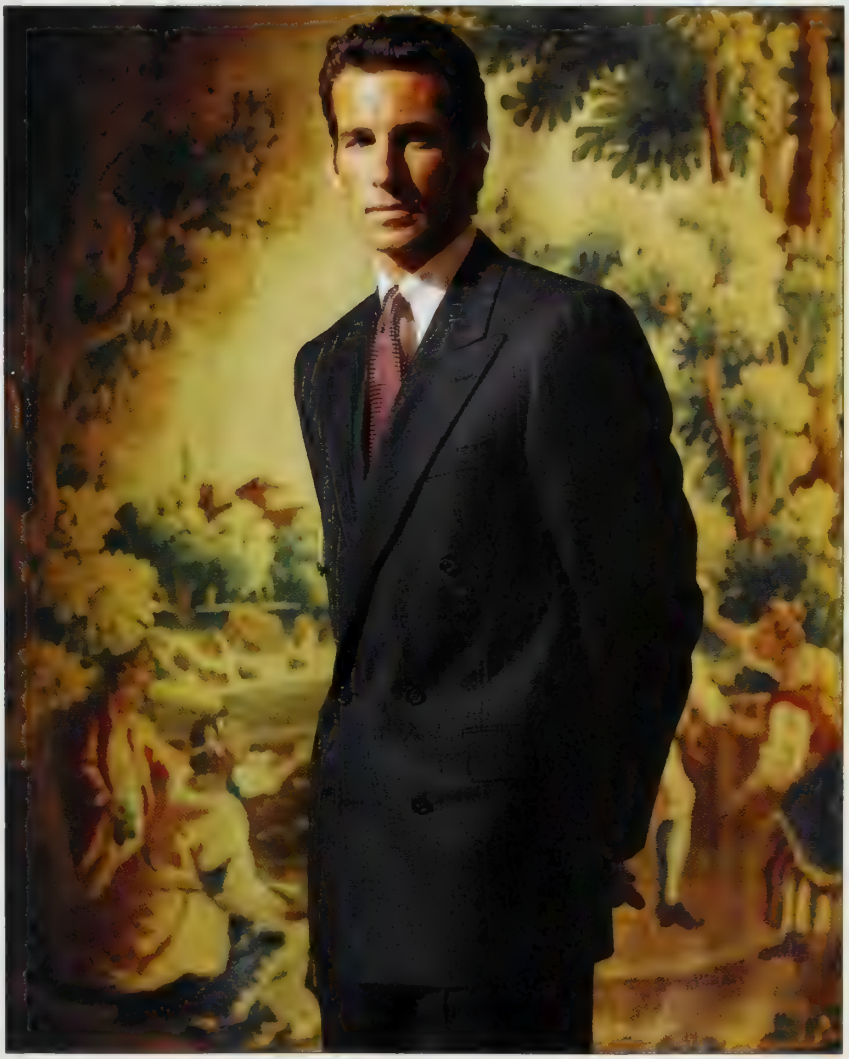
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DAVID HALBERSTAM

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about one of the
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of all time.

October 1964



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Letters

(Continued from page 70) most dramatic bad news.

This social deterioration, Mr. Bennett believes, "is due in large part to the enfeebled state of our social institutions and their failure to carry out a critical and time-honored task: the moral education of the young."

Mr. Bennett's conclusions will not please all tastes, but he is saying things that are proven, significant, and momentous. Those who take refuge in simpler resolutions to less sticky issues will pale in contrast.

MICHAEL LEVINE
Los Angeles, California

It was thrilling to read in your August issue that Bill Bennett is considering running for the presidency—it's about time we had a mensch for a leader.

C. A. SPILLER PARESKY
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Bret Noir



Ellis's island: Author Bret Easton Ellis incites passionate reactions in his fans and detractors alike. Some claim he is the voice of his generation; others see a crass literary prankster.

Thank you for your sublime article on novelist Bret Easton Ellis ["Who's Afraid of Bret Easton Ellis?" by Matthew Tyrnauer, August], a man too brilliant to be understood by just anyone.

LACEY LEVITT
Baltimore, Maryland

During the pinnacle of the Ellis controversy, Tammy Bruce, the president of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Organization for Women, made the comment that *American Psycho* is "a how novel on the torture and dismemberm of women." She gave it far too mu credit. It is actually a how-to manual torturing readers. I don't know whi was more painful, reading Ellis or re ing about him.

KENYA McCULL
Albany, New Y

Finally a quasi-revealing profile (much as we'll ever know, I'll bet) of o of the most talented writers of our tim As a senior studying creative writing the University of Arizona I can say th Mr. Ellis is among the most revered a thors of my generation, admired for t fluidity of his prose style and his eye f context and detail, which, on the su face, appear ordinary enough but a really, under Mr. Ellis's microscop threatening and truly unnerving. I qui er with anticipation for the arrival of h latest masterpiece.

JAIME CLARK
Phoenix, Arizo

Bret Easton Ellis belongs in a locked a tic room with Jay McInerney, Tam Janowitz, and the entire cast of *Les than Zero,* where we can dust them o occasionally and say, "Weren't we sill to have bought into this crap?"

J. ALEXANDER GREENWOO
Midwest City, Oklahom

At last, an interview with an author wh doesn't force-feed us the "happy ending" novel. Bret Easton Ellis gave me th truth and a sense of realism in his firs three novels. Censorship should be of n concern. After all, don't drug abuse, vio lence, rape, murder, and the aimless wandering of the twentysomethings ex ist? I keep reading Ellis because I know I won't get a perfect, happy, Danielle Steel version of my generation. *The Rules of Attraction* is a perfect depiction of what college kids are dealing with now. Thanks for the new novel, Bret.

JENNIFER KURELLA
Clearwater, Florida

To say that I simply adore Bret Easton Ellis would be the biggest understatement I could ever make in my life. Mr. Ellis is a personal god to me. *Less than Zero* has made an indelible mark on my being. I have read it at least a hundred times, and when the movie version came out I was shattered. I literally cried hysterically when I saw the travesty that took place on film. Mr. Ellis is a literary genius who draws people into the *(Continued on page 84)*



A Look Inside.

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(Continued from page 74) worlds that he creates and no one leaves these worlds untouched.

To me, Bret Easton Ellis epitomizes truth. He is not afraid to show the way people truly are, and he chronicles their actions and feelings in his books vividly, starkly, and without apology. Mr. Ellis is a man who feels things so deeply and acutely that there can be no question in my mind that he is one of the most magnificent writers of all time.

When I was a college student in Vermont, I would drive down to the Bennington campus and pay homage to the man who had brought so much into my life. I felt that he understood me perfectly and I secretly hoped that he would be there for some odd reason on the day that I was so that I could thank him for his words. Being a 21-year-old writer myself, I hope to meet Mr. Ellis one day, but I hope to have better luck in conversing with him than I did with Donna Tartt when I met her at a reading she gave in Northampton, Massachusetts. I was so in awe of the fact that she and Mr. Ellis were friends that I was struck mute as she spoke to me. Finally, I found my voice and gushed about how much I adored Mr. Ellis and how I thought her book was fabulous. She was the sweetest person, but my embarrassment over the situation has not diminished in the two years since I met her. I hope to have better luck with Mr. Ellis one day. I will always carry a piece of him with me wherever I go.

JANINE WILKINS
Watkins Glen, New York

In Sol We Trust

Unfortunately the otherwise riveting article "Love and Obsession" [by Linda Wolfe, August], about the bizarre behavior of New York's top judge, ended with the words "mental illness." Those should have been the first words.

His madness has a name, which went unmentioned in the article—Judge Sol Wachtler has been diagnosed as a manic-depressive. This disorder affects about 1 percent of the population. Two of the four presidents depicted on Mount Rushmore, Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt, were likewise afflicted. So too were Ernest Hemingway and Virginia Woolf.

A brilliant jurist, Judge Wachtler has added much to the development of the common law in this country. I hope when the scales of justice hold him in the balance, he will be found to be not depraved but, rather, ill.

CARL BROWN
Louisville, Kentucky

That Hamilton Man

George and Alana Hamilton ["George and Alana," by George Kalogerakis, August] are like Zsa Zsa Gabor, famous only for being famous. They have enjoyed more than their 15 minutes.

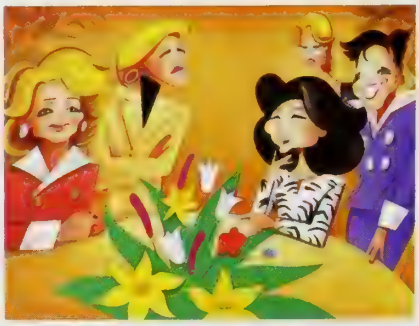
COLLEEN WHALEN
Arlington, Virginia

George Hamilton has been my favorite actor/movie star since *Where the Boys Are*, and I say this without smirking or blushing. He plays Hollywood to the hilt.

Now, why did you people not mention *Zorro, The Gay Blade*, his tour de force?

SISSY WHITE
New Orleans, Louisiana

Worth the Risko



Women of the air: Vanity Fair *illustrator Robert Risko depicts the dominant female broadcasters of our day—Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, Connie Chung, Jane Pauley, and Katie Couric.*

I want to congratulate Risko for his illustration of the female anchors ["Kiss of the Anchorwomen," by Lloyd Grove, August]. It is incredible!

A. D. McCAFFERTY
St. Petersburg, Florida

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TONY BENNETT/at work

The set list.
It's all about finding the right tempos,
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"It took me ten years to write this list."

The flowers are a
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Duke Ellington,
who would send a dozen
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The dressing room at
Radio City Music Hall
is a place Tony is intimately
familiar with.
No wonder, since he lives
only a block away.

Tony Bennett's art isn't limited to singing,
as these sketches show. His favorite
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"I always paint from life and 98%
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Mr. Bennett has graciously donated his appearance fee to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.


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EST 1851
"I like it understated, I don't like it obvious."
It's a philosophy that's apparent in Tony's clothing
as well as his music. Case in point:
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at work/at play



SUBLIME SMOKERS *Clockwise from top,* Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, and Anne Bancroft. "Smoker" denotes something they were, as well as something they did.

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

It is getting nearly impossible to take one's life into one's own hands these days, what with the self-appointed hall monitors of the anti-smoke brigade trying to grab the cigarettes out of them

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

There are all sorts of differences between myself and Congressman Henry A. Waxman (Democrat, California). He is a machine politician and I am an ink-stained wretch. He affects a mustache that doesn't become him, while I keep my upper lip on display. He accepts campaign contributions; I don't even make them. But these differences are superficial, even misleading. Henry Waxman claims to care whether I live or die. This is not a claim I have ever bothered or dared to make about him. Therein lies the essence of our disagreement. That, and the fact that I am powerless to modify his behavior, while he not only can but does seek to modify mine.

I suspect that this difference could come out in several ways, but the immediate one is that I am a person of smoke and he, all too evidently, is not. Since the title of "smoker" denotes something you are as well as something you do (like "poet," for example, or "dreamer"), I wasn't too surprised to discover a few years ago that it was one of the few pursuits that allowed me to play the active and the passive role simultaneously. In fact, I repressed a thrill of pride at this new evidence of versatility.

Ever since I began lighting up, I have known two things perfectly well. First, it is bad for me as well as good (I'll complete that sentence later on, if I may, which will be about half a pack from now). Second, it is not liked by many people. I don't mean just the authoritarian schoolteachers and scoutmaster types who always warned me that I was, yet *again,* defiling the temple of my body. I mean the numerous people who don't like cigarette smoke. "Do you mind if I . . . ?" was an automatic piece of manners on my part. If anyone said yes, they did mind, I refrained. The nonsmoking section—fine. The nonsmoking restaurant—also fine. (I would take my sovereign custom elsewhere.) The last, most acrid car on the Metroliner train—perfect. Even the smoke-free airplane, though it was a real sacrifice, could be accepted because people had to breathe the same air and, if you must put it like this, share the same personal space. People invited to my home are advised that


GIORGIO ARMANI
ACCESSORI

ashtrays are available; people who invite me to their homes often (but not always) tell me if the reverse is the case. Is my drift caught? There is nothing here to quarrel about, at least among grown-ups.

I take you now to Davis, California. In this fraught burg, since February 1993, it has been illegal to light a cigarette in any outdoor café or restaurant garden. And by outdoors, we mean the big outdoors as defined by the larger cheeses of the town. You have to be 20 feet from an office entrance in order to ignite (your cigarette, that is), and you can be fined if you transgress. Eight offenders have been fined and one arrested at the time of writing. I remember thinking it was a joke to be told, five years ago, that you could not smoke in the open air in one of those Jim and Tammy Bakker theme parks for the devout. The laugh, it appears, was on me. On me not as a smoker but as a believer in what Louis Brandeis termed an essential right—"the right to be let alone."

The enforceable etiquette of Davis is now the wave of the future. Congressman Waxman may not be able to do much else about the living conditions of people in his fine city of Los Angeles (which has long been divided into two sections—smoldering and nonsmoldering), and Robert Reich may be at a loss on how to improve the labor conditions of the American worker, but when it comes to smoking, Mr. Waxman is as righteous as he is polite, and Mr. Reich is as principled as he is tall. Both affirm that any building definable as a "workplace" be free of tobacco smoke. My home is a workplace, and is entered by more than 10 people a week (Mr. Waxman's definition), but is protected by its definition as a home. So far.

Obviously, then, we have reached and passed the point where smoking as a threat to others provides the excuse. Leave the "passive" out of it. If a restaurant were to advertise as an all-smoking establishment, where only those who relished the tang and the risk were welcome, it would not be permitted to operate under Mr. Waxman's original proposal. I suppose this would be because it discriminated against nonsmokers. But an attempt by a restaurant to hold on to both sets of customers by having a separate (even separately ventilated) section for nonsmokers would also be disallowed.

In Massachusetts, the scene of earlier attempts to perfect people by coercion, the Department of Public Health has expended millions on a campaign which, for example, puts the following poster in a nonsmoking section: "Right now, over 4,000 chemicals and 40 carcinogens are floating over from the smoking section, increasing your chances of getting lung cancer. Enjoy your meal." Enjoy it by all means. But you won't be able to tell your friends that there's a perfectly good all-puffing trattoria down the street, because those who know best will have taken care of that.

I skip lightly over the scientific evidence here, because my argument assumes for its own sake that the anti-smoking case is watertight. Strange, all the same, how few nonsmokers get lung cancer. Segregate smokers if you will, and make up the epidemiology as you go along. Be as humane as the Defense Department (formerly known as the War Department) and be the first government department on your block—and the first military authority in history—to deny a smoke to the armed services. But why follow me into my favorite hangout and deny me at least two constitutional rights? These are, to recapitulate, the right to assemble peacefully and the right to pursue happiness. Yes, I know they are vague and implied, but that's what I like about them.

We've gone from "Thank you for not smoking" all the way to "Damn you for smoking," and, any moment now, "Don't even think about smoking."

This being America, the whole tightening of the noose has been accompanied by an exaggerated and insincere politeness. Step outside the inner cities of the nation—where, thanks in part to the heroic war on drugs, pretty much anything goes—and you can find yourself confronted by the friendly and insidious personality of the authoritarian. At a bar at the top of a ski lift in Aspen, Colorado, I was denied a gin and tonic because, "at this altitude, sir, it would be twice as strong." Hot dog! Bring it over! But, "No, sir, that's not our policy." All of this said through faultless teeth with an unwavering but blank smile. And I'd come up the damned lift as a guest of the Aspen city fathers, who were proudly hosting Margaret Thatcher and George Bush for what turned out to be the first day of the Gulf War. Not our *policy.* A little later I was on Coronado Island, off San Diego, and a leaflet under my hotel-room door advised me that there was a local curfew for people under 18. It thanked me for my cooperation, which I hadn't given.

Ten years ago I chortled at the taxicab scene in Martin Amis's *Money* where "of the many directives gummed to the glass partition, one took the trouble to thank me for not smoking. I hate that. I mean, it's a bit previous, isn't it, don't you think? I haven't not smoked yet. As it turned out, I never did not smoke in the end. . . . I kept on not not smoking quietly in the back, and nothing happened."

And now look. From this artificial courtesy all the way to "Damn you for smoking," and, any moment now, "Don't even think about smoking." I will manage somehow, I assure you. But what will you, the anti-smoker or the passive spectator of criminalization, have lost? Are you content, like Amtrak (which has now removed even that last, segregated car on the end of the train), to tell me that if there's anything you can do to make my journey more boring and miserable, I should not hesitate to ask? There are no statistics to prove it, and I wouldn't bore you with them if there were, but cigarettes improve my short-term concentration, aid my digestion, make me a finer writer and a better dinner companion, and, in several other ways, prolong my life. So when you tread, tread softly—for you tread on my dreams.

A few months ago, I walked in the funeral cortege of Melina Mercouri. As a politician and a public figure she had done slightly more than—oh, I don't know—Henry Waxman, let's say, to bring joy to the voters. The streets of Athens were hushed, and perhaps a million people had waited for a chance to salute or follow the coffin. Overnight, her admirers had plastered every surface in the city with a gorgeous poster of Melina herself, walking like a great cat across a sunny garden right into the camera's eye. You could not miss the cigarette that she held between her fin-

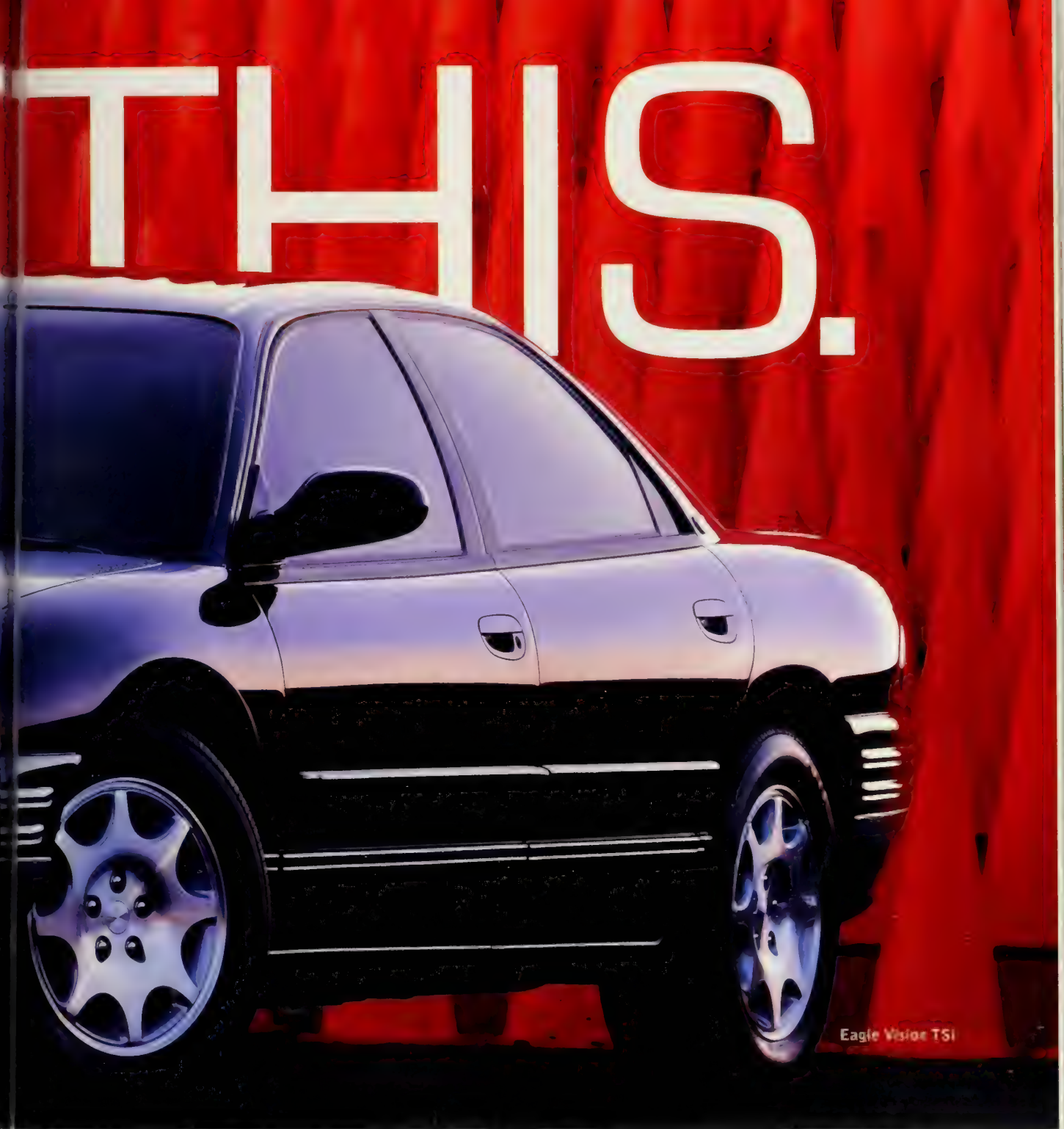

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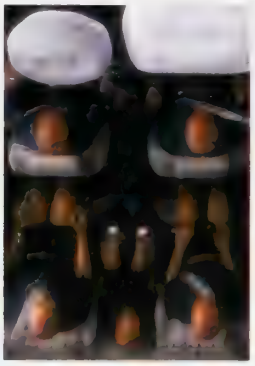
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8. Both the standard 3.5 litre engine on TSi and the 3.3 litre engine on ESi (214 and 161 horsepower, respectively) exhibit smooth off-the-line performance. On slippery surfaces, optional traction control (TSi only) limits wheel spin up to 25 mph.
9. Sophisticated sequential multi-point fuel injection and active-tuned air induction (3.5 litre) contribute to instant response for passing at highway speeds.
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gers, and you probably couldn't ever have clicked a lens at her without capturing one. To smoke was a part of her femininity, of her Mediterranean hedonism, of her political radicalism, and of her bohemian style.

These things, you note, are all unquantifiable. So are the effects of secondhand smoke, if you ask me, but suppose they were measurable, how sane is it to set them against the immeasurable? There are those of us who do not choose to live in some huge, wholesome happy-camper Disneyland of hygiene and pumped-up enthusiasm where (like the hideous-sounding Rodale company, recently featured in *The New York Times*) "a reward system with prizes like sweatsuits or sweatshirts gives extra points to employees who do not smoke and live in nonsmoking households." Strength through joy. Fine, if you like that kind of thing. (In his history of the last days of the *Führer* bunker, Hugh Trevor-Roper mentions in passing that clarity broke out only after the suicide of the century's most fanatical anti-smoker. With him dead, the stunned cronies could at last light up and immediately began to plot the only sensible course: running away.)

There's a tone of voice being employed that is ugly, boring, and sinister, and that needs to be opposed. On the "peaceable assembly" question, listen to Massachusetts state representative Carmen Buell, who is proposing a total ban on smoking in all restaurants. "They certainly can peaceably assemble anywhere they want, as long as they don't smoke. No one is preventing them from going outside. If you wear a hat, a coat, and a scarf you are protected against those elements."

Don't talk to me like that, Ms. Buell. We haven't even been introduced. And here is Susan Stamberg, the less-than-stellar star of National Public Radio, making an appearance on Mary Matalin's *Equal Time* show. Christopher Buckley, the writer and reformed smoker, has just made the point that "hectoring smokers to death" may even be counterproductive. Ms. Stamberg pounces on this heresy like a tubby lynx: "I say hector them to death is better than their dying of lung cancer. . . . And what's a government for if it doesn't step in and say, 'You can't commit suicide'?" Here, though very crudely phrased and ill-reasoned, is the logical demand that smoking be banned altogether, along with (presumably) cholesterol, alcohol, and much besides. At a glance I'd say that Ms. Stamberg's dietary intake is doing her in, but I'm content to let her exercise the right to go to hell in her own way.

Much of this militant prohibitionism is fueled by a stern sense that those who practice it are standing up to the big, ruthless corporations (certainly not something that Congressman Waxman does every day). And now that the state of Florida has license to sue "the tobacco giants" for all the Medicaid costs of past smoking, there will be a rush to join in the bonanza of lucrative litigation. I am, of course, as shocked as anyone else to find out that big corporations can behave unethically when it comes to research and marketing. But I have never met a smoker who began the habit under the impression it was good for the pipes, and neither have you. Anyway, try a simple thought experiment. Would great and courageous social reformers, of the standing, say, of Carmen Buell or Susan Stamberg, relax their attitude one bit if I grew my own tobacco and rolled my own, handmade cigarettes? The question answers itself. The naïve indignation about the tobacco industry is no more than a populist decoration for a campaign which actually targets the consumers rather than the producers.

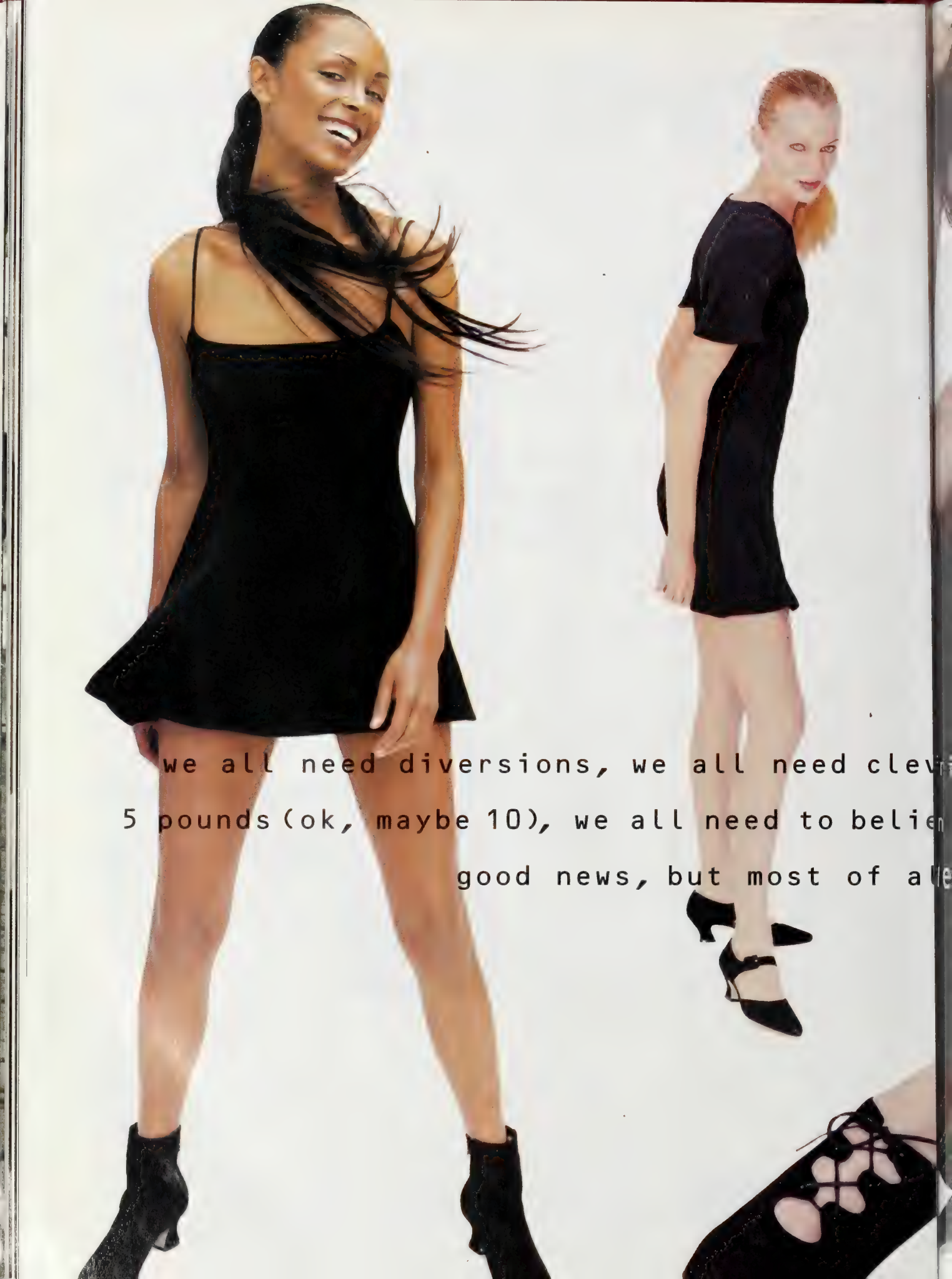
Some of us do not choose to live in a huge happy-camper Disneyland of hygiene and pumped-up enthusiasm.

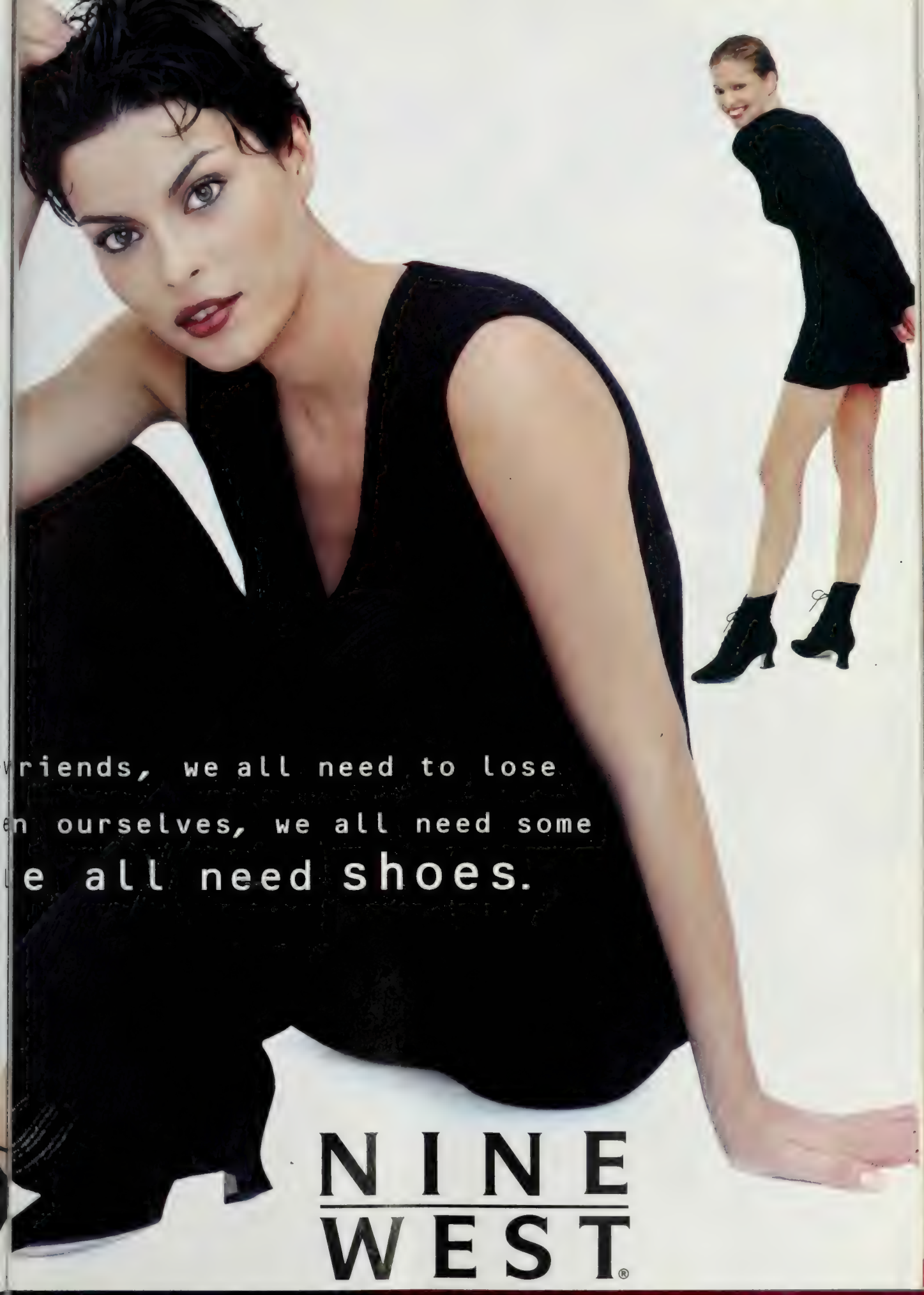
Corporate power, in fact, is being enhanced rather than otherwise by this hysterical campaign, and by the collapse of civil and other libertarians in front of it. Employers can now demand nicotine tests of their staff, and even follow them home to see if they light up there. In the workplace itself, the person who can chase you out into the street if you smoke is the person who can prove who is in charge, and who can (for your own good, of course, as well as everybody else's) take an intensely friendly interest in your personal habits and choices. Many Americans already give up about five constitutional rights when they pass through the workplace door or gate. What difference should a couple more make? A urine test here and a lie-detector test there, and a quick check on your home life for good measure: it's all in the interest of *health*, right?

It must say something about the American character that the only individual to revolt in public against this creeping, enveloping annexation of liberty was that gray conformist George Shultz, who furiously declined the lie-detector test while at the State Department and temporarily saved fellow bureaucrats from the polygraph bureaucracy. We may need someone more Patrick Henry–like than that. Timothy Leary did get himself busted the other day for lighting up in an airport, but with all due respect to him, that was too likely to be improbable. Yet a rebellion there must be, which will take rebellious spirits.

The state is a control freak. And control freaks suffer from two illusions. The first is the fantasy of power and regulation, the silly dream of Lieutenant Scheisskopf in *Catch 22*, who thought that if he could wire his men's arms together at the elbow maybe he could get them all to swing their arms in time. The terrifying results of the "war on drugs"—the incarceration of the harmless, the corruption of the forces of law and order, the misappropriation of resources, the militarization of civil society, and the handing of a profit margin to the forces of organized crime—have taught the control freaks nothing. This is because of their second illusion. They refuse to acknowledge that life itself is something of a risk and a wager. The great critic Kenneth Tynan, for example, found that when he did not smoke he could not write. So, since writing was everything to him, he resumed smoking in the certainty that it would shorten his life. Jean-Paul Sartre and Edward R. Murrow made the same sort of pact with Olympus.

Mr. Waxman doesn't want just to put an end to such pacts. He wants to be Olympus himself. I don't think he fits the part. I don't think anybody else does, either. But the world of smoke is a world of fatalism and irony, while the world of the anti-smoker is a world of certainty, purity, and the literal mind. This old difference is fought out on many fronts. One side recognizes the inevitability of coexistence and the other does not. It will be amusing to see which one lays eventual claim to the title of American.


we all need diversions, we all need clev
5 pounds (ok, maybe 10), we all need to belie
good news, but most of a

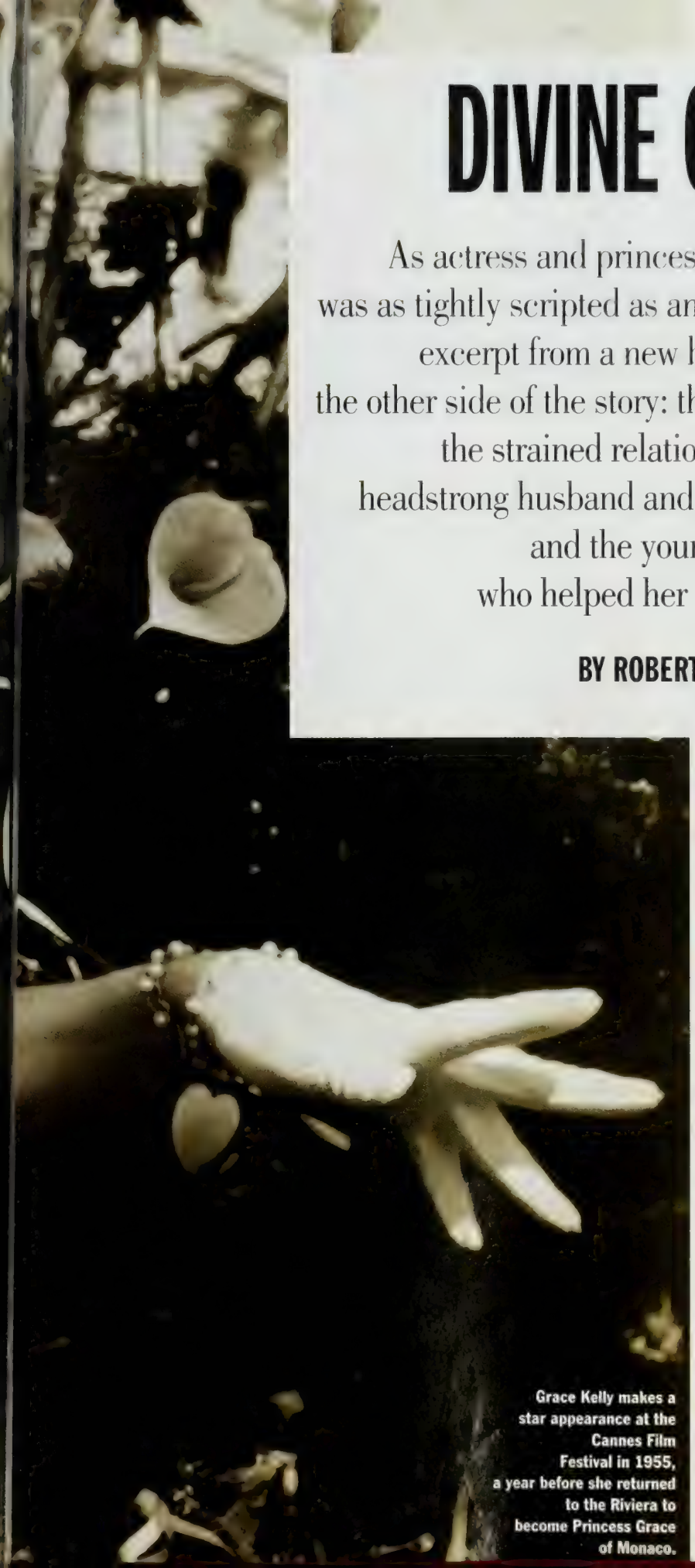

riends, we all need to lose
n ourselves, we all need some
e all need shoes.
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DIVINE GRACE

As actress and princess, Grace Kelly's life was as tightly scripted as any of her movies. But this excerpt from a new biography reveals the other side of the story: the ravages of middle age, the strained relationships with her headstrong husband and rebellious daughters, and the younger men who helped her through it all

BY ROBERT LACEY



Grace Kelly makes a star appearance at the Cannes Film Festival in 1955, a year before she returned to the Riviera to become Princess Grace of Monaco.

Shortly before 10 o'clock on the morning of Monday, September 13, 1982, Gendarme Frederic Mouniama was emerging from a baker's shop in the French hillside village of La Turbie. An oldish brown Rover was coming through the village, aiming for the road that led down toward the sea. The car had appeared from the direction of Roc Agel, the weekend home of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, and as it drew to a halt to let the young gendarme cross the road, Frederic Mouniama realized that the Rover was being driven by Her Serene Highness Princess Grace herself.

She smiled at him from behind the wheel. Her 17-year-old daughter, Stephanie, was sitting beside her in the passenger seat. Princess Grace was by no means the face on the movie screen, the lithe and impish Grace Kelly who had come to Monaco nearly 30 years before. That film star had filled out significantly since then in face and body. But she still had her presence, that elegant and particular Grace Kelly glow, and as Mouniama stepped out across the road in front of this living legend, he instinctively

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Excerpted from *Grace*, by Robert Lacey, to be published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons; © 1994 by Robert Lacey



tipped the hard brim of his kepi to her.

Arriving at the police station, Mouniama had an emergency phone message. A car had gone off a hairpin bend on the CD 37, the road from La Turbie to Monaco. Mouniama must get there straightaway.

Staring at the mangled wreckage, Mouniama realized it was Princess Grace's Rover, which he had seen no more than 15 minutes earlier, and peering inside, he took a hard look at the princess herself. She was lying flat on her back, as if the upturned roof were a bed, one leg bent sharply sideways, her eyes closed, totally unconscious. There was no sign of blood. She was not dead, but there was no obvious sign of life.

Grace Kelly had first driven in these hills when she was 24, making a film for Alfred Hitchcock called *To Catch a Thief*. She had come back the following year for a film festival, and the year after that she was back again, this time to marry a prince. That was in April 1956, when she was at the summit of her loveliness. Alfred Hitchcock, who coaxed the finest and most tantalizing film performances out of her, liked to compare Grace Kelly to a snow-covered volcano.

"You know," Grace said, "I have come to feel very sad in this marriage. He's not really interested in me. He doesn't care about me."

The royal Grimaldis at play in a speedboat racing across the Monaco harbor in 1972: from left, Grace, Albert, Caroline, Stephanie, and Rainier.

Working closely with her on three films, he had witnessed the eruptions of sexuality that she usually managed to conceal behind her virginal exterior. The contradiction was one of the major issues of Grace's life. The public saw only the snow on the top of the mountain—perhaps that was all it wanted to see. But the truth about Grace Kelly was that she was, in some very important respects, quite the opposite of what she seemed.

Gwen Robyns encountered this bewildered and in some ways immature woman in 1975, as she drew toward the conclusion of the first-ever biography of the princess. Robyns had received no cooperation from Monaco. Rainier and Grace had refused to have anything to do with her book. Undaunted, the New Zealander, who had written biographies of Vivien Leigh and Agatha Christie, took herself to Philadelphia and won the confidence of Peggy, Grace's elder sister.

Through Peggy, Robyns met and interviewed Grace's brother, Kell, and her mother, and later Grace's Hollywood friends, who gave her a very full briefing on Grace's tangled love life before her meeting with Rainier. It was not the story Robyns had expected to write about the eminently respectable Grace Kelly, but she recorded it all faithfully in her manuscript, then sent it off to Monaco.

"I like to check my facts with my subjects wherever possible," says Robyns. "Grace hadn't helped me till that point, but I hoped that this might make her change her mind."

The phone rang within days. Paul Choisit, Grace's private secretary, was on the line to invite the author to Paris to meet the princess. The author arrived early for her appointment in the Grimaldis' apartment on the Square de l'Avenue Foch, and as she sat down to wait, she was passed in the hallway by what seemed to be a schoolgirl. "Face scrubbed, hair scraped back, a pleated

SNOWDON

T'S SURELY NO ACCIDENT THAT THE
OST UNIVERSAL TOAST IS, "TO LIFE."



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skirt—I thought, That can't be Princess Grace. But when I got inside, I discovered that it was. She was behaving exactly like a schoolgirl, very shy and anxious. She seemed to be a bundle of nerves."

The world-respected princess was confronted by the reality of her past, and she did not know quite what to do about it. "There are some things in the book . . . " She hesitated after some opening pleasantries, then launched into a discussion about the problems of raising daughters to be moral in the modern world. Caroline was a teenager, she explained, and was already starting to have boyfriends. Stephanie was 10. It was so important for a mother to be able to set her daughters a good example.

"Well," said Robyns, catching her drift, "we can go through the book together," and together the two women embarked on a long journey through the history of Grace's premarital love affairs. Clark Gable, Ray Milland, William Holden, Oleg Cassini—Grace did not attempt to deny anything. "It would just be so very embarrassing," she pleaded. "Ray Milland lives just up the road from us in Monaco. And William Holden well, my husband doesn't know about *that* one."

Grace's frankness was quite disarming. "How can I bring up my daughters not to have an affair with a married man," she asked, "when I was having affairs with married men all the time?"

Gwen Robyns was up against her publisher's deadline. But Grace was being so candid and vulnerable and human, throwing herself on Robyns's mercy. "What can I do to help you?" she was asking. "I really want to help you get things right. . . . If only I had been briefed properly. If only somebody had picked up the telephone and told me you are one of us."

"All right," said Gwen Robyns, feeling both panicked and seduced—and feeling, above all, that she wanted to do something to help this new friend she appeared to have made. "Everything comes out."

"I was crazy," says Robyns today. "She had told me it was true, and I should have kept it all in. But that is just not my style. I already had some inkling about the state of her marriage. What would have happened to her, personally, if I had published it? I just couldn't do that to her. She had worked her spell on me."

Robyns's biography *Princess Grace* was published in the spring of 1976. It was warm and complimentary, with scarcely a hint of scandal, and a few weeks later the author received a call from Monaco. "I didn't believe you would really do this," Grace said. "Come and see me." It was the beginning of a relationship that took rapid wing. Through the writing of her book, and through her contacts with the Kelly family, Gwen Robyns already shared a curious intimacy with Grace. She had uncovered the secrets, and she had kept them. She had acted as if she were a friend—and now she became one, admitted to the private circle of women who basked in the glow of Grace's giggles and baby talk. Robyns was not ready for quite how playful and kittenish Grace could be.

Lady Di confided her unhappiness at the sudden influx of reporters into her life. "Don't worry, dear," said Grace. "It'll get worse."

The author and the princess decided to collaborate on a book about flowers, a passion they shared. Grace went to visit Robyns's rose-decked farmhouse in Oxfordshire, and Robyns became a guest at Roc Agel. Staying in Monte Carlo at the Hermitage hotel, she would be driven up the mountain every morning to spend long hours in the glass-ceilinged family room, strewn with piles of old telephone directories under which Grace liked to press and dry wildflowers.

Robyns was struck by how plain and almost peasantlike Grace looked in the morning, off duty, without any makeup and with just a simple scarf on her head. "She didn't look beautiful at all," Robyns remembers. "She was not a vain person. Nor would I say she had a natural dress sense or any great sense of style. There were times, in fact, when she could look really dowdy. But she got better as the day went on. She somehow became more beautiful with every passing hour, so that by eight o'clock at night, when the hairpieces went in and she had done a little bit of what I called her no-makeup makeup, she looked truly fantastic. She wore just a light smear of foundation and some eye shadow. It was her business to turn herself from something normal into something big, and she really knew how to do it."

As they worked on their book together, the two women would have long talks about life. Grace was entering her mid-40s. She was starting to have problems with her looks and her weight. Robyns had noted how much time Grace was spending up in Paris, away from her husband, and wondered if this was really just for the official reason—the need to chaperon Caroline while her daughter was engaged in her university studies.

"You know," Grace said to Robyns one morning, "I have come to feel very sad in this marriage." The façade fell away. The admired and envied Princess Grace, the face that launched a thousand magazine covers, was suddenly a lonely woman who was having problems with her husband. "He's not really interested in me," Grace said. "He doesn't care about me."

Robyns did not know what to say. In her time up at "the farm," she had seen quite a lot of Rainier, and she had enjoyed his mildly malicious sense of fun. The prince and the author would secretly fill their glasses with vodka when Grace imposed a "water only" ordinance upon the household. In his "up" mood, Rainier could be the life and soul of the party.

But when he was down or angry, the prince was certainly not a man to whom anyone would care to be married. People often whispered that Rainier had mistresses. On one occasion he invited the writer-director David Swift to join him on a men-only expedition to Paris, boasting of being able to obtain women who, as the prince put it, "tore the wallpaper off the walls." Swift declined the invitation.

If Rainier did work up the energy for infidelity, however, his dalliances were very discreet. It was not something that Grace would complain of to her girlfriends. Her problem after 20 years of marriage was that her husband was devoting the lion's share of his spirit to building up Monaco, his concrete wonderland by the sea, while he treated the interests of his wife with indifference.

As her children grew older, Grace spent more and more of her free time gathering wildflowers in the French

hills above Monaco, drying and pressing them, then gluing them into collages, which she framed. Several friends suggested that she should exhibit and sell some of her work, and the Galerie Drouant in Paris agreed to try a show.

Rainier made a rare visit north for the opening, which turned out to be a glittering success. Almost every one of Grace's dried-flower arrangements was sold, and afterward the princely party adjourned to a restaurant for dinner. Sitting on the table was an arrangement of flowers, and Rainier plucked some petals from it and pressed them against a plate. "Sold!" he exclaimed, holding up the random arrangement of petals with clear derision. "For 3,000 francs!"

Everyone laughed, but it seemed to one of Grace's friends that the princess had some difficulty sharing the joke. She had been well aware that, without her princessly imprint, her collages would not have commanded 100 francs, let alone a show in a Parisian art gallery. But it was a cruel moment to remind Grace of the fact. Nervous and uncertain before the opening, she had swelled visibly with pride as the red "sold" stickers began to multiply on her creations. Her friends had singled out particular pictures for special praise, pressed-flower experts had congratulated her on her technique, her ego had been delightfully caressed—and now her husband had turned it all to ashes.

This had become Rainier's way as the couple grew older. Once proud of his wife's independent achievements, the prince seemed in later years to be envious of a fame and charm he could not match. *He* was Monaco. She was the import. It was a syndrome repeated a decade and a half later in the marriage of Britain's Prince and Princess of Wales. Rainier was openly slighting to Grace in company. Though she was invariably supportive of him, he would make jokes about her weakness for people-pleasing and her "creamy smile." His continuing fits of snoozing at the social events that she had arranged showed his essential contempt for the things that were important to her. Through laziness and a self-absorption that came largely from the prince's side, their partnership had soured into a bizarre form of rivalry.

The deterioration hurt Grace badly at an already difficult time of her life. "She operated on adulation," says Gwen Robyns today. "It was her fuel. She had got used to it in Hollywood, and she was still getting it from the outside world. In terms of the public, she was more beloved and admired than she had ever been. But that was her sadness. She was not getting it where she really wanted it—at home."

It was not just Rainier who failed to cherish Grace. Albert was a devoted son kind and shy and totally obedient to his mother. But his sisters were considerably less amenable, as Robyns discovered when she went to Paris to stay for a few days on the Square de l'Avenue Foch.

"Why have you come here, and when are you going home?" inquired the 13-year-old Stephanie, deputed to greet the visitor in the absence of her mother. "I *hate* my mother's friends."

Grace had prepared a lunch for her visitor, featuring Grace's favorite, blood sausage. Stephanie made a face. "I want a hamburger," she said, pouting. "I want a hamburger now." The teenager had been at the table for some time, sitting in front of several perfectly palatable alternatives to the dreaded blood sausage, but Grace appeared to treat her tantrum as an absolute command. She called downstairs to the chauffeur and instructed him to take Stephanie to McDonald's.

"Why are you doing this?" asked Robyns in horror. "You are ruining this girl!"

"Oh, darling," said Grace, puckering up with a little-girl face, "she's my baby doll. She's my baby."

Grace had become everybody's doormat. The haughty façade of the frosty, cold-shoulder princess concealed a case of low to almost invisible self-esteem. "You've got to make some compromises, you know," she told Judy Kanter, the former wife of Jay Kanter, Grace's Hollywood agent. "No marriage works with-



Alfred Hitchcock liked to compare Grace to a snow-covered volcano. The public saw only the snow on the top of the mountain.

Alfred Hitchcock entertains Grace Kelly, Cary Grant, and the cast of *To Catch a Thief* during the 1954 filming in the South of France.

EDWARD QUINN

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out them. . . . I love Rainier, so I do my best to make things work."

The two old friends were discussing the pattern of Judy's divorces, and those of their friends. Of the six lighthearted girls who had traveled to Monaco to be Grace's bridesmaids in April 1956, not a single one was now in the same marriage. All six had been through separation or divorce. "Some of us sign on for a run-of-the-play contract—no options," said Grace, smiling wryly. "I do not have the luxury you have." She was the girl who got it all—and she had discovered that all was not enough.

"How can I bring up my daughters not to have an affair with a married man when I was having affairs with married men all the time?"

Donald Spoto met Grace twice when he was preparing his book *The Art of Alfred Hitchcock*. Grace gave him a long interview in Paris during the autumn of 1975, then met him the following summer in Monaco to discuss her writing a short foreword to the book. Spoto was entranced with Grace. She was warm and enthusiastic, talking for three hours when their meeting had been scheduled to last only 20 minutes, then inviting the author to stay for dinner.

"She was clearly very pleased to be asked about all this and to be taken seriously in her avocation," remembers Spoto. "But it seemed to me that there was something sad about it, this woman of 40-something who was talking so much about the past." Spoto had the impression that Grace was a person in whose current life something was very much missing—that she was having to put a good face on many unhappy things.

In the early 1990s, almost a decade after Grace's death, Spoto talked to Rupert Allan, the Grimaldis' official publicist in America, about Grace's final years and the disillusionment that she came to feel with her marriage. When did the marriage lose its magic? wondered Spoto. It must have been tragic for a woman who believed so fervently in romance to experience the withering and dying of romance in her own life.

Allan looked hard at Spoto. Afflicted with heart problems, the 79-year-old publicist knew that he did not have long to live. "I have to tell you," he said, "that she was not entirely lonely. There was someone rather important to her someone in Paris."

The someone was Robert Dornhelm, a young film director whom Grace met in 1976. Grace was then 46, Dornhelm just 30, intense and hungry-looking, with a handsome shock of strong, wavy hair. Romanian by birth and Austrian by nationality, Dornhelm spoke an attractively fractured English and had a knack for saying provocative things. Dashing and slightly mysterious, he had a touch of Lord Byron about him.

The couple met when Dornhelm arrived to film the introduction Grace had agreed to deliver to *The Children of Theatre Street*, a documentary on Leningrad's Vaganova Institute, formerly the Russian Imperial Ballet school, which produced such stars as Nureyev, Baryshnikov, and Makarova. Grace had said she would narrate the film as part of her campaign to heighten Monaco's cultural profile—the opening sequence of the documentary found her on the stage of the Monte Carlo Opera talking about Diaghilev—but the princess rapidly became involved in the project for its own sake, and even more for the sake of its handsome young director.

Robert Dornhelm was no Hitchcock, but he brought passion and commitment to his filmmaking. *The Children of Theatre Street* earned an Oscar nomination for best documentary feature in 1977. Something in Grace was rekindled by her involvement, for the first time in 20 years, in the excitement of making a movie. "She was a genuinely creative person," says Rita Gam, the actress, who was Grace's old roommate and one of her bridesmaids, "and her creativity had been stopped right at the gate—just when she was really beginning to fulfill herself as an actress. I think she felt an emptiness all those years from her creative side not being realized."

Grace and Dornhelm talked about other projects they might pursue, including a film about child prodigies. The Year of the Child was coming up, and Grace thought she might be able to get sponsorship from UNESCO. They optioned Gore Vidal's novel *A Search for the King* in hopes of turning it into a rock musical. On a personal level, Grace wanted to make a film about the garden club that she had started in Monaco, while Dornhelm had long nursed the dream of making a movie about Raoul Wallenberg, the Swede who risked his life saving Jews from the Nazis and who vanished mysteriously in Russia at the end of the war.

Grace proposed herself as the casting director for the Wallenberg project, and she had her lawyer draw up a contract. From her point of view, the job provided a route by which she might ease herself back into performing, while Dornhelm, for his part, knew that he would have no trouble getting serious actors to come and read with Grace Kelly.

Dornhelm's dress code favored open shirts and flared blue jeans. On occasion he even sported a belt with a hammer-and-sickle motif, and this got him into trouble one day in Monte Carlo when he was sunning himself on a lawn outside the casino. Assuming that the longhaired young foreigner was the sort of drifter whom it was principality policy to kick back sharply into France, a policeman asked for his papers and took him down to headquarters when he refused to hand them over or give his name. A phone call to Grace's private office eventually got the filmmaker released, and he angrily demanded that the agent in question be disciplined.

"Certainly not," the princess replied, delighted. "We're going to give him a medal."

Dornhelm never minced his words with Grace. "All that time and energy that you devote to arranging dead, withered flowers," he said. "Isn't that the metaphor of your life?"

Far from freezing at such a comment, Grace actually listened to Dornhelm and took note of what he said. The young man's rebelliousness seemed to awaken her own, long-dormant spirit of independence. When the French minister of culture organized a banquet to celebrate the French premiere of *Theatre Street* at the Paris Opéra, he invited the Russian ambassador and numerous other dignitaries, but not Dornhelm, the director of the film, or Oleg Briansky, the artistic director. Grace politely asked the ministry if the pair could be included, and was told there was simply no room. "Fine," said Grace, and she boycotted the banquet. She attended the gala reception that followed the screening, but once she had shaken the requisite number of hands, she went on with Dornhelm and Briansky—along with

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Rainier and the three children—to a brasserie.

"She was always a brave person," says Dornhelm. "Very loyal to her friends that was one of her great qualities."

One day the following summer, Gwen Robyns got a call in Oxfordshire from Monaco. "Do you think Robert could come and stay with you for the weekend?" Grace asked. "He's got to be in England for a few days on a film project."

Dornhelm had scarcely arrived when the telephone rang. It was Grace, wanting to speak to him. Robyns and her Danish husband, Paul von Stemann, held up lunch while the phone conversation went on and on, and on. When they finally sat down with their guest, they were interrupted after 20 minutes by another phone call from Monaco, which resulted in a conversation of equal length. "I can twist her round my finger," boasted Dornhelm as he came back to the table.

By the end of a weekend during which their houseguest seemed to spend considerably more time talking long-distance to Monaco than he did to his hosts, Gwen Robyns and Paul von Stemann could not help suspecting that Grace and the young director had more than just film projects to discuss. A few months later Robyns's suspicions were confirmed. Driving in the hills above Monaco with Grace and Dornhelm, the author was surprised by Grace's sudden concern about Robyns's walking ability. "Gwen, darling, haven't you got a bad knee?" she asked. "Why don't you sit here with Paul [Grace's chauffeur], while Robert and I go off for a walk?"

Somewhat unwillingly, Robyns agreed to sit out the excursion. "Where on earth have you been, Grace?" she demanded truculently when the couple finally came back down from the hills, flushed and tousled.

"Oh, darling," said Grace, making one of her baby faces. "It was so lovely—so lovely just being with him."

Gwen Robyns is not sure how far Grace's friendship with Dornhelm went. "The physical side wasn't the main thing," she says. "Grace just loved the flirtation. It was something to give her all the cherishing and romance which Rainier didn't."

Dornhelm himself declines to discuss the personal aspects of his relationship with Grace. "It is a memory that doesn't want to be disturbed," he says. "It's better left as it was. It is not reality anymore."

"Dornhelm was quite often around when I was going out with Caroline," remembers Philippe Junot, who started dating Grace's elder daughter in 1976. "There was never any sign of Rainier. He was leading his own life down in Monaco, while Grace was leading hers up in Paris. Sometimes we would all go out together as two couples—Caroline with me and Grace with Dornhelm. I do not know if they were lovers, but let me put it this way: I would be very surprised if they were not."

The question of Grace's relationship with Robert Dornhelm is complicated by the fact that he was by no means the only younger man with whom she consorted in her later years.

Jim McMullen, the dashing New York restaurateur, says he could not even consider the princess in physical terms when she invited him to Monaco in the mid-70s. "She was somebody so special. She *was* Her Serene Highness." According to McMullen, nothing improper was even hinted at during the week he spent as Grace's guest, or at any other time in the six years that he knew her.

McMullen, a former model, was in his late 20s when Grace started visiting his Third Avenue restaurant, with its Irish-saloon atmosphere and famed chicken potpie. He remembers an excursion with Grace to Studio 54, where the crowds outside parted in front of the princess like the Red Sea, and to a surreal dinner during the week he spent in Monaco, where he found himself seated with Grace on one side of him and Ingrid Bergman on the other.

Not without a touch of envy, Grace's girlfriends referred to her young men as her "toy boys." "What she wanted was eternal glamour," says Gwen Robyns, "and those young men supplied it. They flattered her. They were fun."

They were also more intelligent and accomplished than the average young stud. Jeffory Martin FitzGerald, a 29-year-old business executive, was boarding the Concorde in London one February morning in 1980 when he found a pile of shopping bags occupying his assigned seat. "Excuse me," he said, trying to be polite to the middle-aged



Rainier and Grace attend a soccer match in Ireland in 1961, during a visit to the princess's ancestral country.

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traveler sitting beside them. "Are these your things?"

Grace, who was wearing a head scarf and whom he did not recognize, apologized profusely and hastened to clear away her bags. When lunch was served, FitzGerald, noticing how ravenously his neighbor attacked her portion of caviar, offered her his. "I don't really care for caviar," he explained, which led to a conversation about how people either love it or loathe it—which led, in turn, to a mutual exploration of backgrounds.

"Where do you live now?" FitzGerald asked after Grace had told him about Philadelphia.

"In Monaco," she replied, and still he did not get it. Not until she actually gave him her full name did he realize who his famous traveling companion was.

Jeffory FitzGerald was a tall and well-built Irish-American. The couple saw each other regularly whenever Grace went to New York. They would go out to restaurants in groups—McMullen's was a popular rendezvous—but they would take their leave of the party together toward the end of the night, for this was a relationship, according to some of Grace's closest friends, that definitely was physically intimate. "I thought he'd hate my lumps and bumps," she confided to one girlfriend delightedly, "but he doesn't seem to mind one bit!"

FitzGerald was a world traveler, as Grace was becoming in these years. They swapped tips on beating jet lag and relaxation techniques—FitzGerald was a corporate headhunter who traveled extensively scouting promising executives—and they fortified each other's wobbly resolves to diet. "Watch the lunch routine," Grace would caution in her postcards. "Iced tea instead of beer."

In the spring of 1982 the Annenberg Institute of Communications in Philadelphia organized a tribute to Grace's film career. James Stewart, Bob Hope, and other fabled survivors of her era agreed to come and pay their respects to Grace's artistry and her contribution to the cinema. It was a major honor, but Rainier decided that he would not have the time to be with his wife on her night. So Grace flew to New York without her husband, met up with Jeffory FitzGerald, and drove down to Philadelphia in the company of the young man who was 21 years her junior.

"I'm getting to the point," Grace said angrily to Judy Kanter Quine in these years, discussing the world's expectation that she should always be perfect, "where I don't care what you or anyone else, for that matter, thinks."

Whenever Grace suspected that press photographers might be around, she took care to hide her young escorts in a group of miscellaneous companions, but she made no secret of them when she was with her closest friends. She saw her young men as her protégés. She was proud of their accomplishments. She introduced Judy Quine to both Dornhelm and FitzGerald, and she was particularly eager that her old flame and drama coach, Don Richardson, get to know Dornhelm.

"Grace operated on adulation. It was her fuel. She was not getting it where she really wanted it—at home."

"I'd love you to meet Robert," she told Richardson when Rupert Allan arranged a reunion in California. "He's rather like you. He could be our son."

In 1976, Grace had accepted the invitation of Jay Kanter to become the first woman on the board of Twentieth Century–Fox. Four times a year the appointment took her, at Fox's expense, to board meetings in exciting locations, most frequently in New York and Hollywood. Grace used these trips to meet up with Dornhelm, McMullen, and FitzGerald. The young men knew about one another—McMullen and FitzGerald met quite frequently—and on one of her visits to Los Angeles, Grace asked Rupert Allan to invite Don Richardson and his wife to his house in the hills.

Grace and her former drama coach had been exchanging letters throughout their respective careers. They had not seen each other for more than a quarter of a century, but when they finally met on a cool Los Angeles night, it was as if they had never been apart.

"When I walked in," remembers Richardson, "she jumped up over the coffee table into my arms, and wrapped her legs around me. There was my wife, Laura, and all the other guests who were watching all this. But for Grace, in that moment, no one else mattered. We were suddenly back in days of old. She still had that quality you could write your dreams on—the sweet face, the wonderful eyes. But there was also something very tragic about her. It was heartbreaking to see her overweight and gone to seed—a little drunk, the seams of her dress opened, the makeup smudged. It seemed to me that she had been hitting the bottle pretty good."

Richardson subscribes to the popular theory that Princess Grace had a drinking problem toward the end of her life. This is largely based on the press photographs that show her putting on weight and getting puffy around the face. Trying to laugh about it with her friends, Grace took to describing herself as "Blimposaurus Rex." In 1976, the year of Grace's 47th birthday—and the year in which she started her relationship with Robert Dornhelm—Howell Conant had to make a special journey back to Monaco in order to reshoot the family's annual Christmas card. The princess had looked at the proofs of the first photo session and had decided that she was too fat.

The Grimaldi-family Christmas card, a formal shot by Conant of Grace, Rainier, and their children taken almost every year from 1956 onward in very much the same pose and setting, provides an extraordinary visual record of one family's expansion and development. Babies appear, change into children, then grow until they are standing over their parents as young adults. Rainier goes grizzled, then gray, then finally white. Turtlenecks, floppy collars, bell-bottom trousers, running shoes—the fashions of the decades come and go. Only Grace is a constant: tight, slender, blonde, and smiling, looking even better in her early 40s than she did at 18—until 1976, when startlingly, in just a matter of a year or so, the rose is blown.

Grace loved her food and she enjoyed her drink. But the reason for the dramatic change in her appearance around the age of 47 was not any special increase in her patterns of consumption. It was her time of life. Grace suffered from a particularly difficult and upsetting menopause. "She rang me about it endlessly," remembers Gwen Robyns. "'What do I do?' she would say. 'I'm getting so fat. I can't fit into my clothes, and I've got to be seen.' She went to this doctor and that doctor, and they all said the same. It was water retention. It was menopause."

The "angry jaws" was what Grace called it, as if turning the harsh medical word into a rhyme would make it seem better. The doctors put her on hormone-replacement therapy, at quite a high

ose, but it did not stop her mood wings, and it increased her bloating. Her breasts swelled. "I've got this dreadful thing about my bosoms," she confessed miserably to Robyns. "They're so big. I have to confine them."

Menopause's undermining of the female texture is hard for any woman to take, but it was particularly difficult for one whose allure had depended so heavily on her beauty. Suddenly the geography of Grace's face was changing. Her features were shifting in an insidious continental drift. She went to expensive Parisian doctors, who prescribed blood transfusions and special injections, with no results. Desperate to hang on to her looks, Grace was engaged in a battle that she could not win, and at times she even wondered about her sanity.

The "toy boys" were Grace's defiance of the angry jaws, but they offered no real escape from the ultimate issues. Prayer, confession, and the Mass remained Grace's consolations through the most difficult passages of her life, but as she entered her 40s the dutiful princess did come to realize that there was a sense in which there could be no higher cause than herself.

"Some of us sign on for a run-of-the-play contract," Grace told Judy Kanter after her divorce. "I do not have the luxury you have."

Grace's older daughter, Caroline, had become a teenager in the same year that her mother hit 40, and from that point onward the two women were on opposite trajectories. Grace found it difficult to cope with her elder daughter's blossoming sexuality.

One day in 1976, Earle Mack, the original inspirer and producer of Dornhelm's *Children of Theatre Street,* was lunching at the Grimaldis' home in Paris. Caroline and Rainier were there, along with the pianist Arthur Rubinstein and his wife, who were neighbors, and the gathering proceeded through the afternoon in the leisurely tradition of the serious French lunch, until Grace noticed that Caroline had left the room and had not returned. The princess rushed to the window, her composure suddenly disintegrating.

"Where is she? Where's she gone?" she demanded frantically, her anger and frustration clearly visible. "Did *you* give her the car, Rainier? I know she's gone to see Junot."

Philippe Junot has been described as the sort of man that every mother hopes her daughter will not marry—which is probably the best explanation of why Caroline did. Charming and amusing rather than conventionally good-looking, Junot was a successful businessman specializing at that time in real-estate deals in North America. He had stakes in shopping malls from Montreal to Dallas. With a father who was the deputy mayor of Paris, Junot came from solid French bourgeois stock. He was 17 years older than Caroline—36 to her 19 when they started dating in 1976—and he was a famous ladies' man. Gwen Robyns was staying on the Square de l'Avenue Foch one day when Junot came to call. "It was in the days of tight trousers," she remembers, "and Junot was wearing the tightest pants you have ever seen. When he came into the room, Caroline went up to him and rubbed herself up and down against him. It was the most blatant exhibition that I have ever seen. 'Grace,' I said, 'how can you allow that in front of people?'

"'Darling,' she replied, throwing up her hands as if she had long given up trying. 'What am I going to do?'"

Caroline was confronting her mother with the reality of her youth, her beauty, and her hold over an attractive and dynamic man. She seemed to be daring Grace to do something about it. Head over heels in love with Junot, she accepted his private proposal of marriage after they had been seeing each other seriously for a year, and when her mother expressed her unhappiness, Caroline offered the alternative. She would go off and live with Philippe.

"Mommy said, 'Of course he's the wrong man and you shouldn't marry him,'" Caroline remembered, "'but now you've been compromised. You've been dating him for too long. . . . What are people going to think after you've been dating this guy for two years?'"

It was Grace at her most old-fashioned and status-conscious. Her judgment as a mother, that Junot was the wrong man for Caroline, was subordinated to the need to look good. Keeping up appearances had always been both Grace's greatest strength and weakness. Caroline had read her mother perfectly when she proposed the possibility of just going off with Philippe. She knew the option that Grace was bound to take.

The public announcement of the engagement was set for late August 1977. Rainier was as unhappy about his prospective son-in-law as Grace was. The prince's face would blacken if Junot's name was mentioned, and, when among friends, he would rail biliously at the behavior of the young couple. But Rainier found it as difficult to share his feelings with his daughter as he did with his wife. When he had something important to say to Caroline, he tended to write her a letter, and she found that the easiest way to communicate with her father was to write him a letter back. Rainier also shared his wife's belief that a generational rift was something to be avoided at all costs. So when Junot had come to the prince in the spring of 1977 formally to request his daughter's hand, Rainier had seemed almost encouraging. He had only mildly suggested that the marriage should wait until the following year, when Caroline would have completed her studies at the Sorbonne.

"I never had a proper conversation with him, man to man," says Junot today. "Soccer, motorcars, that sort of thing, but nothing solid. I think that for him I was always a problem that he just hoped would go away."

Rainier's hope was speedily fulfilled. Celebrated in the private chapel of the palace in June 1978, the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Junot soon ran into difficulties. Junot's dinner-and-disco style of doing business while on his trips to America was reported in gossip-column items and infuriated Caroline. She accused her husband of being unfaithful, though Junot today maintains that it was the other way around.

"I did not make any mistakes in the first 10 months," he says today. "She did—she was unfaithful—and I was willing to accept it. . . . She was 21 years old, a beautiful girl, suddenly discovering that it's a lot of fun to enjoy life, that it's great to be free, and that maybe it's a little early to be strictly married."

Caroline later admitted that she got married less because she wished to spend the rest of her life with Philippe Junot than because she wished to escape from a home situation that she had come to find stifling.

One day in the summer of 1980, Junot got home from playing tennis to discover a note from his wife saying that she needed to take some time out. "Don't worry," Rainier said when Junot phoned Monaco. "She's not feeling well. She's a little depressed."

The couple reconciled for a week, but then Caroline disappeared again—to England, Junot later discovered. The abandoned husband sought consolation with a former girlfriend on a trip to Turkey, which made tabloid headlines. A marriage that had been embarked on in the cause of propriety had ended up a source of scandal. Early in October 1980, Junot was served with divorce papers, to which he offered no objection, and the Grimaldis' lawyers pushed the formalities through Monaco's courts in a matter of days.

It was Grace who had put pressure on Caroline to get married, and now the notion of divorce came from Grace as well. "Mommy said, 'You have to get divorced,'" remembered Caroline. "I didn't dare to divorce or even mention divorce, because Catholics don't divorce. You're supposed to just make the best of it. . . . I said, 'How can you talk like that? We're a religious family.' . . . But Mommy said, 'Religion is there to help people, not to make your life miserable.'"

Grace's urging that Caroline should defy her church's teaching reflected her practical and no-nonsense streak. Caroline was in pain, and Grace wanted to get her daughter started on a new track as rapidly as possible. But Grace was also displaying the less constrained character that she was starting to assume as she reached the age of 50. Personally and spiritually she was on the move. Finally refusing to live a life that was dictated to her by others, Grace was starting to live according to her own truths.

Recapturing the joy of performance was one of the most critical elements of her rebirth, and it started, by coincidence, in the same year that Grace met Robert Dornhelm. In 1976 the Edinburgh Festival was being organized with themes around the American Bicentennial. John Carroll, the organizer of the festival's main poetry recital, was looking for an American who had the right ear and speaking voice, and his choice fell on Princess Grace.

"I am worried about my projection," said the princess when they met.

"Don't be worried," replied Carroll, "because you've got a very good speaking voice. When you think of a poem, think about what it *means*. Bring out the meaning in the phrasing, and that will take care of the projection."

So Princess Grace of Monaco became a poetry reader. It was only to be expected, perhaps, that her four recitals that September in Edinburgh's beautiful, 200-year-old St. Cecilia's Hall should prove to be sellouts, but her performance also earned the praise of the festival's celebrity-wary critics. The consonants rang out as clear as ever in Grace's limpid and surprisingly young-sounding voice, which was offset by the baritone of Richard Kiley, a fellow American, and by the rounded English tones of Richard Pasco of the Royal Shakespeare Company.

"I don't know if Grace and Dornhelm were lovers, but let me put it this way: I would be very surprised if they were not."

The highlight of the evening, all agreed, was Grace's rendering of "Wild Peaches," by Elinor Wylie. "I selected the poem," remembers John Carroll, "but I have to be truthful—I hadn't realized that Elinor Wylie came from the South until we were doing the rehearsal and Grace said, 'It's such a lovely poem, John. I must do this with a southern accent.' So she did it, and she was absolutely right." Grace's lilting, Georgia rendering of "Wild Peaches" was chosen by the BBC's *Pick of the Week* as the finest poetry recording of 1976.

"Well," said Carroll, "now that I've launched you, would you like to do some more?"

"Yes, please," said Grace, and for the next six years she traveled regularly to perform in poetry recitals. Dublin, Vienna, London, Aldeburgh, Stratford-upon-Avon, Chichester—Grace did the rounds of Europe's leading arts festivals, and in 1978 the American International Poetry Forum invited her on a tour of northeastern cities that ended with tumultuous receptions at Princeton and Harvard. With the roses and the curtain calls, it was just a little like being an operatic diva, and if she got a good review the next morning, she could feel that she had earned it in her own right. "It seemed to me," John Carroll put it delicately, "that it came at a moment when it was very much needed."

Grace met up on her travels with Dornhelm and FitzGerald. She saw old girlfriends, went shopping, was in charge of her own life. "The moment that I always waited for," Carroll remembered in 1993, "was the moment when Grace would walk onto the stage. It would be dark, and I would have the lights come up on her, and as she walked forward the audience always gasped, because she just looked so beautiful—her long dress, her back so straight, her blond hair tied up above her head."

The most publicized moment in Princess Grace's poetry-reading career came in March 1981, when she delivered a recital in Goldsmith's Hall in London in the presence of Prince Charles, who had just announced his engagement and who brought along his fiancée. It was the first formal evening appearance of Lady Diana Spencer, and it was made more memorable by the way the young lady almost spilled out of her low-cut black gown.

"Good news," Grace reported conspiratorially to Gwen Robyns after a session with Lady Di in the ladies' room. "She's got them under control." At a supper party afterward in Buckingham Palace, Grace also passed on the benefit of her experience when the princess-to-be confided her unhappiness at the sudden influx of reporters and photographers into her life. "Don't worry, dear," said the Princess of Monaco in her most comforting tones. "It'll get worse."

"In 1978," remembers Robyns, "after Grace had done her tour in America and must have delivered a dozen recitals or more, she remarked rather sadly that Rainier had never once bothered to come and hear her perform. It so happened that she was due to give a reading later that year in London. The Queen Mother would be there. So Rainier came over. Before the end of the reading he had fallen fast asleep."

Father Patrick Peyton, the Catholic Billy Graham, invited Grace to work on his inspirational TV films, so she went to the Vatican to shoot the segues for his programs about Good Friday, the Resurrection, and the power of prayer.

"She was an amazing professional," remembers the director, Barry Chattington. "One night we were shooting late, out around 11 o'clock in the main courtyard of St. Peter's, and she said, 'When I was young and beautiful, I had it in



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my contract that I didn't shoot after 5 o'clock. Now I am old and fat. What am I doing here with you?'

"I said, 'You *are* young and beautiful.'

"'Yes,' she replied, 'that is the bullshit.'"

Grace made her film about her Monaco garden club with Robert Dornhelm. *Rearranged* was a story of mistaken identity based on a script by Jacqueline Monsigny, the French romantic novelist, who was a friend in Paris. Directed by Dornhelm, and playing opposite Monsigny's actor husband, Edward Meeks, Grace performed on-screen for the first time in 25 years. She played herself, Princess Grace of Monaco, dealing with an absentminded professor who thought he was coming to a scientific conference, but ended up at the princess's annual flower-arranging competition.

Grace's most cherished project as she entered her 50s was the creation of her own theater, a small playhouse overlooking Monaco harbor. For 20 years her energies in the principality had focused on good works and what other people wanted. This was something for herself.

Dirk Bogarde was one of the distinguished actors invited to the opening in December 1981. "It cost a bomb, and sat far too few people," he remembers, "but it was a showcase of which she was rightly proud. I sat at her table on her left. . . . She was, I remember, far more royal than our own Queen. But she was very easy to talk to. . . . She watched her husband with intensity. When he grew restless, as in that crowd he was bound to be, she murmured to me, 'Uhhhhu . . . The Dodo is getting bored.' And when he showed unmistakable signs of very visual distress, with enormous charm and ease she brought the long supper to a close."

Grace's plan was to create a repertory of productions with actors to whom she felt close—casting, directing, and perhaps one day doing some acting herself. "Grace was returning to serious public performing," remembers Rita Gam. "She was very excited about it. It was developing into a much larger, more intensive, more time-consuming, and, for her personally, a much more satisfying thing. Without creativity she had been an undeveloped woman in many ways. But now she was moving into a new, really vital and interesting phase. . . . I remember that she wrote me a letter about it."





"What she wanted was eternal glamour, and those young men supplied it. They flattered her. They were fun."

Grace at 46, *top*, escorted on a trip to Vienna in 1976 by the Austrian director Robert Dornhelm. *Above*, Jim McMullen, another of Grace's romantic young companions.

Gam received this letter early in September 1982. Less than one week later Princess Grace was dead.

The evolving of Grace's marriage from romantic love through discord and apathy to a new sort of tolerance and friendship was the best thing that happened to her in the late years. The prince was as liable as ever to his arrogance and moods. But Grace had learned how to laugh about "the Dodo," and Rainier in a good humor could be a delight.

Grace had stuck to her run-of-the-play contract. She had sworn she would make the relationship work, and she had persisted through the darkest moments. "If I had the choice," she had once confessed to Micheline Swift, her old friend David Swift's wife, "I would divorce him. But I have no choice. He would keep my children."

Grace was referring to Grimaldi-family law and to her marriage agreement, which reserved custody of the children to her husband in the event of divorce. But the issue was more complicated than that. Catholic dogma aside, Grace had not the slightest wish to give up being a princess. Staying married to her husband had a great deal to offer, and when things got sticky, well, she had not been an actress for nothing.


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On this detached but mutually advantageous basis, Grace and Rainier had become each other's best friend. They had, after all, shared in the adventure that each made of their life. They had created something that the world fervently admired and believed in, and when the chips were down, they really made sense only together. They still shared the same bed, a capacious and voluptuous affair beneath a crucifix. For reasons both generous and selfish, the couple had come to accept each other's separate but not totally divergent path.

"He was always very tolerant," remembers Robert Dornhelm. "I can remember quite a few evenings when we had dinner together, just the three of us."

In April 1981, Grace and Rainier had reached their 25th wedding anniversary, which they celebrated with a dinner with their children and their oldest friends. Albert made a toast, as did Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra, and then Rainier got to his feet and put his better feelings into words. In his staid, slightly stern public manner, he toasted Grace and told her what she had meant to him and to the three children. There was not a dry eye in the house.

At the end of August 1982, they flew to Norway with the two elder children for a cruise. Stephanie did not join them. Just 17, she had fallen in love with Paul Belmondo, the 19-year-old son of the actor Jean-Paul Belmondo, and she wanted to have her own holiday with him. Grace would not have allowed such license to Caroline at that age, but the Junot affair had changed her thinking. After some hesitation, she let Stephanie go off with the young Belmondo to Antigua. "She's my wild child," she would say with a grin.

Grace's tolerance toward Stephanie had the opposite effect to the one intended. When the girl returned from Antigua, she took it for granted that she could now see more of Paul Belmondo than ever.

Stephanie was due to travel up to Paris the following Monday. Having graduated, with some difficulty, from high school, she was enrolled in the Institute of Fashion Design in Paris, a prestigious and desperately hard-to-get-into establishment, where Stephanie owed her place to her name and to her mother's lobbying. But now, five days before she was due to start her studies, she announced that she was no longer interested in fashion. Paul Belmondo was going to attend racecar-driving school, and that was what she wished to do—be with Paul and learn to race cars.

Grace could not believe it. Her wild child had pushed her too far. During Stephanie's childhood, Grace had negotiated her younger daughter through a succession of schools, meekly moving her on to a more liberal Catholic school when Stephanie complained that the nuns were too strict, and then—when Stephanie refused to attend even that—on to a private, nonreligious school. Now Stephanie was planning to switch to racecar-driving school. But her mother, for once, had had enough. This was something that Grace absolutely would not accept.

"Grace watched her husband with intensity. When he grew restless, she murmured to me, 'Uhhhhu . . . The Dodo is getting bored.'"

Robert Dornhelm was at Roc Agel that weekend as the arguments raged. Grace was mortified. All that summer she had been agonizing with her friends over what she described in her letters as the "S&P situation." She had tried so hard not to be restrictive, to avoid making the mistake with Stephanie that she now acknowledged she had made when Caroline fell in love with Junot. Both of Grace's daughters had clearly inherited their mother's tendency to lose all her bearings over a man, yet neither was prepared, as the young Grace had been, to bow before the ultimate authority of her parents. Sulky and obstinate, Stephanie was just as determined that she would go off with Belmondo as Grace was that her daughter would not.

Dornhelm was glad to get out of an atmosphere which was rancid and tense. He left Roc Agel on Sunday, September 12, agreeing with Grace that they would meet up in Paris later in the week. An American TV network had shown interest in screening an hour-long version of *Rearranged,* which would require the shooting of additional scenes. Grace and the director could talk about that once she had dealt with her daughter. Grace's first job for the week was to get Stephanie down to Monaco, up to Paris, and then safely into the fashion institute.

Monday, September 13, 1982, dawned clear and bright. It was a perfect, sunny, South of France late-summer day. Driving down through the shrubs and pine trees with Stephanie—past the very spot where her *To Catch a Thief* picnic with Cary Grant had been set—Grace could see the yachts below in Monaco harbor.

Rainier had been driven down into Monaco an hour or so earlier. He had his usual weekday schedule of business to get through. Grace's chauffeur had been standing beside the Rover, ready to drive the two princesses when Grace and Stephanie came out of the farmhouse, but Grace said it would be easier if she did the driving and went down to Monaco with Stephanie on her own. She had brought out a pile of her dresses on hangers to spread across the Rover's backseat, and she explained that she did not want them to get creased.

The chauffeur later remembered that he protested a little. The dresses were not a problem, he said. He could easily come back for them, or have another car sent up from the palace. But Grace insisted. "It's just easier if I drive," she said.

Grace still had things she had to say to Stephanie, mother-and-daughter things that needed privacy to be expressed. They had wrangled all weekend, and the battle was still far from won. Grace had been terribly upset. As she had got into the car that Monday morning, talking properly to Stephanie had been what mattered most to her—certainly more than the fact that she hated to drive down this road. Grace knew that she was a terrible driver. After she had rammed a car broadside in Monaco a few years earlier, she had resolved that she would never drive again. But that resolution had gone the way of others, especially those about dieting. So here she was, 10 minutes or so into her journey, heading down the winding CD 37, which led out of the village of La Turbie. She had the radio off. She and Stephanie had serious talking to do.

Yves Phily, a truckdriver in his late 20s, caught up with the brown Rover as it was negotiating the last of the turns before the buildings started, coming into the outskirts of the town of Cap d'Ail. Monaco itself was little more than a mile away. These final hairpins were the sharpest, and even though his semitrailer was unloaded, Phily had put the truck into low gear so that its engine would act as a brake.

The Rover slowed as it approached a hairpin bend beside a miniature car-racing track. It *(Continued on page 125)*


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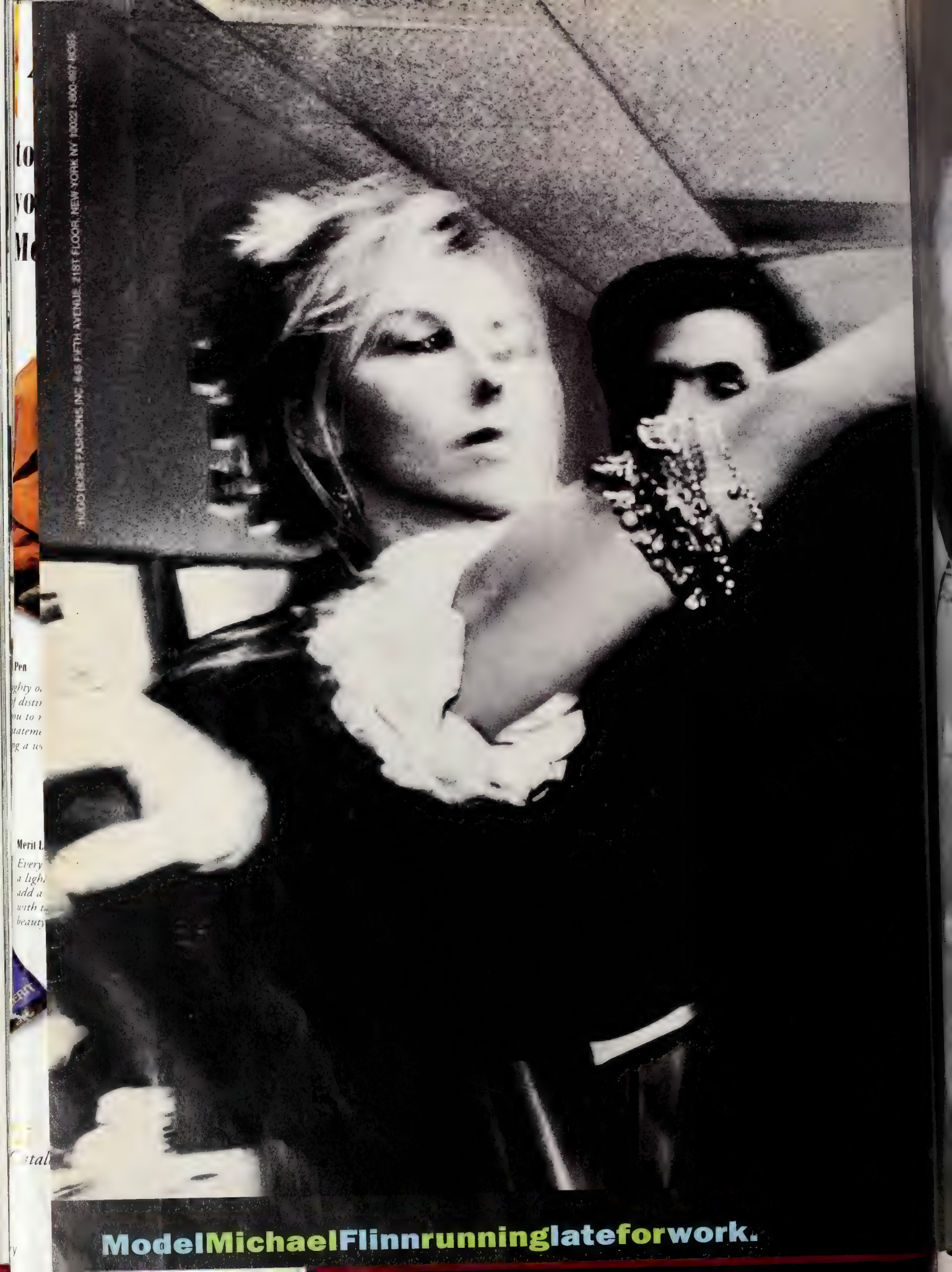
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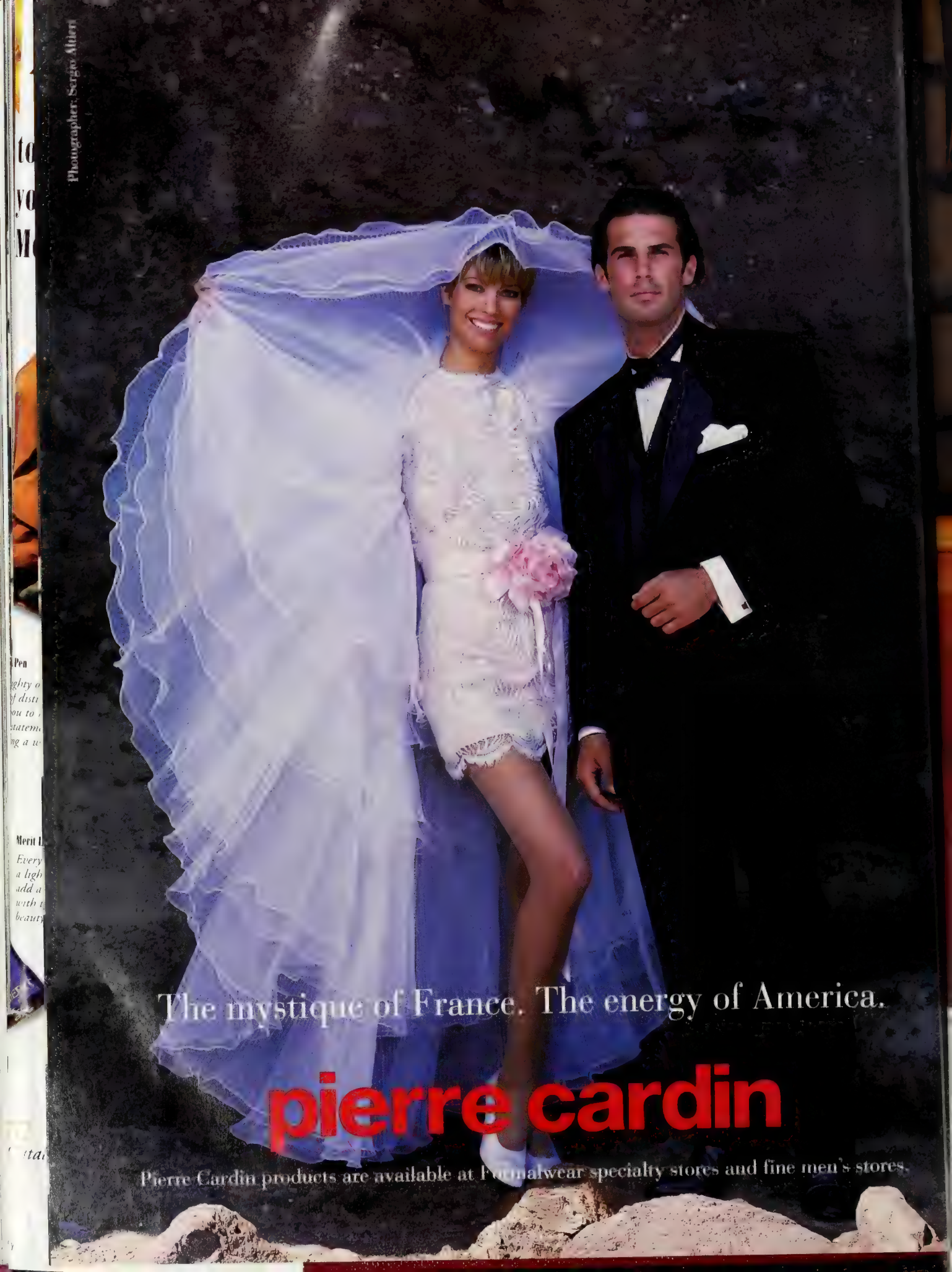
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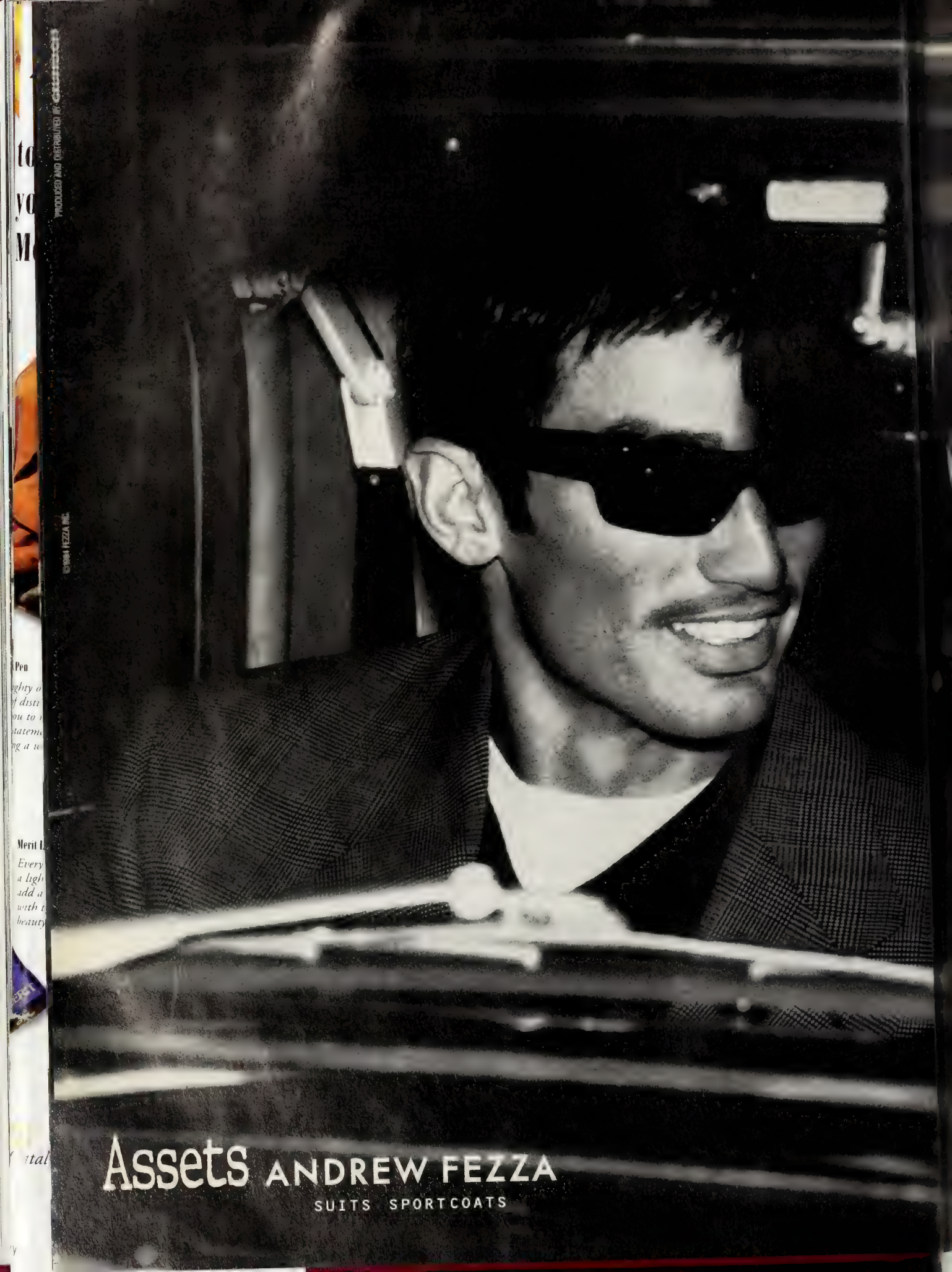


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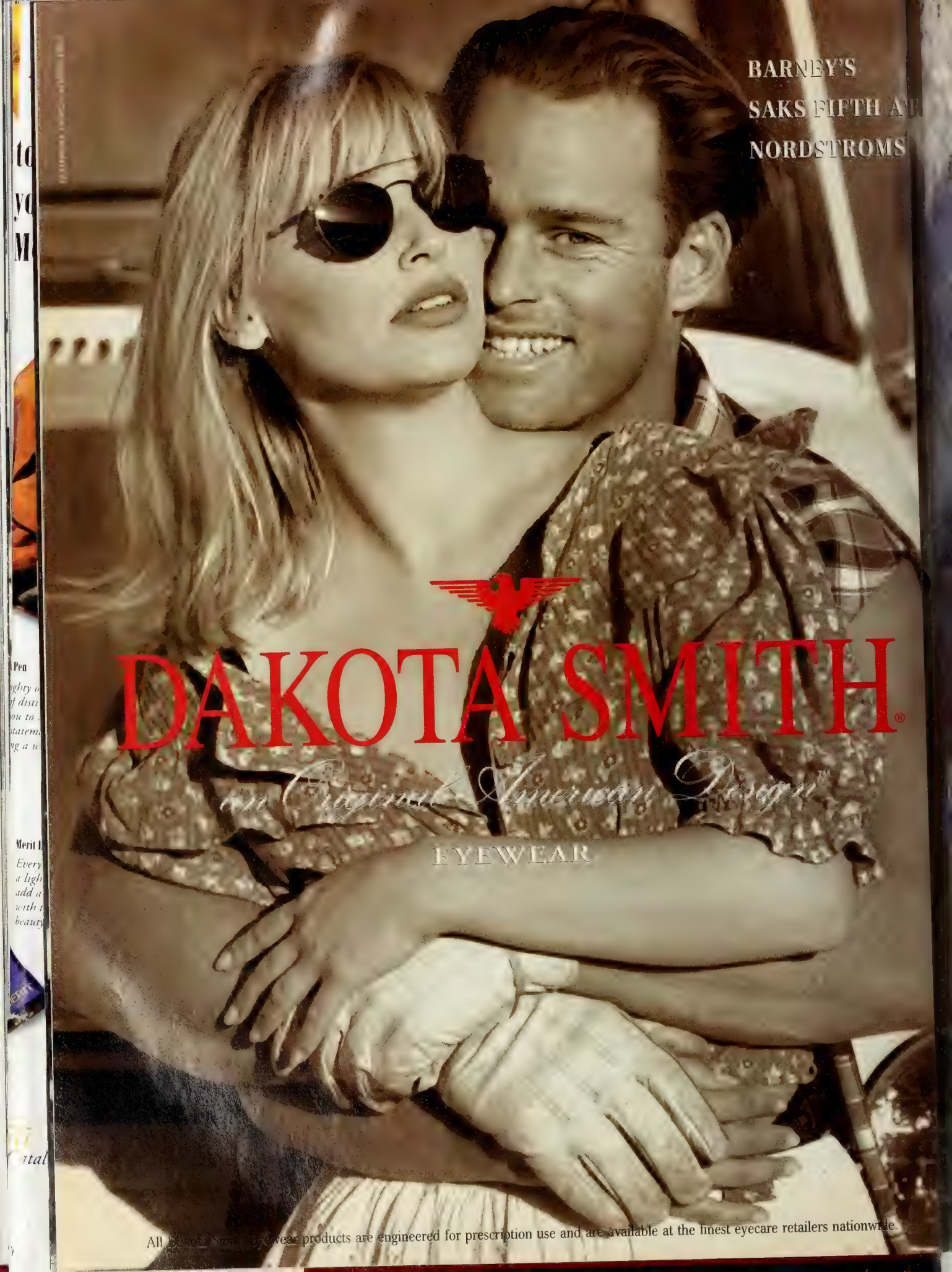
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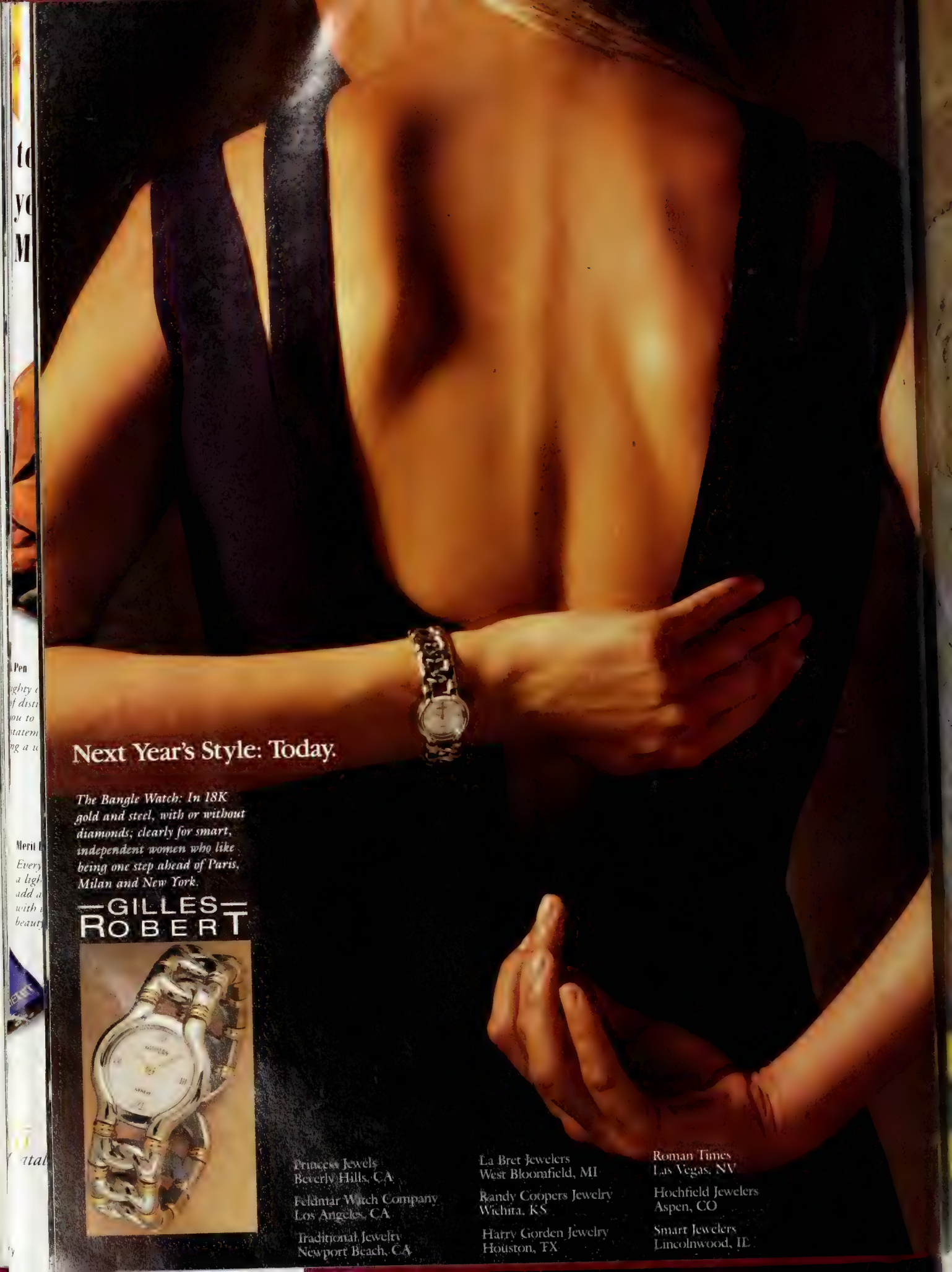
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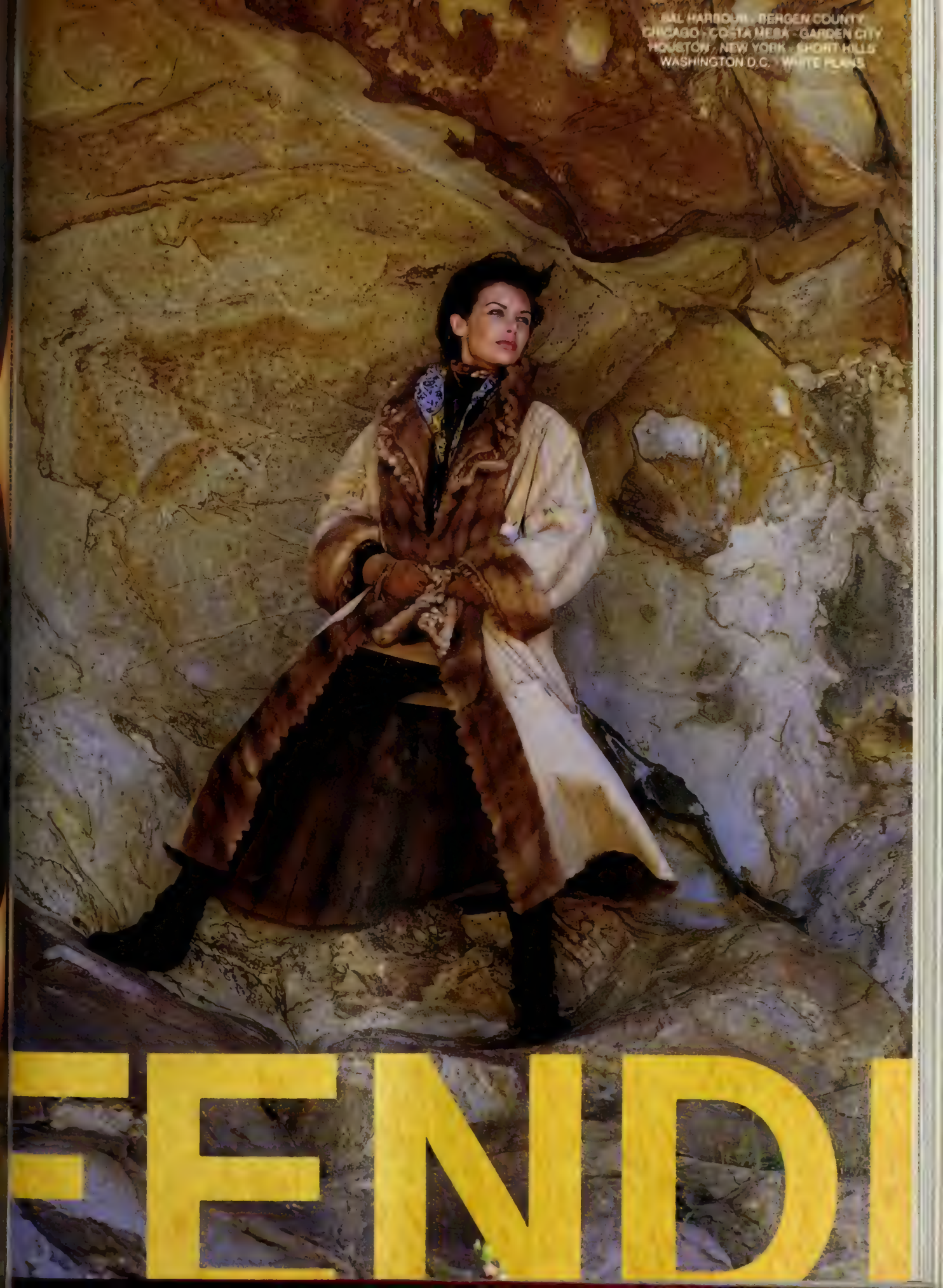
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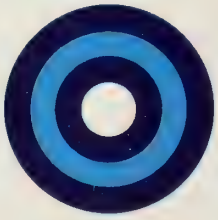
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(Continued from page 122) made the sharp turn to the left quite smoothly then pulled away again until suddenly, about 550 yards along the road, it started to wobble and waver. The car veered from the center of the road onto the left-hand curb, its side actually knocking into the mountain rocks. If Phily had seen a car doing that at night he would have said that the driver was falling asleep or had had too much to drink. At 10 o'clock in the morning he thought it must be an illness—some sort of fainting or pain.

The truckdriver sounded his horn loudly, and the Rover corrected its course. Perched up in his truck cab, Phily was looking down on the roof of the car. He could not see who the driver was. But as the Rover, now going straight and reasonably steadily, approached the next hairpin bend and reached the point where one would normally have expected the brake lights to go on, the car suddenly accelerated, shooting forward at a frightening speed, so that instead of negotiating the bend around to the right, it careered directly on through.

"The moment that I saw it accelerate," said Phily the next day, "I knew that it would not make the bend. It was going too fast. The car took off straight through the corner. I literally saw the car flying."

Captain Roger Bencze arrived at the scene of the accident at 10:30 A.M.—about 35 minutes after the crash, and 5 minutes after Prince Rainier. The fact that Rainier went to the site of the crash was not revealed at the time, and has not been known since. The Monaco police routinely monitor the radio frequencies of their French colleagues, and when they picked up the radio reports of Gendarme Mouniama, they conveyed them directly to the palace. Rainier was rushed along the coast road to Cap d'Ail with his private secretary, the chief of his palace guard, and the chief of the Monaco police in a cavalcade of sirens and flashing lights. They arrived just in time to see the Monaco fire department loading Grace into its ambulance and taking her back to Monaco and to the hospital that bore her name. Confused, bruised, and still sobbing hysterically, Stephanie was taken there at the same time.

Bencze was unable to make out what condition Grace might be in. The police captain interviewed the witnesses who had found Grace and summoned help. Jacques Provence and his wife, Josette, had been having coffee with Jean-Claude Corneveau, a friend who was staying with them, when they heard the Rover come crashing down the hill outside. They ran out at once into the garden, where they were joined by Michel Pierre, a neighbor. Pierre took a sledgehammer to the only door of the car that was not wrecked beyond measure—the driver's-side door. Stephanie came staggering out, and Madame Provence comforted her and telephoned the police.

It was at this point that the Provences' landlord appeared on the scene. Sesto Lequio was a flower seller of Italian origin, 62 years old, rotund, ill-shaven, and fond of a good story. When reporters reached the scene of the crash around lunchtime, Monsieur and Madame Provence were nowhere to be seen. They had told the police all they knew, but they wished to steer clear of the press. Jacques Provence was a senior manager at the Loews Hotel in Monte Carlo. He had friends at the palace, and he did not want his name splashed all over the papers.

Sesto Lequio, however, had no such inhibitions. When the reporters found him tidying up his garden, he was only too happy to provide them with a story, and to take some money for it as well. He sold interviews to various papers at a brisk pace through the afternoon, the main gist of his tale being that it was not Grace but her 17-year-old daughter who had been driving the car—and thus breaking the law. In France you must be 18 years old to get a driver's license.

"It's just easier if I drive," Grace told the chauffeur. She had things to say to Stephanie that needed privacy to be expressed.

Much of what Lequio said was not borne out by other witnesses. "I heard Princess Grace say," he told James Whitaker of the *Daily Mirror*, "'I want you to believe that I was driving the car,'" though all the other witnesses, including the gendarmes who were the first to arrive at the scene, were adamant that Grace was unconscious all the time and could not have said anything. The only evidence for Lequio's allegation that Stephanie was driving—and the starting point of his entire theory—was the fact that Stephanie had emerged through the driver's door, when that was, in fact, the only possible door through which she could have escaped from the wreck.

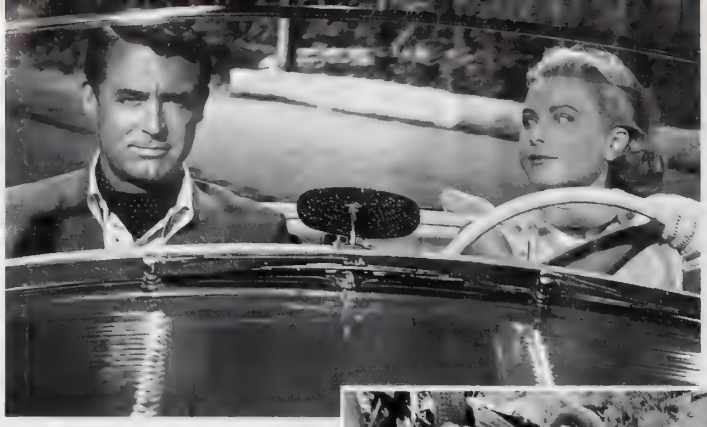
Just the same, Bencze felt he had to investigate the allegation. Gendarme Mouniama had seen Grace at the wheel of her Rover little more than 10 minutes before the crash, but there was one spot on the narrow CD 37 where a car could have pulled over for a change of driver—the bend by the miniature car-racing track. Yves Phily, the truckdriver, had testified that he was already following the Rover at that point, but to make doubly sure, Bencze asked Phily to meet him for a second time, and drove down the CD 37 yet again with him.

The truckdriver had no doubt. He had been following the Rover well before the bend, he said, and the car had gone right around the corner smoothly without stopping. There was no possible way that the princesses could have switched.

The mystery might have been dispelled then, or at any time since, if Stephanie, her father, or any of their spokesmen had issued a clear and convincing account of what actually happened inside the car. Rainier once said that Stephanie had tried to pull on the emergency brake, but the police report on the car is definite that the emergency brake had not been engaged.

The facts about Grace's final hours became distinctly less clear the moment she was transported from France over the border into Monaco. After completing all his measurements at the site of the crash, Roger Bencze drove down at 12:20 to the Princess Grace Hospital, where a doctor gave him the preliminary diagnoses. Princess Stephanie, he said, had suffered only light cuts and bruises. Princess Grace was not doing so well. Her thigh bone was broken. She had also suffered a fracture of the knee, a fracture of the arm, bruises, and head injuries the doctor described as "cranial traumatization."

Bencze entered these details in his report, but when he went back to the hospital later that day for an update, the security guards directed him to the side and told him to stay in his car. A hospital official came out and told him that there was no information to give.



Grace takes Cary Gran on a harrowing drive through the hills arou Monaco in *To Catch a Thief,* 195 *Below,* the wreckage of Grace's brown Rove after her last drive along the same route in 1982.



"I'm sorry, sir," he recalls the of cial saying. "You can't have a information. Blackout." When Bencze got back to his headquarters in La Turbie that evening, he found a handwritten note from Monaco's chief law officer telling him that he would not be able to interview or examine members of the princely family.

The sinister explanation of this blanket shutdown was that Rainier wished to conceal whatever had happened in the car between Stephanie and Grace. But it was equally likely that the prince had just panicked. Rainier suddenly found himself in the middle of a tragedy. He did not want to have to make decisions. In the days that followed, his press staff were to admit with rare frankness that the prince was just lost. It was impossible to get answers out of him on the simplest things. Rainier was wrapped up in his grief.

Grace, it turned out, was in very serious condition. In the emergency room, the hospital's chief surgeon, Professor Charles Louis Chatelin, had shone a light into both her eyes. One pupil narrowed and widened as it should have, but the other made no response. This indicated more than unconsciousness. A "blown eye" was a sign of brain injury, and Chatelin sent immediately to Nice for Professor Jean Duplay, the chief neurosurgeon of the Pasteur Hospital there.

The routine procedure for a patient with suspected brain injury in most modern Western hospitals is to get a CAT-scan X-ray of the brain as soon as possible. But when Duplay arrived in Monaco, he discovered that the Princess Grace Hospital possessed no CAT scanner. He also found that the princess was under the influence of "Gamma O.H.," a French narcotic drug that the Monaco doctors had administered when she was put on a mechanical respirator. This lessened the possibility of causing pain to the princess as a tube went down her windpipe, and made it possible to work on other parts of her body—notably her thorax, which needed to be cut open and cleared of air and blood. But the narcotic could only deepen Grace's unconsciousness, and it meant that no accurate reading of her brain activity could be taken until the effects of the drug had worn off.

It was nearly midnight before Grace was moved to Monaco's only CAT-scan machine. This was located in an upper-floor clinic on the other side of town. The trouble was that the elevator in the building was an ancient, open, cage-like contraption large enough for only two or three people standing up. So in order for the CAT scan to be accomplished, the body of the unconscious Princess Grace, accompanied by a hand-operated oxygen tank with her IV tubes held above her, had to be carried on a stretcher up the stairs, then carried al the way down again.

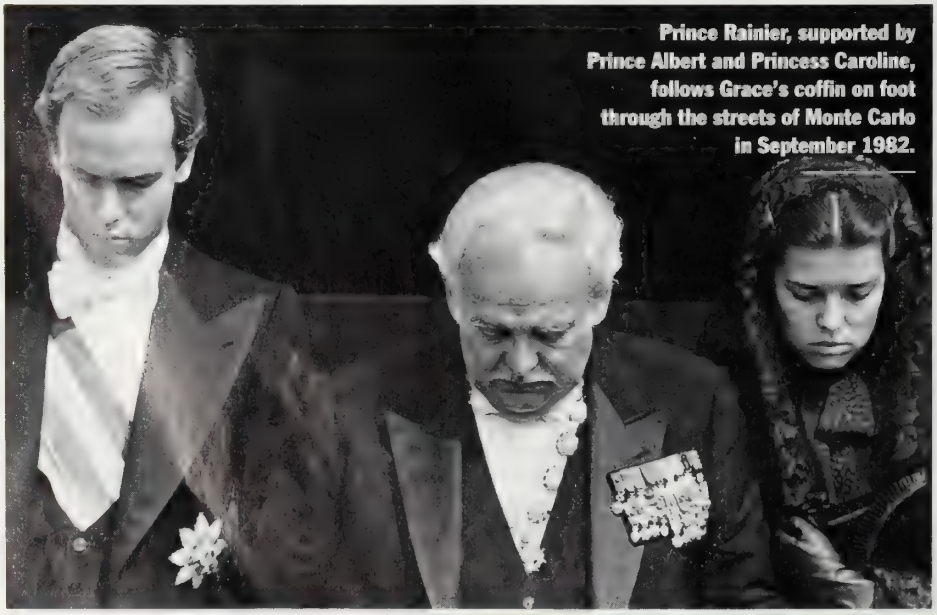
The scan showed two distinct areas o damage. One was deep in the brain an indicated that Grace had suffered a stroke. The other was in the frontal area and was "traumatic," meaning that i was the consequence of physical impact

The stroke had been only a smal one, Dr. Duplay later said, and Dr Chatelin declared that if it 'had happened at home the princess might simply have lost consciousness briefly and had to sit down for a rest. But as it was, said both doctors, the stroke had caused the princess to drive off the road, thus bringing about the second, traumatic set of injuries to her head.

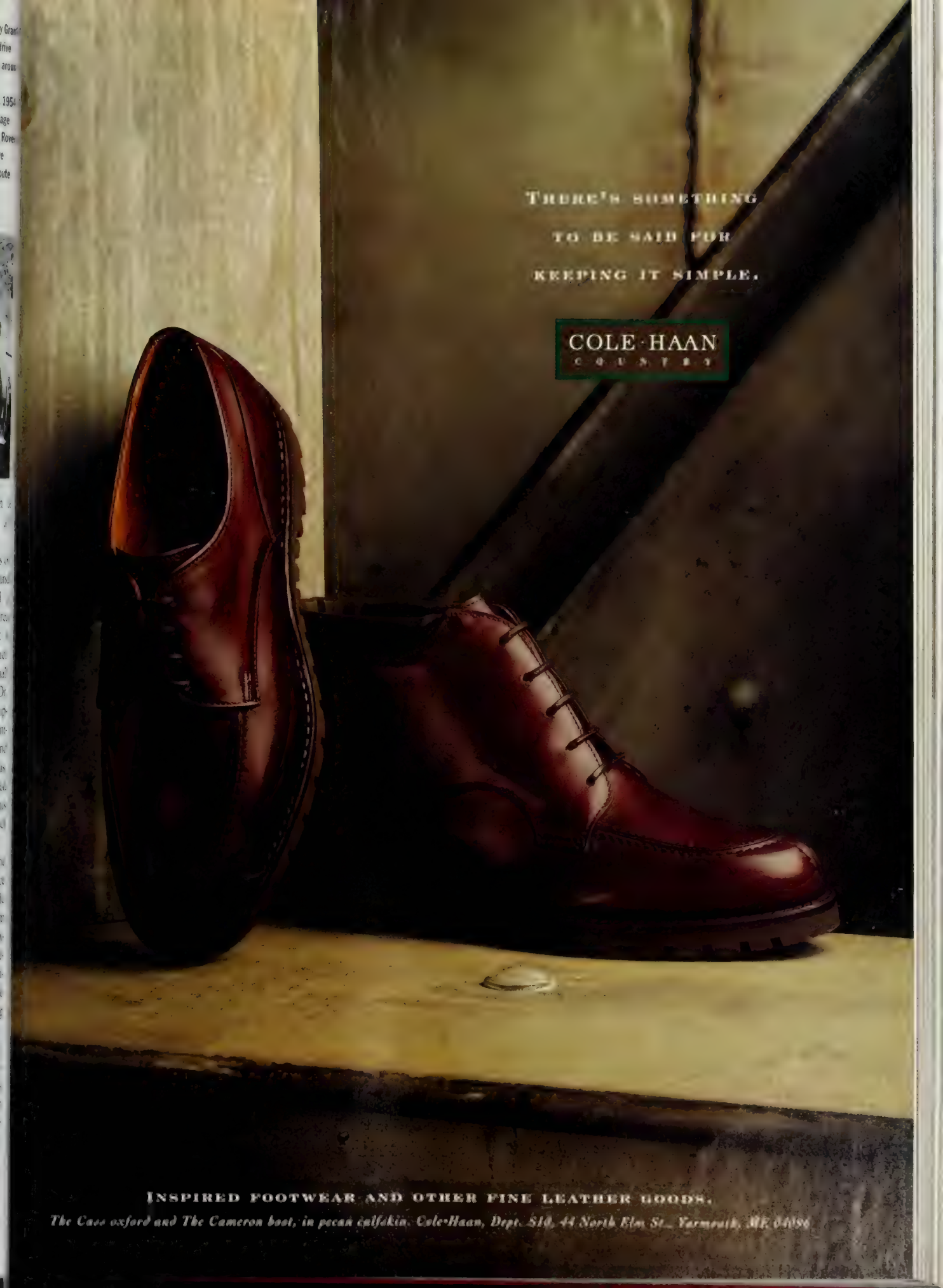
A little more than 24 hours after the crash, Dr. Chatelin met with Prince Rainier, Caroline, and Albert outside Grace's hospital room. Showing them the pictures from the CAT scan and explaining how Grace's condition had deteriorated, the doctor said that the princess was now beyond his help. There was no point, he said, in continuing with the artificial life support.

Rainier, Caroline, and Albert conferred together and accepted the doctor's verdict. They went into Grace's room to say good-bye to her for the last time, then left her to the care of the doctor. Her life-support machine was switched off.

Grace Patricia Kelly, Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco, died at 10:15 on the evening of Tuesday, September 14, 1982. She was 52 years old. □



Prince Rainier, supported by Prince Albert and Princess Caroline, follows Grace's coffin on foot through the streets of Monte Carlo in September 1982.


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MR. HOLBROOKE BUILDS HIS DREAM JOB

Newly appointed Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke has made a career of high-profile power-dating and high-octane networking. But can the notorious Beltway operator maneuver any higher?

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS



In his previous job as U.S. envoy to Germany, Holbrooke, nicknamed "the Velcro Ambassador," stuck close to President Clinton during Clinton's trip to Bonn.

In the spring of 1991, when Richard Holbrooke reached his 50th birthday, his friends gathered to roast him at '21.' The good news was that the A-list showed up. In the words of a Holbrooke friend, "Everyone in New York was there," meaning everyone who counts in the nexus of money, media, and politics that forms Holbrooke's circle. Among the hosts were investment banker Pete Peterson and Peter Tarnoff, then president of the Council on Foreign Relations, who both gave toasts; so did Tom Brokaw, novelist Bette Bao Lord, David Halberstam, and Holbrooke's old friends Jim Hoge, then publisher of the *Daily News,* Norman Pearlstine, then managing editor of *The Wall Street Journal,* and Les Gelb, then editor of *The New York Times* op-ed page.

The bad news was "they *trashed* him," says a friend. Holbrooke, the former diplomat turned investment banker, sat through a long evening of jokes depicting him as a tower of ambition, an awesomely shameless self-promoter.

One of Holbrooke's great friends teased that "one shoulder is lower than the other from all the years that you've looked over it to see who's more important," recalls a partygoer, while the Chinese-born Lord joked that his birthday heralded the Year of the Snake. Gelb teased him about how quiet he had kept his Jewish ancestry, and several speakers ribbed him about how visibly he yearned to be secretary of state. "We were very lucky to have Dick Holbrooke here tonight," said a roaster, "because if a better offer had come along, he wouldn't be here."

These were jokes that went way


ABSOLUT BROOKLYN.

beyond the towel-snapping norm for events of this kind. As the evening wore on, an ugly mood settled over the swank restaurant. "It was one of those chemistry-of-the-group things, where people got carried away," says a close friend. "They had never said these things to his face, and maybe saw it as an opportunity to let him know."

It's an instructive episode in the life of the man President Clinton has just tapped to become assistant secretary of state in charge of U.S. policy toward Europe. In a successful, curiously heterogeneous career, Holbrooke has been well known as Jimmy Carter's assistant secretary of state for the Far East; as Diane Sawyer's boyfriend, in the years before she married Mike Nichols; as managing editor of the Washington journal *Foreign Policy;* as an investment banker with Lehman Brothers; as the co-author of Clark Clifford's memoir; and, most recently, as Clinton's ambassador to Germany. The thread that links all these chapters of his life is Holbrooke's earnest will to have *you* know how important he is. Even in Washington, world capital of self-aggrandizement, Holbrooke is seen as a man without peer—for his skills in the game of getting ahead, yes, but even more for his sheer lust to win at it.

"He just has no sense of shame," says one Clinton-administration official, a note of awe creeping into his voice. "*None.*"

"Dick's idea of heaven," says his second ex-wife, Blythe Holbrooke, cheerfully, "was watching himself being interviewed on TV."

Now, after a short but successful stint in Bonn, Holbrooke has been summoned back to the U.S. in an effort to add more energy to the second tier of Warren Christopher's torpid State Department. Holbrooke says he leaves Germany with the greatest reluctance: "I had *no* desire to be assistant secretary of state. I had done that before." Yet many of his friends believe he has been salivating for a Washington post—not just since Clinton's election, but through all 12 years of the Republican interregnum.

During those years, Holbrooke carved out a successful career on Wall Street. As a managing director at Lehman Brothers, he made a base salary just under $900,000. According to financial disclosures he has filed with the government, he has assets worth, at a most conservative estimate, at least $2.5 million.

But few of his friends mistook him for a full-time investment banker. "If you gave him a lowly job in Washington and paid him $50,000 a year, versus $3 million on Wall Street, he'd much rather be doing the job in Washington," says a friend. He is simply one of those men for whom Washington's particular stew of intrigue and substance is the only fully satisfying meal.

"He's a Washington fanatic, the way I am," says Sally Quinn, chronicler of the capital scene. "He's an obsessive, a junkie." And for fans of bureaucratic theater, his re-entry into the vacuum of Clinton's foreign-policy apparatus promises to be a bonanza.

In one of his last courtesy calls on Capitol Hill before his Senate confirmation hearing, Holbrooke tells me, he jokingly asked a senator to please vote against him—that way he could avoid coming back to Washington. For the third time in the course of several phone conversations and a lunch, he tells me that he left town after the Carter administration and never looked back. It turns out to be the theme of our meal: *Please don't throw me in the brier patch.*

After a recent *Newsweek* story, he protested long and loudly to editor Maynard Parker. "Only one person complains more," says Parker, "and that's Kissinger."

Holbrooke has swept into La Colline, a Capitol Hill power trough, half an hour late for lunch. And he is hardly in his chair before the maître d' approaches with the mobile phone, plunging him into a long conversation that includes, from his end, mention of the vice president and the national-security adviser. He hasn't been confirmed yet by the Senate and has been back and forth between the U.S. and Germany several times, straddling the two jobs.

He projects a certain level of energy, even invective, that strikes the ear as refreshing after two narcotic years of Warren Christopher. In acknowledging that he has in the past differed from Clinton policy on Bosnia, for example, Holbrooke adds that it's unfair of Bush administration officials to dump on Clinton's actions there. "Because whatever this administration has done"—he searches for the word—"*imperfectly,* the Bush administration handed this administration a giant piece of crap."

It is when talking about himself that Holbrooke hits the wrong notes: he may be the only person I've ever met who can sound overbearing and slightly plaintive at the same time.

"I don't want this kind of publicity," he said when I first contacted him. "I just don't want a warmed-over rehash of uninteresting personal details."

He urged me instead to read what the German press has written about him. I must call his secretary in Bonn, he told me on a Wednesday, then phoned again on Thursday to make sure I'd done it. It was roughly 9:30 P.M. in Germany, but he insisted that I call the embassy and have the poor woman paged: "She's reachable—she has a mobile phone," he said in his what's-the-problem? way. Within days, my fax machine was working overtime, churning forth clips, in both the original German and English translation, with headlines such as DER EFFEKTIVE DIPLOMAT.

Certainly Holbrooke pays close attention to his press. After a recent *Newsweek* story described him as "skilled in the arts of leaking and conniving," Holbrooke protested long and loudly to editor Maynard Parker, a close friend. Says Parker, "There's only one person who complains more that I know of, and that's Kissinger."

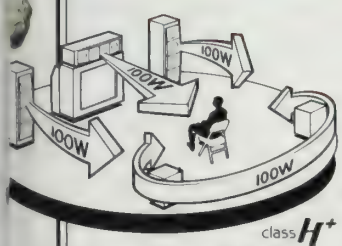
Add to that his notable tendency to befriend—and romance—members of the media. His second wife worked for *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* when they met; she was followed in his life by Diane Sawyer and, most recently, Kati Marton, the novelist, journalist, and former TV reporter who is in the midst of ending her 15-year marriage to Peter Jennings. (Holbrooke has also dated former *Vanity Fair* contributor Sarah Giles, Paramount's Sherry Lansing, and interior designer Mimi Russell.) A friend of then editor in chief Tina Brown, he became for a time a $30,000-a-year consultant to this magazine.

If many people depict Holbrooke as an opportunist, there are others who present quite a different picture. Prominent among them is Marton, whose long friendship with Holbrooke blos-

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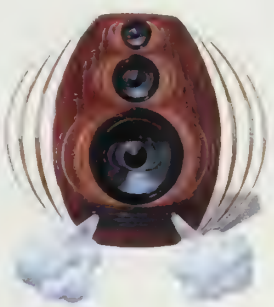
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somed into romance last winter. "He is the most secure man I've ever known," she says during a long, rhapsodic phone interview. "Emotionally, intellectually, physically—I've never had such a meshing on all important fronts with another human being. . . . We are each other's soul mates."

Others cite more quotidian virtues: his loyalty, his sense of humor, and the redeeming power of brains. "Dick can be very difficult," says David Halberstam, "and he runs very fast and he tries to fly very high, but the mind is just incredible. . . . He's *really* smart." Says Sally Quinn, "There's this very sweet, sort of gentle side to Dick that I don't think a lot of people see."

Still, anyone interviewing the people close to him can't help feeling that Holbrooke takes his worst hits from friendly fire. A prominent pal offers this notably lukewarm defense: "Everybody knows that Dick's basic character is basically sound."

Says another, "He's not *fundamentally* arrogant, at bottom."

And a third: "He hasn't been important enough for people to be that friendly to him if he didn't have a nice side."

What even his supporters implicitly concede is how *flagrant* Holbrooke is. On Clinton's July trip to Europe, while Holbrooke was still ambassador, he involved himself in every aspect of the president's stay in Germany, earning the nickname "the Velcro Ambassador." "During the stay," says a White House aide, "he literally twice rushed the president's limo—like, dove into the limo so he could ride with him." In fairness, it could be pointed out that this is a reasonably common occurrence when a president travels abroad: all ambassadors anxiously seek to gain access and prove their status. But it does say something about Holbrooke that those around him take such open delight in noticing these things, storing them up and trading them like baseball cards.

"I guess what Holbrooke represents to people," muses one hostess, "is the worst of themselves in this whole celebrity world. A lot of people do what he does, but they're much more subtle about it. He's always *blatantly* looking over your shoulder, *blatantly* dropping your party for a better one."

The weird thing about Holbrooke is that he clearly *is* smart, and capable in the underrated art of actually getting things done in government. Were it not for what a friend despairingly describes as his "dopey naked moves for power," he might easily earn all the respect he so obviously craves. As it is, he has made himself a sort of caricature of the Washington Man.

"Dick is his own worst enemy," says an old friend. "He has absolutely brilliant perceptions about everyone else except for himself. This is his deepest flaw."

Holbrooke's forte is knowing the right people and pulling the right levers. Halberstam remembers him as a "kid" in the foreign service, turning up in the *New York Times* correspondent's office in Saigon in 1963 with a letter of introduction from Halberstam's boss, Clifton Daniel. "He had a letter from everybody," Halberstam recalls, "including Dean Rusk."

Rusk was, in fact, a family friend, whose son David was a classmate of Holbrooke's in Scarsdale, New York. The child of a doctor who died when

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Dick was 15, Holbrooke graduated from Brown University in 1962 and—on being turned down for a job at *The New York Times*—took and aced the foreign-service exam.

In Vietnam, he served in a series of jobs that gave him a ringside seat at the slow-motion debacle: economic-development officer in Ba Xuyen province, staff aide in Saigon to General Maxwell Taylor and to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. Next, he was assigned to the White House and presidential assistant Robert Komer's euphemistically titled "pacification" program. Finally, he joined the staff of W. Averell Harriman, U.S. representative at the Paris peace talks.

Harriman, who would be one of Holbrooke's most important mentors, had been wooed by him during fact-finding trips to Vietnam. "The joke," recalls someone who was part of Holbrooke's circle in Vietnam, "was that [Harriman] paid attention to Dick because Dick was the only one who was polite enough, or impolite enough, to yell into his good ear."

Already, Holbrooke was building a reputation as the young man always in the right place at the right time, moving down the chute just ahead of his peers. A contemporary in the foreign service says of the Paris assignment: "He just arranged it himself somehow. It was kind of a legend around the State Department at the time."

But the foreign service was no place for a man who aimed for the top in foreign policy: then as now, the big jobs went to political appointees who could claim experience outside government. So Holbrooke cooled his heels as the Vietnam War wound down, first as Peace Corps director in Morocco, then as managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine, Washington's answer to the more conservative *Foreign Affairs*. He worked his traps, joined the right groups (the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations), and made the right friends (Pete Peterson remembers meeting him at Katharine Graham's house as long ago as 1971). When the governor of Georgia won the presidency in 1976, Holbrooke—who had met Carter through the Trilateral Commission—was appointed assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs. He was only 35—the youngest assistant secretary of state, he liked to boast, in at least 40 years.

By all accounts, Holbrooke was able to dominate policy in his area as few assistant secretaries have done. Whether that had a positive effect is another question. The best sustained description of Holbrooke in action can be found in Raymond Bonner's history of U.S. policy toward the Philippines, *Waltzing with a Dictator*. Bonner makes a compelling case that Holbrooke, more than any other assistant secretary in the Carter State Department, worked at neutralizing the Carter emphasis on human rights in foreign policy—and succeeded. At almost every turn, Bonner argues, Holbrooke—preoccupied with renewing agreements for the U.S. naval bases in the Philippines—signaled to Ferdinand Marcos that the U.S. would wink at his human-rights violations.

Holbrooke says of Bonner's critique, "That's bullshit! That's complete bullshit! I got Ninoy Aquino out of jail. The election of 1978, which was the first one since martial law had been declared, was held under our pressure." He argues that he took

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BECAUSE LIFE IS TOO SHORT

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BECAUSE LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

the responsible course of advancing human rights while also attending to U.S. security interests. "The record will show unambiguously that we advanced both objectives simultaneously," he says. "We chose a balanced middle course."

Holbrooke earned Washington's prized label—he was "effective," they said, in the sense that he won most of the bureaucratic battles he joined. But he also began to earn his reputation as an overeager combatant. He was obsessed, says someone who knows him well, with all the small tokens of status: "Who gets to be with the president; who gets to be at the 7:20 meeting; who gets face time with the secretary; who gets to ride in the car; whether he could get into the principals-only meeting."



By that time, Holbrooke had embarked on his second marriage. He and his first wife, Larrine, known as "Litty," had met at Brown and had two sons, David and Anthony, but divorced after a decade.

His second wife, Blythe, gaily summarizes him today as "the ultimate Washington nightmare husband," obsessed with work, with every tiny advantage to be gained. (It must also be said that if the new Mrs. Holbrooke hated Washington—even going so far as to pen a *Newsweek* column titled "Why I Hate Washington"—the city's hostesses coolly returned the favor.)

"He's a Washington fanatic, the way I am," says Sally Quinn, chronicler of the capital scene. "He's an obsessive, a junkie."



Holbrooke forged power relationships with fixer-statesman Clark Clifford, *top,* and Georgetown hostess Pamela Harriman, *left,* co-authoring Clifford's memoirs and helping Harriman become a force in Democratic politics.

Blythe, who is now peddling a *roman à clef* that includes a milieu conspicuously similar to the Carter State Department, recalls the day when she realized her marriage was nearing an end: she was introduced to a secretary in Holbrooke's office, who said, "But you had blond hair when I saw you in Hong Kong."

At the same time he was playing the angles inside the State Department, Holbrooke was also working assiduously at the social side of his career. He had a way with the older ladies—Kay Graham, Polly Fritchie, Pamela Harriman. Holbrooke helped to foster Harriman's connections in an Establishment that initially regarded her with some wariness and hostility after her May-December marriage to Averell Harriman. When she set out to become a power in Democratic politics, Holbrooke was one of a cadre of men who lent her some foreign-affairs gravitas, and also helped counsel her on the fine art of whom to invite when. What he got in return was a place at her table.

His relationship with Diane Sawyer was also one of mutual advantage. "He gave her lots and lots of advice," says their friend Joan Ganz Cooney. When they met in the late 70s, she was an inexperienced, second-tier reporter at the CBS Washington bureau, still tarred among colleagues by her work with former president Richard Nixon. Assigned to cover the State Department, she found in Holbrooke an invaluable source of information and good stories. And when she moved on to the *CBS Morning News,* he continued to offer the advice of an avid media junkie. As Sawyer's star rose, the glamour he derived from the association was obvious. According to friends, though, he was seriously smitten with Sawyer, and deeply hurt when she ended the relationship.

Like other would-be Democratic statesmen, Holbrooke found himself in the cold when the long frost of Reaganism settled on Washington. He elected to move to New York, where, with Pete Peterson's help, he parlayed his connections into a berth at Lehman Brothers. There, former partners say, he was an "outside guy"—a rainmaker whose chief strength was his network. While he did bring in some domestic business—from Nike, for example, and H. J. Heinz—his partners valued him most for the entrée he provided into the new markets of the Far East, especially Korea and the almost virgin territory of China.

All the while, Holbrooke kept up his foreign-policy profile. Between 1980 and 1993 he wrote more than 30 opinion pieces for various newspapers and magazines, and he maintained a presence in all the right parlors. One member of the Council on Foreign Relations recalls a council-sponsored meeting in Washington where Colin Powell, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was the featured speaker. "It was probably the most distinguished crowd you can imagine," the member recalls. "All the former ambassadors, several ex-secretaries of defense and state. . . .


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Holbrooke had sent an aide ahead to save him a seat in the front row, and arrived about 20 minutes into Colin Powell's speech." Holbrooke had a foot injury, this man recalls, so, on crutches, he limped and tripped his way to the front of the room, waving to acquaintances on either side—and bringing Powell's remarks to a dead halt. "Richard says, 'No, Colin, please, continue.' . . . It was probably the most staggering example of policy showmanship how to remain at center stage at all times—I've ever seen."

In the late 80s, Holbrooke contracted to serve as amanuensis to Clark Clifford as the elderly king of Washington fixer-statesmen embarked on his memoirs. Some Holbrooke-watchers saw this as a bid to echo McGeorge Bundy's similar service, as a young man, to Secretary of War Henry Stimson. But it was an odd choice for a man already in his 40s, already a certified member of the foreign-policy establishment—a position from which some of his peers were writing their own treatises on international affairs. And this was no easy way to earn a few extra nickels of respectability; this was three long years of actual toil, working from detailed records of Clifford's decades in Washington. At one point Holbrooke even sat still and listened as Clifford read a draft of the 665-page book aloud in his sonorous, impossibly slow voice to see if he liked the way it sounded.

Worst of all, Holbrooke finished his labors just as the banking scandal known as B.C.C.I. came crashing down on Clifford's head. Though criminal charges against Clifford were ultimately dismissed, the odor of B.C.C.I. clung indelibly to what was supposed to be the triumphant publication of his literary monument. At the time, I interviewed Holbrooke at length in connection with some articles I was writing about Clifford for *The Washington Post*. It was fascinating to watch the gyrations of Holbrooke's status-ometer (to push for prominent mention in the article or not? to be quoted by name or not?) as his three-year investment in what had seemed a blue-chip stock vanished before his eye

While he was workin on the book, recalls publishing executiv "he would go to part party, party, party, an say, 'Wait until my boo comes out.' The m ment that scandal can out, it was 'Clark book.'"

But despite suc bumps in the road, Ho brooke managed to r create in New York th success he had had i Washington. Naturally there were overlaps be tween the worlds of po icy and banking, o D.C. and Manhattan but it could fairly b said that Holbrooke ha energetically clambered to the top of a whole new heap.

However, he failed in one way t adapt to his changed surroundings. I Washington, almost no one had known that Holbrooke was Jewish. Even his second wife (who stresses, "It's no that I would have cared") wasn't aware of it. "And then somehow I met some uncle three years into the marriage and said, 'Dick, how do you have a Jewish uncle?'"

Friends say that when asked directly about his background Holbrooke tended to fudge. "He just basically didn't quite answer the question if asked," recalls a close friend. And to his friends in New York, many of them Jewish, this coyness was exasperating. "It's one of the few towns in the world," observes one, "where it's a big, big plus. . . . He still didn't quite step up to it, even as people were buzzing about it a bit."

In fact, the name Holbrooke is only a generation or two old: his father or paternal grandmother chose it as the Anglicized version of the name they brought to America—a name Holbrooke himself says he never knew. His father's family were Russian and possibly Polish, while his mother was raised in Hamburg, the daughter of a prosperous importer-exporter of leather goods. Only when Hitler came to power did *her* father tell his children they were Jewish.

Thus Holbrooke was born to parents who had turned away from religious Judaism, and who took their son to Quaker meetings. "Some people like to

"I've never had such a meshing on all important fronts with another human being," says Kati Marton. "We are each other's soul mates."



Holbrooke's romance with Diane Sawyer (*top*, cycling together in Central Park) came to an end after she met Mike Nichols; he is now involved with journalist and author Kati Marton, *left*, who is divorcing ABC anchor Peter Jennings.

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say that if I don't go around saying I'm Jewish that I'm denying it," says Holbrooke. "I don't deny it, I never denied it. I never said I wasn't Jewish. But what does being Jewish mean? I didn't go to Bar Mitzvah. My mother was already third-generation assimilated."

When he was named ambassador to Germany, he says, he realized that his background would be "an issue." He began talking more openly about his roots—especially about the maternal grandfather who had won the Iron Cross in the kaiser's army during World War I.

"I think now he's proud of having Jewish roots," says Kati Marton, who claims this as a part of her bond with him. The Hungarian-born Marton, who was raised as a Catholic, did not discover until adulthood that her own parents were in fact Jewish, or that her mother's parents had perished at Auschwitz. Together, Marton says, she and Holbrooke went to see *Schindler's List* and toured the Holocaust Museum in Washington. "Those were very important bonding experiences for us," she says. Then she hastens to add, "I would be a hypocrite, though, if I pretended we were having a major Jewish experience."

When Bill Clinton came to power, he brought back to Washington almost all of Jimmy Carter's old foreign-policy team. For Holbrooke, who was deeply wired into this network, this should have been good news: both national-security adviser Tony Lake and Peter Tarnoff, undersecretary of state for political affairs, were friends and foreign-service colleagues from the early 60s.

Unfortunately, according to the rumor mill, Holbrooke had been *so* well connected in the Carter years, under Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, that he had made an important strategic misjudgment—to ignore and circumvent Vance's number two, whom he regarded as a weakling. In proof of the great Washington adage that what goes around comes around, Warren Christopher survived to become Bill Clinton's secretary of state—and the director of his transition, who dealt the cards as the good jobs were being passed out.

Having made all the right moves, for all those years, Holbrooke now found himself locked out of the top jobs in Washington. His next wish—to be appointed ambassador to Japan—was stymied when former vice president Walter Mondale expressed interest in the job. Holbrooke was forced to make do with ambassador to Germany: a prestigious post, but not nearly what he had been preparing for.

By most accounts, Holbrooke did a very good job in his brief term in Bonn. At a time when the traditional military alliance with Germany is beginning to take a backseat to economic concerns, he apparently worked hard at reassuring the Germans that America remains a committed ally—despite uncertain signals from Washington about Clinton's goals in Europe. "He filled a void that otherwise the Germans would have packed full of anxiety," says his friend Les Gelb, president of the Council on Foreign Relations.

His performance presented an opportunity to Holbrooke's boosters at home. It is not entirely clear how Holbrooke's resurrection came about: he says both his old friend Tarnoff and Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott were involved in his new assignment.

Holbrooke earned Washington's prized label—he was "effective," they said, in the sense that he won most of the bureaucratic battles he joined.

In Holbrooke's account, he was all but begged to come back to Washington. "They asked me, and I said no, and they asked me again, and I said no, and then they escalated the requests until it became a presidential request conveyed by the secretary of state. . . . Once Clinton asked me to do it, I felt that my whole value system was involved here. You don't say no to the president as a member of the government."

Later, though, he acknowledges that "12 years in New York, on Wall Street, was not intellectually stimulating. . . . So did I want to serve? Yes. Is it the thrill of a lifetime? No."

If Holbrooke hopes to convince Washington that he is truly a reluctant patriot (*Please don't throw me in the brier patch*), he has a long way to go. The city's interested Holbrooke-watchers believe his return represents one more chance—perhaps his last—to resume his climb up the ladder. It is already striking that despite all his effort Holbrooke is now picking up at the same rung, assistant secretary, he occupied 14 years ago.

But as Holbrooke surely recognizes, any vacuum as complete as Christopher's State Department offers great opportunities to the man bold enough to seize them. Holbrooke has, for example, urged stronger U.S. action in Bosnia, which is now in his bailiwick. And if he can wrest any kind of consistency out of the Oval Office on that issue (or take credit for doing so, which amounts, as these things are scored, to the same thing), his stock is likely to rise.

On the other hand, there is the fatal Holbrooke tendency toward self-sabotage. A friend takes a delicate stab, finally, at explaining it: "Privately, the emotional balance between the intellect and the person who lives in that body, it's not entirely in sync. . . . It's like an airplane with too long a wingspan: it's not put together ideally, aeronautically."

But in this, too, Holbrooke is a classic specimen of Washington Man. The capital teems with smart people, young and old, who have Something to Prove, who are working out their most shadowy selves on that most public stage.

And some of those people, out of that drive, make real contributions. Perhaps Holbrooke will be one of them: an ambitious realist—even an abrasive one—may be a healthy catalyst in Clinton's existing foreign-policy circle.

But only if he can pilot himself with a little more restraint than he's shown in the past. It's worth wondering, for this reason, what he learned from his famous 50th-birthday party. A friend says, "I would have been put away by that birthday party: you'd have to come visit me in Payne Whitney. . . . I would have wanted to kill myself if people hated me that way."

But Holbrooke says, "It was two and a half hours in my life. It has no deeper meaning." If he nursed a private hurt, he isn't going to say so. In the days after the fête, as his friends pondered just what hostilities had flashed and grinned in that elegant throng, Holbrooke turned his glowing, eager face to the world.

"Don't I have wonderful friends?" he asked a pal. "Wasn't it *great?*" □



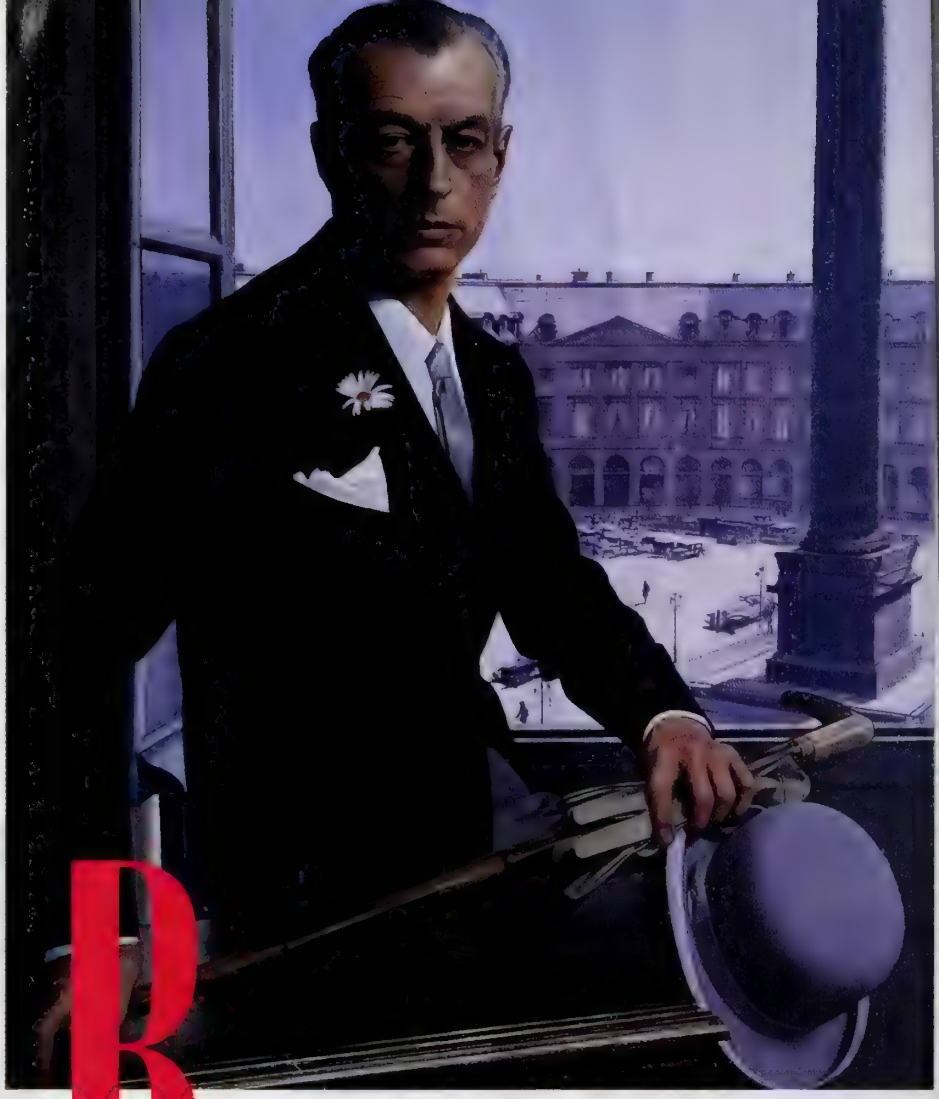
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Art

TOUT LE DE MONVEL

His portraits were the Prada bags of 1930s society. A new exhibition shows some things never go out of style

BY JAMIE JAMES







***Top,* self-portrait of Boutet de Monvel at the Place Vendôme, circa 1930. *Far left,* portrait of Florence Baker Martineau, circa 1930. *Left,* portrait of Payne Whitney Payson, 1945.**

By the 1920s, the painted portrait was in desperate need of a makeover: the gauzy, impressionistic style of Sargent, in vogue for decades, had become dowdy and tired in lesser hands, and photography was making disastrous inroads. Then a dapper Frenchman named Bernard Boutet de Monvel blew into town. In 1926 he exhibited his cool, classy portraits in New York for the first time, and almost immediately the Astor, Whitney, and Du Pont girls were queuing up to pay as much as $10,000 (the price of an East Side town house) to have themselves Monvelized.

He was a dandy, a Whistler for the 20th century, and like many successful portrait painters, from Ingres to Warhol, he was fascinated by the world of fashion. His ladies were dressed in the latest Chanel or Charles James creation; in addition to portraiture, he produced illustrations for top fashion magazines. When Diana Vreeland assembled "The Costumes of Royal India" for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, pride of place was given to Boutet de Monvel's portrait of the Maharaja of Indore.

Elegant and chic in an era when serious artists were expected to strike a down-and-out pose, he wasn't taken terribly seriously in his lifetime. Now interest in his art is growing: a comprehensive exhibition of his work opens in November at Barry Friedman Ltd., in New York. In addition to his portraits of the rich and horsey, the exhibition will include some spare, refined views of the Manhattan skyline, and romantic landscapes he painted on a visit to Morocco in 1925. Yet it is the portraits which beckon most seductively, offering us a glimpse into a vanished world of top hats, tiaras, and dry martinis—the gilded reality that was reflected in Cole Porter songs and Fred Astaire movies. □

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DEBBIE IN THE DESERT

Not quite a mini-Merv, Debbie Reynolds is struggling to make the show go on in her latest, and perhaps riskiest, career investment: a derelict hotel-casino

BY LESLIE BENNETTS



REYNOLDS RAP
"When I die I'm going to have myself stuffed like Trigger. They'll put me in the museum, all stuffed. Just put a quarter in and I'll sing 'Tammy.' "

She is actually singing "Tammy." Sweet as a summer breeze, her lilting voice seems like a melody remembered from a dream. "I hear the cottonwoods whisperin' above," she croons, "Taa-aam-my, Taa-aam-my, Tammy's in love / The old hootie owl hootie-hoos to the dove . . . "

Hootie-hoos to the dove? Who has thought of those lyrics since the Eisenhower era? And yet they are indelibly imprinted on the brain; you couldn't forget them if you tried. Close your eyes and it's 1957.

Which is exactly where the hundreds of snowy-haired people packed into this theater want to be: safely ensconced in the distant past, listening to sweet little Debbie Reynolds. True, she's changed a bit; 40 years will do that to you. "Perky" used to be the operative word, but the adorable ingenue who made *Singin' in the Rain* has long since been transmogrified into a major diva in a glittering red sequined gown and red spike heels, flashing her trim little legs

Photograph by ERIC BOMAN


weather or not
LONDON FOG

underneath the daring slit that knifes up her thigh. Her porcelain prettiness is still remarkable, and if there is a certain thickening around the waist that used to be so sylphlike—well, she is 62 years old, after all, and she's entitled. "Forget your troubles, come on, get happy!" she trills, turning on a million-kilowatt smile. A true icon, she transports her listeners back to those irrecoverable days of their youth, when she was a big MGM star and Eddie Fisher an international sensation and the two of them were the cutest couple in the world. "We all grew up together, so why not grow older together?" she tells the audience chummily, as if they'd been sharing backyard barbecues for decades.

Debbie's fans remain suitably loyal. "We love you!" one admirer cries out. "Elizabeth looks good, but you look better!" calls another. Debbie grins and sings "Happy Birthday" to 76-year-old Bessie, who is in a wheelchair. Then she sings some more, and dances, and tells jokes, and does impersonations of Barbra Streisand, Mae West, Bette Davis, Zsa Zsa Gabor—even Cher barking out "I Got You Babe." She shows film clips and talks about the good old days, dropping names that dazzle—Clark Gable, Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly. Six times a week she works her heart out on that stage, not only putting on a two-hour show but also emerging after the curtain goes down to sign autographs and get her picture taken with every single person who wants one. As hordes of beaming senior citizens crowd around her, she greets them all with infinite patience, pecking them on the cheek, clasping their withered hands, and instructing them gently, "Now, smile at that little light in the middle . . . "

The line of people waiting for their moment with Debbie seems endless. Finally I ask one of her aides, "How long does she do this?"

"As long as it takes," he says.

What her fans see every night is Debbie the trouper, the old-time entertainer who is tireless in her determination to give people a good time. They don't make 'em like this anymore. Her audiences may have come to Las Vegas for the usual reasons, but they are here at the Debbie Reynolds Hotel/Casino to see Debbie. They know about her triumphs and her disasters; they have empathized with her ever since she first wrung the nation's heart as a bereft young mother whose husband had abandoned her and their two babies to run off with Elizabeth Taylor. To them she will always be Tammy and the Singing Nun and the Unsinkable Molly Brown. They know about Debbie's catastrophic second marriage to Harry Karl, the shoe mogul who lost his own millions and all of Debbie's money as well. They may not know that Debbie's then teenage son used to hide in Karl's closet and shoot home movies of his stepfather getting blow jobs from hookers, but they know that Debbie was devastated when she learned that her husband had gambled away every cent she ever made, and that she spent years paying off the staggering debts he left her with. She lost everything—the homes, the possessions, the Rolls-Royce, the paintings, the jewels. There were some nights she resorted to sleeping in her car, because she had no place to go and was too proud to burden her friends or her children.

"When I say she had a nervous breakdown, you have to understand that she was still working through the whole thing."

And through it all she sustained the preternaturally sunny persona that is her trademark. She learned very early to function under the glare of publicity; having spent her adolescence on the back lot at MGM, Debbie Reynolds has lived the long-running soap opera that is her life under relentless public attention. Finally, six years ago, she chronicled the whole roller-coaster saga in an autobiography. In classic Hollywood style, it closed with a happy ending: Debbie out of debt at last, and blissfully remarried to a genial blue-eyed real-estate developer from Virginia who promised to cherish her even more than his rat-fink predecessors had abused her. When Debbie's fans inspect the souvenir program at her show, they find not only photographs of Debbie and a host of famous co-stars but also a touching tribute to her third husband, Richard Hamlett, who is pictured in a heart-shaped silver frame. "It was silly for me to think that I was destined to be alone the rest of my life," she wrote coquettishly in the program notes. "He is my brave, loyal and loving friend. Now I have someone to share my visions and plans with."

Debbie's admirers think it's just wonderful that she finally found a nice guy to share her golden years. Watching her onstage, no doubt they even think she's up there because she still loves to perform. Spunky ol' Debbie never looks like someone who has gotten herself up a creek without a paddle; she always acts as if everything were just peachy even when husbands vanish and the bill collectors start pounding on the door.

Little do they all know she's gone and done it again.

It is long past two o'clock in the morning, and Debbie is still going strong. A little bleary-eyed, to be sure, as the hour gets later and the last of the pink zinfandel in the bottle she's been working on disappears. But she's holding up better than I am, and I'm young enough to be her daughter. She looks as if she could talk all night. We are sitting in Debbie's dressing room, which is really a prefab tin shed tacked onto the backstage area of her theater. But at least she's got a theater now; when the hotel opened, she had to do her act in the lobby.

Nothing stops her, of course—a fact that gives her children the vapors in the best of times, and these are hardly the best of times. When Debbie decided to purchase the derelict Paddlewheel Hotel, an out-of-the-way Vegas dinosaur hopelessly unequipped to compete with the new breed of ultra-high-tech mega-monster hotel-and-casino complexes on the Strip, her children were appalled. "We thought she was crazy," says Todd Fisher, Debbie's 36-year-old son by Eddie Fisher.

Actually, Debbie didn't exactly consult her children about the hotel; she simply forged ahead. "My husband said it was a very good buy and wouldn't be hard to fix," she says wryly. "So—Dumb Dora here did it."

Her daughter learned the news the way Hollywood kids so often get information about their parents. "It was in the trades," says Carrie Fisher, Todd's older sister, her voice dry enough to chill a martini. "She did not tell me that she was going to do it. She told me it had been done. I wept when I first went into the lobby. This mastodon in the desert—it looked like a soundstage, black and dusty. She would be waving at these black caverns of space and saying, 'This is going to be Bogart's Bar!' and 'This is where the show


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AT THEATRES THIS FALL



NUNS AND LOVERS *From top,* Reynolds with Gene Kelly in MGM's *Singin' in the Rain;* her signature role in *The Unsinkable Molly Brown;* as Sister Ann, the singing nun.



room will be!' What I understood was that she wanted me to be excited for her, which is like saying she wanted me to be tall for her." Fisher snorts. "I am the pessimist of the family."

Well, someone's gotta do it, and it's never going to be the Unsinkable Debbie. "I bought it because it looked so easy," she says brightly. "I probably had a lapse of sanity. I was going to retire and teach at my dance school in Los Angeles, but I didn't have a place for my junk, and property in Los Angeles is so expensive."

And her "junk" is the key to the whole undertaking. For Debbie, the hotel represented the opportunity to realize a lifelong dream, the creation of a unique museum of Hollywood memorabilia. An inveterate collector, she has amassed what may be the world's largest assemblage of movie costumes, furniture, props, and other filmmaking artifacts. Already the costumes line the corridors of the hotel like ghosts from the past; as eerie as silent apparitions, the mannequins stare out at you from behind plate glass, each bearing the likeness of a famous face.

This one is wearing the notorious dress that blew up from the subway grating to reveal Marilyn Monroe's legs in *The Seven Year Itch.* The next one is clad in Judy Garland's blue

"My mother has never put vodka in a milkshake," Todd says loyally.

jumper from *The Wizard of Oz*—and look at Margaret O'Brien's gingham dress from *Meet Me in St. Louis.* Shirley Temple's green plaid suit from *The Littlest Rebel* is so tiny—could she really have been that small? Debbie's own red feathered gown from *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* is on hand, as are Danny Kaye's jewel-studded gold tails from *The Court Jester* and Doris Day's mermaid costume from *The Glass Bottom Boat.* There's even Elizabeth Taylor's jodhpurs and silk riding shirt from *National Velvet.*

These artifacts lend the hotel a somewhat surreal air; turn a corner and you're face-to-face with Carmen Miranda's fruit-laden hat or the opium bed from *The Good Earth.* But the items currently on display represent only the tip of the iceberg. Still to be unveiled are Taylor's entrance-to-Rome headdress from *Cleopatra,* Marlon Brando's coronation duds from *Désirée,* Katharine Hepburn's red velvet gown from *Mary of Scotland.* With more than 3,000 costumes alone, the list seems endless. "Debbie's collection is so large we'll be able to turn the show three times a year for years without repeating anything," says Steve Schiffman, the hotel's former marketing director.

The collection began when MGM unloaded its warehouses and Debbie, outraged at the lack of respect for Hollywood's history, bought everything she could simply to preserve it. But she has always been a compulsive scavenger; her apartment, a modest two-bedroom condo a couple of minutes from the hotel, is chockablock with odd relics crowding each other in bizarre juxtapositions. The elaborate Venetian lamps and the bare-bosomed blackamoor statue looming over the television set came from Twentieth Century–Fox; the gout stool is from the Harold Lloyd estate, as are the crystal lamps and the carved tables. Betty Hutton's armoire is stuffed into the corner, and another table was salvaged from the set of a picture called *Audrey Rose.* The wrought-iron porch furniture on the terrace was Agnes Moorehead's, as were the fake flower arrangements, although the plastic plants appear to be Debbie's touch. "She loves all this weird stuff," says Margie Duncan, one of her oldest friends, who is showing me around the apartment.

Even the hotel has been patched together from what amount to casino yard sales: here is a chandelier from the Dunes, there the old light-up handrails from Bally's. "When you come here you see four hotels in one," Debbie jokes to her audiences. The truth is that she has never been able to let go of anything unless her creditors demanded it, and having bought entire job lots of studio debris whenever possible, she has accumulated a great deal of stuff. Hence the museum, which has been under construction for many months. One opening date after another has been postponed, but if the money doesn't run out, the museum will open by year's end. After its elaborate turntables, lighted dioramas, and high-definition television are finally installed, *(Continued on page 155)*



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tinued from page 150 the Debbie nolds Hollywood Movie Museum well become the showcase she has sioned for so many years. And to mind, that's what this entire extravaza is about.

I didn't want the hotel; I wanted my eum and show room," Debbie says itively. "The hotel is work, work, k, work, work!" She looks around glaring, and scowls. "And now I e to do it myself. So I'm up all night ing at wallpaper and tile."

Which means money, money, money, ney, money. "She kept saying, 'We such a good deal,' but there was no ney to fix it up," Carrie Fisher says omily.

As a result, Debbie's children quickly me embroiled in the project as well. e did not have the money to go out hire somebody to design what she ted. She said, 'I want you to build for me,'" Todd reports. "It wasn't n a choice; I wanted to do it for her. 's done for me my whole life. This a great opportunity to give her ething, and the most valuable thing can give her is your time." He sighs rily. "I've been here a year and a ." He pauses again and adds with iberate emphasis, "I also did it to tect her."

Nor did Carrie escape entanglement. called her up, and I was crying bese I couldn't get the beam out of the w room," Debbie says as if this de perfect sense. "She didn't know at I was talking about." (Apparently re were beams in the ceiling of the ater that obstructed the sight lines to stage.) "I said, 'I'm out of money!' I n't know how she got it, because it s a tough time for her and she has own set of problems. But she sent a big check."

"I actually went to try to sell my elry," reports Carrie. "The whole ng was absurd." Her own set of blems includes having had a baby h Bryan Lourd, a CAA agent who her and took up with superman- Sandy Gallin's boyfriend, Scott nkston. Carrie was left to sustain ne the extremely expensive estate had bought with the understanding t she and Bryan would be living in together. Although this postmodern zie-and-Harriet scenario has long ce detonated, the financial burdens it nerated constitute the real-estate uivalent of the *Titanic*. However, this ned out to be Debbie's salvation. "I d already borrowed so much money for this house that I loaned her some of it," Carrie explains, sounding as if the weight of the world were crushing her. Then a sly undercurrent of laughter steals into her voice. "I did it partly because I thought I might use it in my book," she adds wickedly.

Having already wrung best-sellers out of her drug rehab and her divorce from Paul Simon, Fisher was extremely kind to the father of her child in her latest novel, *Delusions of Grandma*. This one chronicles her most recent breakup without even mentioning the question of his vacillating sexual preference. Although this showed extraordinary forbearance on Fisher's part, it made the whole story somewhat incomprehensible, since the reader couldn't quite figure out why these two nice people who had just had a beautiful baby together were breaking up. Published last spring, the book promptly bombed.

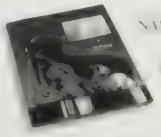
It hasn't been a banner year for the Reynolds-Fisher clan; as Carrie's relationship with a nice southerner four years her junior was ending, her mother's marriage to a nice southerner four years her junior was hitting the rocks as well. "My mother weeping in the cactus in front of my house one night was not a great sight," Carrie observes sardonically. In fact, ever since Debbie bought the hotel at the end of 1992, everything has been a total nightmare, and the strain took a fatal toll on her decade-long marriage. Debbie is circumspect about the reasons for her separation from Richard Hamlett, but her children are more forthcoming with their opinions of their mother's most recent former husband and his abilities. Their opinions are scathing. According to Todd, his relations with his stepfather became so acrimonious that he and Hamlett almost came to blows. Todd says that Hamlett finally issued an ultimatum, demanding that Debbie choose between her husband and her son. Todd is still there. "I've made a deal with her," he reports. "I'll pick her next husband; she'll pick my next wife."

Hamlett has a somewhat different version of events. He scoffs at the idea that he and Todd ever came close to duking it out—"He's too small for me to hit," Hamlett says derisively. "That's Debbie's son, and I would never hit Debbie's son." He also denies giving Debbie an ultimatum: "I would never tell a



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mother that it's me or him." However, Hamlett admits having told his wife he couldn't work with Todd, whom Hamlett blames for the dissolution of the marriage. "It was all basically him," he says. "He's the one who created the problems. Todd is one of these spoiled Beverly Hills kids who grew up and thought everything would be handed to them—and everything *was* handed to him. He lives in this dreamworld."

As for Debbie, however, Hamlett has only the kindest of words. "Debbie is the sweetest person I've ever known in my life," he says. "I could never say anything but the best about Debbie."

Debbie tries hard to maintain a certain delicacy about her relationship with Hamlett. "It just became a terribly difficult situation," she says primly. "The project is so difficult, and my husband and I didn't agree creatively." She pauses as both of us silently admire the discretion with which she has just characterized the flameout of her latest marriage. That MGM boot-camp training never deserts you; no matter how many years go by, the old pros can handle anything without even breaking a sweat.

But then Debbie reaches over to slosh some more pink wine into her glass, and I can almost hear her think, Aw, the hell with it! "It all became focused on the hotel and the rooms and the parking structure, and the museum wasn't important; the show room wasn't important," she says indignantly. "It was 'Well, we don't have the money for *that.*' And we reached a chasm. To me it was like the Grand Canyon. So I saved my property and lost my marriage." She looks around as if she can scarcely believe what has happened, even now. "I lost my marriage over *this!*"

Having purchased the hotel and eight acres of property for a little over $2 million, Debbie has now put many times that sum into trying to fix it up; she doesn't even know how much, and whatever it is, it isn't enough. Even from the outside the hotel has a rather forlorn air, which is emphasized by the antique MGM studio lights Todd has installed out front. The lobby boasts Baccarat crystal chandeliers rescued from the set of *The Great Waltz* and a marble-topped table from *Camille,* but by the time you reach the elevator you have already realized you're in Fawlty Towers. The faux-wood paneling is partially ripped out and sheets of plastic have been tacked over it, but they're not big enough to cover the damage, leaving gaping holes around the edges. Upholstered red leather insets decorate the remaining paneling, but they too are ripped open, so most of them sprout tufts of stuffing. The Mirage has live dolphins and an erupting volcano; the staggeringly enormous MGM Grand has a theme park and a gigantic sky dome that shifts from day into night and periodically stages a spectacular thunderstorm. Debbie's place gives you corridors adorned with cheap posters of mostly deceased movie stars and Muzak on the switchboard's recorded message ("Hi, this is Debbie! Thanks for calling! All the operators are busy right now . . . ") that plays Debbie's greatest hits. It's like comparing a mom-and-pop store to a multinational conglomerate. Then again, some people prefer mom-and-pop stores, particularly when mom and pop have famous faces. Outside my room, a steamy young Elizabeth Taylor sends sultry looks into the hall, and Spencer Tracy gazes quizzically at my bed from his strategic position on the opposite wall. The room itself has all the distinctive charm of a Holiday Inn, except for the fact that the plastic sliding door on the shower is broken.

Carrie has even been accused of planting gossip-column items about Bryan and his boyfriend to help promote her novel.

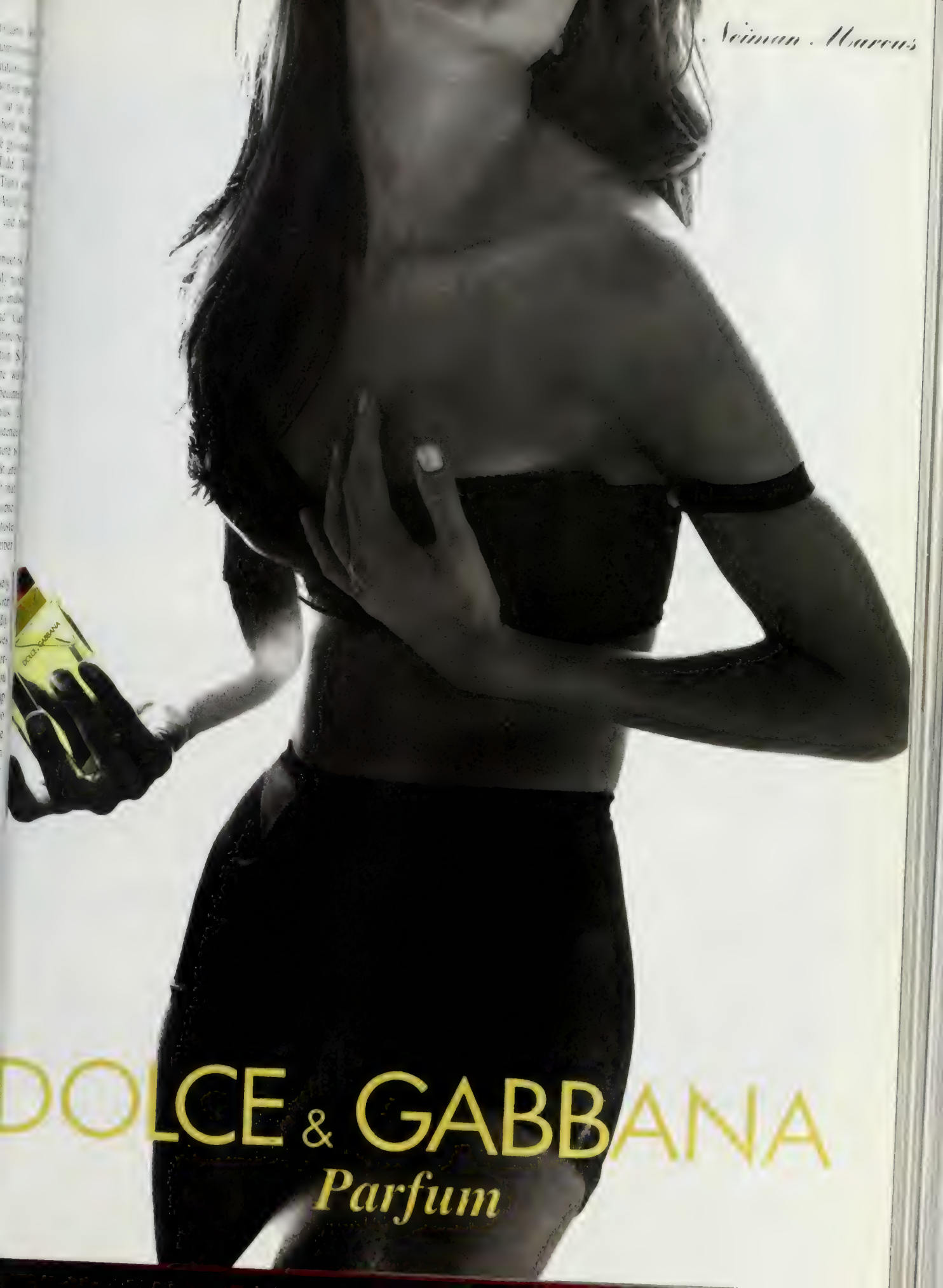
"I didn't expect this to be such an expensive venture," Debbie explains mournfully. "I am an innocent when it comes to business. But by the time I got scared, I was in too deep. Every dime I have is in here. I'm too trusting. In the end, I always wind up doing it. I'm not putting any blame on anybody. This will be terribly successful. The museum is going to be so great—it's just going to be fabulous," she declares bravely. "And I love the show room. People have a good time here—they're reliving the happy years with me and in their own lives. My dreams are being fulfilled. It's not a wrong move. It's just that, at my age, to take on something like this was not what I wanted to do." She peers at me, her eyes red-rimmed and unfocused. "I'm just exhausted," she says, her voice thick. "I've been here working steadily since October 9 with not a day off. But if I don't stay here and work like a dog, every dime I have could go again."

Some gals never seem to learn. Debbie Reynolds is not a dumb woman, however, so deeper explanations must be sought. Her children, who have spent a lifetime trying to figure out the extraordinary creature who bore them, have some good ones. "She gravitates toward fixing things," says Todd. "You got a problem? We'll fix it. That's sort of our motto in this family. And if we can't fix it, we'll marry you, and *then* we'll fix it."

Idealizing the chosen love object is a crucial part of the process. "My mother's way of loving people is to endow them with great gifts in her mind," Carrie Fisher observes. "They therefore become worthy of her great devotion. So Richard, when he was with my mother, became this financial genius. I never saw much evidence of this—I mean, where is his experience? What are the criteria here? But that wasn't a popular topic. It's kind of in bad taste to say, 'Ma, remember Harry Karl?' "

Carrie sighs morosely. "There's something that happens with regard to powerful women and friendly, congenial men who fasten themselves onto a larger body of light. It's corrupting. In the beginning they like you for the reflected glory, but they end up hating you because they're asked too many times if Mr. Reynolds would like another drink. They might set out with good intentions, wanting to protect Debbie and prevent her from being hurt again, but they end up doing it themselves. You respond to people who woo you and treat you like this fragile misunderstood creature who deserves to be treasured. And he presented initially as someone who would take care of her and she wouldn't have to learn about money."

Momentarily confused, I ask Carrie whether she's talking about Harry Karl or Richard Hamlett. She laughs bitterly. "Take your pick," she says. "It's about my mother not relying on her own instincts, which are often quite good. But with her, the man is the powerful one who is head of the family. That is her Achilles' heel, letting men have the final say. Her mother did that; her mother was a wife and mother. My grandmother is a very powerful woman, but she lived pretty much for my grandfather and her children. And my mother is a little bit like that, although it's pretty in-


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*House of Representatives Bill No. 3434 and Dept. of Labor, OSHA Docket No. H-122, Indoor Air Quality, Proposed Rule, 4/4/94. See H.R. 3600 and S.1757



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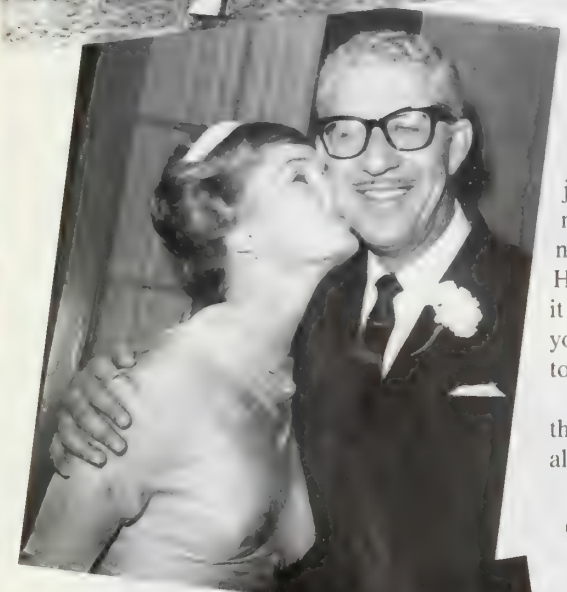




'll caffeine be next'









DEBACLES
From top, Debbie Reynolds at Epsom Downs in 1957 with first mate Eddie Fisher, Liz Taylor (his next wife), and Taylor's husband, Mike Todd; Reynolds weds shoe magnate Harry Karl in Beverly Hills in 1960; Reynolds with Richard Hamlett, her third husband, in 1987. They split last year.

consistent with the rest of her. She likes men, and she likes to give up her power to men. A lot of women do that, but the problem is that my mother has a tremendous amount of power, and they take that and turn it on her."

So why does she keep making the same mistake? "In one sense it's a way of not surpassing her own mother: 'See—despite all my success, I didn't do that much better than you!'" Carrie explains. "In matriarchies there is competition, and you don't want to win, because to win is to kill. Do I sound like the classic analysand? My mother has given my grandmother the great gift of her weakness with men. Richard used to make little jokes about how he kept his maiden name, but the truth was that he had no power except what she gave him. He didn't want this for her; he wanted it for him. And as we all know, when you're indebted to someone, you come to hate them."

Carrie sighs. "My mother really has this extraordinary vision, and she's always constructing palaces. I think she thinks she's a queen, and so when she picks someone he must be a king. But they're not," she concludes disgustedly. "They're consorts."

Although Hamlett has high praise for Carrie Fisher, whom he respects for having become successful in her own right, he doesn't agree with her interpretation of his marital difficulties. Yes, people called him Mr. Reynolds, Hamlett says, "but I never had a problem with that. I'm my own person. I never wanted the hotel for me. The whole idea was for Debbie."

Hamlett acknowledges that Debbie finally told him to leave, but suggests that this was not his preference. "I would like to get back together, but I don't think it will happen," he says. "I think the thing with Todd has hurt us too much."

Considering the stress she's under, Debbie is doing astonishingly well these days. No matter what the trauma, her daughter reports, "she shrugs and makes jokes. My mother just puts her head down and gets through it."

So another marriage has bitten the dust? "Tammy has no taste," Debbie says with an elaborate what-can-I-do shrug. "I now have a board of directors to vote on whether I can go out—and with whom."

Carrie describes her mother as having had a breakdown after the Harry Karl fiasco. "When I say she had a nervous breakdown, you have to understand that she was still working through the whole thing. She weighed well under 100 pounds, but she worked all the time. When she should be aware of danger, she isn't, because she's the Unsinkable Molly Brown. She prides herself on being able to pick herself up and dust herself off and keep moving. She lives like I drive—I always figure that when I change lanes and I don't look, there are no cars coming. This time around she's much better than I would have expected. She is, in a way, unstoppable. That's her blight and her blessing. I mean, at some point the show doesn't have to go on. Why does it have to? But we're a family of survivors, so to show off our gifts we have to go swim in the pit of despair every once in a while."

"She's married to 200 rooms, a show room, a museum, and a couple of restaurants. It's probably the best husband she's had."

And Debbie seems to thrive even in the pit. "She's married to 200 rooms, a show room, a museum, and a couple of restaurants," Todd observes. "That's her husband. It's probably the best husband she's had. She's frantic, but I think she's happier now than I've ever seen her."

But as a long and sodden night wears on, Debbie does have her maudlin moments. Who wouldn't, as she watched the last embers of her third marriage flicker and die? "I am a major mistake waiting to happen with men," Debbie says sadly. "I always think they're going to be like my father. Daddy was *there*. He was a great dad. I looked for fathers all the time. I thought Eddie was the

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sweetest thing, but he never loved me. Harry Karl adored me, worshiped me, but he destroyed me in the end, financially. My present husband loved me, but the going got too tough . . . " She sighs. "I should always be on a lead. My father always said to me, 'Do not ever think you can think like a man.' So I always tried to be a nice girl. So here I am, this old girl fighting for my life. I want them to take care of me. I want them to handle everything. So—they certainly did."

At times like this, the bitterness is palpable, although she is having increasing difficulty verbalizing it, resorting to elaborately careful locutions. "I make incorrect decisions about the male gender," she says mockingly. "I fall for the wrong people. We all do it. We fall for the romantic side of life. We're all looking for the white knight on a horse."

Given the crises that so often ensue, each member of her family has developed a formidable array of coping skills, although some of them entail dismaying consequences. Then again, they do provide great material; the first sentence of Carrie's first novel—"Maybe I shouldn't have given the guy who pumped my stomach my phone number, but who cares?"—has to rank on any list of memorable opening lines. Carrie got a lot of mileage out of her drug addiction, but these days, after 10 years in A.A., she is feeling a wee bit defensive about what she calls a minor "drug slip." Unfortunately, Lourd's supporters have been waging a whispering campaign to convince people that he left her not because he fell in love with another man, but because she was a "drug-addled, publicity-seeking villainess," as she puts it. "My junkiedom consisted of two months of abscesses and having a bridge put in and having Percocet administered under a doctor's care," Carrie says angrily. She has even been accused in print of planting gossip-column items about Bryan and his boyfriend to help promote her novel, although this scenario makes limited sense; if she had wanted to exploit his sex life to boost book sales she would hardly have expunged such a juicy detail from her story. As for Lourd, he declines to comment. "It's just not my thing to talk about any of this," he says.

Debbie's coping mechanisms run to cheap wine, but her children are very careful about how they characterize her drinking. "My mother has made part of her routine staying up late and partying after the show," Todd says. "Some people view that as a problem, but that routine has never interfered in any way with her life. Debbie has never missed a show; she has never missed a personal commitment."

The subject of Debbie's drinking has been a sensitive one ever since Mike Nichols made the movie version of *Postcards from the Edge*, Carrie's first novel. Although it wasn't a significant element in the book, the Debbie character, played by Shirley MacLaine in the movie, denied she had a drinking problem even while sloshing vodka into her morning fruit shake and ramming her car into a tree. "My mother has never put vodka in a milkshake or wrecked her car," Todd says loyally. "Unfortunately, the world assumed this was true."

"Some people, if they're looking for their mother, would go into the kitchen. I'd go to Vegas."

Carrie attributes the inclusion of such scenes to a regrettable lapse in her own attendance. "I did not write the vodka-in-the-milkshake scene," she says defensively. "It was not in the script. Mike put it in because it was funny. I wasn't there the day they shot that. My mother does enjoy her wine, but she is never over the line, and I am extremely sorry that I contributed to that perception."

Actually, it's a lot more than a perception; it's the point of the whole story, which features Mother the has-been movie star as a lush and Daughter the not-quite movie star as a druggie whose pill-popping is ultimately revealed to have commenced at the age of nine, when her mother started stuffing her with sleeping pills to help her go to bed every night. Although Shirley MacLaine's hilarious performance gave her character an irresistible charm, the cumulative impact of such scenes was devastating. But despite the damage done by *Postcards* to Debbie's fresh-scrubbed image, she herself has a long-suffering I-told-you-so-but-who-am-I, I'm-just-your-mother attitude about the whole thing.

"Carrie tried to explain it and say, 'This is not my mother, who is an extravagant stay-up-at-night lady'—but an alcoholic I've never been," Debbie says, drawing herself up with dignity. "I wil sit and have my wine, but I never ha those specific problems. I said, This i absolutely going to reflect on me, an she said, 'Oh, *mother!*' Well, she wa wrong, I was right, but I was willing t bear the brunt of it because it was enor mously important for her. After tha people said, 'So you're the drunk!' Well I don't know how I worked 46 years be ing an alcoholic!"

She is swaying slightly, and her voice has taken on a tipsy indignation But if Debbie were truly intent on cor recting the world's misapprehensions would she continue to include "I'm Still Here" in her act? The Stephen Sondheim song was a centerpiece of *Postcards from the Edge*, in which Shirley MacLaine sang it as a fierce anthem to her indomitable resilience through all the ups and downs of a long career in showbiz. When Debbie launches into her own version of the same song on-stage at the hotel every night, the lyrics are tailored to her life: "I've gone to meetings with Louis B. Mayer / Gene Kelly taught me to dance. . . . Good times, bum times, I've seen them all!" But at this point, is life imitating art or is art imitating life? Is art simply imitating art, or has life been viewed through a camera lens for so long that such distinctions are no longer relevant?

With such a heritage, Todd Fisher—whose father struggled with a drug habit—might be forgiven a predilection for substance abuse. However, Todd has found his solace in other ways, including becoming a born-again Christian. His mother may have been somewhat elusive geographically—it's hard to have a bedtime chat if Mom is taking her curtain calls 3,000 miles away on Broadway—but he never doubted her devotion. "Just as the ground is underneath my feet when I get out of bed in the morning, I knew my mother loved me and would have done anything for me, as I would for her," he says. "I never once questioned it." His father, however, was very nearly invisible. "With Eddie, you could never find him anyway," Todd reports. "He was never there."

Carrie offers her sardonic perspective on her brother's choices: "If Eddie Fisher is your father and you want one that shows up, how about Jesus?"

Needless to say, humor is another characteristic family *(Continued on page 165)*

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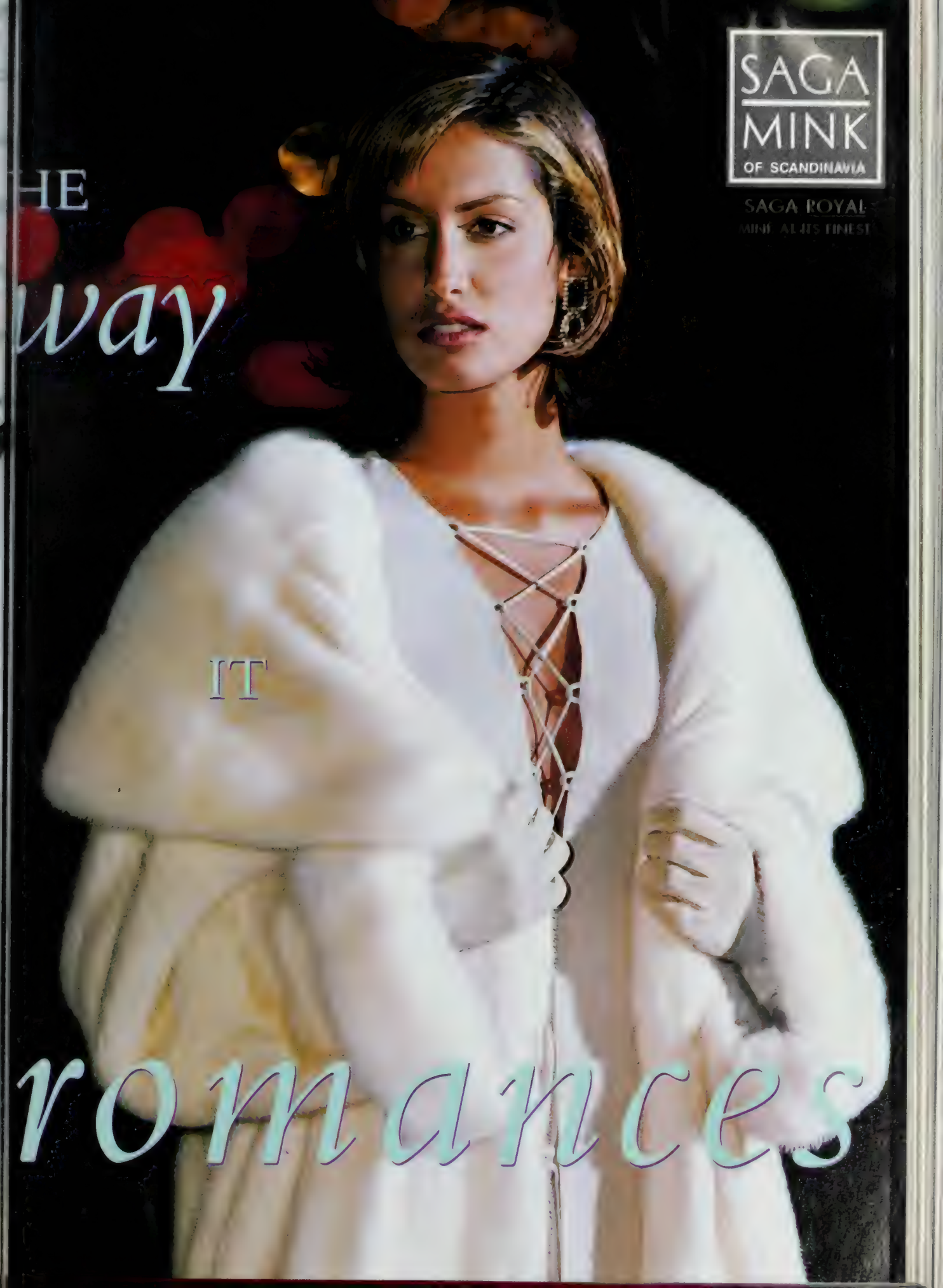
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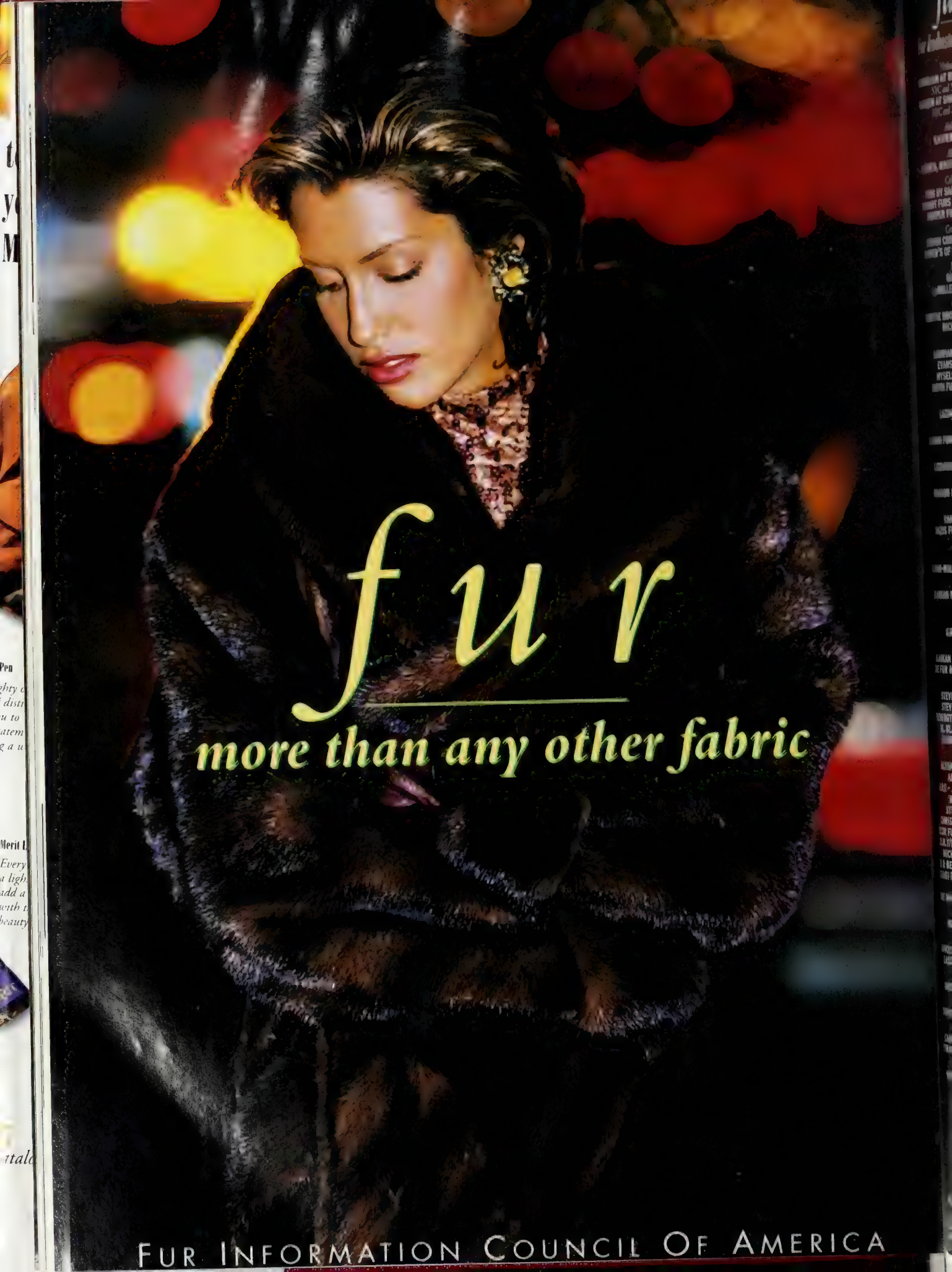
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Canada

Letter from Las Vegas

(Continued from page 162) defense, although at times the Fishers take things a mite too far. When Debbie broke up with Harry Karl, Todd was a teenager who had begun to amass a substantial gun collection, and one night he was playing with a 19th-century Colt .45 when it discharged and shot him in the knee. His mother was promptly arrested for illegal possession of a firearm. As the press swarmed into feeding-frenzy mode, Carrie couldn't resist putting them on. "Carrie cracked, 'Well, he wouldn't brush his teeth, so she shot him,'" Todd recalls with a grin. "The headlines read, TODD FISHER SHOT; DEBBIE REYNOLDS ARRESTED!"

But whatever the drama of the moment, Debbie always provided her children with a living lesson in triumphing over adversity and putting on a smiling face while you're at it. Her plucky resilience is her ace in the hole, the quality that finally distinguishes her from all the competition and wins everyone's heart. At the AIDS Project Los Angeles benefit honoring Jeffrey Katzenberg and Hillary Rodham Clinton last winter, Debbie brought the house down when she followed Elizabeth Taylor onto the stage, batted her eyes at the audience, and said sweetly, "Here I am—sharing something else with Elizabeth!"

Notwithstanding her wholesome persona, Debbie's sense of humor often verges on the bawdy, as when she impersonates Zsa Zsa Gabor during the much-publicized incident when a police officer stopped her for a traffic violation and she slapped him. "She's a cop-socker," Debbie coos, much to the audience's amazement.

"She delights in being shocking, in taking her Tammy-ness and turning it and surprising you that she can actually say 'asshole,'" Carrie explains. Naturally, Debbie knows exactly what she's doing, and who she is at heart. "I am a vaudevillian, a baggy-pants comedienne," she tells me later. "The older you get, the more outrageous you can get away with being."

Still, sometimes it's hard to tell whether Debbie is kidding or not. Back when she was still happily married to blue-eyed Richard, and Carrie had not yet embarked upon her ill-fated union with Bryan Lourd, Debbie used to fret about her daughter's yearning to have a child. "She has wanted a baby since she was 11," Debbie says. And so Debbie came up with what she considered the perfect solution. "She wanted me to have a child with Richard 'because it would have such nice eyes,'" Carrie reports bemusedly.

But if Debbie's ideas sometimes cross the line into loony, her determination has always provided a no-nonsense exemplar of the work ethic. "My mother was a great role model for working, for showing up, for doing what she liked," says Carrie. "To the extent that I can get through my hardships, that has only to do with her. She is an extraordinary woman who was able to create herself. She invented herself, and she is constantly changing herself."

And if her progress has been bumpy, the general trajectory has always been upward, ever since little Mary Frances Reynolds was born back in Texas and taken home to a tiny apartment behind a filling station on a scorpion-infested hill where the dirt and the tumbleweed blew all day. Canvas flaps covered the windows, the kitchen was a hot plate, and the bathroom where her mother bathed her new baby was the station rest room. Her mother pumped gas and washed windshields, and her grease-stained father fixed the tires and the cars. And ever since the family packed up and left dusty El Paso in the hope of finding indoor plumbing and a better life in California, the girl who became Debbie Reynolds has known that her real home was on the road, figuratively if not literally. The Vegas condominium where she now gets her mail will never really be home; despite its overstuffed quality and all the personal memorabilia, it has the unloved air of an abandoned hotel room. "I don't live anywhere," Debbie says. "All these years I've been on the road; I've lived out of a suitcase. I'm a nomad; I'm a gypsy."

Her idea of making a meal has always been dialing room service. "I've actually seen her burn water," marvels one of Todd's oldest friends. "She doesn't make anything except money," attests Todd. "Some people, if they're looking for their mother, would go into the kitchen and she'd be baking cookies. I'd go to Vegas and she'd be doing a show."

If Debbie has never had any illusions about "home," these days she is struggling valiantly to give up a more enduring fantasy, that of finding the protector who will always keep her safe. Mimicking the Tin Man singing "If I Only Had a Heart" in *The Wizard of Oz*, Debbie trills, "If I only had a husband . . . " But she can be cold-eyed about the reality. "Bette Davis



TROUPER: Reynolds and hoofers at the hotel-casino which bears her name; *below*, Reynolds with her children, Todd and Carrie Fisher, in L.A., 1985.



died alone," she says harshly. "Barbara Stanwyck died alone . . . "

Marriage is hard enough for ordinary mortals, but for female movie stars it often seems nearly impossible; in the end, who can compete with the real enemy—her own incandescent image? "I don't think people want to know Mary Frances Reynolds," Debbie says. "They only want to marry Debbie Reynolds. So I think I have to get over this dream of finding someone to love Mary Frances. I'm 62. This is not middle-aged. This is old. I'm not frightened by it. I'm not embittered by it. I'm grateful to be here."

"I don't live anywhere. I've lived out of a suitcase. I'm a nomad; I'm a gypsy."

As the shadows lengthen, she makes jokes about them too, telling her audiences that when she dies, "I'm going to have myself stuffed like Trigger. They'll put me in the museum, all stuffed. Just put a quarter in and I'll sing 'Tammy.'"

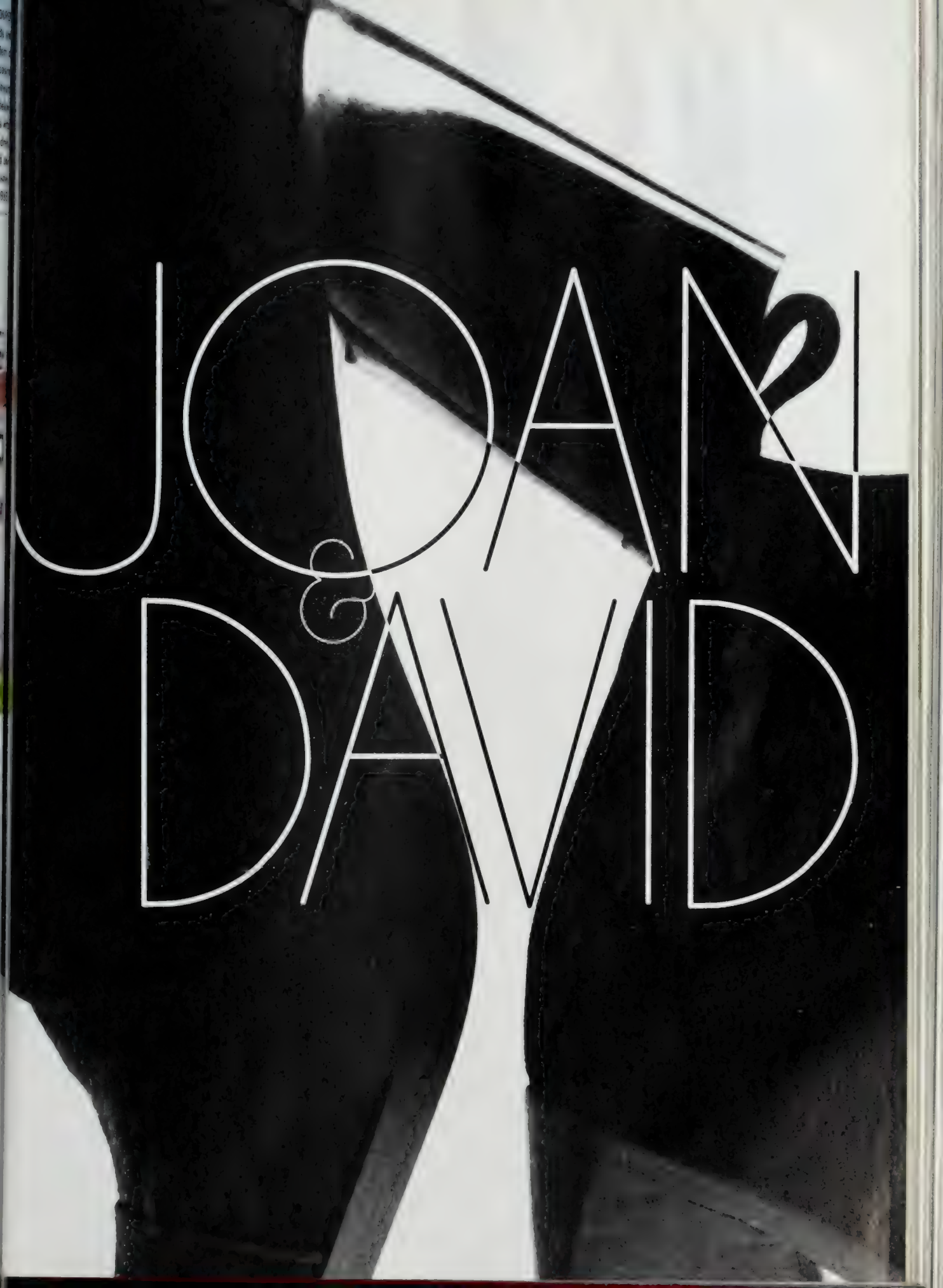
They laugh, of course, and in the end that's her truest solace. "Husbands keep leaving, but you all are here, thank God," she says to the rapt admirers in her theater, throwing her arms out as if to hug them all. "Thanks for standing by the old girl."

And long after they've all gone home, she is still sitting up with me, trying to describe how they make her feel. "This is my love. This is my kiss. This is my husband," she says. She is slurring her words, but although I'm cold sober she will be up tomorrow morning before I am, already embarked on the endless round of meetings that make up her days. She hates the business part of running the hotel, but the nights make it all worthwhile.

"Look at the love they give me," she says, basking in the memory of it as if she had just gotten out of a warm bath. "Look how long they wait! They believe in me enough to know I'm going to give them a show that's going to make them happy. That may sound corny, but I'm corny. My life has been corny. All I can say is that my dreams are being fulfilled. I just feel that what is happening is right. It's just so corny to say I'm unsinkable."

She looks me straight in the eye. "But I am." □

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BY ERIC BOMAN; BOTTOM, BY KEVIN WINTER


JOAN
&
DAVID


GIANNI
VERSACE

Vanities



Joie de Juliet

Someone should find a way to bottle actress **JULIET LANDAU**—the perky 23-year-old daughter of *Mission: Impossible* co-stars Martin Landau and Barbara Bain—and prescribe her for anyone feeling down. "Tim Burton was amazing and Johnny Depp was great!" she enthuses about her part on the upcoming *Ed Wood*, concerning the schlock director of anti-classics such as *Plan 9 from Outer Space* and *Glen or Glenda*. She's even thrilled about *The Grifters*, in which "I didn't end up in the final cut, but it was a really interesting role!" The girl seems to sincerely feel the exclamation marks she talks in, but in *Ed Wood* she plays someone a little more ambiguous—actress Loretta King, who may have conned her way into the lead of Wood's *Bride of the Monster* by promising the director dough. The roles she prefers? "I love a range—everything from ethereal to street-smart." You know, *everything*. —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by KATE GARNER

Hype & Glory

By HENRY ALFORD

*Middlemarch*ing to euphoria: Culture Victims clamber their way up the Merchant Ivory tower

Culture Victims: those individuals who participate in cultural activities chiefly out of a sense of obligation. Theirs is a world of golden-hued Merchant Ivory films and sprawling PBS mini-series and virtuous Penguin paperbacks; their pronunciation of the name "Bach" warrants the erection of a sneezeguard. You see them at art openings and the ballet, brandishing the latest impenetrable nonfiction best-seller; later they will go home and subscribe to obscure poetry journals with names like *dire* or *Gauzy Vapors*.

But they are happy to be indoors: they spent this summer alternately trying to read *Middlemarch* and swatting flies at outdoor theater. They *love* the theater. They revel in long, earnest depictions of the South or Midwest, as typified by *Big River*, *The Kentucky Cycle*, and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*; occasionally they will hie themselves to such places as the Performing Garage and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where they will prove equally powerless against the allure of the incomprehensibly avant-garde ("It's *Pal Joey*. Set in an African township . . . *Without the songs*").



Culture Victims thrive on being the first kids on the block they subscribe to *The New York Times Book Review* so they can have it on Thursday; they stand in long lines to see the first showing of the new Woody Allen or Claude Berri film. In fact, they *like* a little pain and irritation, so they can be certain that they are being edified—the ideal composite Culture Victim event would involve (a) urgent pleas for funding, (b) a list of required reading, and (c) Sam Waterston in a stovepipe hat. That this was the hottest summer in the history of Germany's Bayreuth Festival didn't deter opera mavens from braving the 110-degree heat to hear James Levine conduct Wagner: tickets were nigh impossible to obtain.

Autumn, with its efflorescence of high-culture offerings, tends to be one of the high points of the Culture Victim's year; this autumn is no exception. There is a wealth of opportunities for Culture Victims, who, viewing their lives as a form of postgraduate work, are wont to loiter in art museums and feign amazement at recently dusted objects. The Art Institute of Chicago is showing exotic carpets in an exhibition called "Knotted Splendor" (the animals in the Dragon Carpet, we are promised, "are rendered almost unrecognizable because of the geometric characteristics of the knotting techniques"); the Smithsonian is mounting "A Basketmaker in Rural Japan," and New York's Cooper-Hewitt continues to wow the culturally obliged with a showing of seven Central Park benches.

Meanwhile, offerings such as the Metropolitan Opera's *Il Tabarro* with Placido Domingo and the American Ballet Theatre's productions of *Manon* and *Swan Lake* will afford Culture Victims the opportunity to practice that skill which, when mastered, will yield them their greatest joy of the year: the ability to badger a small child into attending *The Nutcracker*. This large, unpleasant doily is quintessential Culture Victim fare. During the course of the evening, a variety of grandmotherly foodstuffs spring to life; you almost expect to see Jordan almonds in a tutu. And its ending is baffling; imagine choreographer Ivanov's utter desperation the day *(Continued on page 172)*

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER


ОВЫЙ
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ANTAЗИЯ
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Show
Вегдрный
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RUSSIAN VODK

Vanities

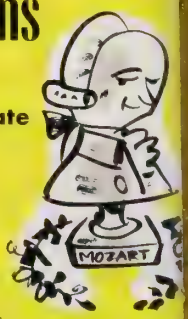
(Continued from page 170) he told his corps of dancers, "And then, at the end, *everyone turns into bees.*"

On the literary front, Yale and New York University professor Harold Bloom throws down the gauntlet with his new book, *The Western Canon,* a multiculturalism-bashing manifesto that includes the conservative critic's "ideal canon." In addition to the requisite Dead White European Male contingent, Bloom includes *Things Fall Apart* author Chinua Achebe, Jane Austen, Jorge Luis Borges, Toni Morrison, Pablo Neruda, and Virginia Woolf; he does not include the English novelist Aphra Behn, nor one of his favorite targets, Alice Walker. Culture Victims will take to *The Western Canon* with the same intensity with which they took to *A Dictionary of Cultural Literacy* and *The Closing of the American Mind;* the only thing they love more than being told what to read is being complimented on what they already have read.

At 592 pages, Bloom's diatribe embodies one of the hallmarks of much Culture Victim fare: mind-numbing length. Longer works are champions in the arena of what is called "perceived value"; their impressive breadth makes them seem more important. It is no mistake that the longest plays of 1993 all won the Pulitzer Prize—*Angels in America* (two parts totaling seven hours), *The Kentucky Cycle* (two parts totaling six hours), and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (only three and a half hours, but it had Sam Waterston in a stovepipe hat). It is, however, the avant-garde theater, not Broadway, that best displays the potential perils of the marathon drama: once seated for each of the four installments of Ariane Mnouchkine's 1992 play about the House of Atreus called *Les Atrides,* the audience was not allowed to leave the theater; *The New York Times* reported that when audience members at Robert Wilson's 12-hour-long *Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music found themselves recounting plot episodes that others did not recall, they were led to believe that the show's staggering length had caused them to go into a trance and then start to hallucinate.

We are *all* Culture Victims inasmuch as we all long to be moved by great works of art and inasmuch as we all have a friend whose appearances in low-budget productions of Shakespeare or Tharp have caused us to spend too much time in proximity to the Danskin crotch panel. But true Culture Victims make a career of obligation. They approach all of the work of John Updike without a shred of skepticism; their greatest unspoken fantasy is to take a long transatlantic flight with Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. That one of the main characters in Wagner's *Ring Cycle* is named Mime does not cause them to categorically reject this work's 20-odd hours of doom and caterwauling; indeed, Culture Victims' favorite music either is based on a fable about how the whale got his spout or provides further evidence that when overweight people die in duels they cannot stop singing. If, in the end, Culture Victims' attempts to achieve cosmopolitanism and enlightenment do not elicit the admiration of those around them, perhaps this is only to be expected. After all, Star-Kist doesn't want tunas with good taste. Star-Kist wants tunas that taste good.

Know Your Victims



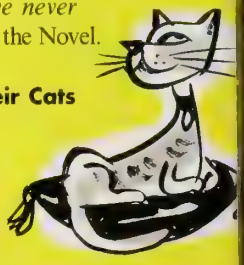
Where Culture Victims Congregate

—BAM.
—The Mostly Mozart Festival.
—The 92nd Street Y reading series.
—Dinner parties where Wallace Shawn performs.
—The Mark Taper Forum.
—Wherever there is Brie.



What Culture Victims Do During the Day

*—Have arguments about whether Knopf is pronounced "Kuh-*noff*" or "Noff."*
—Worry that their PBS canvas tote bags are starting to look tatty.
—Open current issue of The New York Review of Books *to page 5 or 6, fold, place on coffee table.*
—Complain that The New Yorker *no longer publishes 40-page stories about wheat farming.*
—Buy tickets to avant-garde theater production that involves neon, sections of the Cabala, sign language, and piles of garbage.
—Reread Here at The New Yorker, *weep quietly.*
—Wonder why Merchant Ivory have never filmed E. M. Forster's Aspects of the Novel.



What Culture Victims Name Their Cats

—One cat: Makarova
—Two cats: Kenneth and Emma
—Three cats: Farrar, Straus & Giroux

What a Culture Victim Knows

—That not all PBS programs feature extreme close-ups of bugs.
—That Bertrand Russell was not Nipsey's father.
—That getting tickets to Shakespeare in the Park is most easily accomplished by the jobless.
—That the books A Brief History of Time *and* A Suitable Boy *do actually end.*

Topics That Culture Victims Would Watch Documentaries About

—Notable picnics of the Bloomsbury group.
—A family of craftsmen who speak Gullah.
—Where Jeremy Irons shops.
—How toe shoes are made.



Antidotes to Culture Victimhood

—Lamé
—Aerosmith
—Cher
—Fraggle Rock
—Maury Povich
—John Waters movies
—The Fox network

—H.A.

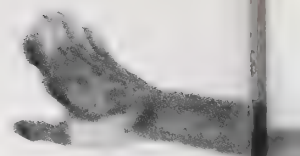


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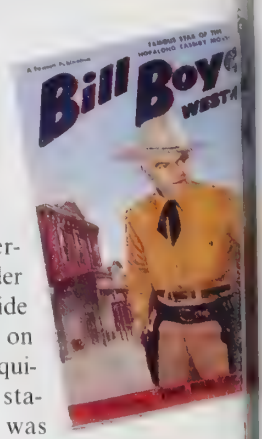


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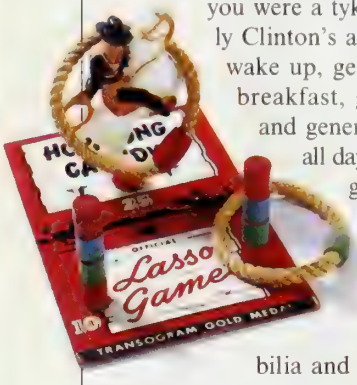
Licensed to Kill

Hopalong Cassidy and how the West was marketed



At the dawn of our history stands the good guy in black. Silver-haired beneath his outsize 10-gallon hat, an affable yet austere figure who never used tobacco or alcohol or kissed the girl (although his white horse, Topper, came when he whistled) or failed to teach the villains a lesson, Hopalong Cassidy wasn't just a high-definition fashion plate and the two-fisted leader of Lucky, California, and the rest of the Bar 20 ranch hands; he was the patron saint of American kids—the first baby-boomer icon.

Indeed, for a considerable spell (coinciding roughly with the Korean War and the reign of Senator Joe McCarthy), and as amply demonstrated by the artifacts on display at the American Museum of the Moving Image exhibition "Hopalong Cassidy: King of the Licensed Cowboys," Hoppy *was* boomer culture. If you were a tyke around Billy Clinton's age, you could wake up, get dressed, eat breakfast, go to school, and generally hang out all day in the benign glow of Hoppy's grin.





William Boyd, who was Hopalong Cassidy, and memorabilia for young cowboy junkies.

If Hoppymania—now enjoying a revival with vintage memorabilia and newly minted grown-up Hoppy guns and knives—was a patriotic religion, then William Boyd (the actor who embodied, defined, and franchised the persona "Hopalong Cassidy") was more than born again. Once a high-living star of silent movies, his career ruined after an actor with the same name was busted for drunken debauchery and the papers mistakenly printed his picture, Boyd didn't know how to ride a horse when Paramount cast the 37-year-old has-been as the lead in a low-budget oater. Boyd made 66 episodes between 1935 and 1948; after Paramount dropped the series, he acquired the rights and produced a dozen more. When the series folded again, he turned to TV.

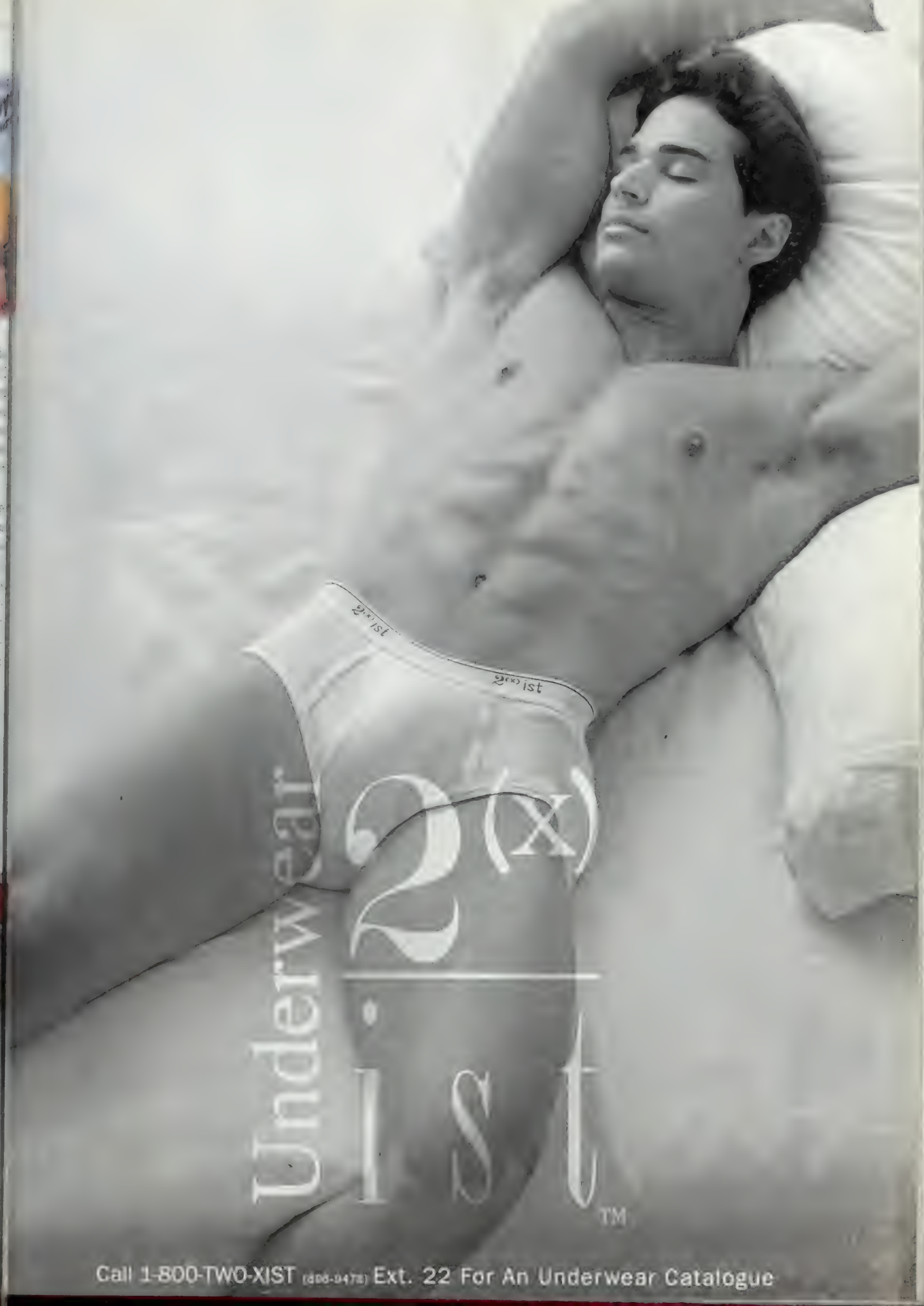
Hoppy made his tele-debut in 1948. By the summer of 1950, *Life*'s cover story proclaimed him the cowboy "Pied Piper" of America's children. More than just "the dream of ideal parent, big brother, and national hero," he personified the TV juggernaut: no wonder President Truman invited Boyd to ride beside him in the presidential limo on "I Am an American Day." The ubiquitous Hoppy appeared on 57 TV stations; his half-hour radio drama was heard over 517 outlets; carried by 72 daily and 40 Sunday papers, his comic strip reached 11.2 million readers. In 1950, Hopalong Cassidy comic books sold at a rate of up to three million a month, and with a roster of two million, the Hopalong Cassidy Troopers Club rivaled the Boy Scouts.

Boyd had been broke when Hoppy went on-line. Two years later, the Hopalong Cassidy industry was valued in the tens of millions. Hoppy's TV royalties were secondary to his merchandising value. Boyd supervised all licenses, taking 5 percent up front on sales of all official Hopalong Cassidy bathrobes, bedroom sets, board games, and bicycles (with holsters on the handlebars for official Hopalong Cassidy cap guns). Hopalong Cassidy emblazoned the first TV-character lunchbox. There was Hopalong Cassidy soap, peanut butter, a candy bar—not to mention snowsuits, television chairs, toy chests, wallets, wallpaper, wastebaskets, wristwatches, and roller skates with spurs. They say a million Hopalong Cassidy "trail knives" were sold in the first 10 days after they went on the market. All told there were 2,500 Hopalong Cassidy products.



Before Hoppy, black shirts had symbolized mourning or Mussolini; by 1950, both Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord & Taylor had installed Hoppy Hitching Posts. AMMI, which is in Queens, is offering a selection of Hoppy movies, but none is more evocative than his 1953 promo, *The World's Greatest Salesman,* which, pitching the pitchman, suggests that "the current American legend" is an infallible advertising investment as well as an impeccable surrogate parent. From a marketing as well as a moral point of view, Hoppy was just about perfect—a model for successful politicians, the founding father of the TV age. —J. HOBERMAN




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Vanities



Maria Murdock models Van Cleef & Arpels jewels on her Bel-Air patio.

Birthday Stones

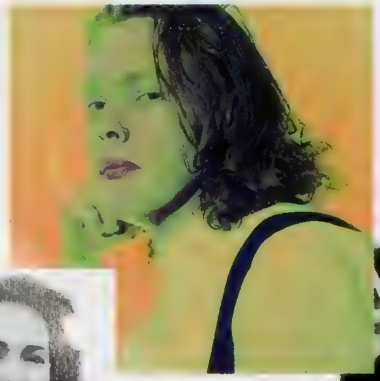
For the 40th anniversary of its Boutique jewelry line, Van Cleef & Arpels didn't have to look further than its own front door for design inspiration. The façade of the jeweler's Paris salon, at 22 Place Vendôme, provided the contemporary architectural feeling behind pieces that embody the more traditional tassels, bows, and *paniers* which have bewitched the likes of Marlene Dietrich and Jacqueline Onassis. The new collection has detachable components, featuring the jeweler's signature invisible setting. "Their work is traditional, yet cutting-edge," says Maria Murdock, who loves–and wears–Van Cleef jewels from both eras. The wife of billionaire developer David Murdock and daughter of José Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney, Murdock says the Boutique line is perfect for "the woman who's involved in everything–in business, travel, and social events." She should know. And while the new jewels are inspired by designs dating back to the 18th century, the pieces themselves, she says, are "timeless." —RACHEL URQUHART

Hot Type

A Texas Big House explodes when a visionary warden masterminds a savage race riot, upsetting the hero's parole, but allowing him to karate-chop some unsavory characters and get a little booty on the side in British shrink **TIM WILLOCKS'S** made-for-the-movies thriller, *Green River Rising* (Morrow).

Also this month: **RICKY ANN LAUREN'S** photographs and watercolors of a lush paradise are accompanied by her philosophical jottings in *My Island* (Random House). The summer of '72 and the friendship of two teenage girls is the substance of **LORRIE MOORE'S** new novel, *Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?* (Knopf). **PETER MAAS,** the kingpin of dope fiction, scores with *China White* (Simon & Schuster). "*Shinju*" is the Japanese word for a lovers' ritualistic double suicide and the title of **LAURA JOH ROWLAND'S** murder mystery set in 17th-century Tokyo (Random House). An off-kilter English teacher becomes smitten with a Flemish student in **ALAN HOLLINGHURST'S** comic mystery about homoerotic obsession, *The Folding Star* (Pantheon). Untraditional women are the heroes of the **AURELIE SHEEHAN** stories collected in *Jack Kerouac Is Pregnant* (Dalkey Archive). *Under My Skin* (HarperCollins) is the first volume of septuagenarian **DORIS LESSING'S** autobiography. *A Stone Boat* (Faber and Faber) is the debut novel of **ANDREW SOLOMON.** In **NICK TOSCHES'** *Trinities* (Doubleday), Sicilian mafiosi and Asian drug lords duke it out for America's heroin trade. *Gertrude Stein in Words and Pictures* (Algonquin), edited by **RENATE STENDHAL,** is a photobiography of the Lost Generation's den mother. *Open Secrets* (Knopf) is the newest collection of short stories by prolific Canadian **ALICE MUNRO. JOHANNA FIEDLER** dishes her daddy in *Arthur Fiedler: Papa, the Pops and Me* (Doubleday). And playwright **DAVID MAMET** gets his feet wet in his first novel, *The Village* (Little, Brown).

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL







Lorrie Moore and Tim Willocks; Henri Daniel-Rops, Gertrude Stein, and Alice B. Toklas at a shooting gallery, France, 1939.



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The Martha Chronicles

Martha Stewart and the lifestyle lalapalooza

She's pretty, she's polished, she's Polish! And she's on a never-ending quest to teach you how to live. Martha Stewart's latest cookbook/manifesto is *Menus for Entertaining* (Clarkson Potter), and, as GEORGE WAYNE discovers, being the flawless, ever vibrant face of good taste can be grueling work.

George Wayne: *Don't think for one minute that because we're having lunch at the Four Seasons this interview is going to be all kissy-kissy, Martha.*

Martha Stewart: Oh, gosh, you're starting already. I don't frighten easily. You can't intimidate me on my turf.

G.W. *I'm still a little peeved at you, actually. I saw you being chauffeured off one night from this soirée in Central Park, and I shouted, "Martha!" You whipped that Waspy head around, saw this Negro waving to you, and whipped back around.*

M.S. I'm not a Wasp—I'm a Polish-American. I'm the daughter of Polish immigrants and I'm Catholic. I'm not Waspy. I am tall and blonde, but not all Wasps are tall and blond. I have my beautiful Polish heritage to thank for that.

G.W. *Are you a real blonde, or a bottle blonde?*

M.S. I'm a real blonde.

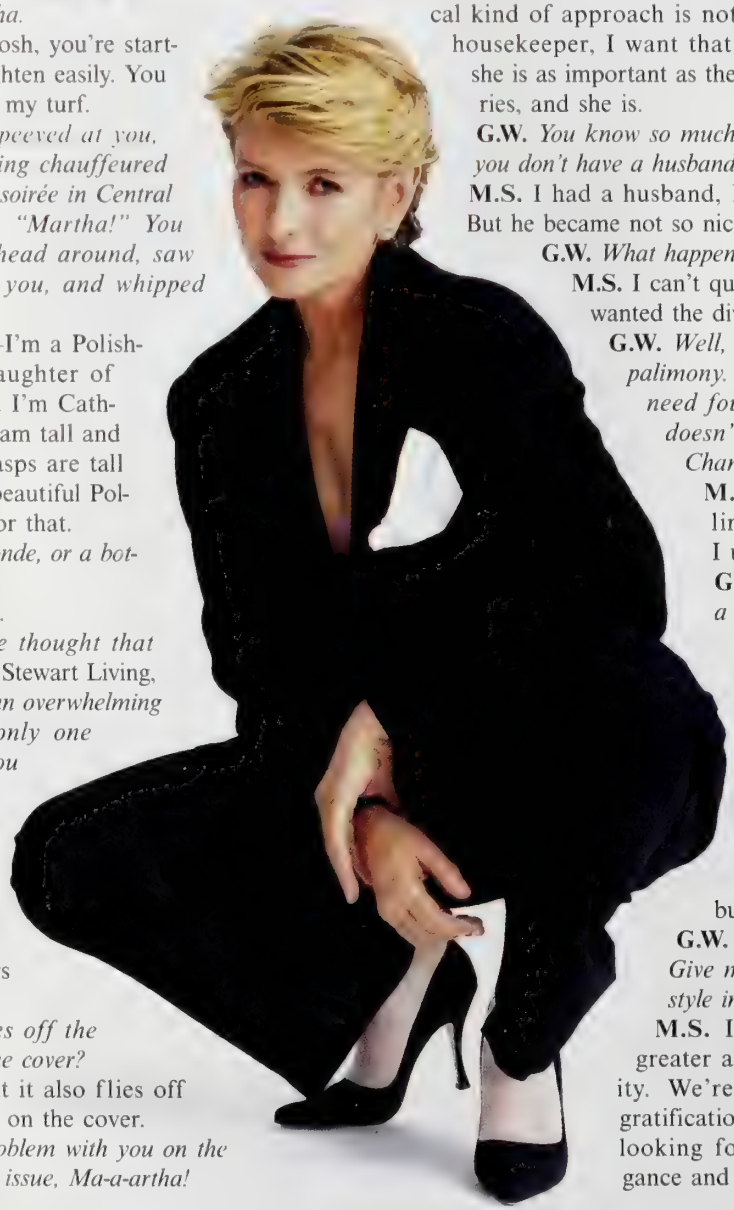
G.W. *Who would have thought that your magazine,* Martha Stewart Living, *would evolve into such an overwhelming success! But I have only one problem with it. Do you have to be on the cover of* every *issue?*

M.S. I'm not—on the current issue it's my roses. I really have a hard time posing, but our readers really like it.

G.W. *You mean it flies off the shelf when you're on the cover?*

M.S. Oh gosh yes, but it also flies off the shelf when I'm not on the cover.

G.W. *I don't have a problem with you on the cover, but not on every issue, Ma-a-artha!*



M.S. We are establishing a brand, and we want to make sure that it's very secure before we start tampering with it. So this year there are three issues without me out of eight, so that's pretty good.

G.W. *Do you ever show signs of humility?*

M.S. I am not an unhumble person. I still clean up the Kitty Litter, and the chicken coop. And I still garden, and wash the floors if they have to be washed.

G.W. *Do you scrub your own bathtub?*

M.S. You bet I do. But in my business I try very hard not to create a hierarchy. We have titles, but the hierarchical kind of approach is not really for me. If I have a housekeeper, I want that housekeeper to think that she is as important as the director of my television series, and she is.

G.W. *You know so much about weddings. How come you don't have a husband?*

M.S. I had a husband, I had a very nice husband. But he became not so nice.

G.W. *What happened?*

M.S. I can't quite figure it out, George. He wanted the divorce, not I.

G.W. *Well, he must be getting a lot of palimony. I read once where you only need four hours' sleep. It certainly doesn't show. Do you use a lot of Chanel night cream?*

M.S. Mario Badescu Revitalin Night Cream, that's what I use.

G.W. *Some people consider you a superwoman.*

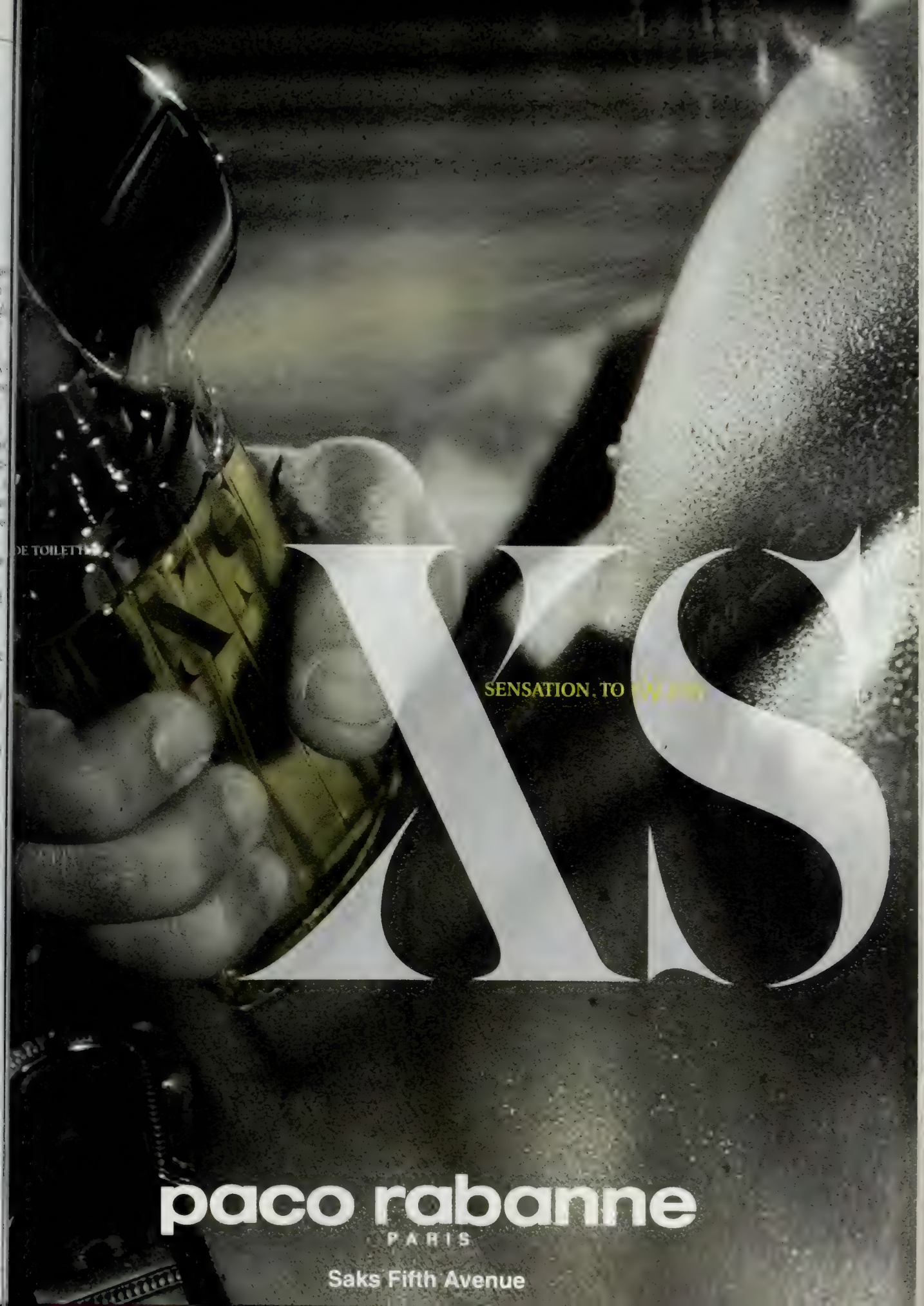
M.S. How nice—I'd love to be thought of as that.

G.W. *And what do you do for kicks? You climb Mount Kilimanjaro!*

M.S. That was actually really interesting. That was last October. I don't want to endanger myself, but I do want adventure.

G.W. *I hate how perfect you are. Give me a proclamation about lifestyle in the 90s.*

M.S. In the 90s, we are seeing greater attention to detail and quality. We're not looking for instant gratification anymore, but we are still looking for a lifestyle that has elegance and curiosity.


DE TOILETTE
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On the Rocco



In the spotlight: Murder in the First *director Marc Rocco.*

Jail cells for dressing rooms, manufactured high-noon daylight, fog blotting out the Bay, and cold pricking every pore: that was the night scene at Alcatraz last winter, where movie folk and professional and ex-con extras combined to film *Murder in the First,* the true story of a lawyer (played by Christian Slater) who put the Rock on trial when defending a brutalized convict (Kevin Bacon) charged with a prison murder. Bacon had to regress to a feral state in makeup that turned his face into a meteorological map. Watching him more closely than any turnkey was a young man with a cigarette in hand and a fedora clamped down on curly locks—a confident, gravel-voiced 29-year-old director named Marc Rocco.

While other Gen-X moviemakers genuflect to Spielberg and Scorsese, Rocco's movie lust has family roots: his father is Alex Rocco, who was casino lord Moe Greene in *The Godfather.* "My whole life, I was surrounded by actors. . . . I would go out with my dad and play basketball with James Caan every week." When Alex signed on for a role in *The Stunt Man,* Marc, barely in his teens, jumped aboard the production, too. For months he raced across the turreted roof of the Hotel del Coronado (near San Diego), as a gofer for director Richard Rush, who later invited him into the editing room. "I remembered what he did on the set, and I could see cause and effect. Once I went through that process, I was *gone.*" Rocco's attention-getting 1992 feature about the homeless, *Where the Day Takes You,* suggests a penchant for the downbeat. He doesn't want to overaccentuate the negative in *Murder in the First:* "The key to the movie is that if you care for Kevin's and Christian's characters, by the end you're cheering—and then crying." —MICHAEL SRAGOW

Night-table Reading



Isabella Rossellini,
actress/model: Disturbing the Peace, *by Václav Havel (Knopf). "I'm filming a movie in Prague and learning about the city and its people in this book by the president of the Czech Republic."*

Victor Navasky,
editor in chief of The Nation: Un-American Activities, *by Sally Belfrage (HarperCollins). "Imagine a subversive beauty queen who writes like a dream and you get an inkling of Sally Belfrage's memoir of the 50s."*





Georgette Mosbacher,
entrepreneur: Lend Me Your Ears: Great Speeches in History, *by William Safire (Norton). "It is interesting to read the great speeches to see how relevant they may be today."*

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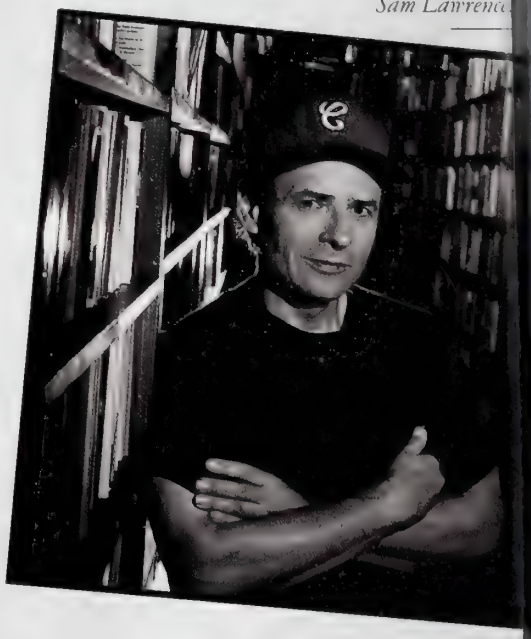
RUMS OF PUERTO RICO ONLY THE FINEST



Sam's Scribes

Publishing great Sam Lawrence and a legacy of love

Jayne Anne Phillip and Tim O'Brien, bot disciples of publishe Sam Lawrenc



Seymour Lawrence, or Sam, as he was known to his friends, was a great publisher who confessed to me many times that the late Alfred Knopf was a hero of his. I very much regret, now that Sam is gone, that I never responded with my opinion. Alfred was a prickly, self-important company man, while Sam was a passionate, loyal champion of his writers, much adored by all of us. His main concern was good books and the care and nurturing of those who create them. A superb deal-maker and specialist in foreign rights, he was, from a business point of view, everything a writer could ask for, but it was his almost spooky knowledge of the various psychologies of the artists he worked with that made him special. He knew how, when, and where to provide moral and financial support. He also knew when to stay out of things, when to keep quiet.

Sam was exceptionally careful about whom he took on, but it was understood that when he signed a writer it was for more than a book or a "project" (a word I never heard him use), and encompassed the whole long, unpredictable process of writing over a lifetime. His tacit promise to every writer was *Come what may, I'll never let you down.* He kept his promises to Katherine Anne Porter, Richard Yates, and many more souls in various states of torture. Much fine writing got done that might not have otherwise.

Sam had an eye for talent, but even more rare was his urge and ability to go out and find it, to spot the new generation even as it was forming. Tim O'Brien and Jayne Anne Phillips—now in the middle of their careers—met Sam when they were unknown graduate students, Tim in Massachusetts and Jayne Anne just out of Iowa. Both have extraordinary books out this season, and they may well be the last books published under the Seymour Lawrence imprint at Houghton Mifflin.

O'Brien's *In the Lake of the Woods* is an elaborate philosophical thriller—John Wade's run for the U.S. Senate has ended in catastrophe, and his wife has inexplicably disappeared—yet transcends genre by insisting that the reader enter as a full partner in the attempt to plumb the mystery. Is it possible that secrecy and lies in a good cause are potentially more dangerous than those for which there is no excuse whatever? Is redemption possible without confession, and to whom does one confess if, in a secular age, there is no one capable of understanding the nature of sin? O'Brien ponders the dynamics of guilt, denial, and loneliness with a kind of passionate meticulousness that refuses to simplify great problems merely in order to solve them. *In the Lake of the Woods* is a powerful, daring piece of work. It looks evil in the face and doesn't blink.

A girls' camp in the mountains of West Virginia is an emblem of American innocence 30 years ago in Jayne Anne Phillips's beautiful and deeply imagined new novel, *Shelter.* The children in this book are superbly drawn and presented with something like awe. The adults all swirl around the children, pulling them this way and that simply by the power of their adult preoccupations and obsessions. But there are dark forces at work at Camp Shelter against which the children have only their innocence, and the sacrifice of it, to defend themselves. Written in prose that is often breathtakingly beautiful, *Shelter* is a rich, vivid novel of moral and psychological complexity destined to stand alongside works by Faulkner and the other masters of southern literature.

At Sam's memorial service at the Harvard Club in New York City, a woman in publishing noticed that virtually all of his writers were in attendance, having flown in from all points of the compass. "What was it about him?" she asked me with sincerity. "What did he do to make you feel so strongly, all of you?"

"If I had one word, I would say 'loyalty.'"

"Loyalty?" She sounded nonplussed. "Lots of people are loyal to their writers."

"Not like Sam," I said. "Not by a long shot."

—FRANK CONROY



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While the rest of us expect to be famo engineer Michele Smith is qui

She doesn't always get the credit for making a Saturn safe, but Michele isn't complaining. She knows Saturn really is a team. And besides, just look at that ritzy crowd she gets to hang out with over there.



Just a few members of the airbag development team. Michele's the one on the left there.

fifteen minutes,
isfied with 1/10th of a second.

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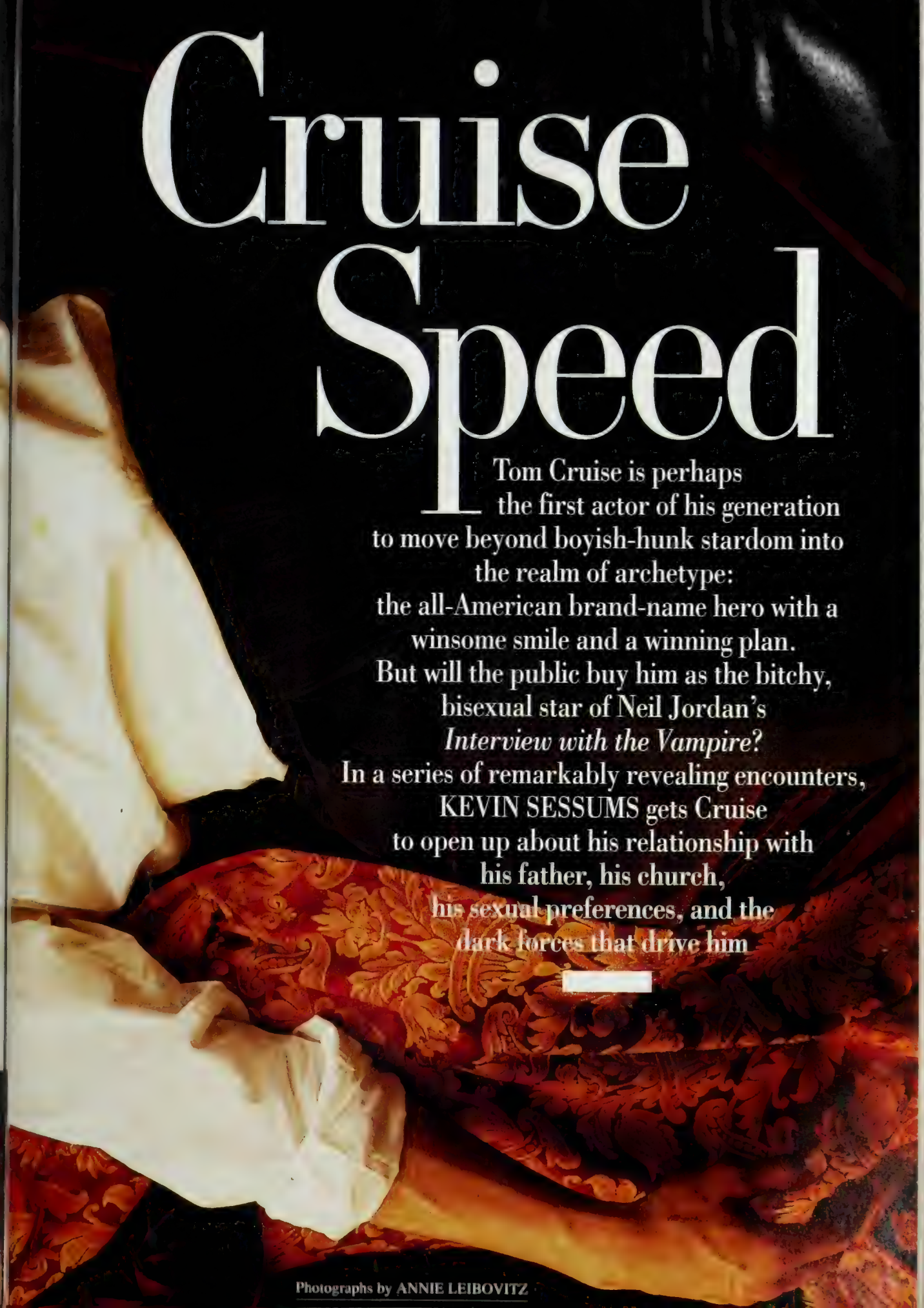
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VANITY FAIR
OCTOBER 1994

TOP GUN
"It's tough when fame happens as fast as it did with Tom," says Paul Newman. "So far he's kept his head on his shoulders, but he's one of the very, very few."

Cruise Speed

Tom Cruise is perhaps the first actor of his generation to move beyond boyish-hunk stardom into the realm of archetype: the all-American brand-name hero with a winsome smile and a winning plan. But will the public buy him as the bitchy, bisexual star of Neil Jordan's *Interview with the Vampire*? In a series of remarkably revealing encounters, KEVIN SESSUMS gets Cruise to open up about his relationship with his father, his church, his sexual preferences, and the dark forces that drive him



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

"Don't be scared," Tom Cruise's voice crackles inside my ears. "Sometimes this thing tends to take off like a raped ape." Cruise and I are strapped into the twin cockpits of a tiny Pitts S-2B biplane and can speak to each other only through the headsets attached to our khaki flight caps. He is piloting the aircraft from the cockpit behind me, and again his voice comes crackling forward as we barrel down the runway. "Hold on!" he warns, revving the engine, and with one giant grunt that sounds even more violent than a riled-up gorilla we go howling upward over the small, private Santa Monica airport.

Rob Reiner, who directed Cruise in *A Few Good Men,* has already spelled it all out for me: "Tom likes to jump out of planes. He likes to race cars. He likes to ride motorcycles. He likes to climb rocks. He likes white-water rafting. And now he likes this aerobatic stuff. Let's just say there's not a drop of Jewish blood in him."

I relay Reiner's remark back to Cruise, and the sound of his enthusiastic laughter lightens my head even more as we lift higher over the Pacific and fly northward along the Malibu coastline. "Look at all that down there," he instructs me, and I stare at the crowded beachfront property below. From this vantage point, gleaming in the late-afternoon light, it appears to be nothing more than a platinum trailer park. "Pay $6 million and you too can live in a matchbox!" Cruise shouts over the engine. Farther up the coast, his aesthetic sense is better satisfied. "Look out to your left at that light," he says. "Oh, man, isn't that fantastic? God! I love this. I love it."

We fly in appreciative silence for a while before rounding the cliff dwellings of millionaires and hovering short of Santa Barbara. "So what do you say?" Cruise says, interrupting my reverie. "Want to try a loop?"

"Depends on what it takes."

"I'm just going to roll the nose over and do a kind of 360-degree somersault in the air. Can you handle that?"

"Sure," I say, not sure at all. Suddenly the sierra and the shoreline and the horizon are all spinning in front of my face. "Oh my God!" I hear myself exclaim. "Oh my *Gooooooooood!*"

"Are you all right?" Cruise asks, again laughing, he smooths us out and lines up the plane for another neuver. "Want to try something else now?"

"Sure," I say, and this time I am. Tom Cruise has ways shared his graceful presence with us on the screen, but here, high in the air over California, that ence is not only breathtaking—literally, as he execu wing roll—but also comforting. In *Top Gun,* his pe mance defined by its straight-arrow strut, Cruise ga the first real glimpse of such grace. Yet there was a ish taint to it back then, as if it needed all that mil hardware and gung-ho movie magic to ratchet up notches of his manhood. Here, however, the delicate ity of this daredevil aircraft, fueled, as it were, by and borne aloft with lighthearted abandon, is a better ba eter of Cruise's newfound maturity. Manhood—like danger inherent in these aerial stunts he so lovingly cutes, like the form it has taken in his fateful and fa less life, like stardom itself—can be a fragile, lovely t

"My take on Tom Cruise is that he's a great *object* screen," says *New York Times* film critic Janet Maslin. quality he radiates as an object is this healthy, glowing American well-being. When he just gets out there and The Handsome Hunk, then he seems redundant to me. times he has been great are the times that someone that healthy, handsome thing of his, yet leaves him wo ed and bewildered by it—in *Born on the Fourth of July* in *Rainman,* to some extent, or *The Color of Money,* even *The Firm.* Sometimes he can give off this kind of *guish* that can get right to you, and other times he' bland as he was in *Far and Away.* A lot of the intellig about how he comes across comes from his directors, w is, in a way, the real sign of an old-fashioned movie st

"Cruise is both a genuine star and a genuine actor though not always at the same time," concurs Maslin's low critic Roger Ebert. "His work in *Born on the Fo of July* was one of the more amazing performances in cent American movies. Few others with his star appeal w have had that depth and range. I know there are a lo people who are infuriated by his casting in *Interview the Vampire,* but I'm keeping an open mind."

An infuriated Anne Rice, who wrote the novel on w *Vampire* is based, certainly has not kept an open m about Cruise's being cast as the vampire Lestat, whom describes as blond and towering and filled with a las ous civility. She originally wrote the role with actor Rut Hauer in mind, and has said that casting Cruise as Le is as absurd as casting Edward G. Robinson as Rhett B ler. Although Rice retains a screenwriting credit on *In view with the Vampire,* along with the film's director a real writer, Neil Jordan, she interpreted the choice Cruise as a personal affront to both her and her very cal fans, and startled everyone involved with the film w the vehemence of her campaign to discredit the actor a the movie.

"It was that special connection when you recogni

was astounded by the flak we've gotten, especially Tom Cruise is certainly one of the two or three est actors of his generation," says David Geffen, the ucer of *Interview with the Vampire,* who has known se since he starred in one of Geffen's earlier produc-, *Risky Business.* "I thought to myself, People are fools when it comes to these kinds of issues. If you ins make the movies, as opposed to the people who e them, then you wouldn't have ended up with *The ather,* because back then Al Pacino was just this thin guy. So it doesn't matter. It doesn't bother me. The thing that bothered me about people's reaction to was that I know how sensitive Tom is and I knew it would hurt his feelings."

Tom keeps putting himself at risk as an artist," says Jef- Katzenberg, chairman of the Walt Disney Studios, who known the 32-year-old actor for more than a decade. ough Cruise has his share of actor buddies, he has been ended by an inordinate number of Hollywood power ers, who have tired of having to treat their male stars rodigal sons and are relieved to have a successful actor eir midst who is a well-behaved professional. "Tom has e it again with *Vampire,*" Katzenberg continues. "For of us—as moviegoers and fans—there's nothing more fun watching someone like that walk on a high wire. I've experienced that with him when it's going over falls ie Grand Canyon, and his saying, 'O.K.! Let's carry our back up there and do it again!' He does it for sport. does it for craft. He does it for art. He does it for *life.*"

It always helps if one is controversial in casting a ie," Neil Jordan says, sighing heavily, obviously tired of ng to talk about his decision to hire Cruise to essay Le- "I just thought that if Tom was willing to go the dis- e this character demands—and he was—then we could up with something quite extraordinary, and we did."

Geffen allowed me to see an early cut of the film at his libu screening room in July. Though Warner Bros. will release the picture until November, it was already ap- ent that Jordan, who directed *The Crying Game* and *na Lisa,* has again come up with a cinematic mood e as troubling as it is intelligent. Cruise has never e anything like it. The golden boy of the American cin- willingly tarnishes his good-guy image with a star- gly sensual and stirringly malevolent portrayal. Yes, blond in the film. And, yes, his lust is palpable.

As I was adjusting my eyes from the darkness of the ening room to the sunlight outside, the phone rang. It Cruise, wanting to know my opinion about the film more than he wanted to know the one I was forming ut his performance. "Well, I can tell you this," I said, ding him a bit, "you've created a whole new male screen n: the bitch god. You're frighteningly *bitchy* in this."

"Good!" he goaded back. "A bitch god! I love it!"

As for the homoerotic strains that are so prevalent in e's novel, they are there for anyone who cares to strain for them. The film adaptation still involves Lestat and the dynamics of his relationship with his beautiful male companion, Louis, portrayed by Brad Pitt, who relates the story in flashbacks to an interviewer he meets in San Francisco, a role taken on by Christian Slater after the death of River Phoenix. Lestat and Louis even transform a little girl named Claudia into a vampire so that they can have a daughter together and create for themselves their own set of 19th-century family values. Later, after the violent loss of Lestat, Louis and Claudia escape New Orleans and make their way to Paris, where another older vampire, played by Antonio Banderas, falls for the alluring Louis.

"The homoerotic stuff *is* what everyone talks about, isn't it?" Jordan muses. "But these guys are beyond sex. Their lust is for blood. Yet it is a very erotic movie. It was great fun for me making an erotic movie without having to shoot bodies humping all the time."

"This is the way I feel about the homoerotic issue: I don't care either way," confesses Cruise. "It's nothing I worry about. I'm an actor and I play a character. I do find it a very *sensual* movie, because everything that Lestat does he does out of *love* and *longing*—yet he's *sadistic.* Lestat certainly loves Louis. He wants a companion. And Louis is beautiful; Lestat finds him so. But, also, Lestat created this creature that Louis has become, so he is very *fatherly* about it."

Tom Cruise is wearing a baseball cap that looks to be one or two sizes too big for him. Disheveled, unshaven, he got out of bed exactly 24 minutes ago, yet is still only a few minutes late for our breakfast appointment in a suite at the Hotel Bel-Air, which he and his wife, actress Nicole Kidman, called home during the first few months they were together. About a year and a half ago, Cruise and Kidman moved into a home with more real-life dimensions after the adoption of their daughter, Isabella, then but a few days old. "Getting up at 9:30 in the morning now is *sleeping* to me," Cruise tells me in the way new fathers have of complaining and bragging at the same time. "I remember when I used to go out and party all night and sleep in till noon or one o'clock. Now 9:30 seems decadent."

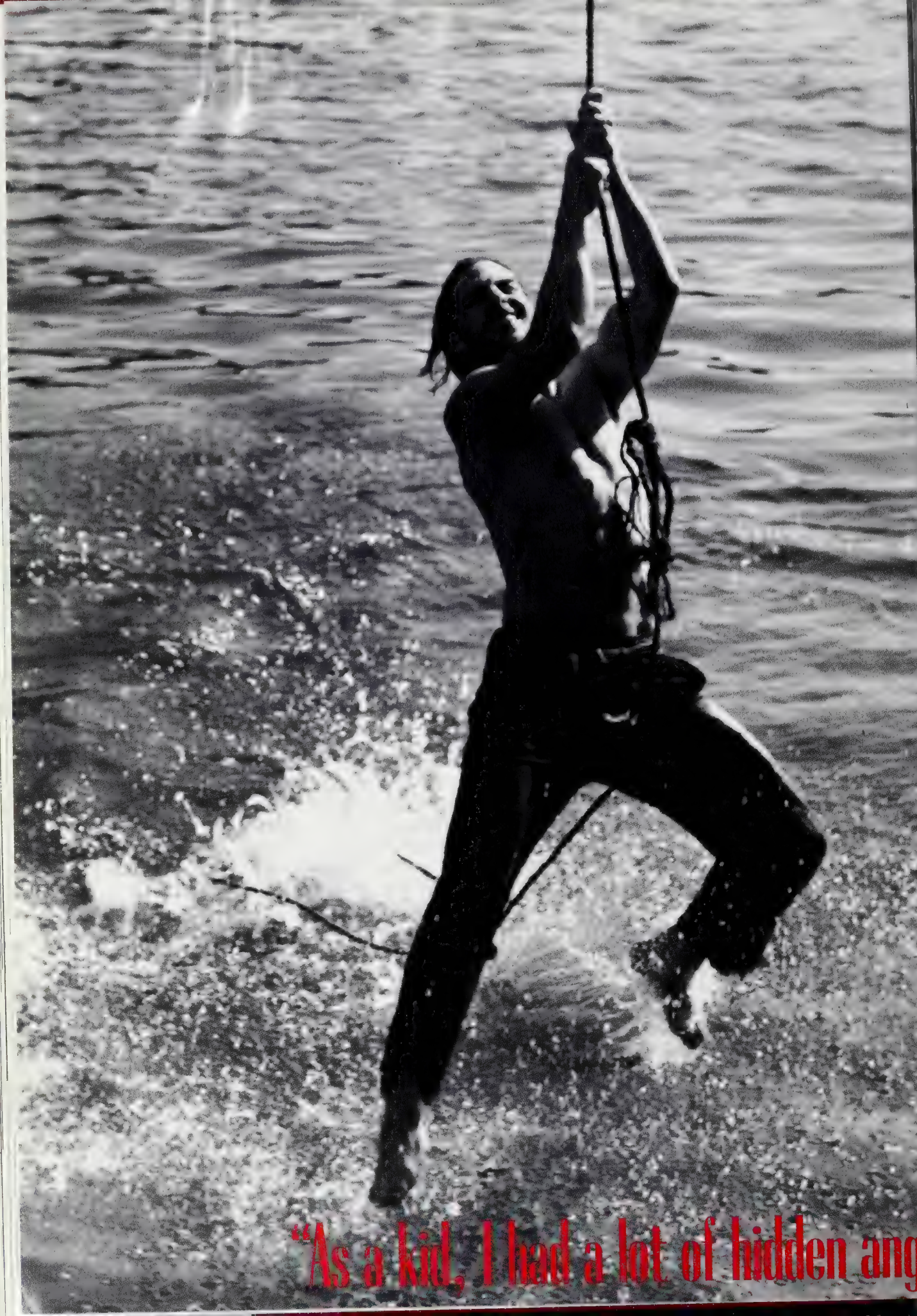
"So what was it like the first time you changed your daughter's diapers?" I ask.

"I was scared to death. Scared to death!" he says, yawning and chuckling at himself. "I didn't know what the hell I was doing."

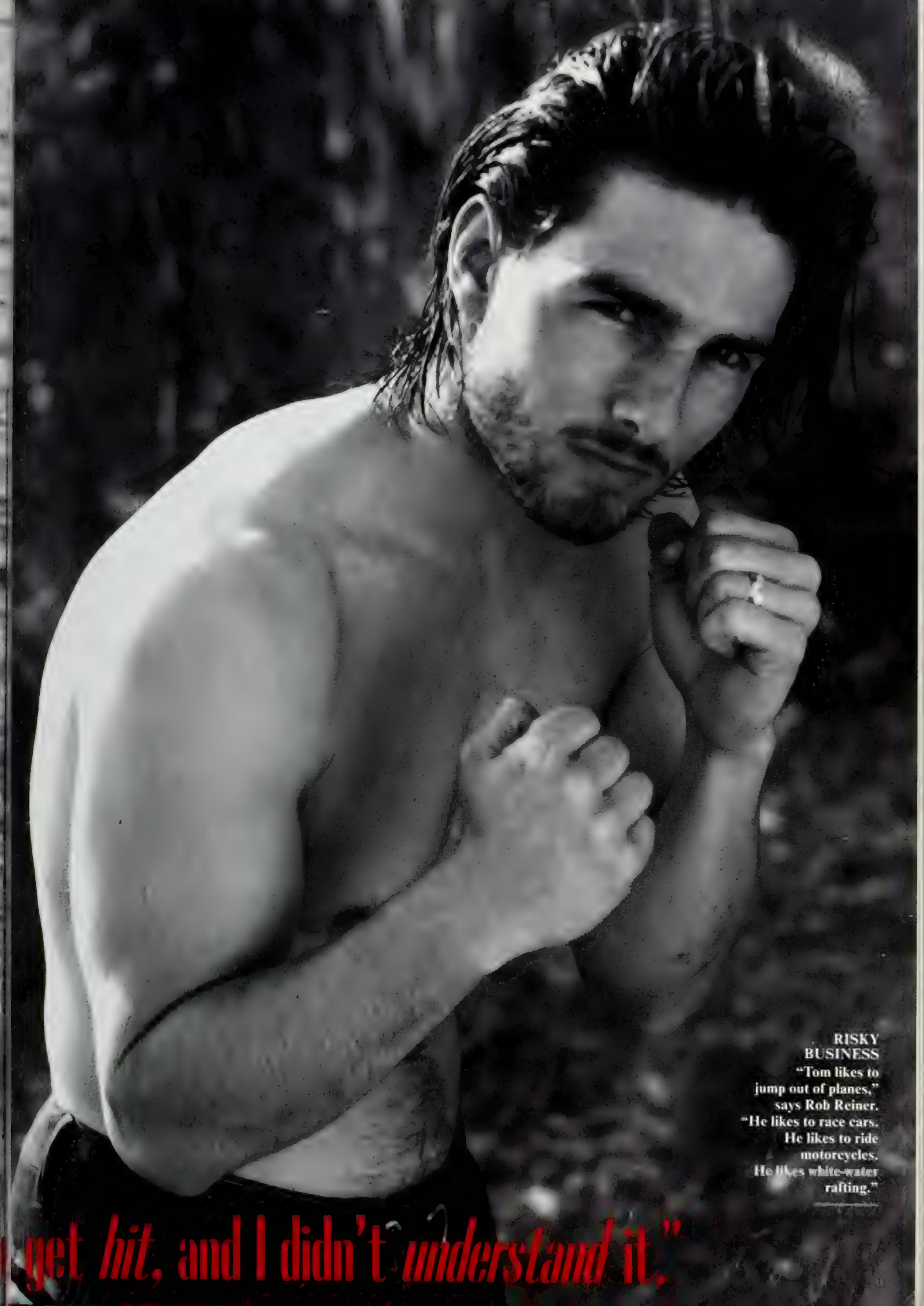
"Maybe you should have put a pair on Nicole," I suggest, "and practiced on her first."

"Yeah! That's not so bad!" he says with a laugh. "And then she could change a pair of mine! I could call her up from the office. 'Hey, honey! You gotta come up. Time to change my diapers!'" His laughter leads him to sweeter thoughts. "Seeing Nicole with Isabella, I see a whole other side to her. Sometimes I just stand back and watch. Or

ur soul mate. Nicole is a person who *understands.*"



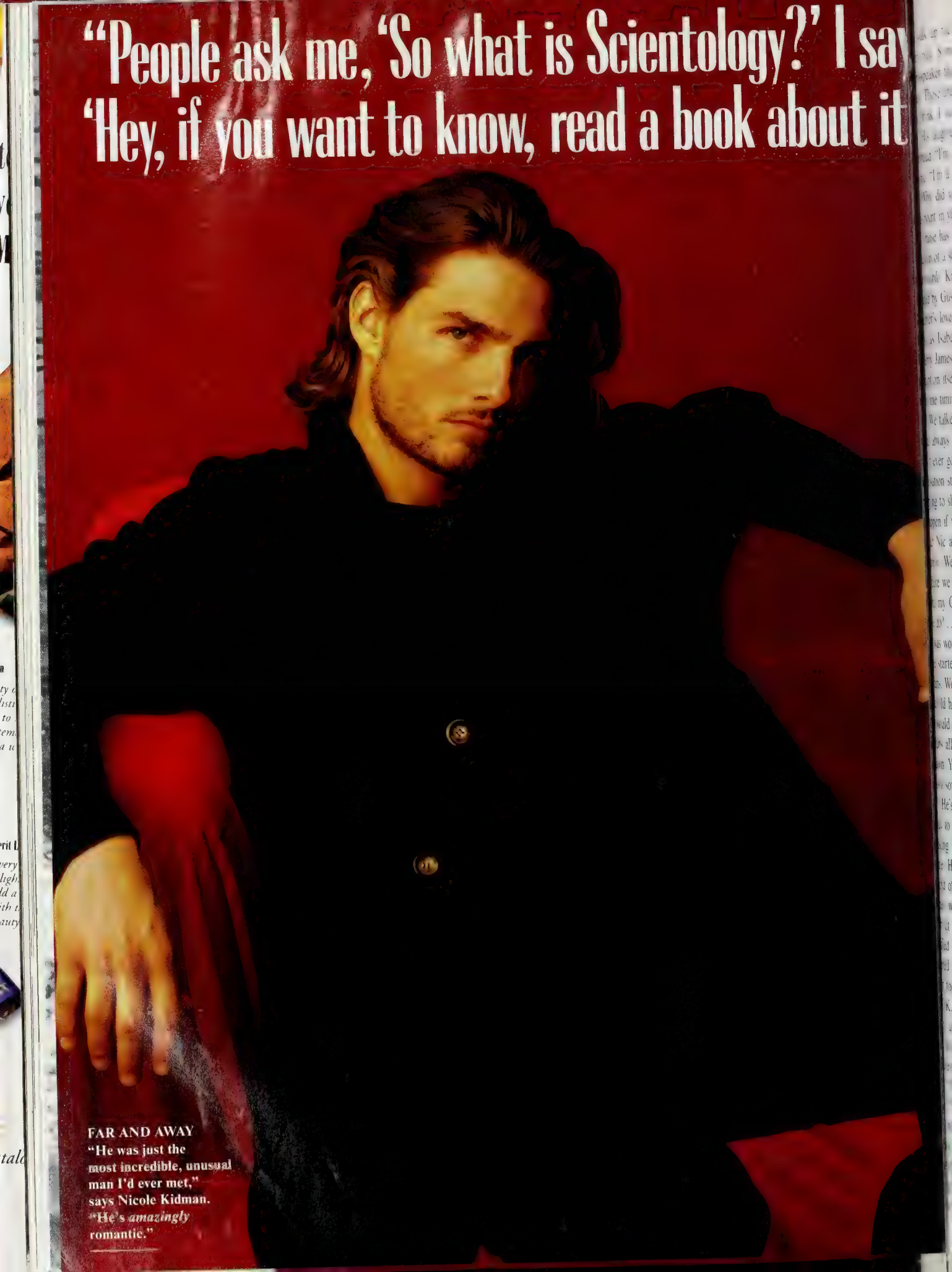
"As a kid, I had a lot of hidden ange



RISKY BUSINESS
"Tom likes to jump out of planes," says Rob Reiner. "He likes to race cars. He likes to ride motorcycles. He likes white-water rafting."

get *hit*, and I didn't *understand* it."

"People ask me, 'So what is Scientology?' I say 'Hey, if you want to know, read a book about it'



FAR AND AWAY
"He was just the most incredible, unusual man I'd ever met," says Nicole Kidman. "He's *amazingly* romantic."

walk up the stairs and just stand there and listen to
m play. Sometimes Nic will forget to turn that little
y-speaker thing off, and I'll just sit there and listen to
m. Those are the little moments in life when you stop
I think, I want to make sure I'll remember this forev-
" His laughter has ceased, and creases creep across his
ehead. "I'm a daddy," he whispers, more to himself than
me. "I'm a daddy."

"Why did you and Nicole want to become parents at
point in your careers?" I ask, knowing how busy each
Cruise has announced that he will star in his own pro-
tion of a screen version of the television classic *Mission:
possible;* Kidman has recently finished *To Die For,* di-
ted by Gus Van Sant, and has been cast not only as Val
mer's love interest in the third *Batman* installment but
as Isabel Archer in Jane Campion's production of
nry James's *The Portrait of a Lady.* "Was it because the
ption itself came through and you couldn't really con-
l the timing of it?"

"We talked about children from time to time, but there
s always *the work,*" he says. "But then we went, When
it ever going to be the right time? That's how the con-
sation started. You're lying in bed at night and you're
ing to sleep, so you roll over and you go, What would
pen if we had this in our life? . . . One of the things
t Nic and I talk about is that now suddenly we're *a
nily.* We're at that point where we're trying to define
ere we are. Can we still party? Are we really boring?
, my God . . . we're *old!* Oh, shit! What the fuck do
do? . . . I don't know what it was, but for many years
vas working working working working. Actually, before
started *Interview with the Vampire* I wanted to see
ris. We went over and walked through all these beauti-
old homes and museums. And then—*we just went wild.*
would end up sleeping all day, and we would go out to
bs all night and party. Drink fine wine and dance till
wn. You need those outlets from time to time. And you
ed someone with whom you can go absolutely wild."

"He's quite eccentric," Nicole Kidman tells me on her
y to drive Isabella to the swimming lessons she has been
king since she was eight months old. "He's just an odd
e. He has his own little quirks and mannerisms. He's
nd of wild—and I *love* that. Somebody once told me that
ey were coming back from a rafting trip and Tom was
out to go up in one of these choppers. This guy was ter-
ied of choppers, but there were three different ones char-
ed for them and all these people were scurrying to get
them to be lifted out of this small valley. This guy said,
.K., I'm going to get in the chopper that Tom Cruise gets
. 'cause God isn't going to kill him.' That's kind of what
think, too. He's got that feeling about him as a person.
en when you get in a racecar with him. Or in a plane."

"Or in a marriage?" I ask her.

"Well, *yeah.* I had three very strong relationships before
met Tom, but I was never going to get married. *Never.*
it he was just the most incredible, unusual man I'd ever
et. I think in a relationship you have to work at keep-
g your partner in love with you. You can't just take it
r granted. And I knew that was something he wouldn't take for granted. That's something that he is amazingly creative about. He's *amazingly* romantic. He puts a lot of work into us."

"Do you plan to adopt more children?"

"Well, I'd like to give birth," Kidman confesses, "*and* adopt more children. We plan to do that. Definitely."

"Was there a reason you chose adoption for your first child?"

"No. It just happened that way," she says. "Isabella was meant for us. I think when things come into your life at a certain time you have to take them. It's destiny."

Cruise and Kidman met when they co-starred in *Days of Thunder.* "It was that special connection when you recognize your soul mate," he says. "She is a person who *understands.* It was as if a whole new life had started for me." In fact, it had, for he had only recently divorced his first wife, actress Mimi Rogers. When asked now about that first marriage, Cruise is uncharacteristically curt. "It was a long time ago. I really don't think about it."

What he *has* begun to think about, and to come to terms with, is his deceased father. Born Thomas Cruise Mapother IV, he dropped his father's name after his parents' divorce, when his mother moved Cruise and his three sisters from Ottawa, Ontario, to Kentucky. There she remarried and later moved the family to New Jersey. Cruise saw his father, an electrical engineer, one last time a few years ago, when he visited him in a hospital as he lay dying of cancer. Until now he has steadfastly refused to discuss the man's absence from his life.

"Was your divorce from Mimi like a second divorce for you?" I venture. "You purposefully dropped your father's name. One could say you've been divorced twice in your life."

A silence seeps into our conversation, and suddenly Cruise, who is famous for his self-control, loses his composure. This surprises him as much as it does me. Quickly, he thumbs the water from his eyes. "I never thought of it in those terms," he finally says as more tears well up. He clears his throat. "You know, I loved my father very much," he whispers. "I think sometimes what it would have been like for him to see me with my daughter. . . . My father never saw any of my movies before he died, but he had pictures of me on the wall in his hospital room. He told his nurses how he had made a mistake with me and my sisters."

Cruise stops again and composes himself. "When I look at Isabella," he tells me, "I finally realize that there is no possible way that a parent can't love their child."

"What was it like being the only male in your family after your mother's divorce? You were still so young around 12, I believe."

"It was all very confusing," he admits. "It was frightening. . . . There was a lot of frustration. I was a wild kid. I'd cut school and everything. *(Continued on page 270)*

Chatelaine on H



HAVING A BALL

Locklear has a flair for spouting mesmerizing venom while commanding her hair not to move.

Hot Tin Roof

Her hair is frosted, her character is ice, but Heather Locklear is the hottest thing in prime time. MICHAEL MUSTO pays tribute to the queen of Melrose Place

True, she probably doesn't have Bernhardt, Duse, and Fontanne enviously rolling in their graves, screaming, "Kill her! Stop her now! She's better than all of us combined!" But Heather Locklear—*Melrose Place*'s witchy ad exec, Amanda Woodward—definitely has something. A certain ability to widen and narrow her eyes to convey a smorgasbord of bristling emotions. A flair for spouting mesmerizing venom while commanding her hair not to move. A distinct working-class glamour seasoned with upper-crust smarts that makes her the across-the-boards queen of TV soap dish—the wickedly amusing, babe-alicious bonbon du jour of Wayne, Garth, and a lot more non–trailer residents than care to admit it.

Once Joan Collins's foil as the trampy Sammy Jo on *Dynasty,* she's *become* Joan Collins—the pretend diva par excellence. Locklear's Amanda held our attention in a neck brace when she showed up at her fave sparring partner Alison's doorstep to snarl, "Here's your bridesmaid's dress. Give it to a friend—if you have any left!" (Of course, she apologized when Alison turned out to be the star witness in the sexual-harassment suit against her.) And the coiffure queen didn't let us down at the actual wedding, either, deliciously announcing, "I am so sick of all of you self-righteous jerks attacking me! I don't have to take it—I have a meeting to go to!" Is it horrible to admit that we desperately wanted to join her there?

Interestingly enough, Locklear resisted Aman-

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE
Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

da's bitchy bent at first, but now likes the character to be as monstrous as possible. Typically, she was devastated by those harassment charges—that they were found to be false, that is. "Amanda was happy, but Heather thought there should have been something more," the actress laments, invoking that wacky third-person motif prevalent in La-la-land. "Not the group hug at the end." Only a truly nice girl could be secure enough to want to travel such dire paths of darkness, and Locklear, 33, is indeed the archetypal goody-good, an uncomplicated, yet engagingly self-mocking, type who is just figuring things out as she goes along.

Her niceness, mercifully, is laced with a dollop of dark humor lite that makes it go down more easily. When told that she was better than Shannen Doherty as a *Saturday Night Live* host, she quips, "Thank you! I was trying to be better than her. That was my whole motivation!" The secret of acting in the nighttime-soap genre? "Short skirts. It's my skirt that's doing all the acting." Would she apply a different technique from the one she uses on *Melrose* if doing Shakespeare? "Oh no, I'd be exactly the same," she says with a smirk. One can see it now: "Out, damned spot—I said *out,* goddammit!"

A California native and current, unrepentant Valley Girl, Locklear confesses that she's prone to somewhat diva-esque shopping binges on the palmy boulevards of her natural habitat. With the cat out of the Chanel bag, she promptly sets about cataloguing what she scarfs up: "Clothing, furniture, sheets. Oops, and shoes. Oops, and beige lipstick." And yet, she's most often found wearing basic Levi's layered over Calvin Klein's men's underwear ("They're so comfortable and soft, like a diaper").

Her equally paradoxical culinary tastes take her to Taco Bell, where she loves "the fake cheese over the ground beef. Hot sauce that can make pennies beautiful again if you dip them in it. I can't imagine what my stomach looks like!"

Locklear won't delve into the real hot sauce, though, such as her divorce from Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee after seven itchy years. When asked if the breakup was really horrible, all she'll say is "No. Nothing that interesting." Is she dating someone now? "Of course I am," she exults. "But I still have nothing to do on a Friday night!" Her beau is reported to be rocker Richie Sambora, Cher's ex, but again Locklear is lockjawed; apparently, she's as diplomatic and guarded as Amanda is wanton and indiscreet.

It seems this Heather Locklear person really *is* about as down-to-earth as a nationally known figure who goes on glamorous shopping sprees can be. She won't even take credit for resuscitating *Melrose Place,* which was hardly an address many wanted to visit before her nostril-flaring put it on the map. She instead credits the writers for not striving for reality anymore (they've certainly succeeded). But will Amanda ever confront her problems and change? "No," laughs Heather, her hair moving, "because then she'd have to be nice."

Thank God, or—more important in some circles—thank Aaron Spelling. Now, let's get to that meeting already. □



Locklear is about as down-to-earth as a nationally known figure who goes on glamorous shoppin sprees can be.

DRESS BY MARTINE SITBON; ALL MAKEUP FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN



MELROSE FACE

Only a truly nice girl could be secure enough to travel such dire paths of darkness.


EVELYN LAUDER
"I had a brainstorm: landscape photography."
RAINCOAT BY BERNARD PERRIS; T-SHIRT BY GIORGIO

Laudable Lauder



"We had 40,000 square feet without windows, to decorate, and I had a brainstorm: landscape photography. We now have almost 600 photographs, donated by 55 photographers, including me." Evelyn Lauder—senior corporate vice president of the Estée Lauder Companies and the wife of Leonard Lauder, the elder of Estée's two sons—survived the London blitz, taught school in Harlem, set up the Lauder beauty-adviser training program, named Aramis, helped develop Beautiful and Knowing, and raised two successful sons of her own, but the achievement she talks about most these days is the Evelyn H. Lauder Breast Center at Memorial Sloan-Kettering hospital in New York. Lauder, posing here on her Manhattan penthouse terrace, donated some of the $18 million cost of the state-of-the-art facility for diagnosing and treating breast cancer, which opened in 1992, and raised the rest. This month—October is National Breast Cancer Awareness Month—Harry N. Abrams Inc. will publish *The Seasons Observed*, a book of Lauder's landscape photographs, with all royalties going to the Breast Cancer Research Foundation. Also this month, the Holly Solomon Gallery in SoHo is giving Lauder her second show, with proceeds going to the foundation. More than 175 prints were sold for some $200,000, at the first one. Says the blossoming photographer, in words that only someone who has spent 35 years in the beauty business would use to describe shots of nature: "Nothing is styled. I don't move a thing. I don't light anything. I don't interfere. It's reality."

—BOB COLACELLO

Photograph by ELLIOTT ZAUBER

The Queen of Less Wants More



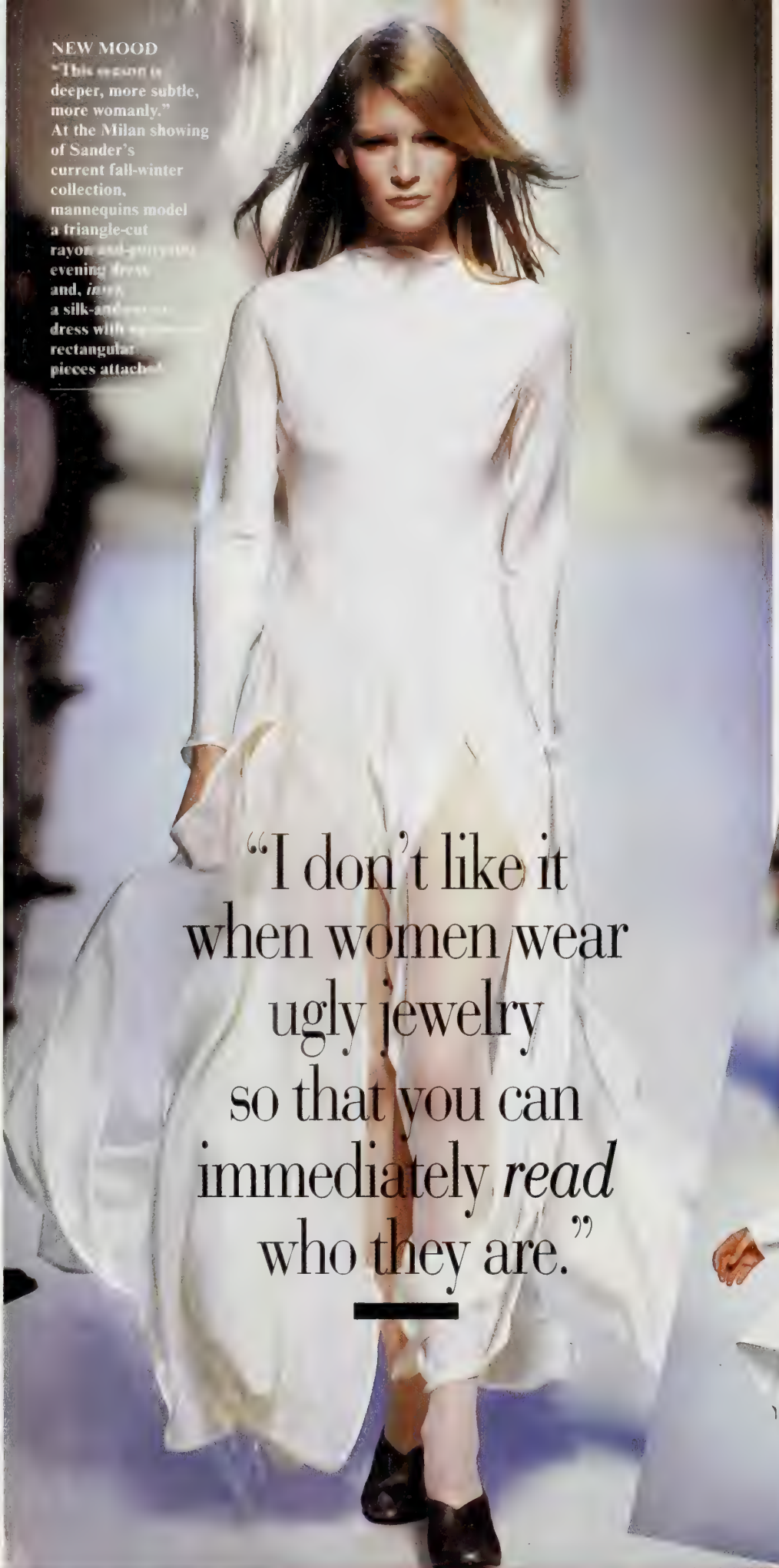
"I like women cool, you know. I like to see their intellect, their personality. I like to see *class.* I don't like cheap women. And I love it when they play it with a sort of nonchalant posture. I think a woman can be much more feminine and attractive when she plays it a little bit cooler, when she's not this overdone doll. I hate *doll-y* women. That's something I really can't stand. And you have to say it: I can't dress *everybody.*" Jil Sander, the woman who turned what used to be an oxymoron—German fashion designer—into a $200-million-a-year business, is racing her Mercedes coupe across the flowering rapeseed fields of Schleswig-Holstein. A small, slim-boned, blue-eyed blonde of 50, with a round face and a button nose, she looks like a rakish waif

Photographs by ERIC BOMAN

Jil Sander, Germany's
first female superstar designer,
has built an almost
fanatical following with her impeccably
crafted minimalist
clothes, cosmetics, and perfumes.
Now her $200 million empire
is expanding, with two new boutiques in
New York and others coming
soon in the United States, Canada,
and London. But as her name
grows in stature,
Jil Sander herself remains an enigma.
In Hamburg,
BOB COLACELLO reveals
her life of luxe



WOMAN PURE
Jil Sander in Jil Sander in her office in Hamburg. "I always said, I wonder how far I can go with one ideal idea."



NEW MOOD
"This season is deeper, more subtle, more womanly." At the Milan showing of Sander's current fall-winter collection, mannequins model a triangle-cut rayon [illegible] evening dress and, in front, a silk-and-[illegible] dress with [illegible] rectangular pieces attached.

"I don't like it when women wear ugly jewelry so that you can immediately *read* who they are."

rather than Germany's foremo[illegible] male entrepreneur. She is wearing [illegible] of the impeccably cut and meticu[illegible]ly finished jackets for which she [illegible] become internationally renown[illegible] navy-blue double-breasted blazer [illegible] has the ease and roominess of a[illegible] coat without being the slightest bit [illegible]py or floppy—over her own pris[illegible] long-sleeved white polo shirt, butt[illegible] at the neck, and white jeans. [illegible] black ankle-high riding boots were [illegible] in England, and her only acces[illegible] is—as always—a plain gold wato[illegible] ask her if the jacket is cashmere, [illegible] get a speech in reply.

"This is cashmere and wool," she [illegible] "Which makes it a little bit more [illegible] *tique,* so that it's not so chic, no? L[illegible] it feels great, no?" Sander is [illegible] stantly encouraging people to feel [illegible] clothes. "You can see when you to[illegible] it what we do, that there's really b[illegible] tiful value. You buy something, [illegible] you get something. It's a very [illegible] temporary, very clean, beautiful, [illegible] est, artistic cut, but also one [illegible] shows that we know what fashion [illegible] and how to go forward.



s believed that I should do a beau- product and then everything else ld come by itself. I didn't want to out. I didn't want to do cheap li- ses. I was almost like an artist, know, who was hiding what I be- ed in. I mean, I can easily imag- selling out, no? Because then you *spread.* Some designers are spread over. They have so many *other* col- ions. I think it's our moment now. have so much potential, because e really is nobody else who is so *n.* I always said, I wonder how far an go with one ideal idea."

Sander often follows such Nietz- ean pronouncements with a girlish gh, half shy, half wry. "Jil is tough tender," says Werner Funk, editor chief of *Stern* magazine. Even her re rococo competitors, such as Chris- n Lacroix, admire the way she stuck ner no-nonsense minimalist look all ough the frolicsome 80s parade of uined ball gowns and taffeta poufs. w, 25 years after she had her first lection of simple, unadorned suits ched together by the seamstress of wealthy friend and opened her first utique in Hamburg, minimalism rules, d who can blame her for being oud of her role in its rise?

In Germany, her reign is nearly ab- ute. "Every German designer com- es him- or herself to Jil and must ow him- or herself to be compared her," says Angelica Blechschmidt, itor in chief of German *Vogue.* he was a pioneer, and she became standard for everybody who fol- ved." Although other German ap- rel and cosmetics companies, such Escada, Hugo Boss, and Joop!, ve higher annual revenues, Jil Sander Deutschland's undisputed fashion r—its Coco Chanel, Estée Lauder, d Linda Wachner rolled into one.

1989, in one of the most success- offerings in the history of the Frank- rt and Hamburg stock exchanges, nder sold 33 percent of her com- ny to the public, while retaining 0 percent of the voting shares, for 6 million. Her company currently em- oys some 400 people in Germany ne, owns her boutiques in Berlin, ankfurt, Düsseldorf, Munich, Ham- rg, and Sylt, and has a huge, clini- lly modern factory outside Hamburg here the manager, Herr Oswald hmid, regularly exhorts the cutters and pressers, "Quality! Quality! Quality!")

Sander's devotees in Germany include everyone from Gabriele Henkel, the grande dame of avant-garde arts patronage, to younger society trendsetters Maryam Sachs and Maya Flick. Her cosmetics line, which is manufactured by the Lancaster Group AG of Wiesbaden, ranks fourth in sales in Germany (along with Dior, and after Lancôme, Chanel, and Lauder) and includes nine fragrances for women and men, as well as makeup, skin-treatment, sun-care, and bath products. From the beginning, Sander's clothes and fragrances (with such names as Woman Pure and Background for men) have also been big sellers among the quiet rich of Switzerland, Austria, and Holland. Her second-most-important market after Germany is Italy, where she keeps another 320 workers steadily employed at old-line factories in Lombardy and the Veneto, turning out fine wools and lush cashmeres exclusively for her, and where, in 1988, she became the first German designer to show at the ready-to-wear collections in Milan, the home turf of Armani, Versace, Krizia, and Ferre.

Last year, in the middle of the European recession, she boldly opened what she calls her flagship store, on the Avenue Montaigne in Paris, a few meters from the House of Dior and around the corner from the House of Saint Laurent, in a Beaux Arts building that had been the atelier of the late Madeleine Vionnet, the couturière canonized by the French as the inventor of the bias cut. It had taken two and a half years, $5.6 million, and untold quantities of limestone, granite, nickel silver, optical glass, and rare African woods to transform the 10,000-square-foot space into a sumptuous temple of retailing. The opening was the social event of prêt-à-porter week: Marella Agnelli gave a lunch, Marie-Hélène de Rothschild passed by early to avoid the crowds, Jeanne Moreau, Fanny Ardant, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Jane March posed for the paparazzi, and Isabelle Adjani came by a few days later to do some serious shopping. The Paris fashion community showed up en masse: Hubert de Givenchy, Emanuel Ungaro, Jacqueline de Ribes, Martine Sitbon, and Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons. Only Karl Lagerfeld, who is also from Hamburg but left as a teenager to study designing in Paris, lent a sour note. "He sent me a letter," Sander recalls, "saying, 'They also offered me that space, but I had enough already with Coco Chanel. I couldn't stand to have Madeleine Vionnet back on this earth, too.'"

This November, Jil Sander hits New York for the openings of her boutiques at Linda Dresner on Park Avenue and at Bergdorf Goodman. She already has her own spaces at Barneys New York's uptown and downtown stores—the buzz is that she's now outselling Armani in women's wear there. Barneys co-president Gene Pressman says, "She's up there in our top 10, along with Armani, Donna Karan, Azzedine Alaïa, Hermès, Prada, and Calvin Klein." This fall and in 1995, Jil Sander will open miniclones of her Paris boutique at Louis, Boston; Barneys in Houston; Neiman Marcus in Dallas, Houston, and New Jersey; I. Magnin in San Francisco; and Romanoff in Bal Harbour, Florida, as well as at Holt-Renfrew in Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver, and Harrods and Browns in London.

Meanwhile, Lancaster Group USA will continue to spend more than $5 million a year promoting her most popular fragrances, Jil Sander No. 4 and Feeling Man, in America. "You're just starting to see the growth of her name and presence in the United States," says Lancaster marketing vice president David May. "*The* designer for the year 2000 will be Jil Sander. She has already built an extraordinary business, and there's no Pierre Bergé lurking in the background."

Her Hollywood fans include Winona Ryder and Holly Hunter, who wore her evening dresses to the Golden Globe Awards this year, and Donna Karan's good friend Barbra Streisand. Sander is also rapidly expanding in the market every big-name designer is counting on, Asia, where she currently does 10 percent of her business; she will open additional shops in Japan and Hong Kong and an entire Sander building in Seoul, South Korea. And she's plotting her imminent invasion of that vast continent called men's wear.

Earlier this year, Sander bought a pair of adjacent 19th-century white stone





mansions on Hamburg's grandest street, Harvestehuder Weg, fronting on Outer Alster Lake. She plans to use the larger one, which the city of Hamburg sold to her for a reported $11.3 million, as her "presentation show space." The other house, which belonged to Aristotle Onassis in the 50s, when he was building ships in Hamburg, is being decorated by Renzo Mongiardino—an intriguing choice, given his baroque taste—for her private residence.

For the Queen of Less, the 90s are shaping up as the Decade of More.

The question is why. And why now, when gilt-edged designers on both sides of the Atlantic are forced to push lower-priced "bridge" lines, are Jil Sander's $6,000 cashmere coats, $3,000 silk dresses, $1,200 sweaters, and $300 jeans sailing out of American department stores and European boutiques, recession or no recession? Why

"When she opened the shop, she said, 'I can't call it Heid Sander. It's so German, so sweet.'"



HAMBURG DE LUXE. Minimalism's queen in front of one of her new houses on Harvestehuder Weg, Hamburg's swellest *Strasse*. *Inset, top*, Sander with Liga Heitzsch, her housekeeper since 1976, at the Milchstrasse house; *bottom*, Sander and her friend Dickie Mommsen at the opening of the Paris boutique in 1993.

is a long-unrecognized designer from Germany suddenly moving up on the two most successful designers in the world, Ralph Lauren and Giorgio Armani? "There's no price resistance to Jil's clothes," says Linda Dresner. A more cynical observer adds, "I think the fact that her clothes are expensive helps. Rich women today like the idea of secret luxury—that nobody could possibly know that this plain navy suit I'm wearing cost $4,000."

"You almost have to put the jacket or the dress on to understand them," says Joan Weinstein, owner of Ultimo in Chicago. "Her research on fabric is extraordinary. She does wools that are so sheer you can see the light through them, and you can wear them in 100-degree weather. She appeals to a woman with modern, simple taste, but who is always looking for the next nuance in simplicity. Everyone is on the simplicity bandwagon in the 90s, but Jil has always done it."

Weinstein recently gave a party for Sander at the Chicago boutique she established for the designer last March. Ultimo, which also carries Gaultier, Dolce & Gabbana, Yamamoto, Richard Tyler, and Zoran, started buying the Sander line five years ago. "It took off very quickly," Weinstein says. "Jil pulled way out in front, and we realized we had to have a whole store just for her. The only other designer who had pulled away like that was Armani."

Inevitably, Armani comes up in almost any discussion of Jil Sander, probably because both claim to have invented the unlined jacket. She herself told me, in a slightly annoyed tone, "A lot of people say that I'm 'the Armani of the 90s.' Perhaps they mean we both do contemporary design. I also do suits, but we have completely different handwritings. People who wear Armani wear Armani and people who wear Jil Sander wear Jil Sander, no?"

Still, Sander wouldn't mind dressing Lee Radziwill, an Armani consultant and a walking advertisement for his brand of understated chic. "She's a beautiful woman," Sander says. "We could twist her a little bit. If I dressed her, she would change. She would *have* to change. Because she would find a different energy, a certain strength."

Armani says of Sander, "She is a very interesting businesswoman. She has chosen a path that I myself have followed in the recent past and that represents an unquestionable reality."

Both Armani and Sander have been sending models down runways in mannish pin-striped suits since the 70s, and when they venture from black, gray, and navy, he gravitates toward putty while she favors parchment. But her minimalism is much more messianic, her aesthetic much more ideological. "For Jil, clothes are words," says Countess Marina Cicogna, who helped orchestrate her Paris opening. Sander does have a Teutonic way of piling up adjectives. Things she likes are pure, clean, sharp, artistic, cool, modern, subtle, nonchalant, selective, and global. Things she doesn't like are glitzy, shiny, doll-y, moley, crêpey, sugary, *madame,* and cheap. "Chic" is O.K., but "chic-y" is verboten. Nothing could be worse, she seems to think, than to "feel déclassé." And she is the rare fashion designer who has a hard time with "glamorous," which may be why she has a hard time with evening dresses. In her last spring-summer collection, the best were made of aluminum-coated linen and organza and had a certain ethereal elegance.

If this high-priced severity verges on the puritanical, it seems to be just what the ever growing army of affluent career women wants. In a Sander suit, elitists can feel feminist: it's power dressing without the dressing. "Her clothes are for women who don't need to be decorated, who are sure of themselves," says Princess Ingeborg of Schleswig-Holstein, a Hamburg artist. "When I have a prickly business meeting, I wear Jil Sander," says public-relations executive Alexandra von Rellingen. "I feel so comfortable and confident. You're never overdressed, but you feel important."

Another designer to whom Jil Sander is less often, but perhaps more intrinsically, linked is the late Coco Chanel. Each created a basic, comfortable uniform for the "liberated" woman of her day, and each projected an idealized image of herself as her prototypical customer, while simultaneously shrouding her personal life in mystery, ambiguity, and snobbism. Sander has apparently encouraged the comparison since she was an opinion
young fashion editor hanging ou
Buhne 16, the haute bohemian
ist beach in Sylt, Germany's an
to Fire Island in the 60s, where
would announce, "I want to be a
mous as Coco Chanel." And one
help but notice the obvious refer
to Chanel's legendary Rue Cambo
lon in the sweeping circular stair
in Sander's Paris boutique. (Per
that is what irritates Lagerfeld a
his new neighbor from his old c
try. "I haven't seen her work,"
told me. "Out of lack of interes
might add. I've seen her perfu
ads, with the models wearing t
black suits that look like blobs on
printed page.")

"I don't think you can put eno
emphasis on the fact that San
is a woman," says *Washington*
fashion editor Cathy Hor
"That's a critical factor. T
message she conveys through
consistency of her clothes—ma
one could say redundancy—is t
you don't need very much. I own f
Jil Sander pantsuits. The oldest on
eight years old, and I still wear it. I
worn it to black-tie things without
blouse and to the office with T-shi
blouses, a denim vest, an Issey Miya
vest. Jil's clothes are a no-brainer i
way. You don't have to think about th
too much. I suppose that's what fa
ion is about today."

That's precisely the problem, s
Sander's critics, who see her ascent
a symptom of the sterility and con
sion of current fashion. "I just cann
cope with her clothes," says a pow
ful fashion insider. "To me they a
ineffably boring. She's really a sort
superstylist for working women—the
chetypal *Mirabella*-magazine heroine

Sander's most unabashed detract
is a rival Hamburger, Wolfgang Joo
who delights in playing the Germa
Versace to her Armani. "I hate qui
fashion," he says. "I like entertai
ment in fashion, extravaganza. I thi
fashion has to have fantasy and h
mor—she has no humor at all. I'
not interested in those finished-to-deat
things. German designers always ha
money on the mind. The message
always more is more. Even Jil, wh
talks about minimalism, is always tal
ing about cash- *(Continued on page 26*



Calvin Klein






Calvin Klein

Special Report

The New Establishment

It is October 1994, and the Age of Information is upon us. The Cold War, for the past half-century the driving force of the American economy, is over, as is the influence of the Cold Warriors, the genteel, East Coast Establishment that quietly guided the country through those years.

In their place has risen a buccaneering breed of entrepreneurs and visionaries, men and women from the entertainment, communications, and computer industries, whose ambitions and influence have made America the one true superpower of the Information Age.

They are the New Establishment.

In this special report, Elise O'Shaughnessy profiles the new lords of the digitocracy; Nicholas Lemann assesses the current state of the old-boy network; David Halberstam charts the fall of the Eastern Establishment; and Annie Leibovitz presents 19 portraits of power in America.

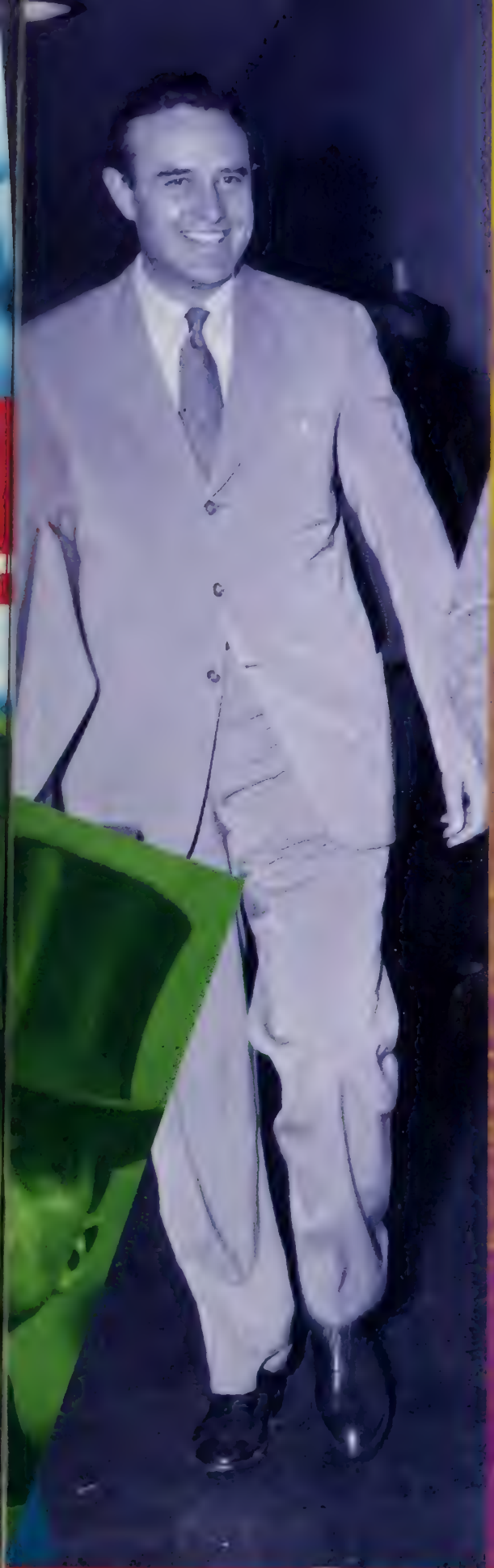
Power. Influence. Vision.



That Was Then..

OLD BOYS
The men of the Old Establishment were linked by vision, common values, manners, and—apparently—a love of hats.
Clockwise from left: **Dean Acheson, U.S. secretary of state under Harry Truman, arrives at Lancaster House in London on November 5, 1950;**
J. P. Morgan with his son at the Harvard-Yale Regatta in New London, Connecticut;
Averell Harriman—whose Sun Valley resort is now the site for Allen & Company Inc.'s annual conference for barons of the New Establishment—in Washington in the 40s;
Jack Kennedy at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, in 1953;
Andrew Carnegie, the industrialist-philanthropist who led the American steel boom.

Yesterday the country was run by the Morgans and Rockefeller





d then by the white-shoe members of the eastern aristocracy

Today, power in America is more likely to spring from the mailro



This Is Now



Herbert A. Allen

(bottom right)
President and C.E.O., Allen & Company Inc.

BORN: March 5, 1940; New York City.
LIVES: New York City, Southampton, N.Y., and Sun Valley, Idaho.
COLLEGE: Williams College.
FIRST JOB: At Allen & Company, which was founded by his uncle.

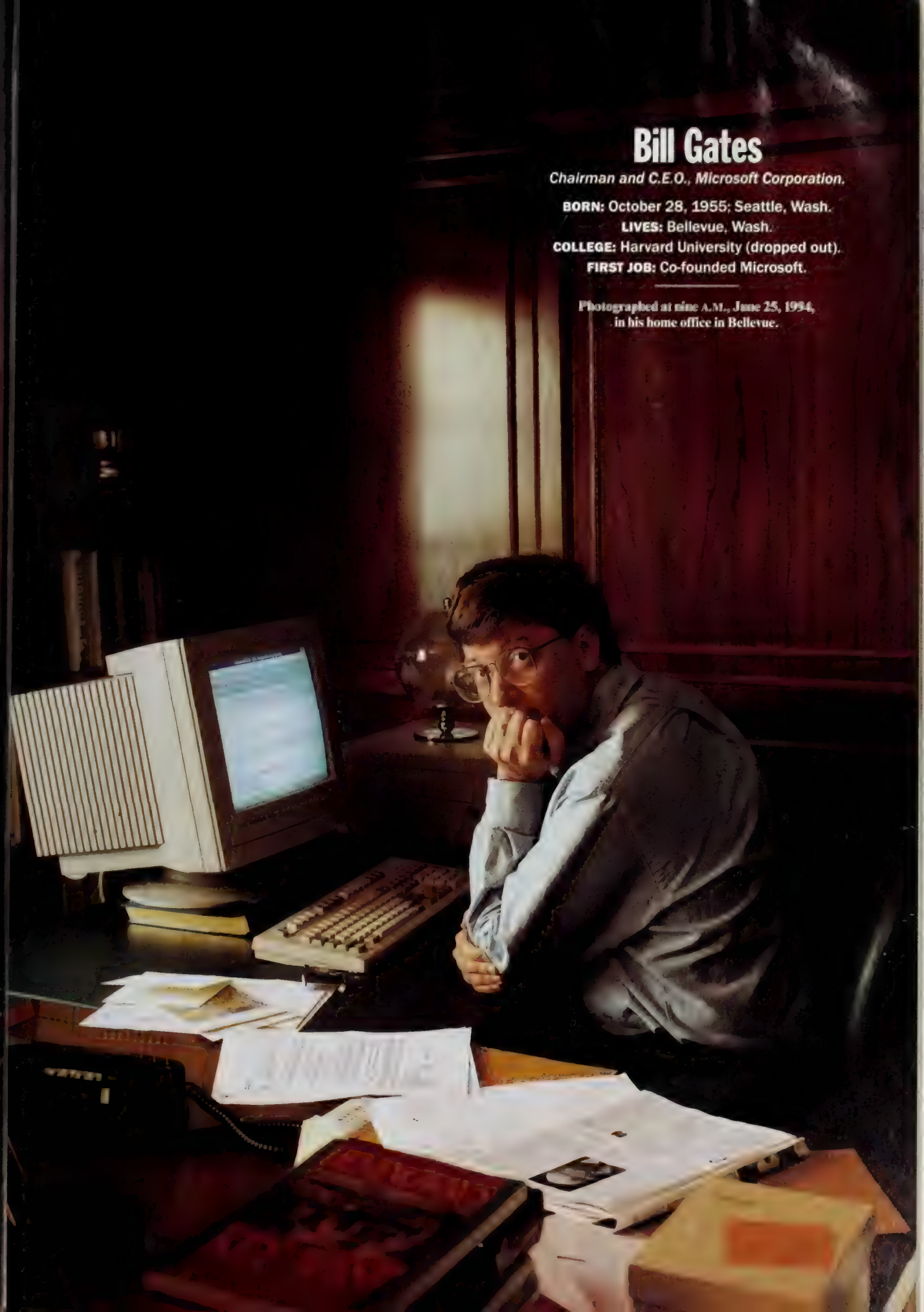
Participants in Allen & Company Inc.'s 12th annual Sun Valley Conference of corporate leaders, photographed at 8:30 A.M., July 15, 1994, in Allen's backyard. Back row, Warren Buffett (chairman and C.E.O., Berkshire Hathaway, Inc.), Gerald Levin (chairman, C.E.O., and president, Time Warner Inc.), James C. Kennedy (chairman and C.E.O., Cox Enterprises, Inc.), Barry Diller (chairman and C.E.O., QVC, Inc.), Michael Eisner (chairman, C.E.O., and president, the Walt Disney Company), Rupert Murdoch (chairman and chief executive, the News Corporation Ltd.; chairman and C.E.O., Fox Inc.). Middle row, Bill Gates (chairman and C.E.O., Microsoft Corporation), Sumner Redstone (chairman, Viacom Inc.), David Geffen (chairman, the David Geffen Company), H. Wayne Huizenga (chairman and C.E.O., Blockbuster Entertainment Corporation), Edgar Bronfman Jr. (president and C.E.O., the Seagram Company Ltd.), Scott Sassa (president, Turner Entertainment Group). Front row, Michael Ovitz (chairman, Creative Artists Agency), John Malone (president and C.E.O., Tele-Communications, Inc.), Jeffrey Katzenberg (departing chairman, the Walt Disney Studios).

Call them the swashbucklers of the Information Age, or the highwaymen of the infobahn: they are the leaders of the computer, entertainment, and communications industries, whose collective power and influence have eclipsed both Wall Street and Washington. ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY profiles the wildly disparate members of this new boys' network



On Friday, July 15, more than 20 Gulfstream jets were settled on the tarmac at Friedman Memorial Airport near Sun Valley, Idaho. One after the other, the most powerful men in the converging worlds of entertainment, information, and communications had checked into the Sun Valley Lodge, built by Union Pacific Railroad heir W. Averell Harriman in 1936.

There was Rupert Murdoch, 63, whose worldwide News Corporation holdings range from Twentieth Century Fox to the Fox Television Network, to Asia's Star TV, to more than 100 newspapers in six countries. And the mercurial John Malone, who at 53 has made his Tele-Communications, Inc., into America's largest cable company, controlling one of every four cable boxes and earning a reputation as the Darth Vader of the industry. And 38-year-old Bill Gates, emerging unscathed from the Justice Department's attempt to rein in his computer-software juggernaut, Microsoft. And Sumner Redstone, an entertainment python, who started out with two drive-in theaters, bought Viacom (which includes MTV, Nickelodeon, and Show-



Bill Gates

Chairman and C.E.O., Microsoft Corporation.

BORN: October 28, 1955; Seattle, Wash.
LIVES: Bellevue, Wash.
COLLEGE: Harvard University (dropped out).
FIRST JOB: Co-founded Microsoft.

Photographed at nine A.M., June 25, 1994, in his home office in Bellevue.

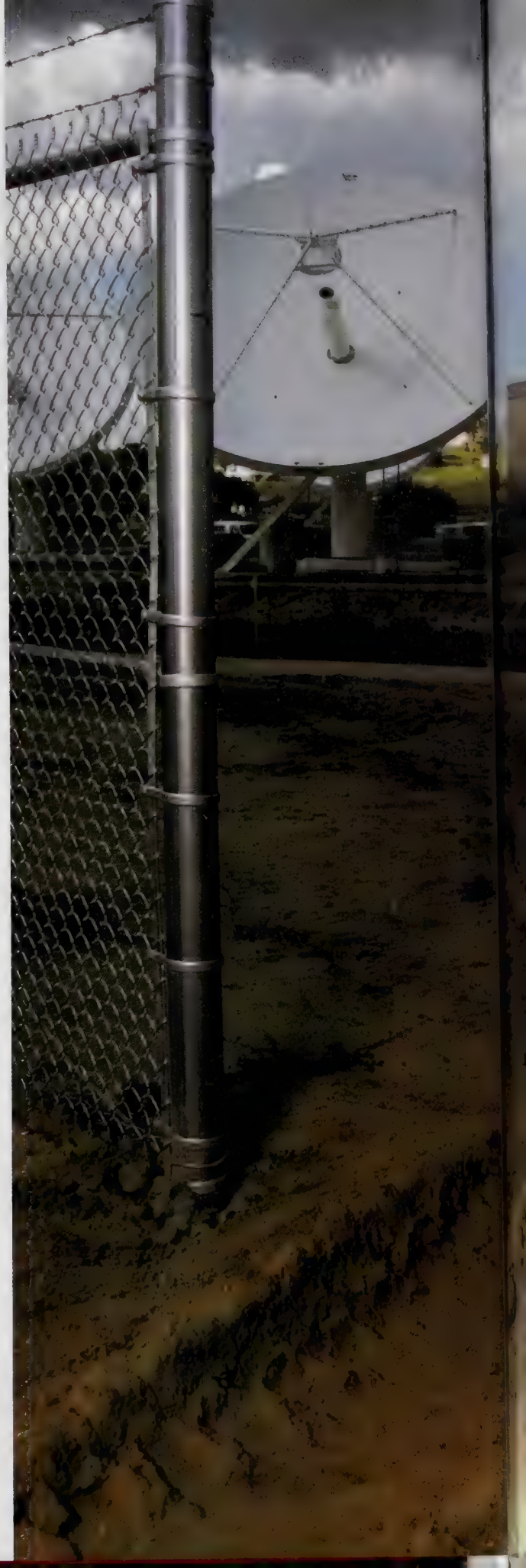
time), and now, at age 71, is still digesting his most recent meal, Paramount Communications. They are the Big Four—masters of their own companies, first among equals in the Information Age.

Other major powers descended on this mountain retreat as well: Time Warner C.E.O. Gerald Levin, 55, who runs a $14-billion-a-year fiefdom that encompasses Warner Bros., HBO, Cinemax, five publishing companies, 24 magazines, and one of the nation's largest record companies. The head of the Walt Disney Company, 52-year-old Michael Eisner, who would shortly find himself on the operating table for a quadruple heart bypass, and then in an intensifying battle of wills leading to the resignation of his second-in-command, Jeffrey Katzenberg. Edgar Bronfman Jr., the 39-year-old head of Seagram, who has acquired nearly 15 percent of Time Warner.

A worn-out Barry Diller had arrived late Thursday, mired in the ruins of his deal to merge his home-shopping network, QVC, with CBS. At 52, Diller is an acknowledged programming genius, who ran Paramount and built a fourth network for Murdoch, but he is still struggling to find his own equity seat at the table. Hollywood superagent Michael Ovitz, 47, man of a thousand contacts, had flown in from Los Angeles, along with David Geffen, the 51-year-old billionaire pop-music impresario. Geffen reportedly would rather have spent the weekend at his house in the Fire Island Pines, but his contract with MCA expires soon, freeing him for who knows what future projects—and besides, can anyone afford to sit out such a high-wattage gathering?

All these men were in Sun Valley at the behest of Herbert A. Allen, premier investment adviser of the Information Age, who owns a nearby ranch. Allen's involvement in the entertainment industry began in the 1970s, when he became chairman of Columbia Pictures. "I cannot think now why I invested in a film company," he says with that flat Wasp detachment. "I think I was bored." To keep himself amused, the 54-year-old merchant banker has been involved in almost every major deal of the past decade, including the sale of Columbia to Sony, Matsushita's purchase of MCA/Universal, the battle for Paramount, and now Viacom's sale of Madison Square Garden, the Stanley Cup champion New York Rangers, the New York Knicks, the Paramount theater, and the MSG sports cable network.

Allen & Company Inc., the firm he spun off from his father's and uncle's Allen & Company in 1964 with the backing of a family fortune now worth about $1 billion, makes its own highly successful investments as well as advising clients involved in mergers or acquisitions. But Allen's aristocratic diffidence—the offhand manner of a bygone age—may be his greatest attraction for the hard-charging buccaneers who seek his counsel and backing. Each July, they and their families join him for five days in Shangri-la, an event more private party than industry conference. ("The Bohemian Grove, but they keep their clothes on" is the description of one Hollywood insider.) In between *(Continued on page 222)*





John Malone

President and C.E.O., Tele-Communications, Inc.

BORN: March 7, 1941; Milford, Conn.

LIVES: Parker, Colo., and Boothbay, Maine.

COLLEGE: Yale University, N.Y.U. (M.S. in electrical engineering), and Johns Hopkins University (M.S. in industrial management; Ph.D. in operations research).

FIRST JOB: Economic planning and research and development at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Photographed at four P.M., June 8, 1994, in front of 12 new satellite dishes at the Starport facility in Denver.



David Geffen

Chairman, the David Geffen Company.

BORN: February 21, 1943; Brooklyn, N.Y.

LIVES: Malibu, New York City, and Fire Island, N.Y.

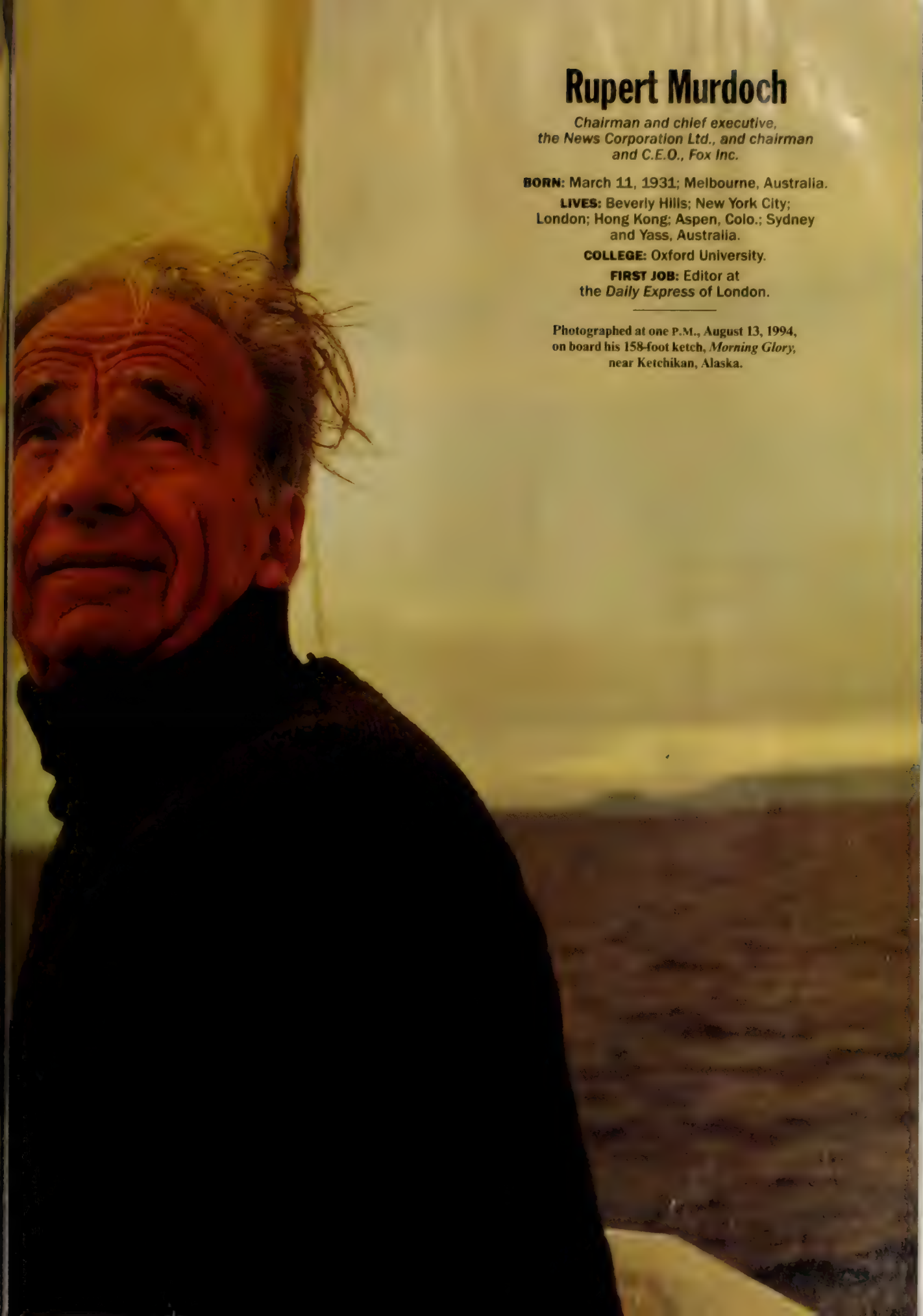
COLLEGE: University of Texas at Austin and Brooklyn College (dropped out of both).

FIRST JOB: Usher at CBS Television City, Hollywood.

Photographed at three P.M., June 1, 1994, 45,000 feet above the Grand Canyon on board his Gulfstream IV en route from New York City to Los Angeles.







Rupert Murdoch

Chairman and chief executive, the News Corporation Ltd., and chairman and C.E.O., Fox Inc.

BORN: March 11, 1931; Melbourne, Australia.

LIVES: Beverly Hills; New York City; London; Hong Kong; Aspen, Colo.; Sydney and Yass, Australia.

COLLEGE: Oxford University.

FIRST JOB: Editor at the *Daily Express* of London.

Photographed at one P.M., August 13, 1994, on board his 158-foot ketch, *Morning Glory*, near Ketchikan, Alaska.



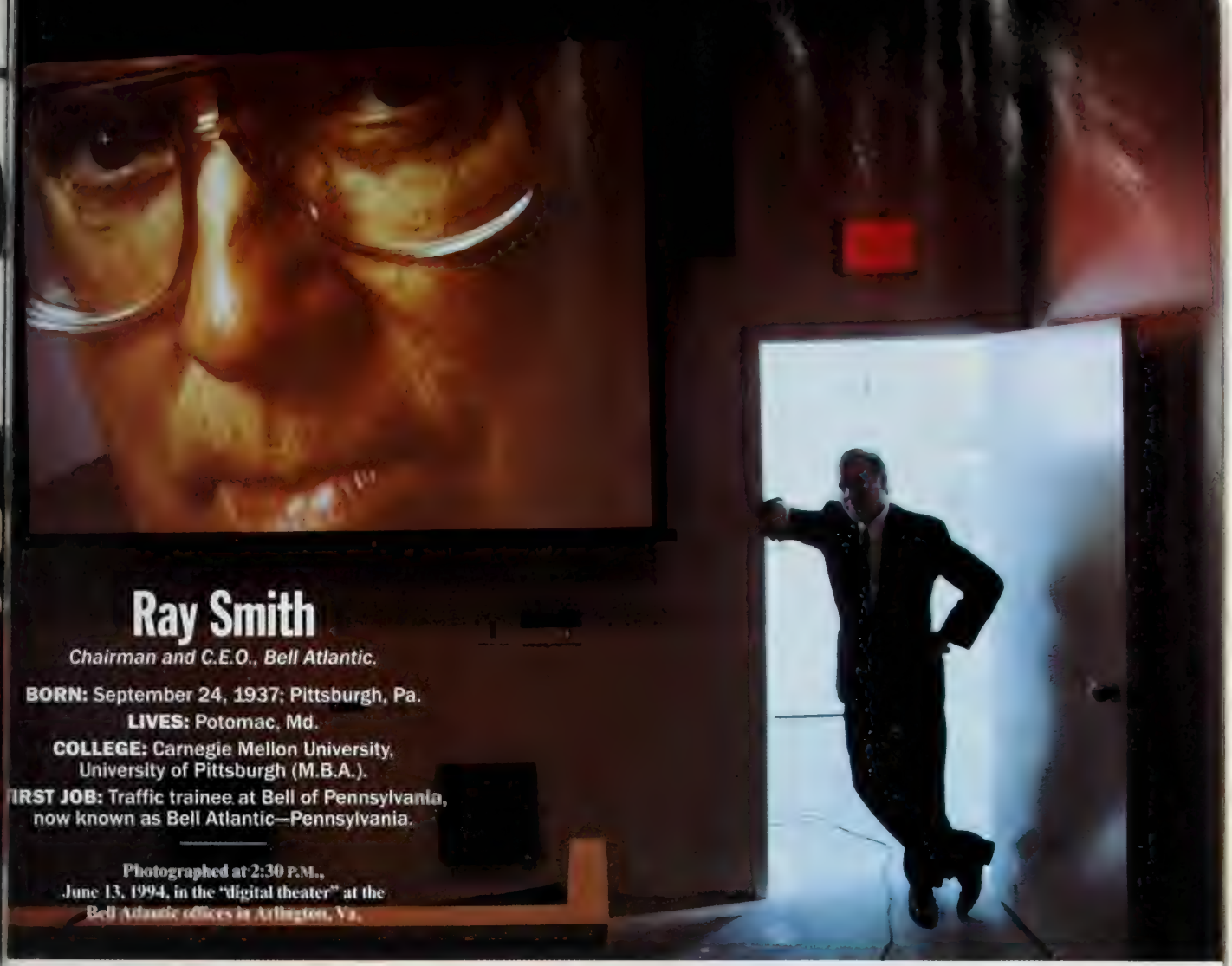
(Continued from page 216) seminars, 150 C.E.O.'s and investors golf, fly-fish, hike, skeet-shoot, and go white-water rafting. This year, the Saturday-night entertainment included a $40,000 fireworks display and an ice-skating show that featured Olympic gold medalists Oksana Baiul, Viktor Petrenko, and Katarina Witt.

In such an atmosphere, the tensest relationships and rivalries are momentarily soothed. Friday night, Levin was presented with an inflatable raft in the shape of a Seagram's bottle, a reference to Bronfman's alarmingly large purchase of Time Warner stock. Whereupon Bronfman, who was making his debut appearance at the gathering, kissed the Time Warner C.E.O. on both cheeks. Between events, Malone and Redstone discussed a possible settlement of the anti-trust lawsuit Viacom had filed against TCI during the battle for Paramount. And Ovitz showed up with the world's best-trained orangutan, which had been carefully coached to hold a microphone and lip-synch a speech in imitation of Allen & Company Inc. managing director and master of ceremonies Jack Schneider.

Allen and his guests are dominating a new explosion of American energy. "From an economic point of view, this is clearly the future for our country," says Levin. As America's military-industrial supremacy has waned, the nation is emerging as an information-and-entertainment superpower. "It's a little bit like the advantage Hen Ford had at the turn of the century," Malone points o "Only America was big enough to justify building ma production centers for Fords. So, here, in the latter p of the century, our market is the only one large enou to justify building the next Microsoft Windows softwa or the next *Terminator 2, Jurassic Park.* That gives us, an exporter, a huge edge."

"This country is poised to set the standards around t world for information and entertainment services," sa Ovitz. An American mega-industry has been given exp nential technological power, power that could change t way we educate our children, change the way we do bu ness, change our definition of community. So dreams a being dreamed, and plans laid, even though no one sure exactly how, or how radically, these technologic advances will affect the way we live. As Ovitz notes, " lot of these ideas are just ideas, and no one's been ab to find a critical mass or marketplace. Right now CD-ROM is the big word because you can actually sell the to someone."

By luck, brains, or instinct, these men are in a positio to define and feed the markets of the future. "The cou try creates a tidal wave, and some people get to ride it says Allen. He doesn't think "information superhighway



Ray Smith

Chairman and C.E.O., Bell Atlantic.

BORN: September 24, 1937; Pittsburgh, Pa.
LIVES: Potomac, Md.
COLLEGE: Carnegie Mellon University, University of Pittsburgh (M.B.A.).
FIRST JOB: Traffic trainee at Bell of Pennsylvania, now known as Bell Atlantic—Pennsylvania.

Photographed at 2:30 P.M., June 13, 1994, in the "digital theater" at the Bell Atlantic offices in Arlington, Va.

n apt description of what is happening: "It's a series starbursts. People will build backward from their brilce—or forward; I'm not sure which." And, he adds, e technology is secondary to the people."

olitical and military affairs were paramount during the Cold War," says Time Inc.'s new-media editor, Walter Isaacson, co-author with Evan Thomas of *The Wise Men*. "Now they're not. The Old Establishment geared to foreign affairs and banking is giving way to a New Establishment that is different in style and connections, but is of comparable importance. The Old Establishnt was a club. The New Establishment is a network." The patron saints of yesterday's Establishment, Elihu ot and Henry Stimson (who both served as secretary war and secretary of state), followed by silver-haired eign-policy deans such as Harriman, Secretary of State an Acheson, and Wall Street lawyer John McCloy, held ernment service as the highest calling. Groomed for duties at New England prep schools and Ivy League versities, the eastern elite shared a set of values and a le of behavior.

The postmodern magnates of the Information Age are ked only by cellular phones and shifting alliances. Building empires without a blueprint, they resemble the robber barons of the 19th century more than the genteel policy mandarins of the postwar order.

Where the Old Establishment policymakers placed a premium on sublimating ego to the greater good, these are businessmen with no sense of a common destiny. "I think that there's probably nothing in the shared experience other than a need to succeed and probably an even greater need not to fail," says Diller. Nothing is static, not even their own positions, as they jockey for control of a future that holds both uncertainty and the promise of vast financial rewards. Money is only one way of keeping score: neither Murdoch, with $4 billion, nor Gates, with more than $6 billion, seems ready to say, "Enough." Redstone has $5.6 billion, but that's not as important to him as the reach of his empire. As he admits, "I do want to be No. 1, if I could be, and I think most of the people like me feel that way, whether we succeed or not."

And so there is a restless frontier energy to the group. They don't congregate in the exclusive, leather-filled clubs of East Coast cities. New York remains a cultural and business mecca, with New Jersey's Teterboro Airport serving as their Grand Central Terminal: Herbert Allen lives at the Carlyle, as does Sumner Redstone, when he



Edgar Bronfman J

President and C.E.O., the Seagram Company Ltd.

BORN: May 16, 1955; New York City
LIVES: New York City, and Pawling, N.
COLLEGE: None.
FIRST JOB: Production assistant to prod David Puttnam on the 1971 movie *Mel*

Photographed at 4:45 P.M., May 24, 1994, in the boardroom of his offices on the fifth floo the Seagram Building, confronting a portrai of his father, Edgar M. Bronfman, painted by George Weymouth.

can't get home to his wife in Newton, Massachusetts. And though Barry Diller has a house in Beverly Hills and a place on the beach in Malibu, he spends much of his time in a $15,000-plus-a-month apartment at the Waldorf Towers. But the geography of power has been decentralized. Every week there's a cable convention or Wertheim/Schroder-*Variety* information-superhighway conference or computer show, and they converge there, touching down in their private jets, and then dispersing once again.

(The jet culture has its own pecking order, from those, like Geffen, who own Gulfstream IVs—with a price tag of $25 million and a monthly operating cost of nearly $100,000—to those who make do with a lowly $9 million Lear or Astra. Those who charter out and those who don't. Private ownership, with a tail number that ends in your initials, versus the company plane.)

Craig McCaw is the ultimate expression and result of this splintered world. At 45, he has already made his fortune, building a company on his vision of the future: the cellular telephone. "We're kind of returning to people freedom they lost starting in the Dark Ages. It was with the discovery of seeds that people ceased being nom ic—and my opinion, by the way, is that people remain madic by nature—but it is for economic reasons that became fixed in our location."

Now that he has agreed to sell McCaw Cellular ($12.6 billion) to AT&T, his current obsession is Telede a venture with Bill Gates to build an 840-satellite co munications network that is projected to cost $9 billi McCaw describes it as reaching rural areas all over world, places that will not see cable or telephone li for some time to come: "It's saying, O.K., pick wh you want to be for the right reasons," he says. He lieves the technological age is "coming in alignment w not the way people think they should be living but way their body wants to live."

McCaw's body wants to live outside Seattle, on La Washington, fly around the Pacific Northwest wildern in his vintage de Havilland Beaver seaplane (he also ow a Falcon 900 and a Super Cub), and spend time on o of his two yachts. Like other members of the group, has used his power and money to escape conformity a buy himself maximum freedom of movement. Geffen c



from New York to Malibu without missing a beat: his ce is his telephone, and his Gulfstream has a special- nstalled system that enables it to receive regular incom- calls. Malone uses cellular phones and videoconferencing run his company from his isolated Maine vacation ne for several months of the year, so that he can pot- around his vegetable garden and picnic with his wife their boat. At 55, Ted Turner also has created a world his own choosing, with toys that include the Atlanta ves and Hawks, and a 3,000-head herd of bison on 100,000-acre Montana ranch.

But like mavericks of earlier generations, they are wn as well to the old-money customs: collecting art, porting cultural institutions, and setting up philan- opic foundations. Ronald Perelman, 51, who has de $3.6 billion acquiring companies including Revlon, l is now building his own media enterprise with New rld Communications, has given millions to the Met- olitan Opera and Carnegie Hall and sits on the board the Guggenheim. Bronfman serves on the board of stees of the New York Public Library, Ovitz on the ard of trustees of the Museum of Modern Art. But while it took decades for Ford, Carnegie, and Mellon money to be respectably recycled into think tanks and universities, this group is moving at an exponential pace—much like the computer-chip technology that powers it. Construction is already under way on the William Gates Information Sciences Building at Stanford. The Turner Foundation is a powerful force for population control and environmental studies. And though Geffen may flout convention by doing business in a baseball cap and blue jeans, he too has a foundation, devoted to AIDS, Israel, and other causes.

One member of the group, on hearing the names of the others, breaks into laughter. "Most of these people talk to each other or have a meal with each other all the time, whether they admit it or not. They are engaged in a constant dialogue." A diagram of their board memberships would look like a web: one of the managing directors of Allen & Company Inc. sits on the board of Liberty Media, TCI's programming arm, while Ted Turner is on the board of TCI itself. Levin is on the



board of Turner Broadcasting, Malone on the boards of Turner Broadcasting and QVC. If AT&T's acquisition of McCaw Cellular goes through, McCaw will sit on the board of AT&T.

"The Old Establishment links were through common bonds of style and beliefs," says Walter Isaacson. "What binds these guys is a sense of interlocking ventures and relationships that mean that they're inextricably tied with one another because of the deals they've made." And so they define their relationships with one another in odd, ambivalent terms.

Ray Smith of Bell Atlantic, whose deal to merge with Malone's TCI went south last winter because they couldn't agree on a price, says that he and Malone "keep saying nice things about each other—more than we used to." And Malone characterizes his relationship with Rupert Murdoch as variously "competitors or partners or co-schemers."

Redstone says blithely that Viacom's lawsuit against TCI, charging a conspiracy to monopolize the cable industry, "was done not because of any personal malice or anything of that kind. We thought it was necessary to preserve our own company—it's as simple as that," and that his relationship with Malone "could not be warmer." (It may get warmer still: last month the two men talked about a settlement that could include a merger of some cable systems and programming services and the transfer of Madison Square Garden.) But even though he won the epic fight for Paramount, Redstone's dispassionate business perspective doesn't carry over when the subject is Barry Diller. After the Viacom-Paramount deal was announced, Diller came after the studio with guns blazing, and his competitive bidding drove up the price, costing Redstone $2 billion.

"I once considered Diller a real friend," he says. "I have no feeling of vindictiveness or vengeance. That's history. But I would be a hypocrite if I said that I didn't have some strong feelings about what he did. He did what I wouldn't have done." According to Redstone, when the two men met in Sun Valley, "Barry said to me, 'You know, I hope you don't feel I victimized you,' and I said, 'But you did, Barry.' . . . And he said, 'I didn't intend to hurt you,' and I said, 'That's a strange statement—you did.'"

Alliances shape and break and reshape. "It's no different than fighting over railroads," says Herbert Allen. "People hunting money and power have pretty much the same style." Is there anything that binds this group of men? In his suite at the Waldorf, Diller points out that "in a game together you play by at least a set of rules, of common rules. That group is far too disparate with too many different kinds of agendas to play by the same rule book. And consequently they are not playing a central game."

Nonetheless, some fairly constant roles have emerged. If Herbert Allen is the old-line East Coast investment adviser, Michael Ovitz is his West Coast counterpart, a



Michael Ovitz

Chairman, Creative Artists Agency.

BORN: December 14, 1946; Chicago.
LIVES: Los Angeles, New York City, and Aspen, Colo.
COLLEGE: U.C.L.A.
FIRST JOB: William Morris Agency mailroom clerk.

Photographed at 4:30 P.M., June 3, 1994, in the CAA screening room in Beverly Hills.



Sumner Redstone

Chairman, Viacom Inc.

BORN: May 27, 1923; Brighton, Mass.
LIVES: Newton, Mass., and New York City.
COLLEGE: Harvard and Harvard Law School.
FIRST JOB: First lieutenant, Army Military Intelligence Branch.

Photographed at 9:25 A.M., May 25, 1994, in New York City, on his daily walk to work.

fixer geared to the fluid nature of the Information Age. Ovitz also played a role in the Sony-Columbia and MCA-Matsushita deals, and the two men are said to talk daily.

Ovitz has reached beyond Hollywood, helping Coca-Cola develop a new advertising campaign, and hiring technology expert Robert Kavner, one of Robert Allen's top executives at AT&T, to help him in his daily search for the emerging profit centers of an evolving industry. His Creative Artists Agency is negotiating with three of the regional telephone companies—Bell Atlantic, Nynex, and Pacific Telesis Group—to create a video-programming network. "The man is omnipresent," says one New York media player, with a combination of awe and resignation. "Every place you turn, he's already there."

John Malone is seen as the man who can either make a deal or ruin it. Through TCI and Liberty Media, he has an interest in dozens of cable services, including CNN, TNT, QVC, Court TV, Black Entertainment Television, American Movie Classics, and the Discovery Channel. One media investor describes his approach as: "I'm going to have a piece of everything. Some of it may not work out, but I'm going to have a piece of everything." The hermetic, family-oriented life he leads and his choice of headquarters—suburban Denver, not Hollywood or New York, with summers spent in Boothbay, Mai rather than the Hamptons—give him an aura of myste People in the business say things like "Nobody kno John Malone," and the C.E.O. of one of the countr largest media companies is reported to have said spends 20 percent of his time trying to figure out wh Malone is doing.

Murdoch is the borderless tycoon, who literally circu navigates the globe week after week. Like most of t New Establishment, he has a fistful of homes, but his a in Australia, London, and Hong Kong, as well as in Ne York, Aspen, and Beverly Hills. "Rupert Murdoch is o of the few people that is immune to John Malone a John Malone is afraid of," says another member of t group. "I don't know anybody else. Because Rupert is international, John can't get to him that easily, and has have things from him. Rupert has built something so i ternational that he does transcend the sort of simp boundaries."

Murdoch's core belief, according to his biograph William Shawcross, is that "as the world is modernizin so it is Americanizing." The members of the New E tablishment grew up in a time when the Hollywood ar media dream machines were creating an entertainme culture. By the 1990s that culture—movies, television, m



sports, computer software, magazines, and books—become America's second-largest net export, after space.

ntertainers, who were once a manufactured elite ("I'm a powerful person, but I play one on TV"), became ue elite ("I am a powerful person because I play one TV"). The highest-paid performer in the country ($98 ion in the last two years), Oprah Winfrey arguably more influence in the culture than any university ident, politician, or religious leader, except perhaps Pope.

/hen Steven Spielberg's fantasy blockbusters, *E.T.* and *e Encounters of the Third Kind,* shot into the popular dstream, their profit margins altered the entire eco- nic scale of the movie business. But with *Schindler's* Spielberg's impact took on new dimensions: his vi- of the Holocaust defined that genocide for millions oung Americans, and he has since testified to the Sen- on the subject of hate crimes.

arbra Streisand was one of the first actors to use that er to move into production—exerting a control that the standard for big box-office stars. And she has ved on Washington as well. Hollywood has always n a major source of campaign money, but Streisand is a political fund-raising force to rival Pamela Harriman. Her recent invitation to lecture at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government speaks volumes about how much the lines between performer and player have blurred.

The touchstone of Old Establishment power, for men such as John McCloy, was that their names rarely appeared in the newspapers. The 80s changed all that, as the fevered drama of mergers and acquisitions turned the financial pages into a real-life version of *Dynasty.* Today, surfing the publicity wave is a virtual necessity. For Diller or Ovitz or Geffen or Eisner, hyping or controlling their images is almost second nature; it is, ultimately, their profession. Others, such as Murdoch and Levin and Malone, rarely talk to the press. But all of them must deal with the power of myth and media a power that, in one way or another, they have helped unleash.

And they have caught the public imagination precisely because they don't play by the gentlemen's rules of the Metropolitan Club or the Council on Foreign Relations. They reflect in unvarnished form the American Dream: "It is still possible to be a Vanderbilt, an Astor, a Rockefeller," says Geffen. "You can still do that, you can be Bill Gates, you can be Rupert Murdoch."

While Murdoch is reviled *(Continued on page 235)*

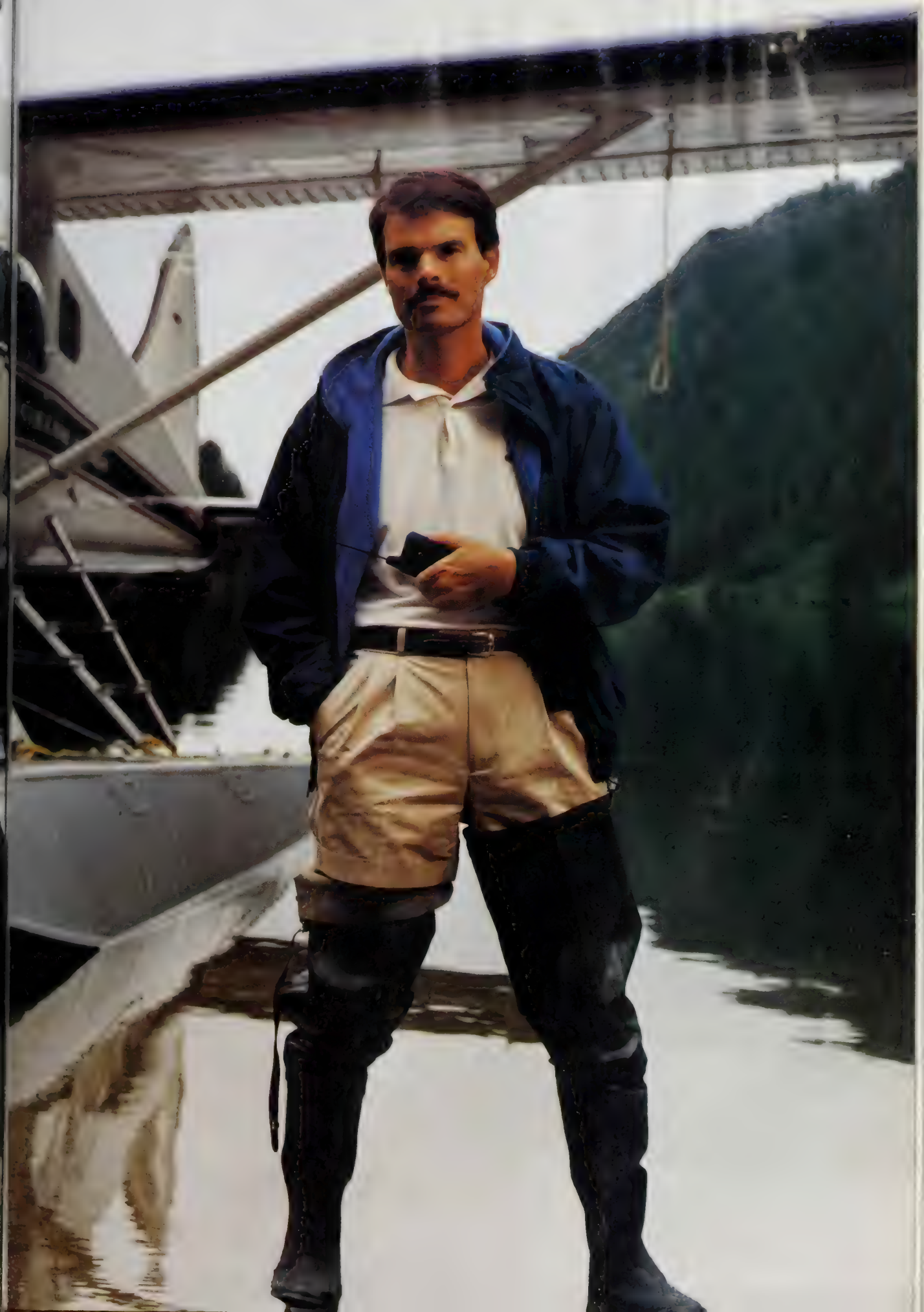


Craig McCaw

Chairman and C.E.O.,
McCaw Cellular Communications.

BORN: August 11, 1949; Centralia, Wash.
LIVES: Bellevue, Wash.
COLLEGE: Stanford University.
FIRST JOB: President of Twin City Cablevision in Centralia.

Photographed at 4:30 P.M., June 23, 1994, after piloting his plane from Seattle to Lake Isabel, Wash.







Barbra Streisand

C.E.O., Barwood Films Ltd.

BORN: April 24, 1942; Brooklyn, N.Y.

LIVES: Los Angeles and New York City.

COLLEGE: None.

FIRST JOB: Cashier at Choy's Chinese restaurant in Brooklyn.

Photographed at 2:30 P.M., July 26, 1994. Edward Hopper's *Summer in the City* sets the tone for Streisand's pose in her office at home in the Bel-Air section of Los Angeles.



Barry Diller

Chairman and C.E.O., QVC, Inc.

BORN: February 2, 1942; San Francisco.
LIVES: Beverly Hills, Malibu, and New York City.
COLLEGE: U.C.L.A. (dropped out).
FIRST JOB: William Morris Agency mailroom clerk.

Photographed at five P.M., May 25, 1994, on the roof of the Silvercup Studios, headquarters of the Q2 division of the QVC network, in Long Island City, N.Y.

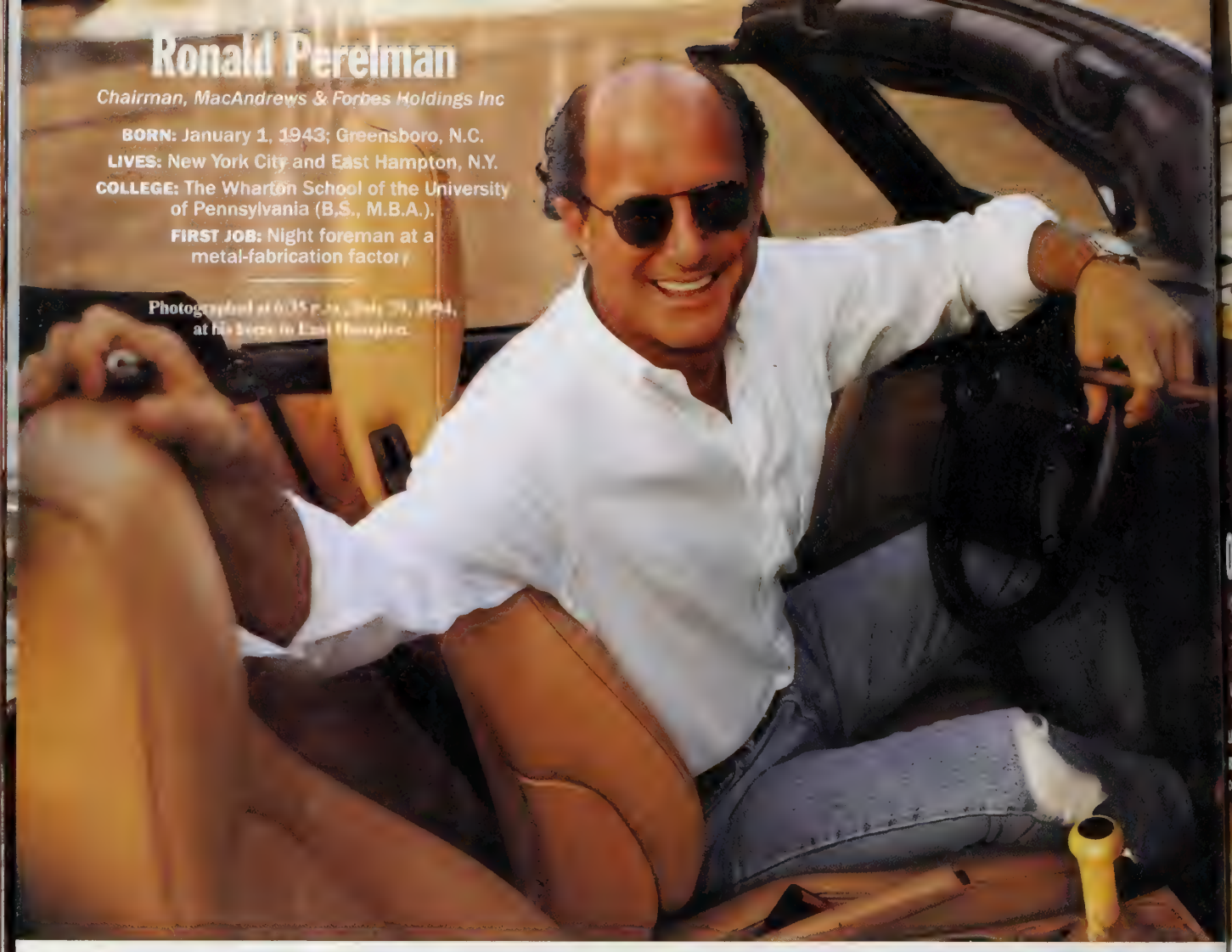
(Continued from page 229) by the British Establishment as a culture-destroying barbarian, in America his achievement is admired largely without reference to its social impact. There is the occasional media wail, deploring the lowest-common-denominator appeal of Fox's *A Current Affair* or *Models Inc.*, but rarely is Murdoch deemed personally responsible. "Murdoch is the No. 1 risktaker in the world," says Redstone. "Somehow or other, even though his risks seem like they exceed the limits of reason sometimes, he always makes it work."

That acceptance flows from the special nature of American popular culture—infinitely exportable in its lack of historical reference or intellectual judgments. Its genius "resides precisely in the nihilism of its entrepreneurs and, finally, out of the society from whence they spring," argues David Rieff in a recent issue of *World Policy Journal*. "There is a staunch refusal to admit that anything needs to be taken so seriously as to get in the way of its marketing, and a confidence that anything can be marketed, anything made appealing, if it is packaged well enough and given the right advertising spin. . . . It excludes nothing, from Bambi to Rambo, where almost any other culture would leave at least some things off the manifest."

But what would this New Establishment leave off the manifest? Even the three—Geffen, Ovitz, and Diller—who all did their apprenticeship in the William Morris mailroom have wildly disparate backgrounds: Geffen grew up in an immigrant Brooklyn neighborhood, Ovitz in a middle-class home in the San Fernando Valley, and Diller in the full wealth and privilege of Beverly Hills. Bronfman, Diller, Gates, and Geffen don't have a single college degree among them, while Ovitz, a pre-med graduate of U.C.L.A., requires a college degree of all applicants to CAA's mailroom training program.

No wonder they look at one another and don't recognize any bond. Geffen is blunt in his reaction to the idea that they are a group: "Is he on this list, John Malone? . . . And Ray Smith is on it also? . . . Well, that's kind of confusing to me." And then: "I can't say I belong on a list with Edgar Bronfman."

As different as they are, Geffen and the staidly romantic young Seagram heir have one thing in common: they are constantly putting their fingers to the winds of popular culture, reading everything from first-time novelists to fashion magazines to Sotheby's and Christie's catalogues. It's important, as Geffen says, "to read about what's happening, to meet people who are doing things, to know what people are reading, what they're seeing. . . . I can't wait for my newspapers to be delivered. I can't wait for my new magazines to come." Along with Diller, Perelman, and Spielberg, who spends most of his summer in the Hamptons, they are the most consciously social members of the group, as comfortable at the White House as they are in the whitewashed halls of Calvin Klein's Seventh Avenue showroom.



Ronald Perelman

Chairman, MacAndrews & Forbes Holdings Inc

BORN: January 1, 1943; Greensboro, N.C.
LIVES: New York City and East Hampton, N.Y.
COLLEGE: The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania (B.S., M.B.A.).
FIRST JOB: Night foreman at a metal-fabrication factory

Photographed [illegible], at his home in East Hampton.

The New Establishment is a bizarre mix of visionaries and empire builders, often in the same person. Along with Turner and Murdoch, Bill Gates is the member of the group who most often inspires the others to use the term "visionary." Microsoft's MS-DOS operating system is now on 110 million computers worldwide, and its Windows software on 60 million.

But while Gates is often at pains to portray himself as primarily a creative type, his ultimate success will probably lie in his willingness to play the hardest hardball a businessman can. "I really abhor his business practices," says a colleague. "But what Bill has done is he's assembled a world-class team of people. However he got where he is now, what he's doing is spending gobs of money to make sure he's got a big say in the future. . . . This guy is too young to roll over and play dead and too competitive to let anything go wrong, and he's gonna win."

With Turner Broadcasting, Ted Turner has amassed a healthy slice of American culture: TBS, TNT, Headline News, Hanna-Barbera, the Cartoon Network, the MGM film library, New Line Cinema, Castle Rock Entertainment, and the Goodwill Games. But that achievement pales next to the dramatic impact of CNN. "Ted Turner is the classic four-year-old and man in the same body," s[illegible] Craig McCaw. "He's pure. . . . People who are pure, l[illegible] Ted, are required to do the obvious, because by the t[illegible] it becomes completely obvious, people like him have [illegible] ready done it and the other guys haven't. You've got [illegible] ask yourself why, what conceivable possible reason, is [illegible] that Ted Turner is the first man to do a news netwo[illegible] I mean, it blows your mind."

Interestingly, Turner, McCaw, and Ray Smith are dysl[illegible] ic, and McCaw has said that "a dyslexic tends to be m[illegible] conceptual and do things which other people wouldn't [illegible] as obvious. So maybe it's a strategic asset." Smith thin[illegible] it could be an asset, too, because while a lot of peop[illegible] waste time worrying about what other people think, "wh[illegible] you're dyslexic you don't have to worry about that, b[illegible] cause they think you're stupid."

After years of trying to shake his company's "B[illegible] Head" mind-set, and of taking the federal government [illegible] court to knock down regulatory barriers, Bell Atlanti[illegible] C.E.O. is now seen, in the words of one member of t[illegible] group, as "the acknowledged dean of the telcos, and c[illegible] tainly the most visionary." As an amateur playwright, a[illegible] tor, and director, the 56-year-old Smith is enjoying t[illegible] Hollywood stardust that has been sprinkled on his li[illegible] but he is most enthusiastic about the potential educatio[illegible]



Photographed at two P.M., [illegible], after taping two shows, in her office at Harpo Studios in Chicago.

mpact of computers, and the idea that Bell Atlantic "do well by doing good.

You start with entertainment, and then you add home pping, interactive shopping, and then you add games, then you add gaming. . . . You've got the highway paid ' Once those markets are tapped, he believes, there will trong financial incentive to use that technology to trans- n our rotting educational system. "The total box-office nue in this whole country is $5 billion. It's nothing. total education budget, I don't even know what it is." , in fact, almost a hundred times as large.

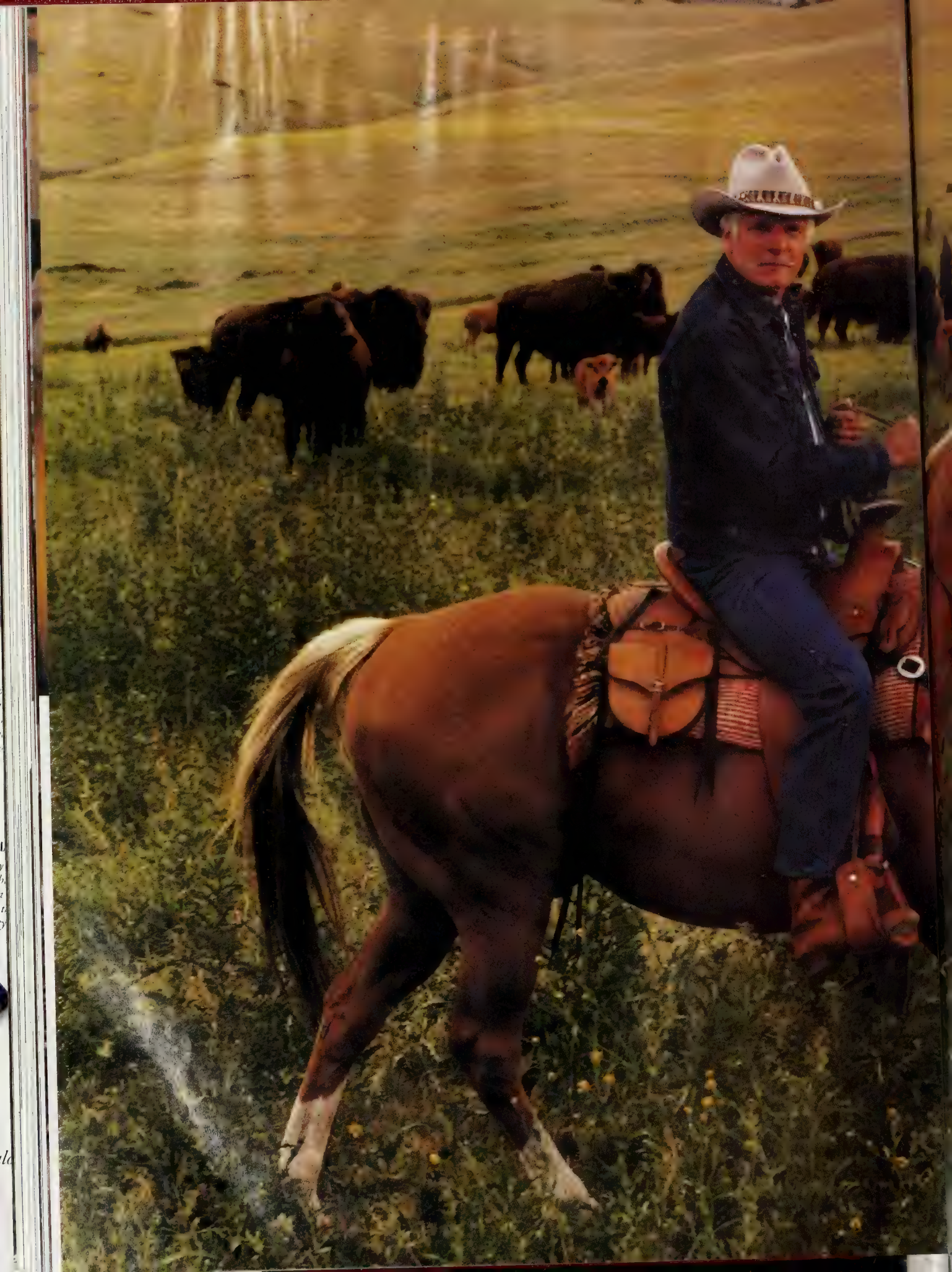
nd if, as institutional investor Gordon Crawford predicts, thing that's going to drive this electronic pipeline is go- to be telephone, plain old telephone service," Smith is ned to make the most of the opportunity. Bell Atlantic needs a national "footprint," but it was the first tele- ne company to win the right to provide cable-TV ser- . Smith's various interactive multimedia services will be ilable in 5.5 million homes by the end of 1998: "We the notices out and we said, 'Anybody who would like e a Video Information Provider—that is, entertainment, pping, whatever it is—we're gonna tell you what our s are. . . . We're going to give 50 percent of the capac- o unaffiliated programmers. And we're going to call you eo Information Providers.' And so we expected to have 10 or 15 people come. One hundred and twenty people came. Lord knows what will show up at the next meeting."

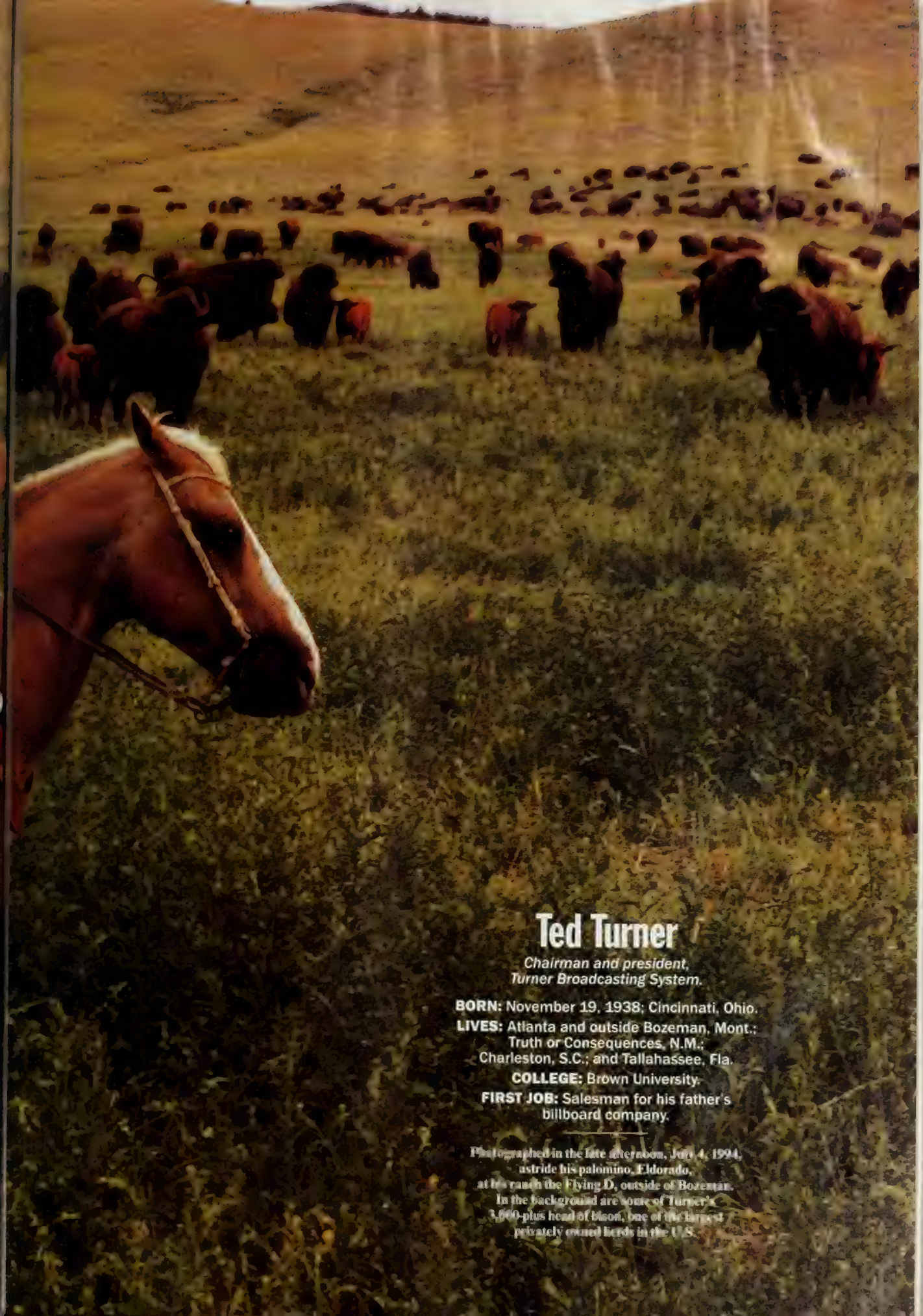
Ray Smith talks about open systems, and Gerald Levin about the empowering nature of the new technology. But all these men are in a game of musical chairs, and the number of seats is diminishing. As Crawford, one of the country's largest media investors, puts it, "If you make a list in the last 10 years of the deals in the business—Paramount, MCA, Columbia, a whole bunch of cable companies that don't exist anymore—what is clearly happening is the drive toward vertical integration. The people who produce content are driven to owning or controlling as many of the windows of distribution as possible.

"And that's what's driving all these guys, that's what drives Sumner Redstone, and drives Jerry Levin, and drives Barry Diller: they want to control as many of those windows as they possibly can."

"Our job," says Redstone, "is to exploit our copyright in every format and over a vast myriad of distribution systems. Whether it's broadcast, telephone, cable—call it information superhighway—we don't care."

The success of any distribution system will lie in what's on it. Perhaps that's why Michael *(Continued on page 240)*





Ted Turner

Chairman and president, Turner Broadcasting System.

BORN: November 19, 1938; Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIVES: Atlanta and outside Bozeman, Mont.; Truth or Consequences, N.M.; Charleston, S.C.; and Tallahassee, Fla.

COLLEGE: Brown University.

FIRST JOB: Salesman for his father's billboard company.

Photographed in the late afternoon, July 4, 1994, astride his palomino, Eldorado, at his ranch the Flying D, outside of Bozeman. In the background are some of Turner's 3,000-plus head of bison, one of the largest privately owned herds in the U.S.

(Continued from page 237) Eisner, secure in his programming strength, kept Disney focused on family entertainment. "Different imaginative projects will be appearing soon," he says, "and will give a feeling of the flash and sizzle of the superhighway, but to put it all together will require massive reconstruction of how things are done today." But now even Eisner feels compelled to get off the sidelines and enter the interactive arena: last month, Disney announced its plan to provide home video services—in a deal similar to Ovitz's—with three of the other Baby Bells.

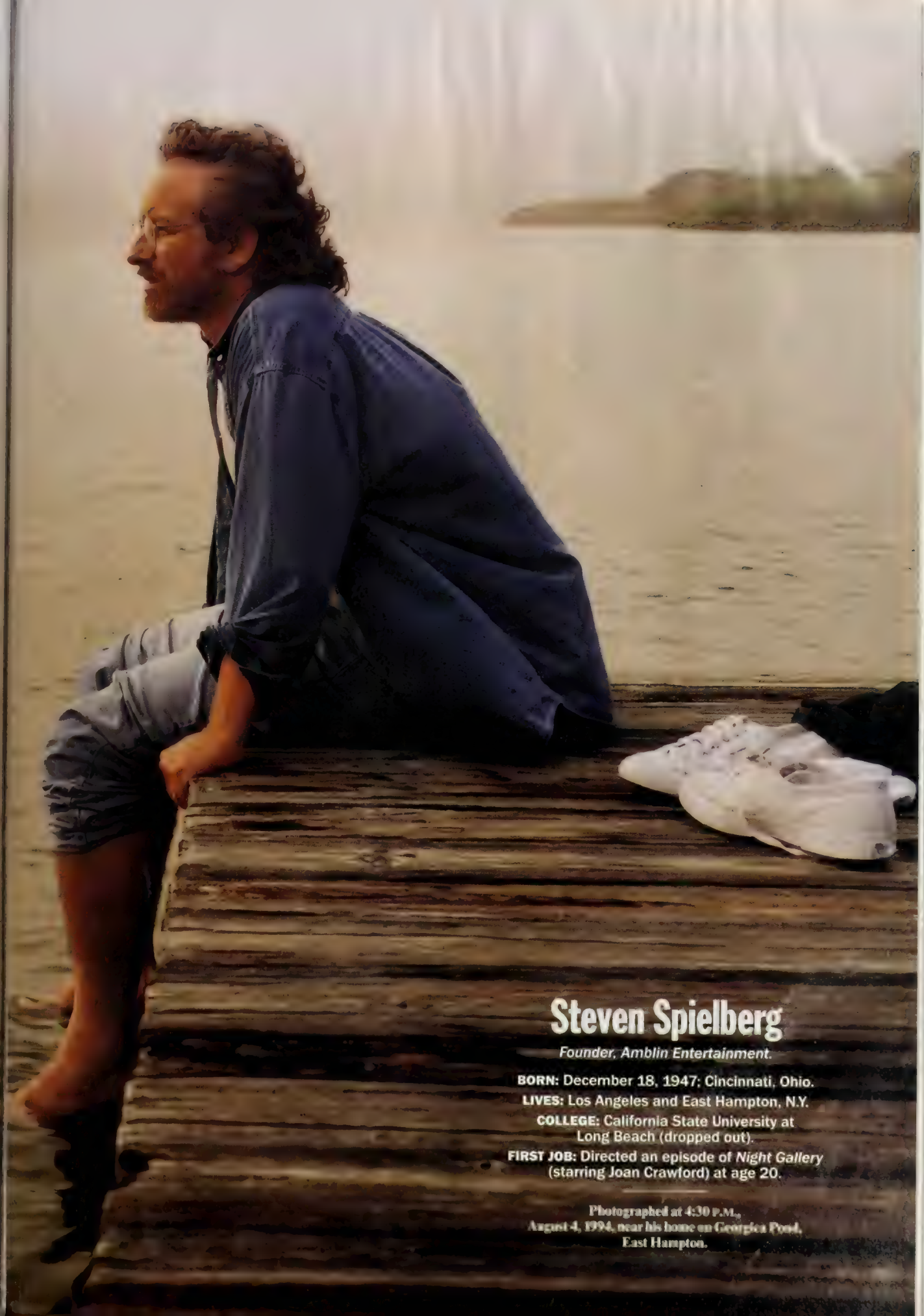
Gerald Levin has a more aggressive approach: he's trying to make the technology work for Time Warner, rather than simply responding to what's already out there. Levin struggles to find a way to talk about what Time Warner's multimedia experiments have shown him. "This system is like nothing else," he says. "It isn't a telephone system; it's not like anything we've ever had before." Consumers will be constructing what they're getting: "It's not the digital network, or 500 channels, or near-infinite numbers of channels—it's the one channel that I create. It's *me*." And, he adds, "the interplay between content and delivery systems was too intimate to separate. I think we'll engage the consumer in the digital domain in a way that forces new forms of publishing and moviemaking and music-making and shopping and whatever."

But who really knows what the landscape will eventually look like? One of the fundamental principles of the Information Age is the two-guys-in-a-garage principle. Somewhere, always, there are two guys in a garage, working on the next thing. For the moment, digital technology is the basis for every scenario. "When we hear Vice President Gore extol the value of the information superhighway, he's really talking about the digital world," says Malone. "It really means the computer will take over transportation and presentation of information, up to and including movies, television shows—it'll all go digital."

Though Malone points to the digitalization of television as a major catalyst in America's multimedia explosion, he also notes that it wasn't until the Japanese had already invested about $3 billion in research for high-definition television—remember HDTV?—that the digital technology blew them out of the water. Even the most farsighted executives can't predict the technological future. "That's what's fun about it," says Ovitz. "We don't have any idea what's going to come along."

Smith keeps in mind the fact that his company could have been named Gray Atlantic. "Alexander Graham Bell and Elisha Gray, the first owner of Western Electric, invented the telephone at identical times. . . . They both looked at the same invention—almost identical. And Elisha Gray saw that it was a multiple telegraph. And Alexander Graham Bell saw it as a speaking telegraph, or, as he called it, telephone."

There's a lot of that going on these days: different people looking at the same technology. And the question is who sees the multiple telegraph and who sees the telephone. As Herbert Allen notes, "The difference between the winners and the losers is a hair." □



Steven Spielberg

Founder, Amblin Entertainment.

BORN: December 18, 1947; Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIVES: Los Angeles and East Hampton, N.Y.

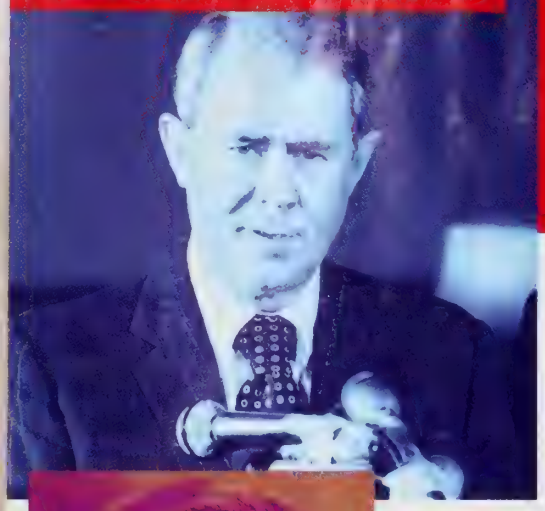
COLLEGE: California State University at Long Beach (dropped out).

FIRST JOB: Directed an episode of *Night Gallery* (starring Joan Crawford) at age 20.

Photographed at 4:30 P.M., August 4, 1994, near his home on Georgica Pond, East Hampton.

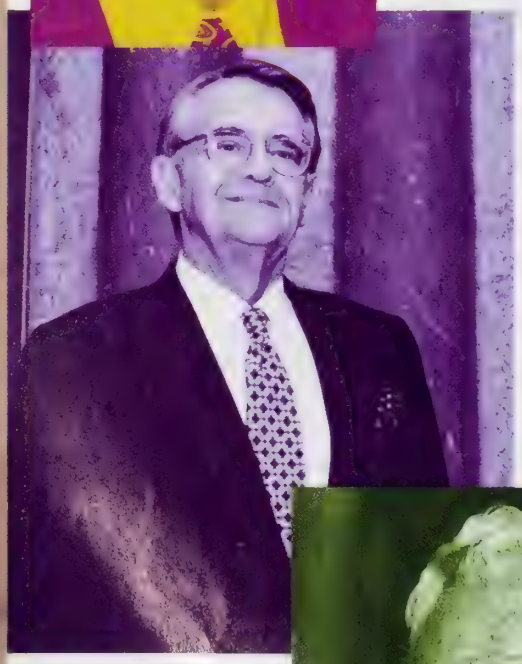
The New Establishment

Masters o

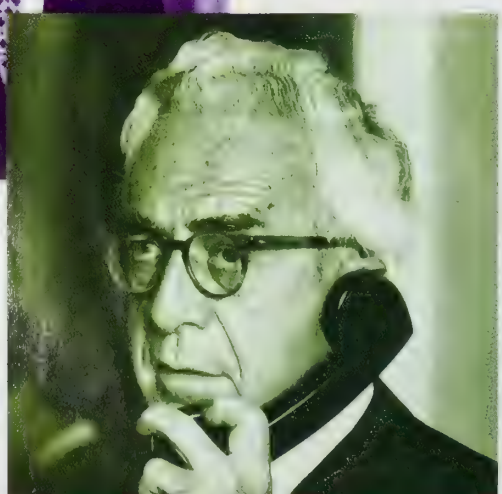




Former de facto Chairmen of the Old Establishment Cyrus Vance, *above,* and Warren Christopher, *left,* both lost status after flawed diplomatic performances.



Current Vice-Chairmen Pete Peterson, *above,* and Lloyd Cutler, *right.*



In America, things happen fast. A century ago, our Establishment, or Eastern Establishment, named after a British institution that developed over the course of a millennium, had not yet really taken form. It wasn't officially noticed and named until the 1960s. And yet already it has acquired the burnish of faded grandeur.

Starchy, tweedy, stuffy, enclosed, self-obsessed, fantastically concerned with the pursuit of what it defined as the good, the Establishment ran the world for quite a while. It was never a formal or public organization, but everybody knew about it. It attracted resentment. People did well for themselves by posing as daring attackers of it. Only a short time ago, in the late 1970s, Jimmy Carter attained the presidency by positioning himself as an anti-Establishment outsider, and then lost it after one term when the extent to which he was being sponsored by the Establishment came to light.

Anytime an institution begins to engender nostalgia, or preservative-restorative fantasies, it's a sure sign that it no longer poses even an imagined threat to anyone. This is now happening with the Eastern Establishment. Glorifications of the tough old cormorants who ran it and bemoanings of the difficulty of finding the non-ideological center and getting things done in the broad national interest—the Establishment's old specialties—have become standards of contemporary discourse. ters have proceeded to the point w a rather basic fact has been forgo namely that the Eastern Estab ment still exists. It breathes. It pu People join it. Hard to believe? us crack open the oaken door take a peek.

At a certain point one is vited to things. (Not " are," one is: quasi-Bri usage is still the Estab ment's style.) Luncheo meetings, conferences. Establishment's roots lie in the t ing of the excesses of the Gil Age, so, appropriately, the loca is often some old plutocrat's converted to eleemosynary shabby tility. There will be a gathering discuss some vital, pressing issue say, Arden House, the former co try retreat of the Harriman fam or the Council on Foreign Relati once the home of Harold Pratt, Ditchley Park, in England, wh was owned by Ronald Tree. The mosphere is earnest. There is an vited speaker, who can be more fra more *direct,* than would be poss in a public forum. As a guest, may ask a question or even expr briefly, one's own views.

It is no longer the case that th present are all white (more to the po blond or snowy) men from Wall Str firms. Women, Jews, African-Am cans, Latinos, academics, and, certain subjects, community activist all members of categories from wh it was once difficult to find peo who were really *solid*—are now ne not there.

The feeling surrounding the rece of such invitations is, at first, pleasur even, though one would never g voice to it, a distinct physical thr The wall has been breached. Becau one cannot apply for membership

n Old Game

The men who walked the quiet halls of the Eastern Establishment guided the U.S. through industrialization, two World Wars, and much of the Cold War. But now that venerable club is being pushed to the sidelines. NICHOLAS LEMANN considers whether it has lost the field

Establishment and must wait to
ıvited, the process of campaign-
'or admission can be psychologi-
trying. It is necessary to be good
gh to attract notice, but one's
tion cannot be naked.
ɔw, with the luncheons, a blessed-
ɔre direct line of ascent is evident:
will come requests to join minor
ds and committees, then being put
harge of a special project, then
ications, then government (not a
"service")—with one's performance
g quietly, ruthlessly assessed by el-
at every step—and then, perhaps,
ings have gone well, real power.
is the great game, whose politesse
:artfelt but has traditionally been
:rstood to be merely a veneer. The
d can be run by gentlemen, but
after all, via pure gentlemanliness.
nese days, however, an alarming
zation begins to dawn after the first
dozen meetings—a feeling more for-
en, more never-ever-to-be-discussed
the delirious joy of having been
ıcted. It is that these meetings,
the much smaller meetings one
't be invited to for another 10 or
/ears, are not the place where the
goes down anymore. The idea of
oup of gentlefolk meeting to dis-
their concerns, which previously
always a polite cover even as it
he tone for Establishment gather-
, may now, horribly enough, be
ırate. If the Establishment is not a
ıpletely hollow shell, at the very least
suspicion is inescapable that today
ins only itself.

The *locus classicus* on the Eastern Establishment is an article the late Richard Rovere wrote three decades ago for *The American Scholar*, inspired by a slightly earlier article by Henry Fairlie in *The Spectator* that coined the term but applied it only to England. Rovere was himself a member (though, in keeping with Establishment mores, he didn't reveal this in the article, choosing instead to assume the pose of a befuddled social scientist); unsurprisingly, he got it just about right. He defined the Establishment as "a more or less closed and self-sustaining institution that holds a preponderance of power in our more or less open society."

What has changed in the last 30 years is the part about "a preponderance of power." The Establishment's first grand achievement (1900–40) was making the United States into a modern industrial welfare state, in which big corporations would coexist with government social and economic regulation. The next and even grander achievement (1940–65) was winning World War II and creating the postwar order, whose most prominent features were the Cold War and the economic restoration of Western Europe and Japan. Since then the Establishment has found itself a helpless spectator at the great transforming developments in the United States and abroad, and has directed most of its energies to ordinary operational matters—there are always State Department posts to be filled and Ford Foundation grants to be given out.

One of the Establishment's problems is that it had to undertake a lengthy self-reform project just at a time when its primacy was being challenged from the outside. In its heyday, the Establishment was often misunderstood by outsiders as a hereditary aristocracy. In truth it was a limited-contest meritocracy. Beginning with the founding fathers, Elihu Root and Henry Stimson, its essential members were not men rich by birth. Instead, they were advisers to rich men; they had emerged, by virtue of their trustworthiness and ability and their making of fortunate attachments to patrons, from a smallish personnel pool: the eastern Protestant well-educated respectable middle class.

They made their (very good) livings in law firms and investment banks—that is, as high-level transaction managers for the great industrial fortunes and the corporations that had sprung from them. Government, mostly the appointive ranks, needed the same skills, especially in foreign affairs. Vast sectors of American life were largely beyond the Establishment's reach—for example, the South and West and (to quote Rovere) "such fields as advertising, television, or motion pictures." But it hardly mattered, because eastern industrial capitalism so dominated the life of the country.

For a good 20 years after the end of World War II, the Establishment was able to function with total self-confidence about its judgment and its right to power. An establishment almost has to be prelapsarian, completely free of doubt and guilt—how else could it play its role as power elite? Then a lessening of sureness did creep in. One reason was the disastrous outcome of one of the Establishment's projects, the Vietnam War, and another, oddly enough, was the success of the civil-rights movement, which (as Rovere pointed out) the Establishment had supported with restrained ardor. The placing of an end to ethnic prejudice high up in the pantheon of

virtue led the Establishment to an increased awareness of its own ethnic prejudices—of which a mild but distinct anti-Semitism was the most prominent—and so to a shattering realization that it was not morally pure.

Once it was clear that minorities and women had a right to be admitted to the rooms where the big decisions were being made, the Establishment (decent, moderately liberal, and deeply needing to believe itself to be good) could not continue to do its business in the same way. It had to open up its ranks—a process that took time and effort, since Establishmentarians must be lengthily trained beginning in late adolescence—and, having done so, to operate in a more complex environment. And it had to undertake all this without its old sense of assurance. Once, at least within its own world, the Establishment could simply act and that would be that. Now it has to consult first.

Not only was American society vastly more quiescent during the Establishment's postwar glory days, the rest of the developed world was on its knees. Even better, because the Establishment is essentially practical and needs something to do, there was a central project: to compete with Communism. Today, even though the United States is the only superpower, the Establishment hasn't been able to create a world order in the way it did after the war, in no small part because it is confronted once again with the troublesome issues of ethnicity and nationalism, which have never been its strong suit.

Finding the right horse to back (firm but not totalitarian, popular but not demagogic) in a faraway poor country engaged in a civil war is exactly what the Establishment couldn't do in Vietnam. And it can't do so now—most notably in Bosnia, Rwanda, and Haiti, but in a lot of other places too. Domestically the Establishment hasn't succeeded, either, at what became its main project over the last generation: solving the problems of the inner-city ghettos. In general it does better with numbers than with people; its recent record is strongest in areas such as deficit reduction and restructuring foreign debt.

Had the Establishment been having an easier time of it, it would surely have done a better job of assimilating into its ranks what have become competing or even supplanting power centers in American society. The Sunbelt is mostly territory the Establishment doesn't control; so are the post-Vietnam military, the entertainment industry, and the country's fastest-growing religious denominations, which are Pentecostal, Mormon, and Jehovah's Witnesses. Meanwhile, the eastern and midwestern industrial economy that was the Establishment's mainspring has deteriorated.

The long rise and reign of Ronald Reagan in American politics is the leading example and symbol of the Establishment's loss of control over the country. (While the weaknesses the Establishment tends to be most aware of are on its left flank, its most significant opposition is conservative.) The key point about Reagan was not that he kept winning—non-Establishment politicians do that quite regularly—but that once in office he did not become "responsible," and instead openly flouted the Establishment line on such issues as tax rates, balanced budgets, anti-poverty programs, and arms control without suffering any noticeable consequences. Only now, when it's too late, are Reagan and his circle gradually being brought into the orbit of Establishment causes and meetings and projects.

The Establishment is still a living entity, though. It retains significant holdings: for example, nearly all of higher education, a good portion of Wall Street, the leading foundations (though in recent years a right-wing philanthropic counter-Establishment has sprung up), the "high" Protestant denominations and Reform Judaism, museums, the national news media, and the Cabinet (which is amazingly Establishment-dominated, considering how messy politics is).

In some areas it has even gained ground. Time Inc. was not part of the Establishment when Rovere was writing, but is now. (On the other hand, it has become a subsidiary of a movie company.) The op-ed pages of major newspapers and the federal offic the independent prosecutor are portant new Establishment institut President Clinton, though not hi a member of the Establishment, Establishment-trained at Oxford Yale and has taken the most Establishment stance of any presi in years on issues such as econo policy and Supreme Court appo ments. As Rovere pointed out, w ever the president is not a membe the Establishment, the vice presi is (exception: Nixon and Agnew, look what happened to them), and Gore is in fact Co-Chairman of Establishment's Under-50 Divisio

Rovere derived the membership the Establishment's Executive C mittee by cross-referencing commi rosters. That technique now g erates an Executive Committee is substantially female and Afric American: Franklin Thomas, Ha Holborn Gray, Vernon Jordan, B erly Sills, and, especially, Don McHenry, the former diplomat, w from a strict methodological standp would have to be declared the tablishment's Chairman (he sits the boards of AT&T, the Mayo Fo dation, the Brookings Institution, *eign Policy* magazine, Coca-Cola, the American Ditchley Foundati among many others).

Does this mean that the most lu conservative fantasies about an tablishment dedicated to dethroning white male and his values have co true? No, it doesn't. It means that Establishment wants to broaden ranks but doesn't know and tr many people who might help it do so the same few nonwhite-male nam pop up everywhere. But these peo are true Establishment members, tokens. In fact, the Establishment h to some extent become (like bo publishing and municipal politics) demonstration of the principle th when an area loses its central imp tance it magically becomes more verse than the areas that still rea matter (like investment banking, c porate-law practice, and entertainmen

The actual Chairman of the Esta lishment for 1994, it has been r vealed to me, is a man named Jo C. Whitehead. You've never heard

to be invited.

but that's the point: who outside stablishment members themselves heard of the man Rovere fin- l as Chairman, John J. McCloy? Vice-Chairmen are the better- vn Lloyd Cutler (White House sel and co-founder of an impor- Washington law firm) and Peter Peterson (former commerce sec- y, head of a "boutique" invest- bank, chairman of the Council oreign Relations, and anti-deficit ader).

ast Chairmen Cyrus Vance and en Christopher have both dropped tch in status over the last year use of flawed diplomatic perfor- ces. The Establishment's Treasur- Felix Rohatyn and its Chief of mmunications is Bill Moyers. Its ial lookout for threatening populist ity is Kevin P. Phillips. Co-chair- , with Gore, of the Under-50 Di- n is Strobe Talbott, the deputy tary of state. The Treasurer is en Rattner, a protégé of Rohatyn's, the Chief of Communications is er Isaacson, editor of new media ime Inc.

ecently, I dropped in to see the irman, a silver-haired, genial man emanates sober trustworthiness, h, rather than intellectual bril- ce, is the key quality a Chairman equired to have. As all Establish- t Chairmen must, by ironclad he denied everything—that there n Establishment, that he's in it— the evidence is incontrovertible: tehead is former co-chairman of dman, Sachs & Co., the most im- ant investment bank, and former uty secretary of state, and has head- the Harvard Board of Overseers the boards of the Asia Society, Brookings Institution, the Inter- onal Rescue Committee, and the lrew W. Mellon Foundation. He however, seem to have a little e on his hands. Was this because had the whole thing running smoothly, or because business slow?

here can be no doubt but that some portant tasks will always be done the Establishment. It will choose presidents of the Ivy League uni- sities and decide which artists get or retrospectives. Unless things get really bad, it will run every presidential transition. The real question is to what extent the Establishment will be in on the big reorganizing developments in society: the mergers and financings of major economic entities, political realignments, and fundamental changes in government policy. Somehow knowing that the Establishment had controlled the Viacom-Paramount deal would make the Council on Foreign Relations luncheon on Brazil a lot more interesting.

The Establishment has done pretty poorly at bringing in the leaders of countervailing power groups. Only in the cultural wing of the Establishment, for example, do you consistently find real-estate, technology, and entertainment names on boards (such as Michael Ovitz at the Museum of Modern Art), and this is the result more of the time-honored desire of rich entrepreneurs to associate themselves with Art as a way to increase their respectability than of the Establishment's trying to form new strategic alliances. The only truly heads-up activity going on within the Establishment is in the Under-50 Division, where many of the key players have begun repositioning themselves as more in tune with the post-industrial order. Al Gore, for example, was associated in the 1980s with two of the classic Old Establishment issues, environmentalism and arms control, but is now best known for his interest in regulation of information technology, which is the present-day analogue of trust-busting in Theodore Roosevelt's era.

It would take a lot for the Establishment to get back to the level of its apogee. Probably it will never happen. Still, counting the Establishment out entirely would be unwarranted. It may bungle; it may ignore developments it should have noticed; but it still has its hole card, the power to confer membership. Is anyone truly immune to the magical crook of the finger? Certainly no one who has answered it ever, ever quits.



Revealed: The Chairman of the Old Establishment for 1994 is . . . the impeccably credentialed but almost invisible John C. Whitehead.

Photograph by JONATHAN BECKER

The New Establishment



Perhaps more than any other single person, Henry Kissinger augured the end of the gifted amateurs of the Old Establishment. His ascension to power represented the rise of the free agent—the professional political player who brilliantly manipulated the press, played both sides of issues, and put his own agenda ahead of all others. DAVID HALBERSTAM pins Dr. Kissinger to the pages of history

The Decline and Fa



THE BEST, THE BRIGHTEST, THE ALMOST INDICTED

Left, 1952: three close friends who helped write America's postwar history. From far left: Mutual Security Administrator W. Averell Harriman—a champion polo player—who had served as U.S. ambassador to the U.S.S.R. during W.W. II; Dean Acheson, Truman's secretary of state; Defense Secretary Robert Lovett, who served as undersecretary of state at the dawn of the Cold War. *Below,* the White House, 1972: President Richard Nixon meets with Henry Kissinger, his national-security adviser, who in private moments referred to the chief executive as "my drunken friend."

f the Eastern Empire

He had been one of the men chosen to eulogize Nixon, a decision which had confounded the old loyalists: the bond between Henry Kissinger and the former president, whom he had served as national-security adviser and then secretary of state, had never been warm. Nixon had always been hypersensitive to Kissinger's ambition and his tendency to take credit with journalists for triumphs that Nixon considered his singular territory. H. R. Haldeman had once told John Ehrlichman that their former boss had bugged his own office in order to be able to demonstrate, in Ehrlichman's words, "that the foreign-policy initiatives of his Presidency were in fact his own, not Henry's." The Nixon-Kissinger relationship, frail and edgy at all times, was particularly fraught at certain junctures: such as the week when *Time* selected *both* as Men of the Year, which enraged Nixon, or the day when Kissinger won what Nixon regarded as *his* Nobel Prize. They survived as colleagues in no small part because they were, for better or for worse, bound to each other, essentially each other's hostage.

The immediate interests that joined them were complicated by larger tensions: there had been Nixon's unfortunate anti-Semitism, amplified on occasion—some observers believed—for Kissinger's benefit as a little test among the boys. Nixon sometimes used the description "Jewboy" (a term ranking right up there with "kike" for most Jews) to describe his top foreign-policy expert. As for Kissinger, known for his treacherous mouth, he was often scornful of the man who had helped advance him, something Nixon was well aware of. After Nixon left office, a group of Canadian reporters overheard Kissinger calling the former president an odd, artificial man, one of his milder epithets. From the beginning of his White House tour, Kissinger often portrayed Nixon to his staff as unstable, irrational, given to heavy drinking. "My drunken friend," he liked to call Nixon, or sarcastically "our peerless leader."

The consequences of their union were historic. Given their personalities, their respective insecurities, and the effect they would have on each other, it was as if there had been some dark sun on the day they came together. Nixon was paranoiac, brooding, pessimistic—a man who stored up grievance. Much of that grievance was directed at the power and snobbery of what he considered the Eastern Establishment. Kissinger was paranoiac, brilliant, devious, manipulative, and neurotically territorial; he was, at least outwardly, a product of the forces Nixon most despised: Harvard, the Rockefellers, the old boys. On occasion, even after leaving office, Nixon would speak bitterly of those institutions, which he believed represented the weakening fiber of America. He referred to their members as *Henry's crowd,* and he did this long after Kissinger himself had been largely separated from the Establishment by the incursion into Cambodia.

The telephone call that signified the decline of the Eastern Establishment, as an instrument of class propelled by certain traditions of loyalty and honor, came for Henry Kissinger in November 1968 at a meeting with his patron, Nelson Rockefeller, at the latter's West 54th Street apartment in New York City. Kissinger and other Rockefeller staffers were trying to predict which position Nixon would offer their boss in his new administration.

It appeared likely to the Rockefeller insiders, if not to the Nixon insiders, that their man would be offered something major, probably secretary of defense. In turn, he would offer a choice appointment to Kissinger, probably assistant secretary for international security—a considerable plum and a perfect launchpad for a rising star. It was also quite possible, however, that Kissinger would be offered something higher: unbeknownst to Rockefeller, he had made himself unusually helpful to Nixon, serving as his secret channel on the Paris peace talks. Kissinger had used his Democratic connections to gain access to privileged information in Paris and had funneled it to Nixon men Richard Allen and John Mitchell. He had more lines into the Nixon camp than his Rockefeller colleagues imagined, but then again he also had more connections to Hubert Humphrey than the Nixon group realized. Humphrey, in fact, had also spoken of giving Kissinger a top job if he was elected, quite possibly the role of the president's chief adviser for national security. Kissinger's capacity to be all things to all campaigns—an overt Rockefeller man, a semi-covert Humphrey man, and a covert Nixon man—reflects the emergence of the rootless operator in the modern superstate. Kissinger was the first—though there were others to follow—of the wily ambitious agents of opportunity set loose in the wilds of Washington and other capitals. They are interchangeable men, singular in their ambition, unhampered by traditional loyalties or affiliations. They are men so cool and detached in their geopolitical views that they sometimes seem to be part of a new international elite, readily transferable to the governments of allies and adversaries alike.

It did not seem to occur to the Rockefeller camp that Nixon would not welcome its leader into the fold. But Nixon had not forgotten the humiliation inflicted by Rockefeller in 1960 when the former had won his first presidential nomination. The price of Rocky's support had been Nixon's consent to a platform which seemed more Rockefeller than Nixon to most conservatives and which had enraged the Republican right. There were less tangible resentments as well: old money, the East, all the associations that Kissinger inherited and Rockefeller embodied. There would, as it happened, be no job for Nelson Rockefeller. Instead, after the brief phone call, Kissinger became national-security adviser.

Many were surprised when Nixon offered and Kissinger accepted the job. Among those particularly sur-

The telephone call that signified the decline of the Easte

ised were Kissinger's associates in e foreign-policy wings of the Rockeller and Humphrey campaigns, peoe who had thought they were close him, people who had thought they new that he viewed Nixon as a kind political devil incarnate. The reason ey had thought they knew this was at Henry Kissinger had often told em so.

In early 1969 I lived a few blocks om the historian Teddy White on Manttan's East Side. We often went for alks when our workdays were done, nd on January 23, 1969 (I am gratel for H. R. Haldeman's diary for reinding me of the exact date), Teddy old me a story rich in its ironies. On he previous day, January 22, he had een at the White House for his final nterview with Nixon—now newly inalled as president—for *The Making f the President, 1968*. By chance, he ad also seen Kissinger.

"The last time I had seen Henry as during the Miami convention, which ominated Nixon," Teddy said. "Nixon early had a lock on the nomination nd so I decided to wander over to he Rockefeller headquarters to see what was like there as the last of Nelson's residential ambitions were coming to n end. It had the feeling of a morgue. verywhere you looked there were old lates of take-out food and half-emp coffee containers. And the only perin I saw was Henry. I have never een greeted so warmly; it was as if I ere his last friend on earth.

"'Teddy,' he said, 'we have to stop his madman Nixon . . . ' Kissinger ent on a prolonged indictment of lixon, that he was not to be trusted, hat he represented everything dark and angerous, that he was not worthy of he office. He said that America might ot survive a Nixon presidency."

Teddy White had not been greatly noved by this tirade; he had heard comarable Kissinger soliloquies. Then, ist two days after the inaugural, he ad visited Nixon in the White House. lixon had welcomed him, outlining is vision of the presidency and then lking him to meet his new assistant r national-security affairs, *Doctor* Hen- Kissinger. Teddy had been amused y Nixon's continuing emphasis of the

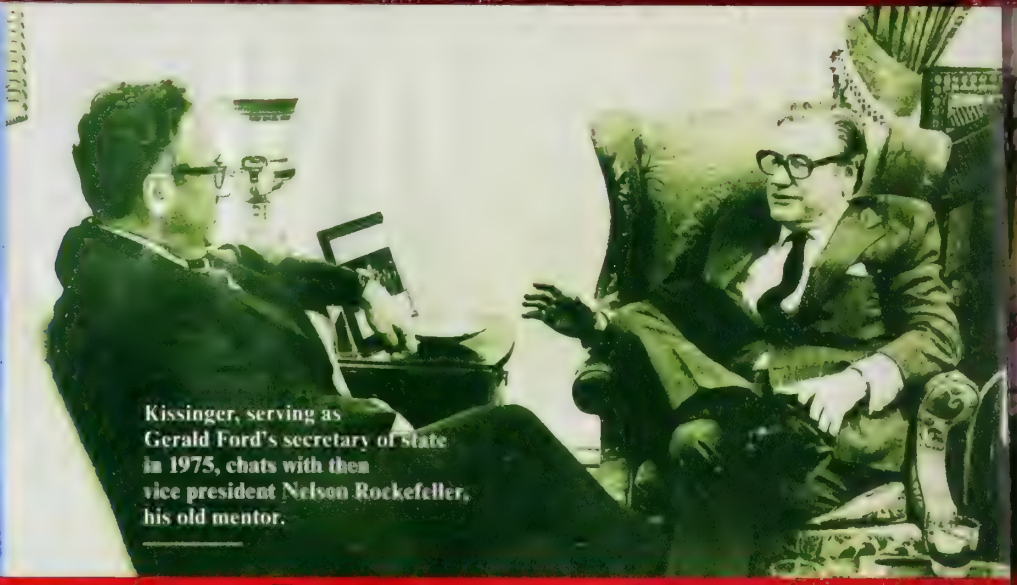


WISE GUY
John McCloy—Wall Street attorney, assistant secretary of war, high commissioner for Germany, president of the World Bank, chairman of Chase bank, chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations. More than any figure of this century, McCloy symbolized Establishment values.

stablishment came for Henry Kissinger in November 1968



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Kissinger, serving as Gerald Ford's secretary of state in 1975, chats with then vice president Nelson Rockefeller, his old mentor.

"Henry, you're brilliant," Elliott began. "But you're arroga

honorific. It was as if both were equal beneficiaries of Kissinger's intellectual credentials. Kissinger, Teddy told me, had been extremely stilted, even after Nixon's departure, when they chatted for an hour before Teddy raced to catch the shuttle to New York.

That night, the phone rang just as Teddy entered his apartment. The voice, heavily accented, was familiar: it was Kissinger. "Teddy," he said plaintively, "that last conversation we had together in Miami—it was off-the-record, wasn't it?"

Kissinger's appointment brought to the inner circle of power the most complicated, brilliant, and controversial government servant of the postwar era, a man with a towering intellect, an unnerving appetite for power, and a reputation, as time passed, for conduct of the most devious sort. ("I admire Henry," said Richard Allen, a conservative Nixon adviser who helped bring Kissinger into the Nixon camp and was later squeezed out by him. "What is troubling about him is why he needs to be so devious and manipulative—he's so brilliant, he works so hard. He sees connections before everyone else. He could rise just as high if he played straight. But for some reason, he just can't play straight. He *has* to manipulate.")

Kissinger was the first great figure of the meritocracy to play so great a role in the foreign-policy superstructure, the first (but certainly not the last) who came from the seemingly disinterested ambience of Harvard to use that institution as an elegant but glorified trade school. The contradictions in his life were dazzling: He was a firsthand observer of our fragmented and less than generous refugee policy toward the Jews of Europe, but for much of his life seemed to downplay systematically the importance of human rights in foreign policy. He often seemed uneasy with the American instinct for goodness and morality in foreign policy, as if it were the weakness of a youthful, innocent nation lacking in its sense of realpolitik. Though he had been propelled to the inner sanctum of power by the forces of the Eastern Establishment, his willingness to go along with Nixon's actions on Vietnam, and most specifically Cambodia, had a profound impact on his relationship with the Establishment, which effectively broke with the Nixon administration over these policies.

Kissinger's role in the Nixon White House signified a sea change in the nature of the American Establishment, which, in the past, had prided itself on the now seemingly archaic notion that character and integrity were more important than brilliance and originality. The greater good of the ruling class, which of course meant the greater good of the country, was more important than self-advancement. Kissinger's rise to power, his ability to retool and repackage himself, his cultivation of journalists, represent[ed] something else, something contemp[o]rary, a different kind of man who play[ed] by different rules in a new, med[ia]-driven age. His success signaled t[he] end of the Establishment as it had [ex]isted in the past, the Establishment [as] written about by Richard Rovere a[nd] John Kenneth Galbraith, a group un[i]ed not merely by certain goals a[nd] ideals but also by immutable rules [of] behavior. More, it signified the co[m]ing of a new ethos: character and t[ra]ditional standards of loyalty were [no] longer, as they had been, a requisi[te] more important, they could now [be] viewed as a weakness. The more lo[y]al a man was, the more he was bu[r]dened by the past. One should not [be] tied to people who were out of fav[or]

The Establishment's high-water ma[rk] was probably 1960 and the election [of] John Kennedy. Vietnam was its nad[ir] when it lost something critical: the b[e]lief on the part of ordinary America[ns] that it possessed a rare expertise th[at] those of more plebeian backgroun[ds] lacked. Vietnam, among other thing[s] revealed the Establishment as poor[ly] informed on a vast landmass which i[n]cluded, among other countries, Chin[a]. The Establishment's elite was made u[p] of men who looked toward Europe. The[y] had seen Vietnam as essentially pe[r]ipheral, and they had made a fatal e[r]ror in failing to understand not onl[y] the ineffectiveness of American tech[-]nology there but also the revolutionar[y] forces driving their opponents. Thes[e]



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e Godfather
1972



Kissinger and wife Nancy with *The Washington Post*'s Kay Graham aboard Rupert Murdoch's chartered yacht, *Midnight Saga*.

fact you're the most arrogant man I've ever met."

iscalculations cost them and the class ey represented dearly.

The Establishment's decline stemmed t merely from the loss of its myth expertise. Its base was torn asun- r by domestic change. The G.I. ll had altered the very nature of merican society. America had gone m political democracy to economic democracy with the New Deal, d to social democracy with the ming of the G.I. Bill. The nation's eat elite colleges were no longer ivate sanctuaries of privilege. In e years after World War II, they were ing opened to the children of the eritocracy, and once this happened, e very nature of the Establishment as transformed. It had to adapt quick- admitting new members such as bigniew Brzezinski, who would ul- nately become Jimmy Carter's na- nal-security adviser, and Kissinger, ose fathers had not even been born American shores.

The power of privilege and the con- ctions that came from being a lega- e of a great family fell into decline. was harder for the children of by- ne glories to assume command, for ey were often outstripped in college the hungry, driven children of the eritocracy. It was an article of faith at the prep-school graduates per- rmed better during freshman year than e public-school graduates, but that late the sophomore year the hungrier pub- -school boys passed them by. The orld changed similarly. In later years, Henry Kissinger would reflect this contrast when he upstaged Secretary of State William Rogers, whom he saw as his principal rival for influence in foreign policy during the Nixon administration. Rogers—certifiably Waspy, demonstrably clubbable—belonged to Burning Tree and to the Racquet and Tennis Club as well as the Metropolitan. But he never craved power as Kissinger did. Rogers, although perceived as a Washington insider, became stunningly vulnerable almost overnight.

The Establishment declined for other reasons: American power and money moved south and west, and the consequences for the Republican Party, and thus the Eastern Establishment, were profound. (While the Establishment liked to think of itself as nonpartisan, it was essentially genteel centrist eastern Republican.) The final decline of that wing of the party was foreshadowed in 1964 when Goldwater won the Republican nomination from the main liberal candidate, Nelson Rockefeller. After 1968, no Republican liberal would run for at least a quarter-century, although John Anderson ran as an independent and John Lindsay campaigned as a Democrat. George Bush transmogrified from the son of Prescott Bush, good eastern liberal internationalist, to George Bush of Texas, a man who played to (but never really won over) the Republican right. Late in his career, in one of his less successful transformations, Kissinger—after having served Nixon and Ford, the Republican center's surviving figures—attempted, albeit unsuccessfully, to recast himself yet again to satisfy the new right wing.

Another factor in the Establishment's decline was rising media power. The failure of U.S. Vietnam policy diminished the Establishment but strengthened the media, which reported the war more accurately than the government did. The media, bolstered by network television, arrived as a power center rivaling government itself. Previous Establishment media people working Washington had known their place; they were ancillary to their government betters. But the new generation, demonstrably less responsive to men in office, was more independent and more aggressive. Within government, there was far greater pressure to leak, which undermined many Establishment norms, most notably secrecy, which had worked through the 50s and 60s.

The arrival of men such as Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski at the forefront of the national-security complex signaled the first surfacing of a professional class of foreign-policy experts, a new generation for America's postwar incarnation. (In time, this nucleus of experts trained specifically for the role of foreign policy would expand further with the coming of the representatives of human-rights groups and

They joined the best clubs within the colleges, Porcellian and Fly, Skull and Bone...





Above: General George Marshall makes a stop in Paris on his way to Moscow for a meeting at the Kremlin. *Right:* Elihu Root, who served as secretary of state under Theodore Roosevelt, helped define the Establishment's internationalist stance.

refugee organizations.) The new class, trained quite specifically for the task, was created not to wrest power away from the older, more traditional Establishment, but ostensibly to serve it. Its rise created a dramatic impact. Before World War II, the ruling class had drifted through the Ivy League, turning rather casually to careers in government if they were bored with more traditional careers in finance and the law. There was nothing casual about the new generation. They sought advancement in the most singular way.

The Wasp Establishment as it existed in the 50s and early 60s was a select group of prominent men whose job was to guide American foreign policy, which they had done with considerable success for much of the earlier part of this century. The term "Wasp" should not lead one to assume that the sole qualifications were to be white and Protestant. There were millions of good, God-fearing white Protestants who were not, by standard definition, true Wasps. Rather, the term referred to a class within a class, a governing elite which had served, earlier on, as both upper and ruling class. Most of its members were men of the Atlantic, Republican internationalists who—because of financial interests—tilted toward Europe. They shared a special kinship with England, a vague tolerance—and certain irritability—toward France, and a wary acceptance of Germany. Almost all of its senior figures had been interventionists in those lonely, desperate years before World War II when America was still isolationist and Hitler was on the rise, threatening England and the democracies of Europe. If there was a thread which bound together the great American diplomats and policymakers of that era—Henry Stimson, George Marshall, John McCloy, Dean Acheson, George Kennan, Averell Harriman, and Bob Lovett—it was their common role in that great struggle to move America toward preparedness before the war. The later battle for the containment policy which stalemated Soviet aggression in Europe seemed easy by comparison.

They were eastern men, even if they were not all eastern-born (Lovett came from Texas, Kennan from Wisconsin). Educated in New England, they had joined the great banking houses and law firms of Wall and State Streets and were groomed in the verities and politics of the world to which they had been born or become apprenticed. They accepted its internationalism, its dress codes, its restraints, its mastery of ego. Their preferred continent was Europe, not Asia, the preferred general Eisenhower, not MacArthur, the preferred sports tennis and sailing, not baseball or basketball. They rendered these decisions with finality, a certainty inculcated in the great prep schools, where their values and friendships had been solidified and where they had learned to distinguish who among them was worthy and sound. From the right preps they had moved on to the right colleges and, more important, to the best clubs within the colleges, the Porcellian and the Fly at Harvard, Skull and Bones and Scroll and Key at Yale, and Ivy and Cap and Gown at Princeton. They were united by styles and manners that symbolized everything they shared; in the 5[illegible] at least, they were known as "Shoe" [illegible] "White Shoe") or "Clubby," which has over the years mutated to "Preppy."

The better young men were not so much brilliant as clubbable, vouchable. The bloodlines were tested, the values confirmed early on. The legatees knew who had "the right stuff" and who, conversely, would never pass muster; they knew what was to be discussed on and in private. They knew—and this was perhaps the most elemental rule of all—that they were not to take credit for anything, even if the credit was rightfully theirs. They tended to be self-deprecating and detached, stoic. (Many were uneasy with John Foster Dulles not just because of his slowness to perceive the danger of Hitler but also because he was considered too partisan and vainglorious.) They were sound; they were solid: the Establishment resisted fashion. It was important to hold the center; it was important not to embrace new ideas too quickly—it was better to be wrong than to be hasty.

Issues of class were critically important to the men who inhabited this inner circle. By all rights, these centrist Republicans should have supported Richard Nixon in 1960, but the Establishment had never warmed to Nixon. John Kennedy may have been a Catholic, he may have been a Democrat, he may even have been old Joe Kennedy's son. But he was *cool,* innately patrician, clearly the first Irish-Catholic Brahmin. Having dealt all his life with his father, an autocratic tycoon, he was equipped to charm even the most tough-ing figures of the Establishment on their home turf.

Nixon was another matter. In 19[illegible] Henry Luce, patriarch of *Time,* was fond of saying that he was supposed to be for Nixon, but he didn't like him very much. He was supposed to be against Kennedy, but he liked him a great deal. Nixon, a striver, awkward and uncomfortable, nakedly ambitious—conducted himself quite differently from someone raised in the culture of Luce and the others. Years earlier, when Nixon had gone to New York for an interview at the Establishment law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell


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Kennedy was *cool*, innately patrician, clearly the first Irish-Catholic Brahmi



John Kennedy tries out a director's chair during a visit to Hollywood in 1940.

the partner interviewing him had made notes on his shifty-eyed manner. Nixon was, to this world, forever the outsider. Even when he tried to be friendly, it seemed artificial.

Kennedy was filled with the kind of easy confidence that was crucial to being an Establishment member in good standing. He was secure not only in the belief that good things would happen to him but also with the idea that they *should* happen to him. He deserved them. Doors would open readily, important men would seek his company, appealing women would find him attractive. Kennedy accepted his good fortune without doubt; he never questioned his entitlement. Nixon, with all his stored-up anger, was untrustworthy. The insecure were *always* untrustworthy. And the Establishment was premised, as much as anything, on trust.

In the years after W.W. II, the Harvard Government Department was not a place for the faint of heart. Of the young men who were teaching fellows there in the early 50s, three went on to become national-security assistants to the president of the United States: McGeorge Bundy, Kissinger, and Brzezinski. It was the hot place, offering instant connection to power. With the growth of the Cold War and the coming of America as a superpower, the country needed an entire new class of bright young men to serve. Harvard was the magnet for those who would fill the vacuum—a new breed of action intellectuals, men not content with academe, men determined to create and act on new policies.

From the start, Kissinger seemed a less than passionate teacher. His lectures on occasion, said one observer, resembled modern press conferences. At the beginning of class, he answered questions about world events; if there was time at the end, he *might* discuss the assignment. Those who wanted to see him were told to make three appointments. He would, he promised, be sure to keep one. He was interested in those above him in the hierarchy, and was one of the earliest networkers. Christmas cards, oddly enough, were one of his chosen instruments. On the surface, the young Kissinger might have appeared an unlikely holiday celebrant, but he kept the names and addresses of everyone on hand, including those young foreigners who had come through the Harvard international program and who seemed destined for something.

He had the ability to find the right older man to sponsor him. At Harvard, it was William Yandell ("Wild Bill") Elliott, one of the towering figures of the Government Department. Bill Elliott was a former college football star who took great pleasure in the roughness of his language and manner. If he did have, as he was certain, one of Harvard's best minds, it was clearly matched by the dimensions of his self-regard. He became an important Kissinger booster, but being an Elliott protégé was not always an unmixed blessing. Bill Elliott was not above letting his acolytes know the price they paid for his sponsorship. In 1955, a classmate of mine named Richard Ullman (later a distinguished political scientist at Princeton) was working as the editor of the summer *Crimson* at Harvard, and he went to see Bill Elliott for a story about the International Seminar then conducted at the university. When Ullman asked Elliott a procedural question, he replied, "Go see my water boy about that."

"Who's your water boy?" the puzzled Ullman inquired.

"Henry Kissinger."

"Why do you call him that?"

"Because he does everything I ask him to," Elliott answered.

Somehow in those years Kissinger managed to offend Elliott; no one knew how. Perhaps Elliott sensed that Kissinger was intent on transfer to a larger field of action. But something happened, and in 1963, at the time of Elliott's re[tire]ment, there was a scene that became [le]gendary. Elliott's senior colleagues [had] gathered at a dinner to say farewell [to] the guest of honor had visited each [of] parting words. Almost all his comm[ents] were generous, until he came to Kis[sin]ger: "Henry," he began, "you're brilli[ant]. But you're arrogant. In fact you're [the] most arrogant man I've ever met." [Kis]singer became ashen-faced. "Mark [my] words," Elliott continued, "your [ar]rogance is going to get you in real trou[ble] one day."

Because of the unique force of his [will], Kissinger's weakness became his stren[gth]. His insecurity in the end became [his] weapon; he needed success more t[han] others, and he would do more to attai[n] it. Sensing himself an outsider, disconnec[ted] and rootless, he acted with fewer [re]straints on his conduct. The key fac[tor] here was his insecurity, produced as [it] had been by his terrible childhood in p[re]-Holocaust Germany. Uprooted, the so[ci]ety around him destroyed, his most ch[er]ished institutions corrupted and ma[de] evil, Kissinger arrived here badly da[m]aged, wary, extremely suspicious. He ga[ve] his trust and loyalty to no one, and [in] personal and professional dealings (fo[r a] man like him the two were never separ[a]ted), he was always on red alert: *Is [he a] friend or enemy? What are his weakness[es], prejudices? Can he be flattered, neutr[al]ized?* Unsure of his place in the n[ew] world, he could theoretically understa[nd] its protections but could never entir[ely] trust in them. This damage, however, on[ly] made him more brilliant, more intere[st]ing—and finally more devious. He cou[ld] never relax or let down his guard. D[e]spite the blessings of a free society, [he] could never entirely overcome the wa[ry]ness of those whose childhoods ha[d] been lost in the totalitarian states th[ey] have left behind. (Though Kissinger h[as] often denied that his childhood is in a[ny] way part of the psychic key to him, h[is] longtime associates feel otherwise.)

He was ferociously territorial, with th[e] tendency to interpret the simplest [of] moves in the darkest of lights. He squa[b]bled constantly with Bob Bowie, his sup[e]rior at the Center for International A[f]fairs. At a department meeting, Bow[ie] suggested that a noted professor h[ad]



SWEET SENTIMENTS.
FROM THE NEW ROMANTIC PERIOD.



Lindt

OF SWITZERLAND

A PASSION FOR CHOCOLATE SINCE 1845

"I can do you more good if I am not public," Kissinger told the Nixon people.

brought in. Kissinger was furious. Later, he turned to his colleague Mort Halperin. "Do you know what that was about?" he asked. Halperin did not. "It was an attempt to embarrass me," said Kissinger, explaining that the professor in question had written unfavorably about one of Kissinger's books. Bringing him to Harvard, Kissinger suggested, would lend the university's imprimatur to the review.

He was a brilliant man with a capacity not merely to reinvent himself but to become—at least momentarily—the person that others wanted him to be. As Walter Isaacson has noted in his excellent biography, Kissinger was the prototype of someone who had grown up in an authoritarian society, obsequious with those above, overbearing with those below, and devious with peers. There is an additional consideration: more than one acquaintance has pointed out Kissinger's own internal resentment of the flattery that had become his trademark. This, perhaps, explains his unattractive tendency to privately ridicule—as if to gain some kind of revenge—the very people he had just courted.

At Harvard he was acutely aware of and quite resentful of the success of another rising star, Zbigniew Brzezinski, whose talents and ambition were quite similar to his own. If anything, in those days, Brzezinski—slim, attractive, and roguish—was perceived as socially more presentable than the somewhat overweight Kissinger. And Brzezinski had one additional advantage: in those early, overheated days of the Cold War, he was automatically regarded, by virtue of his genes (he was an émigré Pole), as a hard-liner. Kissinger, a Jew, inevitably aroused somewhat more suspicion on the right for possible left-wing sympathies. He had to work harder than Brzezinski to show his bona fides as an anti-Communist.

In the 50s, Kissinger made a lateral move to the Rockefeller operation, becoming an adviser on foreign policy. His book on the use of tactical nuclear weapons was published and was a surprising success. It even made the best-seller lists. But Kissinger was hardly a commanding figure; his massive insecurities about being an immigrant Jew were not assuaged by working for one of America's first families. His reputation for sycophancy increased, as did his talent for flattery of the most skilled sort: intellectual flattery. He was very aware of where powerful men stood on all issues, who their enemies were, and—far more than the norm—he had the capacity to play to these men, to bring up subjects and prejudices close to their hearts. So often the men were stunned by this brilliant young mind who seemed to feel as they did about so many things and expressed their very own feelings with such conviction. Kissinger was not someone, it was said, who ever disagreed with anyone more powerful than he, at least face-to-face.

As his power within the Rockefeller organization grew, Kissinger began to think of himself as increasingly grand. When a press liaison who had an almost perfect ear for Rockefeller's speech patterns once tried to rewrite a Kissinger speech, Kissinger was not pleased. "When Nelson buys a Picasso, he does not get a housepainter to go and retouch it," he said. Inevitably, Emmet John Hughes, for many years the ranking Rockefeller intellectual and a man who watched Kissinger's rise with a combination of resentment and disdain, retaliated. In 1968, before the Rockefeller presidential run, frustrated by what he perceived as constant Kissinger undercutting, Hughes suggested that the Rockefeller people bring in Brzezinski as an adviser. Brzezinski, Hughes said, had a far better mind than Henry's. Soon there were rumors not only of a Brzezinski opening (playing the Polish card, one Rockefeller staffer called it) but also of sightings: Zbig and Emmet lunching at a place where rising stars were offered important jobs. Kissinger was appalled. He was heard to say that there was no need to bring Zbig into the campaign; there was already plenty of intellectual firepower. Rockefeller, however, was intrigued by Brzezinski; if two intellectuals were better than one, then certainly three were better than two, and they clearly cost a good deal less than Picassos. For a time, Brzezinski responded to the seduction: he was closer to Humphrey politically, but thought more highly of Rockefeller as an administrator. But by the time the Rockefeller offer was tendered, he had signed on [illegible] Humphrey.

But Zbig remained something [illegible] thorn. Years after the Rockefeller [illegible] off, after Carter had given Brzezinski [illegible] singer's old job as national-security ad[illegible] er, Kissinger was invited to a dinner [illegible] Kay Graham's in honor of Frank Wis[illegible] who had just been named ambassador [illegible] Zambia. During the festivities, Kissi[illegible] had been extremely bothered by a pl[illegible] on the mantel of a slim, handsome yo[illegible] man. "Kay," he asked, "how could [illegible] do it to me?"

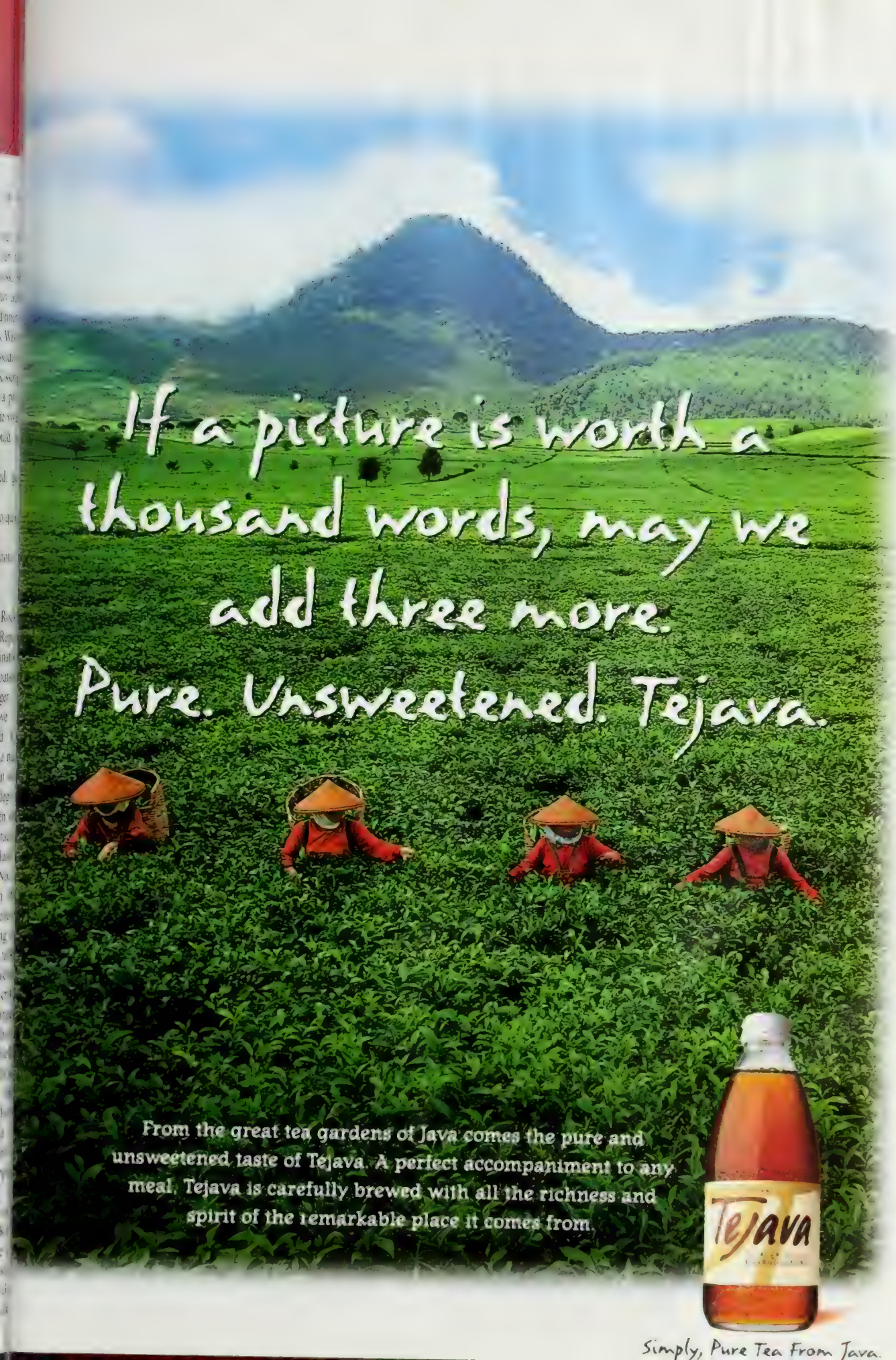
"Do what, Henry?" she asked, [illegible] uinely puzzled.

"Put up a photo of Zbig, and so qu[illegible] ly, too."

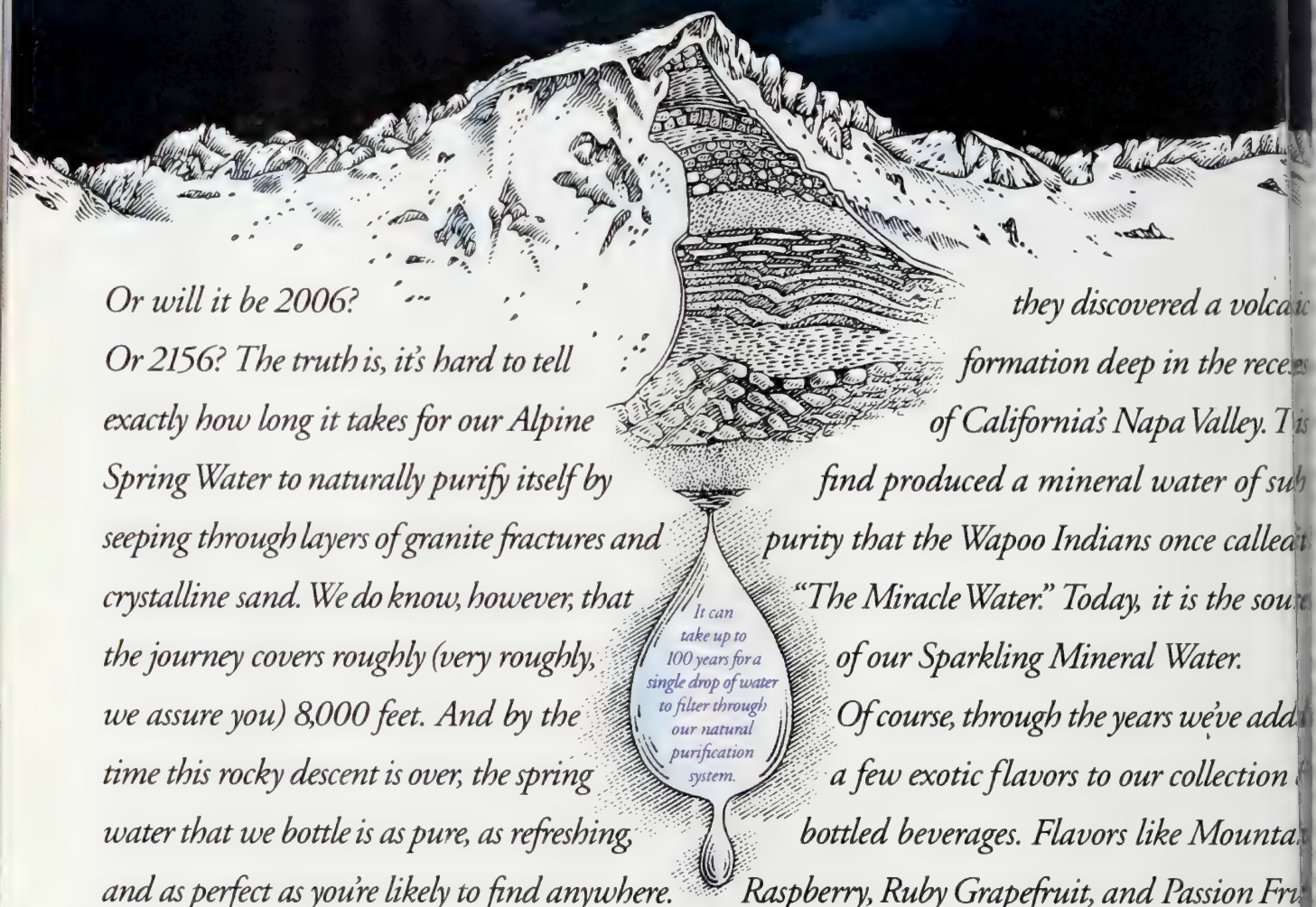
"Henry," she said, "that is a photo [illegible] *Phil Graham*" (her late husband).

To all intents and purposes, Roc[illegible] feller's 1968 loss of the Rep[illegible] lican presidential nominat[illegible] seemed, at least to the outs[illegible] world, a loss for Kissinger [illegible] well. His surprising move [illegible] Nixon, however, signaled [illegible] coming of a new age and a n[illegible] type of foreign-policy adviser. What [illegible] stunning to many people was the deg[illegible] to which the qualities that had been [illegible] portant in the past, those of charac[illegible] and loyalty, were discredited. Gradua[illegible] after Kissinger surfaced in the Nix[illegible] camp, some of his old friends in [illegible] Johnson administration came to beli[illegible] that he had betrayed them by feeding [illegible] tal information on the Paris peace ta[illegible] to the Nixon people, information whic[illegible] when relayed back to Saigon—had a cr[illegible] cal effect on the negotiations. Kissing[illegible] fed this information first through Richa[illegible] Allen and then through John Mitche[illegible] the general campaign manager. Alle[illegible] who had brought Kissinger into t[illegible] Nixon campaign, later told *The New Yo[illegible] Times*'s Seymour Hersh: "I became [illegible] handmaiden of Henry Kissinger's dri[illegible] for power. I was naïve. I had my zipp[illegible] wide open."

After Rockefeller's defeat at the co[illegible] vention, Allen—who greatly admired K[illegible] singer's intellect—offered him a chance [illegible] be a Nixon foreign-policy adviser. Kissi[illegible] ger had told Allen that he was positive[illegible] inclined toward Nixon, but that he cou[illegible]


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rk more effectively if he did not come t publicly with his support. His exact rds. "I can do you more good if I am t public." Kissinger became a secret iree for the Nixon people while simulneously assuring friends in Paris that he ld Nixon in contempt. Clearly, the old ides that had existed in the world of forn policy had been detonated.

At the same time, as reporter Seymour rsh later discovered, Kissinger had ide an offer to pass on information out Nixon to Humphrey, information cumulated by the Rockefeller organizaon throughout the years when Nixon d Rockefeller were rivals for the Reblican nomination. "The Shit Files," y were called. "My God," Hersh told e, "I started checking around and I and out he was a double agent, not only ving stuff to Nixon on the Democrats, t offering the Rockefeller stuff to the umphrey campaign."

To Dan Davidson, a young Harriman le working in the Paris peace talks, the bsequent revelation that Kissinger was ssing information to the Nixon camign was stunning. "Later," says Davidn, "long after it was over, we found it that he was sending our stuff back to e Nixon people, though we never knew actly what he was sending back. nowing Henry and his eagerness to imess Nixon, and to win some kind of ace in the Nixon administration, there no reason to believe that he held back ything." It was one thing for an eager ould-be officeholder to play both mps by straddling the middle. It was nother thing entirely to use credentials ained from one camp to penetrate anher and pass on its secrets.

Kissinger's move to the Nixon camp, an Davidson believes, reflected a signifant change in the delicate area of forgn and national-security policies. The d boys of the Establishment, Davidson ys, had character and operated within rtain boundaries that were clearly outed and that one did not violate lightly.

Recently I asked Davidson if now, ore than 25 years later, Kissinger's doue game still bothered him. "Not if you me to realize that you were dealing ith someone who is completely without aracter," Davidson answered, as if he ere amused by the idea of Kissinger rrying back and forth between the mps, trying to gain favor and somehow me out on the winning side.

For a brief time, Davidson worked unr Kissinger at the National Security ouncil, but it was not a mutually satisng experience. He was one of the aides who left early on, and later it was discovered that he had been one of the staffers who had been wiretapped. Talking about what eventually happened in the White House, specifically the wiretapping of N.S.C. staff members with Kissinger's authorization, Davidson makes this point: "You cannot imagine McGeorge Bundy and Carl Kaysen sitting around in the Kennedy White House saying to each other, 'Let's wiretap our N.S.C. people.'"

That Nixon, with the knowledge he had of Henry Kissinger's fundamental character, found a place for him at the highest level of his administration is not, upon consideration, surprising. Kissinger had proved his value with his actions during the 1968 campaign. He had, ironically, proved his loyalty, if that is the word. He was a player. When I suggested that a dark sun brought Nixon and Kissinger together, I used the description advisedly. Nixon was from the start, for whatever intelligence and political skill he possessed, a damaged man. It was one thing for Kissinger to be a courtier in the world of Nelson Rockefeller, where the abundant confidence of the candidate permeated all meetings. It was quite another thing to be insecure, without connections, and rootless in the administration of the most insecure and disconnected of modern politicians: Richard Nixon.

The Nixon White House had an unusually ugly atmosphere, a kind of swaggering macho style reflecting the lowest common denominator of American social behavior. Because it was believed that people who sounded tough were tough, points were awarded to those who seemed manly and hard. From the start, the union of Nixon and Kissinger in this environment was not merely unhealthy but also dangerous. Here were two highly intelligent men, each relentlessly ambitious, each significantly damaged and distrusting, each in his own way insecure and vulnerable. Unsure of himself, unsure of his relationship to his president, Kissinger set out to consolidate power.

Dick Allen was the first to learn that Henry Kissinger was not your average professor, ill-prepared to face the demands of the political bureaucracy. He quickly recognized the fact that standing before him was a superb and relentless bureaucratic infighter, a man for whom issues of power, down to the tiniest details, were always in play. Kissinger moved Allen, who was serving as his deputy in the Nixon White House, out of the action quite skillfully and almost immediately. When Richard Moose, a young staffer, asked Kissinger what he should do with Allen, Kissinger replied: "Give him the largest office we have, but no telegrams." That is, flatter him, but keep him off the cable traffic. Allen was quickly stranded, his assignments took him far away from central issues.

What Kissinger managed in the White House during those early years was something of a bravura performance. He knew that for a variety of reasons he was culturally unacceptable, that there was a severe allergy to him, and that he had to pass a kind of Caesar's-wife test almost every day. After all, he was Jewish, he represented Harvard and the Rockefellers, and he was the butt of jokes. One of his aides remembered being with Kissinger, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman in the West Wing elevator. One of the men commented on a *Washington Post* item about Kissinger's having dinner with a young woman the night before. There was a quick suggestion that the idea of Henry's liking girls was a surprise; they had always heard that he preferred boys. There it was—the reminder that he was the man outside, the one who would be required, again and again, to prove himself.

At first, as he gradually made his accommodations to the norm of the White House, some of his more idealistic staff members were staggered by the level of his duplicity. What amazed them was not the dishonesty or ruthlessness, but the fact that what was at issue was frequently stunningly inconsequential. There would be a modestly successful press conference and soon the phone would ring and it would be Nixon calling Kissinger to ask how it had gone. Kissinger would launch, full throttle, into the flattery that seemed to come so naturally: it had been magnificent; the reporters had looked like children. Then Haldeman would call and upbraid Kissinger for Nixon's weakness on foreign policy, and a different Kissinger would seem to accept this. Later, Kissinger would call Rockefeller to tell him how terrible Nixon had been.

Kissinger's first great challenge in the Nixon White House was to prove his usefulness to the practical Nixon and his toughness to Haldeman and Ehrlichman. He had to show that he was not faint of heart like Bill Rogers, their secretary of state. Kissinger's strength in the early formative months was that he could offer the president one thing at all times: total agreement on Vietnam. He had made his separate peace, he would be their man. Bill Rogers, saddled with a clumsy, less than hawkish bureaucracy, was his perfect

Kissinger said he was on his way to China with Bill Blass and Oscar de la Ren





Above: Kissinger with media baron Rupert Murdoch in June 1994. *Right:* Richard Nixon greets Kissinger at a party for former U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick in the late 80s.

foil. Lacking Kissinger's innate talent for the subtleties of infighting, Rogers seemed unable to grasp the fact that Kissinger intended to take him out as a player—using Vietnam as the instrument. In an entry in *The Haldeman Diaries,* dated March 3, 1971, Haldeman describes himself joking with the president (labeled here as "P") about which of his two foreign-policy experts—Kissinger and Rogers—would, if need be, throw himself on a sword out of loyalty. The president repeatedly emphasizes that he realizes Kissinger is both more valuable and more *loyal* than Rogers. "The P made the point," says Haldeman, "that if we got to the stage where somebody had to fall on a sword in order to save the P, Henry would do it, but Rogers wouldn't. I made the point that I agreed with that, but that if Henry did it, he would do it with loud kicking and screaming and make sure that the blood spurted all over the place so he got full credit."

Kissinger put together a brilliant young staff at the N.S.C. But most of the staff were deeply suspicious of Nixon; they were men who had turned on the war some time ago and who were inclined by background to favor Kissinger over Nixon. They savored Kissinger's anecdotes about Nixon's drinking and about his general emotional volatility. Among other things, it made their jobs psychically more palatable: they were, it seemed, working for Kissinger, not Nixon. There was an additional benefit in this for Kissinger, some of them later suspected. Surely they would report back to their friends in Georgetown and elsewhere on his lonely, liberal fight against the forces of darkness.

So he was a man playing different roles to warring constituencies. A dangerous game—and Kissinger was nervous about what might happen if his staff mixed socially with the other aides. He couldn't risk having his people discover his support for Nixon's policy in the meetings with the president. Although it was White House custom for a rising figure to display his power by maximizing the number of his staffers he could get into the White House Mess, Kissinger cut off mess privileges for his staff.

Nixon's great policy problem was Vietnam and his pledge to end the war with peace *and* honor. Simply stated, this was not doable if the U.S. continued the process of troop withdrawal. Nixon could not adjust his rhetoric to the realities. The idea that the South Vietnamese ARVN—already a defeated army—could achieve what 500,000 Americans, backed by the most formidable assemblage of airpower in the history of mankind, could not was simply ludicrous. The war was over and the other side knew it. What was being debated was forms of withdrawal, fig leaves really. Peace would come only with defeat. No one, I suspect, had a better grasp of this than Henry Kissinger, master of realpolitik.

The Cambodian invasion was—according to Roger Morris, one of the most brilliant members of Kissinger's N.S.C. staff—the fateful moment for Kissinger in the Nixon White House, his personal crossing of the Rubicon. (When I spoke to Kissinger, he agreed with this, although, I suspect, with a significantly different view of who the ultimate victim in all this was.) Up until now, Kissinger had been able to be two different men, answerable to both the Nixon hawks and the more liberal Establishment. Now he faced a choice between the part of himself that courted favor with Nixon and the part of himself that needed the goodwill of Harvard and Georgetown, the political-social-journalistic world where he had invested 20 years building up friendships and [ed-]ibility. He chose, of course, to mai[n]tain power. Though he continued to por[tray] himself to some columnists and jou[r]nalists as a man agonized by the Cambo[dian] bombing and invasion, his staff rea[l]ized during the Cambodia crisis that this [was] not, indeed, the case. The young [men] watched with increasing distress the g[row]ing duplicity of his performance, al[ong]side what Roger Morris referred [to as] Kissinger's self-absorption, megaloma[nia] and gamesmanship.

Cambodia tore Kissinger's staff apa[rt,] not unlike the country itself. "The bl[eed]ing hearts," as he liked to call them, th[ese] young men whom he had cherished [and] admired, were appalled. The move [to] Cambodia was to them a disastrous m[ove] in terms of domestic politics; it would [im]ply a wider, not smaller, war. The Am[eri]cans, Kissinger's staff realized, wo[uld] never be able to locate the COSVN, [the] Communist headquarters in Cambo[dia] and they felt the invasion would drive [the] Khmer Rouge westward toward Phn[om] Penh. It was, at least one of the staff [re]believed, the needless sacrifice of a sm[all] powerless nation to a flawed, inde[ed] failed, military policy.

The meeting of Kissinger's staff wh[en] he told them about the coming move i[nto] Cambodia was, in its own way, as skil[ful] a piece of bureaucratic manipulation a[nd] duplicity as one could imagine. The g[oal] was to dampen and limit staff disse[nt]. What was not discussed was the criti[cal] incremental jump in the policy, not me[re]ly the use of fixed-wing aircraft in t[he] strike but also the fact that South Vi[et]namese combat troops would be joini[ng] U.S. forces in the invasion. Some of t[he] staff people attending the meeting kn[ew] this, but they had not been told who el[se] if anyone, knew it. Therefore, they cou[ld] not mention it at the meeting. Thus w[ith] debate—and dissent—on the most impo[r]tant aspect of the operation effective[ly] suppressed. (Later, when they spo[ke] among themselves, they would find o[ut] the degree to which they had been ha[d]. Many had, in fact, known of the escal[a]tion, but Kissinger had skillfully tie[d] them up.)

Bill Watts, one of three who actual[ly] resigned over Cambodia, had come t[o] the White House from the Rockefell[er]





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"I became a handmaiden of Kissinger's drive for power," said Richard Allen. "I had my zipper wide open."

camp. After the meeting, he was unable to sleep, convinced of his own role in a certain disaster. At the time, he was supposed to be taking over a job as staff coordinator, and he went in to see Kissinger, to say that he would not accept the job. Kissinger's reply was memorable, reflecting his awareness that he had crossed his own private Rubicon. "Your view represents the cowardice of the Eastern Establishment," Kissinger cried. Watts was enraged and leapt out of his seat and tried to take a swing at Kissinger, who had retreated behind his desk. A little later, Al Haig asked Watts what he was doing. Watts said he was resigning and Haig said, "You can't do that. You have an order from our commander in chief." "Fuck you, Al," Watts said. "I'm going home."

When Tony Lake and Roger Morris decided to resign as well, the three men spoke at great length about whether or not to go public in a press conference on Cambodian policy. They now saw Kissinger as being an essential part of the Nixon policy on Vietnam, more hawkish than they had wanted to believe, a critical part of the darkness they saw around them. In the end, they decided not to go public; they decided that Kissinger, despite the Cambodian invasion, might still be the one redeeming force in the government. In Morris's words, "His intellectual quotient and potential for policy was still somehow greater than his megalomania. . . . If we had gone public with our description of the real Henry whom we knew, and of Nixon's drinking as we knew it and as it was reported to us by Henry, and of the horrendous tenor and tone of the White House in general . . . we knew he would be destroyed." They decided they needed to save him and they did not hold a press conference. Morris now regards the failure to go public as the single biggest mistake of his career. The invasion was, of course, a disaster. The COSVN headquarters was not found. (Watts had once asked a friend in the C.I.A. about COSVN, and the friend had laughed: "There's nothing to find. It's not a fixed place. It's a state of mind.") Watts and the others realized that the invasion brought Cambodia full force into the war with catastrophic consequences. "Because of what we did, we made Pol Pot, we made him a hero in his own country," Watts said years later. A few days after the invasion had taken place, a meeting was held in Haldeman's office where the top staff people spoke of how to explain the essential failure of the invasion to the media. Kissinger wanted no part of it. "I do not deal with P.R. problems," he said as he strode out of the room.

Going along with the Nixon policy on Vietnam was probably not that hard a call for Kissinger. He was extremely conservative in a classic sense, much more so than most of his old Harvard contemporaries, who—if they were, in general, hard-liners on the Cold War—remained properly optimistic about the uses of American power and the inherent strengths of democratic life. Kissinger was always more pessimistic. He had watched one society collapse and it made him cautious and deeply suspicious of profound political change. His most natural voice was mournful/pessimistic. He was extremely wary of too much idealism in politics, particularly the idealism of the left, which he had seen transformed into totalitarianism. Still, he always feared the right more than the left. Once before in his life, the right had struck against everything he believed in. At one point during the tensions over Cambodia when he was arguing policy with his more dovish staff, he told them that he and Nixon were saving them from the right. "Henry, you are the right," Tony Lake countered, meaning that when you employ policies designed to head off the right, you become the right.

There was, I think, a certain cynicism to the Vietnam policy. When the peace settlement was finally agreed on, John Ehrlichman asked Kissinger how long he thought the South Vietnamese might hold out. Ehrlichman had expected some kind of benign reassurance. Instead, Kissinger told him the truth. "I think that if we're lucky they can hold out for a year and a half." Bringing an unwinnable war to its final end is not a pleasant task under any circumstances, and given the nature of the men in the Nixon administration, it was particularly unpleasant. It was longer and messier than it should have been. The war was extended for an unnecessary period of time, and instead of being able to rescue those Vietnamese who had been loyal, we were left with a remarkab[le] im[age]: a shot of the people whom we [had] joined in battle, and whom we ha[d] tended to save, hanging on to the ski[ds] departing helicopters.

As the Nixon White House [fell] apart during Watergate, K[is]ger's longtime courtship o[f] media proved invaluable. [A] friend to the faithful in Ge[or]town, he was a Good Guy, [the] Henry" to their Nixon, their [Ha]deman, their Ehrlichman. [It] was—or so it appeared to some—the [last] vestige of legitimacy in a government [in] collapse, and there was an active and [de]termined effort to protect and save [it] from the spreading stain of Watergat[e]. number of prominent media figures [par]ticipated in this effort, either actively [or] by their silence. Very few reporters [pur]sued the Kissinger angle. For a tim[e] appeared that he might eventually esc[ape] the larger morass unscathed.

Then, one day in 1973, Bill Sulliva[n], high F.B.I. official, called Seymour H[ersh] of *The New York Times* and sugge[sted] lunch. They met at an F.B.I. hangou[t] Washington near the Justice Departm[ent]. Sullivan said he had something for He[rsh] and pulled out a folder with 17 author[iza]tions for wiretaps of N.S.C. staffers, [and] er government staffers, and some jour[na]ists, many of them instigated by He[nry] Kissinger. Even Hersh, accustomed [to] probing the least savory corners of g[ov]ernment, was stunned. The revelation [of] Kissinger's complicity in this went [far] yond his own darkest scenarios. [He] quickly returned to his office to call [the] F.B.I. men whose names were on [the] wiretapping orders to assure himself t[hat] they did indeed exist. With the docume[nts] verified, he phoned Kissinger. He reca[lled] the events that followed very clearly. I[ts] first question to Kissinger was follow[ed] by an audible gasp at the other end of [the] line. Then Kissinger's attempted deni[al] faded as Hersh provided chapter a[nd] verse of the evidence. "How can I r[un] the government if material like this [is] printed?" Kissinger pleaded as the co[n]versation ended.

All through the day, there were int[er]ruptions as Kissinger marshaled his co[n]nections in an attempt to stop the stori[es]


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Rogers seemed unable to grasp the fact that Kissinger intended to take him out as a player—using Vietnam.

First, Scotty Reston wandered by and asked what Hersh had. "Henry seems very upset," said Reston. Hersh showed him; Reston nodded his head. "Fine," he said. "No wonder he's upset." Then a call came from Clifton Daniel, Washington-bureau chief for the *Times,* who also checked out the story. Finally a call came from Abe Rosenthal, the managing editor in New York. No one tried to stop Hersh, in part because the *Times* was playing catch-up with *The Washington Post* on Watergate. Then, around five o'clock, a call came from General Alexander Haig, who had replaced Haldeman as White House chief of staff.

"Seymour," he began. (Since he had never been Seymour to Haig before, Hersh knew that something serious was coming.) At first, Haig tried to justify the wiretaps as legal and perfectly proper—not a news story. Then, as that argument began to evaporate, Haig toughened his defense. He said that this would end Kissinger's legitimacy, that he would be forced to resign, and that the government would unravel. Finally, as deadline approached, Haig rose to his ultimate ploy.

"You're Jewish, aren't you, Seymour?" he asked. Hersh said that he was. "Let me ask you one question, then. Do you honestly believe that Henry Kissinger, a Jewish refugee from Germany who lost 13 members of his family to the Nazis, could engage in such police-state tactics as wiretapping his own aides? If there's any doubt," Haig continued, "you owe it to yourself, your beliefs, and your nation to give us one day to prove that your story is wrong." Hersh believed that Kissinger, despite his background, was perfectly capable of employing wiretaps. And so the *Times* went with it.

In two ways, Kissinger was dramatically different from past Establishment figures. In an earlier age, when they had worked among Washington's leading journalists—columnists such as the Alsops, Scotty Reston, Roscoe Drummond, and Walter Lippmann—the Establishment figures had used their power on behalf of policy. But Dean Acheson never tried to sell himself directly to Reston, and he most certainly never attempted to separate himself from a policy that Truman approved of but that he sensed Reston would not approve of. Kissinger represented something new, a man who managed inside the White House to be utterly servile to the president while deftly separating himself from his policies when he was with people who disagreed with them. This was a new era, one which produced a different kind of person and offered a different set of rewards; it was defined by the vastly greater power of the media and the different nature of a less Calvinist, more media-conscious society which presented vastly different temptations. The members of the old class had hardly been without ego, but the codes they lived by demanded suppression of idiosyncrasy and the upholding of team values. It was not by chance that Kissinger became a star in the new era; he responded to the powerful orbital pull of the media. Dealing with the new celebrity journalists fulfilled not only a professional but also a psychic need for him. It was important to his vision of his larger career. ("Henry always knew there was going to be life after Nixon," John Ehrlichman said.) He was drawn first to print people, and particularly to columnists, who were more influential than they are today, and then to television reporters. As such, he was surely the harbinger of a wider change in America as it began to manifest itself in government, not so much of greater ego but of greater manifestations of ego. He did not come from the same class as the Old Establishment, and his psychological needs were different from those of the men who had once served in comparable positions.

By the spring of 1994, Henry Kissinger was still an important player in American foreign policy, although probably more influential overseas than in America. He had founded Kissinger Associates, an international consulting firm worth an estimated $10 million, and had become extremely wealthy. For those hoping to do business in China, for example, his assistance in opening doors was considered extremely valuable. He remained what his Washington years had made him: a star, that most unlikely of things—a celebrity produced by the national-security complex. Even the darker side of his history, which had come to the surface through various books and articles, had not diminished his glamour and in fact seemed to increase his panache among some new friends.

The break with many of his old academic and political colleagues, mainly over Cambodia and Vietnam, had been painful. Few of those relationships had ever been successfully patched up. His relations with Harvard remained bitter when he found himself in the Boston area he refused to attend any function conducted on Harvard ground.

In the 80s, when he stood for reelection to the board of the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, the Establishment's last great forum, he came in last. Though he joked about his defeat, friends considered it to have been deeply wounding. Some associates believed that it damaged his relationship with Winston Lord, the council head. Lord had been one of the young staffers who had stood by him during Cambodia. Kissinger was said to have blamed Lord for encouraging him to stand for the seat.

As always, he seemed ever ready to shift alliances. A former aide remarked that he still made his way through life "like Eliza moving across the ice floes." As he had once been a man of Cambridge and the Rockefellers, of Harvard and Georgetown, he was now close to the instant tycoons of the exurban Connecticut countryside, the semi-beautiful people: men such as Wall Street mogul Henry Kravis, men wealthy and grand enough to require their own secretaries of state. He enjoyed the privileges of their wealth, particularly their private jets. After one incident when Kissinger commandeered the Kravis jet for a trip to Japan, the amused millionaire was heard to tell friends that he hoped to go to China soon himself, "if I can get the use of Henry Kissinger's plane."

In his new world of celebrity, he courted the famous as assiduously as ever. Or almost as assiduously. My friend the novelist John Gregory Dunne once met him at a party in Los Angeles given by the late agent Irving "Swifty" Lazar. "I am a great admirer of your work," Kissinger politely told Dunne, who received the compliment with a degree of skepticism. Later in the evening, Kissinger spoke of

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"Your view represents the cowardice of the Eastern Establishment," Kissinger cried.

trip to China "with Bill Blass and Oscar de la Renta" which he was planning. He mentioned that he wanted to take one of Dunne's books. "Which one?" Dunne inquired.

The Two Mrs. Grenvilles, Kissinger replied, referring to a novel by Dunne's brother Dominick. "*You've got the wrong brother,*" Nancy Kissinger hissed into her husband's ear.

As the Republican Party moved further right during the Reagan and Bush years, Kissinger became increasingly isolated from the center of the party. In 1980, during the Republican convention, there was a brief moment when it seemed he might return to power. At the last minute, just as Ronald Reagan was getting ready to accept his nomination, there were whispers of a dream ticket: Reagan and Jerry Ford, two presidents for the price of one. There was even, it seems, a discussion of what might have amounted to a sort of co-presidency. Ford, apparently reluctant to accept a vice-presidential slot, was said to have demanded that part of the price of his participation on such a ticket was the return of Henry Kissinger as secretary of state. Dick Allen, by then a top Reagan adviser, saw the drafting of Ford as something of an attempted coup by Kissinger and made it his personal mission to shoot it down.

Still, Kissinger remained a man who could always get himself on television, and the networks vied to sign him as a special commentator. Though he was sometimes capable of being truly visionary, his appearances were often strangely disappointing, his voice oddly muted. "A grumpy talking head," John Lewis Gaddis, the diplomatic historian, called him. "My sense is that he is unconsciously ill at ease with so public and democratic an instrument."

To this day, he remains extremely sensitive to everything written about him. John Ehrlichman once wrote that Kissinger and his wife, Nancy, seemed to have become in his postgovernment years the joint keepers of the Henry Kissinger flame, alternating on four-hour shifts. Prolonged diligence was required last May, when *The Haldeman Diaries,* the personal journals of H. R. Haldeman's White House years, was published.

Bob Haldeman, it turns out, was a careful diarist, recording everything that occurred during his years as Nixon's presidential assistant. He decided, late in his life, to turn it into a book. His motivations were complex, and because he died before the actual publication, we will never know exactly what propelled him. Money probably had something to do with it, as well as the desire to clear his own name. There was also the distinct possibility that the diaries were an attempt at some revenge on Richard Nixon, who had failed to pardon Haldeman, and on Henry Kissinger, who had never really been tainted by the crimes of the administration as all the others who had belonged to it had been.

When Jo Haldeman decided after the death of her husband to go ahead with the publication of his diaries, she was extremely sensitive to their potential impact on both Nixon and Kissinger. She called representatives of both men to let them know what she intended to do. She is now gently discreet about their reactions, but my sources tell me that neither Nixon nor Kissinger was greatly pleased about the planned publication of the diaries. Arguments were put forth that the publication of the book would serve no purpose and only open up old wounds. Nixon apparently suggested, at some point, that the book be published—if it had to be published—after his own book, which was then also scheduled for a spring publication. The former president apparently did not want to spend his publicity tour answering questions about Bob Haldeman's memories of the unfortunate past.

The Haldeman book did, indeed, bring back the past, and there was the darkness evoked once again. Here was what Roger Morris called "the constitutional squalor," the vengeful president once again raging at those around him. The diaries are, I think, particularly devastating to Kissinger. They are our record of the way he played to Nixon, of his systematic attempts to undercut Bill Rogers, of the fact that on several critical occasions—despite what he was saying in Georgetown—he was more hawkish than Nixon and the others on the subject of Vietnam. When some writers with memories took note in the papers of the diaries and the revelations about Kissinger, the man himself responded with angry letters to editors. When I asked Kissinger about the diaries during an informal talk for this piece, he was dismissive. (He agreed to see me, not so much to answer questions but—I believe—to find out what I would ask to.) He had not bothered to read them, he said. He cautioned me to remember that Haldeman had not been involved in foreign policy, seeming to insinuate that in the Nixon administration there had indeed been a boundary separating politics and foreign policy.

The Establishment which Kissinger was once part of is now almost completely changed. During the 70s, it was transformed into a new professional class, and it has continued to change. It now includes the new generation of professionals, including not only Kissinger's legal descendants but new groups—including human-rights organizations and others committed to the plight of refugees. What was once a small, exclusive club has now grown much larger and noisier. What is clear now is the power that television has played in the metamorphosis of the international political process. As it dramatized certain issues, the medium revealed that it could also affect the foreign-policy agenda of nations like the United States. Thanks to television, someone like Randall Robinson—the South Africa activist who went on a widely publicized hunger strike against U.S. policy in Haiti—can now be as influential as a man like Henry Kissinger. What is strange is that Kissinger, a man so skilled at manipulating the media, was so slow to see the changed dynamic of the contemporary world and even slower, perhaps, to fathom its consequences. He continues, quite ironically, to see himself as the standard-bearer of the old order rather than the harbinger of the new. At a recent dinner party, Henry Kissinger and a group of colleagues were discussing the malaise in contemporary America. Someone said that the problem with the country was the decline of the elite, the loss of the Establishment which Kissinger had once represented. Paul Volcker, former chairman of the Federal Reserve, looked over at Kissinger and asked if he thought that this was true, that the elite was in decline.

"No," said Kissinger, pausing just long enough, "but it is true that I am getting very lonely." □

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SANDER

(Continued from page 208) mere and quality and luxe. That's not a sign of freedom, it's a sign of safety."

In many ways, the flourishing northern port of Hamburg is Germany's most elegant large city, and its elegance—which to an outsider seems almost compulsory—is the key to Jil Sander's style. Historically, it has always turned its back on the rest of Germany, and its cultivated publishing magnates and industrialists still tend to consider Berliners too tough, Rhinelanders too boring, and Bavarians too loud. Nearly everyone I interviewed in Hamburg noted that the discreet charm of the Harvestehuder Weg well-to-do had nothing to do with the *Schickeria,* as the Germans call their jet set, of Munich and Düsseldorf. "In Hamburg, they understate themselves so very, very much, because they want to be English," says Gregor von Rezzori, the aristocratic *Meister* of German letters. "Out of understatement, they make a sense of pompousness, which is extraordinary."

Jil Sander was not actually born in Hamburg, nor was she bred on the Harvestehuder Weg. Postwar West Germany was the European country most like the United States, and Sander's is a German tale with an American twist. Like many New York fashion designers of her generation, she grew up in an outlying middle-class district of apartment buildings and tract houses—Bramfeld, "the Queens of Hamburg," as one local fop put it. She was born during the war, on November 27, 1943, in Wesselburen, a small North Sea village about 50 miles outside the city, where her mother had gone to escape the Allied bombing. She was the second of two girls, and her given name was Heidemarie Jiline Sander. Her father, Walter Sander, reportedly a locksmith by trade, was fighting on the Russian front. Six months after her birth, her parents divorced, and her older sister went to live with her father. Later, her mother, Erna-Anna, was remarried to a car dealer named Erik Libuda, and had a son named Heino.

"I was brought up by my second father," Sander told me, "and I always felt he was my father. My brother is actually my half-brother, but I always had a very strong relationship with him—we were like twins. I never actually met my real father, strangely enough. He only died two years ago, but I never met him."

Had she ever wanted to?

"No."

Sander doesn't relish talking about her family publicly, and, except for a 1985 interview in German *Cosmopolitan,* she has managed to avoid doing so. As her corporate publicist, Renate Janner, says, "Jil's products are not secret, but her person is." A 1991 article in the German weekly *Tempo,* which portrayed her mother as a social striver who embroidered fancy bed linens to make extra money and wore "her finest dinner dress" to shop at the local supermarket, wounded Sander's feelings so deeply, a friend says, that she was unable to attend a reception hosted by German president Richard von Weizsäcker on the day the magazine appeared. When I asked Sander about it, she replied almost tearfully, "They wrote that because my mother wore a lot of jewelry I became such a purist. If you saw my lovely mother, who is 78 now, you would see what an idiotic article it is, because she's a very discreet person."

After finishing high school in 1961, Sander studied textile engineering for two years in Krefeld, a fabric-producing center near Düsseldorf. She spent the following two years in Los Angeles, living with friends of her stepfather's and sitting in on classes at U.C.L.A. In 1965, while she was working at *McCall's* magazine in New York, her stepfather died of a heart attack at age 51. She returned to Germany and went to work in Hamburg as a fashion editor, first at *Constanze* and then at *Petra.* And she met a couple who would have a catalytic effect on her taste and career.

Dr. Walter and Margot Schaake lived in what was said to be the first all-white apartment in Hamburg, at 19 Harvestehuder Weg, midway between the present-day headquarters of Wolfgang Joop and Sander's two mansions. Walter Schaake was a prominent ear-nose-and-throat specialist, and Margot Schaake—"a forceful woman who knew what she wanted," according to family friend Horst Weber von Beeren—ran a sort of salon, where Sander met a mixture of socialites, bankers, opera singers, and movie stars, including Romy Schneider, who became a fast friend. The Schaakes had two daughters about Sander's age, and when the elder, Marlet, went off to work in Paris, Sander moved into her studio, next to the Schaakes' apartment.

"Jil had the nose for good taste," Marlet Schaake recalls. "She knew what she needed, and that's why she went to the house of my parents. My father was a very fashionable man, who never changed his style, which was a combination of London and Milan. He loved white cashmere, beige linen, natural colors and fabrics. And my mother came from a family that had been in the fashion business in Berlin before the war. She always wore blazers and trousers. People say that my mother made Jil, but that's not true. Jil found her own way."

Although Sander had been put in charge of promotion at *Petra,* she realized "I can't be chief editor tomorrow." So in 1968, at age 25, she decided to go into business for herself. "I was a baby," she says. "I almost had my finger in my mouth. But I was so full of energy, of wanting something." She had already designed a line of clothes made of Trevira, a new synthetic fiber, for Hoechst, the chemical giant that manufactured it, and used her fee to buy material for her own debut collection of 150 pared-down jackets, pants, and skirts. She fit them on Schaakes' younger daughter, Katrin, and had them sewn by a seamstress who did alterations for Margot Schaake. For her boutique, she found a former lamp shop on Milchstrasse in Pöseldorf, the new trendy quarter behind Harvestehuder Weg. Gunter Sachs, the industrialist who was married to Brigitte Bardot, had a Pop-art gallery on the same street. Sander sold her Volkswagen convertible to decorate the place, painting the inside white and the outside black. She christened it "Jil Sander."

"At *Petra,* she was still Heidi Sander," says former Sander model Sylvie Reichart. "But when she opened the shop, she said, 'I can't call it Heidi Sander. It's so German, so sweet.'" A week after she opened, her entire collection had sold out. Sander began importing the Sonia Rykiel and Chloé lines from Paris—the latter designed by young Karl Lagerfeld. "There were no boutiques in Germany then," says Marlet Schaake. "There were no designers, only mass-produced bourgeois clothes. She wanted to change German fashion."

"I was on a mission from the start," Sander says. "I was always very minimalistic-thinking. I was always against that show-business image of women seeing themselves in an obvious way, like sirens. A lot of people couldn't understand what I was doing. On the other hand, I've always had so many supporters, women who loved Jil Sander stuff like maniacs almost."

At first, Jil Sander was like a cult with the austere Princess Tatiana von Hessen as high priestess—among young German upper-class women, who would trek

he Poseldorf boutique from all over st Germany to acquire the luxe little hings made piece by piece on two ng machines in the basement and ry them off in shopping bags printed n the slogan JIL SANDER—COME DRESS NAKED PEOPLE. Soon, however, with o from Walter Salomon, a banker d met at Frau Schaake's salon, San- started to expand. First came a men's tique in central Hamburg the begin- g of her long up-and-down flirtation h designing for the opposite sex. In 3 she made a disastrous attempt to duce a low-priced collection of slacks, ts, and jackets in India. Later that r she began manufacturing her collec- in Italy, with traditional men's-wear rics that she refined, softened, and, in phrase, "twisted into very feminine ons"—most notably, her first unlined xets. In 1979, Lancaster launched her man Pure and Man Pure fragrances northern Europe with sleekly angular tles by German packaging guru Peter midt and omnipresent ads that fea- ed her portrait by Francesco Scavullo o says that Sander was so tense ut being photographed that he had send her to an acupuncturist to relax before he could start shooting). To celebrate, she bought herself a dark green Rolls-Royce Corniche.

But she still wasn't satisfied. Paris hadn't fallen at her feet. "When I met her, her great dream was Lagerfeld because Lagerfeld had been accepted in Paris," says a friend. "Her biggest desire was to go to Paris and have a success there. First Paris, and then America." In the mid-70s, Sander had shown her collection in a suite at the Plaza Athenee hotel, but in 1978 she moved to the official press shows at the Hôtel Inter-Continental, hired publicist Jean-Jacques Picart (who later became Christian Lacroix's partner), and sent Inès de la Fressange down the runway for the first time—as the groom in the show's finale. "It was very hard for me to get editorial coverage for Jil," Picart says. "It was a time of big shoulders, black leather, kinky fashion—Gaultier and Montana. She had this kind of German purity and strictness. The décor, the music, the models, the hair, the makeup—everything had to be clean. People wanted fun and noise, and she was too quiet."

Sander recalls, "My first Paris experience really shocked me. It was too early to go to Paris. Even the Japanese hadn't really arrived yet. Everything was still based on couture opulence; it was all ruffles and chic. And here I came with some nice, pure shows. It was not, let's say, a major success. Today I am 100 million times stronger, but at that time I was shaky and fragile and very uptight. I felt as if I had lost my dreams."

In 1980 she gave up and retreated to Hamburg, where for the next seven years she held by-invitation-only shows. "I became very introverted with the press after Paris," she says. "I didn't even have a press office." In 1982, she closed her men's boutique, which she had moved into one wing of the town house she had bought several years earlier on Milchstrasse. She lent her splashy Marilyn and Flowers prints by Andy Warhol to her brother, who had given up his cinematography career to work on the operations side of her company under the name Heino Baasch, his mother's maiden name. And she started collecting Minimalist and Arte Povera works by Ad Reinhardt, Cy Twombly, Mario Merz, Jannis Kounellis, and Michelle Stuart, almost exclusively from Vera Munro, a well-known German model who had retired and opened an art gallery in Hamburg in 1977.

"The closer we became, the closer Jil became to art," Munro says. "Of course,

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Photo / Left: David Loeb / Andrea Huber

SANDER

she got it very quickly." On the day I visited the Vera Munro gallery, the pale-blonde dealer was clad in a charcoal-gray Jil Sander pantsuit from several seasons back, a brown turtleneck sweater, and brown alligator oxfords by Walter Steiger. "I was wearing her clothes from the beginning," she says. "Not because she was a friend, but because I had the same idea about clothes. The idea is simple. If a powerful thing is not simple, there is something wrong. For me, to reduce things to the minimum is the maximum. Emptiness is a form of concentration. Jil is like me. I love people who have an obsession, who want to do the best, who refuse to accept anything medium. We spent nights and nights and nights discussing fashion and art and making *just* the best."

A recurring motif of Sander's conversation is: "You can have a luxe product and, at the same time, a very avant-garde vision." Ever since Elsa Schiaparelli had Salvador Dalí do accessories, fashion designers have sought to envelop themselves in the aura of Art: Saint Laurent lounging under his Braques and Matisses while spouting quotations from Proust and Cocteau, Valentino presiding over his Roman empire beneath the gaze of a Bronzino grand duchess, Calvin Klein laying his cashmere shawl at the New Mexico doorstep of Georgia O'Keeffe. Sander takes it much, much further. "I was always inspired by contemporary art," she says. "Minimalist art, all the movements of the last 20 years. I felt that it was a bit similar to what I was doing. It gave me the strength to believe in and fight for and never lose my vision." It has also given her image a hip edge that makes her classic styles seem more modern and spending thousands on them less sinful. Or as she often says, "Pure design shouldn't be *pauvre.* You shouldn't *not* feel the luxury."

In March 1992, Jil Sander jumped into the international fray in a big and artful way. She tented over the courtyard of Milan's 15th-century Castello Sforzesco and staged a gargantuan nighttime show—with a Kounellis-inspired wall of light as a backdrop—of 125 outfits on some 35 supermodels for an audience of more than 800 journalists, retailers, contessas, and art-world figures. "I wanted *everyone* to see *everything* we do," she says. "All the elements."

Since then, she has shown more distilled collections to a more restricted audience at the Palazzo delle Stel[illegible]e, a starkly renovated Renaissance co[illegible]ven where she also has sponsored exhi[illegible]tion of Joseph Beuys and Georg B[illegible]elitz. Last Christmas, she took the fro[illegible]ant and back covers of *Max* magazine fo[illegible]he men's-cologne ads and commissione[illegible] Christo to "wrap" the issue. Her [illegible]ates collection, shown in Milan last M[illegible]rch, featured a handkerchief-hemmed cocktai[illegible] dress based, she says, on Rober[illegible] R[illegible]man's "white-canvas concept."

Interestingly, the woman who to[illegible]m that the last time she wore a dres[illegible]wa on her 30th birthday is designing [illegible]lo more dresses these days. "I think I'm able to do dresses that are attractiv[illegible]bu modern—not these old tutus, you know," she says. "It's easier to design a [illegible]res than a jacket. To make a good jacke[illegible] every millimeter has to function."

Sander hasn't completely softene[illegible]up however. Even in evening gowns, he models still stalk down the runway [illegible]with only a hint of makeup and absolute[illegible]no accessories, unless you count s[illegible]es. "Every time we do a show we think we need some accessories," she says. "And always end up saying: *Nothing.* I'm [illegible]ot a jewelry fan. I don't like it when women wear ugly jewelry so that you can immediately *read* who they are."

"Every collection, every season, has a different mood," she told me in a Mila[illegible] restaurant the day after her show. "Last season was like a clear glass of water. This season is more like a glass of red wine—a little deeper, more subtle some how, more womanly, more beautiful."

"These days I have no time to [illegible]ad anything other than my business books and my garden books," says Jil Sander as we tour her elaborate garden in-progress at the country estate in Flo[illegible] an hour and a half north of Hamburg where she spends almost every weekend with her closest friend, Dickie Mommsen. The 740-acre property was purchased from the Count of Plön at the turn of the century by Mommsen's father, an insurance tycoon. The twice-married Dicky Mommsen, a tall, striking, raven-haired mother of three dashingly handsome grown sons, told me, "I was the first [illegible] in her boutique in Hamburg. The [illegible] she opened, I was there. But I didn't meet her until 12 years ago. Every summer I give a party, when the seagulls hatch their eggs on the little island in the middle of Lake Plön in front of the house. And I invited Jil. And she came, and from that moment it is like it is."

Sander points out the island and P[illegible]

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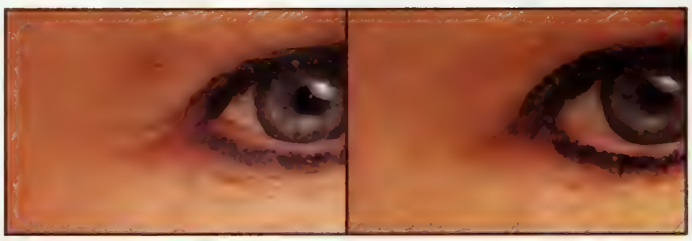
*Some treated patients, however, have reported adverse events which are described in the attached safety summary.

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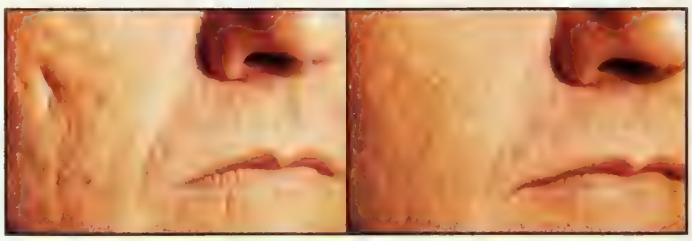
JUST A FEW INDICATIONS FOR COLLAGEN REPLACEMENT THERAPY [1]



FROWN LINES
(glabellar lines)



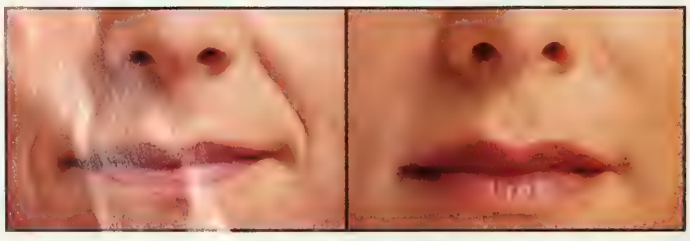
CROW'S FEET
(periorbital lines)



ACNE SCARS



MARIONETTE LINES
(oral commissures)



DEEP SMILE LINES
(nasolabial furrows)

Safety Summary

Additional Information on Collagen Replacement Therapy [SM] for Discussion with Your Physician.

All medical procedures are subject to certain risks. Although thousands of men and women have found Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen treatments to be a safe non-surgical option for many skin contour problems, you should be aware of the safety issues and restrictions associated with their use. Although you should review these points at the time of your consultation with a physician trained in the use of collagen, we have summarized them for you as follows:

If you have a reaction to the required skin test, or previous allergic reaction to injectable collagen products or lidocaine, or have a history of serious allergies (anaphylactic) reactions, Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen must not be used. Also, if you are undergoing or planning to undergo desensitization injections to meat products, you cannot receive injectable collagen.

The onset of connective tissue diseases has been reported after treatment with collagen injections in patients with no previous history of these disorders. Statistical analysis comparing the number of collagen treated patients who were diagnosed with two rare connective tissue diseases (Polymyositis/Dermatomyositis) with the expected number of these diseases, suggests that the rate of occurrence of these two rare diseases appears to be higher than expected in the collagen treated population. However, a causal relationship between collagen injections and the onset of the diseases has not been established.

Also, patients with connective tissue disease may have an increased susceptibility to hypersensitivity responses and/or accelerated clearance of their implant. Therefore, injectable collagen should be used with caution in such patients with consideration given to multiple skin tests.

Since studies have shown that injected collagen may stimulate the deposition of your own collagen at injection sites, there is a possibility that part or all of the correction may last two years or more.

Use of Zyderm I Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. Use of Zyderm II Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to 15 cc over a one-year period. The combination of these products or of Zyderm in conjunction with Zyplast in an individual patient should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. The safety of injecting greater amounts on an annual basis has not been established.

The risk of infection is always present with any injection and it is possible to experience a reaction to the process itself, such as mild bruising or a slight redness at the injection site. This does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatment. Previous facial herpes simplex at the site of injection may recur if provoked by the injection.

Though unlikely, it is possible for the needle to be accidentally placed through a blood vessel during injection, which could result in temporary discoloration of the treated area, or in tissue death leading to a scab and/or scar formation. Injectable collagen, like other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics and steroids injected into the head or neck area or the extremities), could be accidentally injected into a blood vessel. Although this possibility is remote, it could result in a blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Blockage resulting in permanent loss of vision in one eye has been reported once since product introduction in 1981.

Occasionally, injected collagen has been reported as visible in the skin, in the form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from a few weeks to several months. Some areas (such as compressed scars) resist precise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

People with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances require extra care when treated with injectable bovine products. Cautious use of Zyderm and Zyplast Collagen is recommended in such cases. In addition, caution is advised with people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy. (Patients on long-term prednisone or other steroid therapy should consult their doctor before beginning Collagen Replacement Therapy.)

More than one skin test is recommended prior to injectable bovine collagen treatment if you have a history of dietary beef allergy. It is possible that the collagen component of the beef may be causing the allergy.

If you are using drugs that reduce coagulation, such as aspirin and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, you may, as with any injection, experience increased bruising or bleeding at injection sites.

Active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes, hives) or infections require that treatment be postponed, until the condition has been controlled.

The safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not been established.

With more than 500,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen has proven to be safe. However, a small number (one to two percent) have developed an allergic reaction after one or more injections, which has consisted of prolonged redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all of the sites. On rare occasions, these reactions can proceed to a cyst-like reaction that can drain, and then form a scar. Between one and nine months is the usual duration, but a few cases have involved intermittent flare-ups which have exceeded 24 months.

Importantly, many people who developed an allergic reaction after treatment did not report or recognize a response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of the skin test, many of these later reactions could have been prevented.)

Systemic complaints have been reported in fewer than five per one thousand people treated and included flu-like symptoms (nausea, dizziness, headache, joint aches), rash, visual disturbances, anaphylactoid reactions (severe allergic reaction) involving difficulty in breathing, and various systemic diseases including immune-mediated diseases.

Since every patient's expectations and physical make-up are different and every physician's technique is unique, there have been cases reported where collagen injections have not achieved the desired result.

We encourage you to discuss this information with your doctor. He or she can best evaluate whether treatment is appropriate for you and can answer any questions you may have.

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stle behind it as we walk from the Japanese garden that she nted five years ago through last summer's addition, a French- le white gazebo, and down an allée of freshly planted lime es to her current project, a formal garden designed by Penel- Hobhouse, the English garden consultant and author. "This l be like four rooms, separated by hedges," she says. "One t will be a rose garden, and there will be a flower garden, a getable garden, and an herb garden. So this is our creation. at's lovely about a garden is that you can go on and on. A den is like a moving target, and it will actually take about years before it has that opulent, beautiful, wild feeling."

The house itself is also unexpectedly "opulent," an adjective country seems to bring out in Jil Sander. It is filled with edish neoclassical furniture offhandedly arranged on faded busson rugs. This is one of Sander's four residences; she also s a cozy chalet near Gstaad, Switzerland, and what she calls lovely coach house" next to Hélène Rochas's *hôtel particulier* Paris (and what Karl Lagerfeld has called "a garage"). Her use on Milchstrasse in Hamburg is less gemütlich than the untry place, but also contains exquisite Swedish and French tiques amid the Minimalist treasures.

"Sometimes you dream you can live in one white room like nonk," says Sander. "Perhaps you could only do that in a ace like Greece, where you need nothing but beautiful light. the countryside here, where the winters are long and you sit ound talking with friends, you need comfort. I think it's in- esting for you to see my contemporary side and this other e, no? My P.R. friends say, 'Don't show your other image.' ey want me to focus on my strong, pure side." She gives one her insecure, but somehow knowing, little laughs, and it oc- rs to me that the designer Sander is really most like is not mani or Chanel but Ralph Lauren, the 90s' leading conveyor upper-crust dreams and totems—minus the air of the past. with Lauren, behind all the restrained good taste is a ro- antic yearning for something more, not less. As Andreas rede, the editor in chief of *Max* magazine, says, "I think e'd call herself Jil *von* Sander if she could."

Near Plön, the Hessenstein restaurant, which is owned by Sander's good friend Prince Moritz von Hessen, sits on a lling heath overlooking the Baltic Sea. Its rustic interior of ank walls painted barn red could be in New England. It was ere that Sander and Mommsen gave a dinner on the weekend my visit. Most of the 40 guests had titles—Prince and incess Bismarck, Count and Countess von Reventlow, Count d Countess Rosty-Forgatsch, Baron von Ruffin and his reek pop-singer wife, Vicky Leandros. A number of the omen were wearing tailored Jil Sander suits (and *lots* of jewel-). Sander, in a slouchy double-breasted navy blazer and black ans, held court.

Helmut Kohl, the German chancellor, who is up for re- ection this fall, had called her that week, she said. But she d been in the South of France, shooting a new ad campaign ith Peter Lindbergh, and couldn't take the call. Kohl's sec- tary gave a time for her to call him back the following ght from Paris. "But my secretary didn't realize that I ould be having dinner that night with Princess Marina of reece. And now, since I returned to Hamburg, I've been so sy that I *still* haven't called Kohl."

One bejeweled title wondered aloud what the chancellor anted. Money? Advice on advertising? Perhaps he wanted Jil campaign for him, someone suggested. Sander raised both nds in front of her, palms out—like a politician calming a aring crowd—and gave her trademark minimalist smile. □

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CRUISE

(Continued from page 195) but it really had to do with my wanting always to push the envelope to see, Where do I stand *with myself?* How far can I go?"

A few days later, after our aerobatics, his thoughts return to his father. "He was a very complex individual and created a lot of chaos for the family before we left him," he remembers. "If I came home from a fight and I had lost, then I had to go back out there and do it again. He was one of those guys: 'You go out there and you don't lose. Period.' And I certainly wasn't the biggest guy on campus."

"Was it an insistence that you had to be macho?"

"No. It was more *not losing.* It also had to do with his own way of loving me. He was the kind of guy who really got picked on a lot at school himself when he was growing up. He had also been small, though he ended up being six foot two. People had been quite brutal to him. Inside, I believe he was a really sensitive individual. He just didn't want me to have to go through the kind of pain that he had felt in his life. I think that all this was a solution to solving that problem. He was very, very . . . ah . . . *tough* on me. *Very, very* tough. In *many* ways."

"Physically?"

"Physically. Yeah."

"Would you call it abuse?"

"Yeah. I mean, now you'd call it abuse. As a kid, I had a lot of hidden anger about that. I'd get *hit,* and I didn't *understand* it."

"Was it also directed toward other members of your family?"

"No," he says, his voice now as quiet and tough as a 12-year-old's. "No. It was just toward me."

"So there had to be a lot of forgiveness that had to happen on your part."

"Oh, yes. There was a lot, *a lot* of anger about it. Yet there was also a complexity to it, because it wasn't always like that. He could actually be quite loving."

"But that's the difficulty in those types of relationships, isn't it? The violence is not Pavlovian or predictable, because it's not based on your behavior. If you believed that, then you'd have to believe that you were responsible for it. And you weren't."

"Yeah. Exactly. But it's not ever black-and-white, is it?"

"What was that last visit with him like?"

"He allowed me to go to the hospital to talk to him under the condition of not asking him any questions. But he said to me before he died, 'Look, I'm gonna get better, and you and me are gonna go and have a steak and a beer and talk about the whole thing.' Well . . . ah . . . that dinner never . . . *eventuated,*" Cruise says, shaking his head at it all.

> "I've heard that I'm a misogynist. I'm a homosexual. I'm brainless. How can I be all of these things?"

He looks up from the memory of that day and finally offers up a smile—not that ingratiating piece of grillwork he can deliver by rote when the cameras are rolling, but a grin so ironic and grown-up it would break the most child-like of hearts.

"Tom wants *to please,* and with someone of his stature that's pretty enchanting, since that's usually the first thing to erode in major movie stars," Holly Hunter tells me. Hunter, who won the Oscar for best actress last year for her performance in *The Piano,* was also nominated for best supporting actress for her work with Cruise in *The Firm.* "I couldn't speculate where that comes from," she says. "Tom is breathing rare air, and he responds to it in a unique way. He's very, very *un*spoiled."

"I wasn't exactly catered to, from my point of view," says Cruise about growing up in a household of women, which could be credited with his need for approval. His mother worked four jobs to support her four children and he insists that she taught him everything he knows today about courage and the unconditional love he feels for his wife and child. "She is an incredibly [illegible] woman," he says.

"He's always been more of my brother, rather than my little brother," says Cruise's oldest sister, Lee Anne Haigney, who lives in Los Angeles and works for Cruise. His other two sisters still live in New Jersey—one is a teacher, the other owns a popular Tex-Mex restaurant. "He was very caring and protective of us," says Haigney. "Whenever any of us girls started dating anybody we were serious about, having them meet Tom was a big deal. His opinion has always weighed very heavily with all of us."

Steeped in such a strong sense of family, Cruise has dealt with his stardom astoundingly well. "I became famous at a very young age and didn't know what it was," he says. "All of a sudden it happened, and it seemed like my world shrunk at first. I remember thinking at one point, O.K., I could really lose it now. Whatever it is—drugs or surrounding myself with people who would *yes* me to death. When I think back on it, sometimes I wonder how I got through all that stuff."

"My own stardom, fortunately, came much slower," says Paul Newman, who worked with Cruise in *The Color of Money.* "It's tough when it happens as fast as it did with Tom. He's a very savvy kid . . . very savvy *man.* So far he's kept his head on his shoulders, but he's one of the very, very few."

"It doesn't happen by accident to someone at such a young age becomes such a world-renowned movie star," claims Sherry Lansing, chairman and C.E.O. of the motion-picture group of Paramount Pictures, where Cruise's own production company, run by Paula Wagner, is headquartered. "Tom not only knows about all aspects of this business, he, more importantly, *wants* that knowledge."

"Now I think my life has actually opened up more because of my stardom," Cruise claims. "When I first started acting, it was not only a whole new generation of actors coming up, but also a whole new generation of film. The dynamics of making movies over the past



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Fashion

Cover: Turtleneck from the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills.
Page 8: Center, bustier by Isaac Mizrahi.
Page 169: Hat, jacket, and gloves from the Yves Saint Laurent boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; earrings from the Kenneth Jay Lane boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; hair and makeup artist for Visages Style.
Page 178: Top, dress by Balenciaga, from Lily et Cie, L.A.; styled by John Ryman; hair and makeup by Jeff Jones for HMS Bookings.
Page 180: Tuxedo by Giorgio Armani; shoes by Manolo Blahnik; scarf by Sharvet, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; hose by Fogal; styled by George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard; hair and makeup by Susan Houser for Streeters.
Page 182: Top, styled by Kathryn Winters; grooming by Patty Wheelock.
Page 184: Hair, makeup, and grooming by Heidi Wells for Ennis Inc.
Pages 188–89: Shirt, call 800-879-4500; pants from the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; tapestry from the Soofer Gallery, L.A.
Pages 192–93: Pants by special order from Richard Edwards, 212-627-4616.
Page 194: Sweater from Bergdorf Goodman and Bloomingdale's, both in N.Y.C.; pants from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.; overcoat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and MAC, San Francisco.
Pages 196–97: Romper from Allan & Suzi, N.Y.C.; thigh-highs from Fogal, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Beverly Hills; shoes from Ombeline, N.Y.C. and Paris.
Page 199: Dress by special order from Untitled, N.Y.C., Barneys New York, and Shauna Stein, L.A.
Page 232: Slip by Sami, from Barneys New York and Barneys Los Angeles.

Beauty

Cover: Hair Gel and M Lotion from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men.
Page 169: On her cheeks, Joues Facette Lumière Cheek Rouge in Naturel; on her eyes, Le Regard de Chanel Eye Essentials in Smoke; on her lips, Rouge à Lèvres lipstick in Sunset; all by Chanel.
Page 199: On her face, Alpha-Ceramide and Flawless Finish Dual Perfection Makeup in Cameo; on her cheeks, Cheekcolor Naturals in Cyclamen; on her eyes, Eyecolor Naturals in Nude, Luxury Eyeliner Pen in Black, and Really Great Mascara in Really Black; on her lips, Luxury Lipstick in Nightlife and Slenderliner Lip Pencil in Sunny Red; all by Elizabeth Arden.
Page 200: On her face, Golden Sands Lucidity Light-Diffusing Makeup S.P.F. 8; on her cheeks, Fresco Dream Blushing Natural Cheek-Color; on her lips, Tawny Tawny Double Color Everlasting Lipstick; on her nails, Sheer Beige Perfect Finish Nail Lacquer and Instant Finish Quick-Dry Topcoat; all by Estée Lauder.
Page 227: Grooming by D. Garen Tolkin for Cloutier.
Page 228: Grooming by Richard Keo for Art & Commerce.
Page 232: Hair by Sonnie Paik for Bruno and Soonie of Beverly Hills, and Sally Hershberger for Profile.
Page 234: Grooming by Richard Keo for Art & Commerce.
Page 236: Grooming by Jacqui Letton for the Gil Gamlieli Beauty Group.
Page 237: Hair by Andre Walker; makeup by Reggie Wells.
Page 245: Grooming by Kelley Quan for Oz New York.

Photographs

Page 8: Top to bottom, by Annie Leibovitz, Michel Comte, Santi Visalli/Photoreporters.
Page 18: Top to bottom, from Botti/Stills/Retna Ltd., courtesy of Barry Friedman Ltd., by Eric Boman.
Page 88: Top and bottom right, from the Kobal Collection; bottom left, from the Granger Collection.
Pages 98–99: From Sygma.
Pages 100 and 105: From Camera Press/Retna Ltd.
Page 110: From Sipa Press.
Page 120: Top, from Votavafoto, Vienna.
Page 126: Top, from the Everett Collection; bottom, from Sygma.
Page 128: Courtesy of the United States Embassy, Bonn.
Page 136: Both from Gamma-Liaison.
Page 138: Bottom, from DMI.
Page 142: All paintings are from private collections.
Page 150: All from the Everett Collection.
Page 160: Top to bottom, from U.P.I./Bettmann, from Photofest, by Ron Galella.
Page 166: Bottom, from DMI.
Page 176: Center, from Photofest.
Page 178: Bottom, left to right, by Joyce Ravid, Patrick Harrison, Samuel M. Steward/Courtesy of the Bancroft Library.
Page 182: Bottom left, by Marina Garnier; bottom right, by Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella Ltd.
Page 204: Both from Photoreporters.
Pages 210–11: Clockwise from left, from the Bettmann Archive; from FPG International; from Globe Photos; by Hy Peskin/*Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.; from FPG International.
Page 242: Top to bottom, by Rachad El Koussy/Camera Press/Globe Photos, Paul Conklin/Camera Press/Globe Photos, Claro Cortes IV/Reuters/Bettmann, from Archive Photos.
Pages 246–47: Left, from Globe Photos; right, from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 249: From FPG International.
Page 250: Both from A.P./Wide World Photos.
Page 251: Left, from Photoreporters.
Page 252: Both from FPG International.
Page 254: From A.P./Wide World Photos.

Editor's note: The photograph on page 181 of the September issue was from the Milton H. Greene Archive; © 1994 by Milton H. Greene.

CRUISE

15 years has changed. The pressure ar
much more significant. At the begi in
it was all about becoming a studen fo
me, and pushing myself, and not ve
pretending to know something th
didn't know about. I was lucky to or
with the masters and have them b in
credibly generous to me."

The list of his co-stars and directo
indeed impressive: Martin Scorsese, Ba
ry Levinson, Rob Reiner, Oliver S ne
Ron Howard, Sydney Pollack, Gen
Hackman, Dustin Hoffman, Jack Nic ol
son, Paul Newman, and now Neil or
dan. On-screen in *Vampire,* however th
tables have turned, and it is Cruise wh
is playing the mentor in the story. "It
an interesting thing to see," his ne es
co-star, Brad Pitt, tells me. "When h
comes on the set, the set works differ nt
ly. It changes the rotation of the plan
a bit."

"Tom has had the burden of bei a
star since he was a teenager," sa
David Geffen. "The only other per
I know of who had to deal with it
similar kind of way is Bob Dylan. It's
very hard to have people *that* focu
on you from such a young age. . .
think Tom has survived it better th
anybody else I know who has had t
kind of scrutiny and that kind of at n
tion and that kind of adulation. It
be awful."

Part of the burden of stardom i
suffering all the rumormongering.
Cruise's case, the rumors involve
possibility that he is a closeted hom
sexual. "Why do you think people k
whispering about your being gay?"
ask him.

"First of all, I don't think it's an
dictment," he tells me. "But I had
heard those rumors till about th
months ago myself. . . . I don't kn
why they say it. I've heard everythi
from I've cheated on my wife to
wife was there on the set of *The Fi*
because she was pissed off about
love scene on the beach. It's not tr
but people are going to say what th
want to say."

"Do you think an actor can be op
about his homosexuality and still be as
ant a movie star as you are?"

"I believe now that anything is pos
ble. Maybe I'm being naïve. But I thi
that is becoming *not* a big issue."

"Of course, that's coming from yo

spective as the highest-paid movie star Hollywood." (Cruise reportedly reves between $15 and $20 million per ture.)

"That's right," he says, laughing at the y thought. "So what the fuck do I ow? Me personally? I don't care. I n't care if people are *Martians.* I really n't care. Straight. Gay. Bisexual. Cathc. Jewish."

"Or Scientologist?"

"Yeah. Or Scientologist."

Cruise's association with the Church of ientology—a system of beliefs that helps e order one's life according to the exprinciples set down by the church's nder, L. Ron Hubbard—is even more ntroversial than the rumors that he is mosexual. Exposés have been written out the church's increasing power in ollywood and the paranoia that that has gendered—on all sides. But Cruise disses any worry his fans may have out his involvement with Scientology. 's a very personal thing," he insists. ruly, this is how I feel about it. People me up to me and ask me, 'So what is ientology?' I say, 'Hey, if you want to ow about it, then read a book about it d see what it means to you.' It's curis to me why people want to fixate on It has certainly helped me. Very much It has helped my spiritual life. I enjoy But people try to create this whole ing about how Scientology is controlg my money and my career."

"Yet if you were still a Catholic, and e of your best friends was the Pope, en people understandably would want talk about that. One of your best ends happens to be Dave Miscavige, o is the head of the Church of Scienology. That does raise questions."

"Yeah. I know. I see that. I hear stuff out Dave. Dave is attacked all the me. It's ludicrous. That is really laughle to me, all the stuff that they try create about this guy who is really ch a decent, good individual. He has dicated his life to something he beves very strongly in. . . . But look all the stuff that I've heard about yself. That I'm a misogynist. I'm a hosexual. I'm brainless. How can I be l of these things? So you've just got to go, Hey! What the fuck! Sometimes I'll turn to Nic and say, 'Let's just live our lives and keep doing what we're doing.' . . . I could spend my time going around saying *that's* not true and *that's* not true and *that's* not true. But I've got so much stuff going on in my life that I'd rather spend the morning with my daughter and my wife and taking care of work."

Back at the Santa Monica airport, Cruise and I shoot some basketball in the hangar where he houses his biplane and where his black Porsche is parked. He also keeps his customized dressing-room trailer here, which travels with him to his movie sets, as well as his customized gym, which has a hitch attached so that it too can go with him to his far-flung locales.

"Oh, man, I've got to show you something," he tells me, sinking one last layup. He runs into the trailer, lined with his many family pictures, and returns with a recent portrait of Isabella, her face pink and happy.

"Do you ever feel guilty having all of this?" I ask him. "Your families. Your career. Your looks. Your wealth. Your stardom. All this stuff here in the hangar."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah. I tell you, it is a lot of things to have. But I've really turned that into 'O.K., *it is what it is.*' . . . I used to feel really, really uncomfortable about it. I definitely still wake up in the middle of the night sometimes, and Nic and I will be talking, and I'll say, 'Look at this,'" he says, whispering like a little boy. "'*Look at this.*'"

"You know, at the beginning of your career, I'd sometimes feel like I was watching a kid playing a man on-screen," I tell him, "as if I were at a college production and had to sit through a freshman's attempt at playing, say, Shannon in *The Night of the Iguana.*"

"I *was* a kid," he counters.

"Are you now a man?"

"I felt like a man many years ago, when I had to take responsibility. Early on, with my mother and my sisters, but also with my career. At a very young age I was making decisions about tens of millions of dollars—not that I think necessarily that is a definition of being a man. *Manhood?* I don't know. I guess manhood is having the courage to stand up for what you believe in, *no matter what.* Even if it costs you your friends. Even if people dislike you for what your choices are."

"Though you are hugely famous, you have been able to maintain a kind of mystery about yourself. You're kind of a good-guy enigma. An automaton of talent."

"Yeah. This is really the first time I've ever talked about my family—my baby and my father and everything. . . . People really don't know me in a lot of ways. David Geffen was telling me that people think I'm so serious. That was curious to me. David is so blunt, which is what I like about him. The thing that really leaves me cold are the people who only say *yes yes yes* to me. When I ask you something, I really want to hear what you've got to say about it. No matter *how painful it is,* tell me now. It's going to hurt later on anyway, so tell me now and let's get it over with."

I glance out at the biplane, still parked next to the hangar. "I can't believe you got me up in the air to do those stunts," I tell Cruise. "But that's part of being a movie star, I guess, taking us all along on your own thrilling ride. Daring the Devil. Yet aren't you more careful these days about aerobatics and things like that, because you're a father? You've got to be thinking of Nicole and Isabella when you're pushing that personal envelope of yours. Aren't you more aware of the danger now?"

Cruise turns the question back to his decision to play Lestat. "No, not really. . . . You know, I've never worked so hard on a character as I did for *Interview with the Vampire.* I lost 18 pounds. I worked on my diction, my movement. I read out loud from classics so that the language became easy for me. I was nervous about it. But it was that *fear* that drove me into it. The guy who taught me to race cars would always say to me that he didn't know whether I was the smartest guy around or the dumbest . . . but I've always had this thing that when I was afraid I never backed off. I always went forward." □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Libras everywhere have mastered the pretzel trick when it comes to playing nice while feeling furious, controlling the scene while pretending to go with the flow, acting selfless while drooling over some beautiful item in a store window, and running through a battlefield under fire while calling their mother or their office on a cellular phone. With the T-square formation of Mars, Uranus, Neptune, and the sun, and with other planets in your 2nd house this fall, maybe you should just cash in on your experiences and go all the way and open up a school for contortionists.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Much of that dark talk about the members of your sign being ferocious and bloodthirsty is nothing but hype. Some people get a charge out of insisting that your eyes have X-ray power and are always looking in places they shouldn't be looking, and joking cruelly that your great-great-grandmother was a great white shark. No way. Especially now, with Venus *and* Jupiter near your sun, you could become the biggest, fattest vessel of higher consciousness on record. Prove those critics wrong. Try existing for a while in a state of gentle fulfillment—instead of primitive hunger.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Although Pluto enters Sagittarius officially sometime in January 1995, you should already be feeling the momentous vibes. Not only will you be back among the living after an endless float through limbo, but you'll actually enjoy being the center of attention again. First, though, you have a few more leaps of faith to take through the 12th house, which will mean passing a test or two about patience, sexuality, forgiveness, and spirituality in an intimate, if somewhat isolated setting. What a comeback! Your Miss Havisham period is ending at last.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

You're bound to be confronted over your current lifestyle, but despite all the lip-biting and hand-wringing, you have taken a decidedly *un*-Capricorn course by moving away from a stodgy, straight life toward a more passionate, humane existence. The fact that you were forced into it (Uranus and Neptune have left you no choice) does not lessen the impact in any way. Don't worry. Your consciousness may have been raised, but you haven't lost the old Capricorn magic when it comes to playing people, figuring all the angles, and spotting a Ralph Lauren at 100 yards.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Inner turmoil is one thing you probably can't erase completely right now, because, like the rest of us, you'll go on banging your head against the wall until you stop, and that's all there is to it. Publicly you've got support, no matter how much mud gossipmongers pile up to sling at you. The recipe is simple: Work hard, stay motivated, and take full advantage of professional opportunities that are being offered by Venus and Jupiter in your 10th house. Above all, avoid seductive distractions that will only mess you up in the end. How realistic is that, though?

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

There may come a day when you should just admit defeat and throw in the towel, but that day is certainly not going to come for a while. Even if Saturn seems to be squeezing the last drop of hope out of you, with Mars in Cancer, the sun in Virgo for most of September, and a planetary cluster in your 9th house all fall, look up. There's a whole new world out there. And remember this: Pisces is the last and thus most enduring of all the signs. On Judgment Day, when humanity is lining up to get into Heaven, guess who will be standing at the door taking tickets.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

To your face, people may be polite, but behind your back they're [illegible] ing their heads and asking one another what in hell you think yo[illegible] ing. With Saturn in your 12th house, Mars in Cancer and Leo [illegible] gaggle of planets in your 8th (usually meaning a good time for se[illegible] carryings-on do look odd. This isn't the most commercially succe[illegible] mentally balanced period in your life, and you are feeling obsess[illegible] self-destructive. What the gossips don't know is that all the weir[illegible] you are doing represent your way of seeking redemption. Don't l[illegible]

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

As the north node, Venus, and Jupiter line up in your solar 7th [illegible] you must make an effort to allow yourself to be cared for and li[illegible] by love and friendship, no matter how unworthy you think you are [illegible] creepy and annoying certain people seem to be. Thanks to the d[illegible] tail in Taurus, your recent bouts of anxiety are understandable, bu[illegible] expect to be healed if you continue to obsess over all the excess b[illegible] you're dragging around. That "baggage" could take any of a num[illegible] forms, from haunting memories to depressingly loose flaps of skin[illegible]

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

The perfect job: one where you are respected, treated well, and rew[illegible] fairly for your integrity and expertise. Attitude is everything now, [illegible] you love what you do, that job will find you. You've got to have [illegible] though, as Saturn overhead and a pileup of planets in your 6th [illegible] make you feel like dough being squeezed through a pasta-maker. [illegible] derstand the current astrological influences on you, think of the f[illegible] tions inflicted on innocent people by the pencil-pushing, tiny-n[illegible] bureaucrats who swarmed all over the Soviet Union for 70 years.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

You have to take some action. With Mars in Cancer, you must strike [illegible] at capricious fate with the best defense, which invariably involves a [illegible] offense. The angelic child waiting for a parent's nod, the convict p[illegible] for the governor's pardon—every Cancer is madly seeking approval. [illegible] do you do it? Healthy individuals would never purposely hang the s[illegible] of a career upon the whim of an unpredictable public or boss, would [illegible] And could a sane person even consider falling romantically for so[illegible] in a state of chaos? Of course not, and yet . . .

LEO *July 23–August 22*

These are strange days for Leos. While planets float through water [illegible] in September, there you are, tucked in as cozily as Tinker Bell un[illegible] leaf, ensconced in the cutest hideaway since Bonnie and Clyde set up l[illegible] just keeping body and soul together, surrendering to the infinite. Then [illegible] denly you make a 180-degree turn and feel *trapped!* With planets in [illegible] 4th house, you want that secure, umbilical-cord feeling one can a[illegible] only by merging and being attached. As Mars moves into Leo in Oc[illegible] you'll strut around, saying, "Hey, look at me! I'm single!" How fick[illegible]

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

With a 7th-house Saturn in your solar-return chart being echoed b[illegible] full moon in Pisces on September 19, instead of relating to the one [illegible] piece of someone that turns you on, you'll have to deal successfully [illegible] the whole person. Your star is on the rise, and with it must come a[illegible] sophistication, by means of which you communicate honestly and r[illegible] from that old, familiar retreat into autism. So take off your little [illegible] Communion outfit and relate like a real, live grown-up. Surrender [illegible] innocence at once! The soiled-virgin role is getting old.


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Social Study

Gore Vidal

The foremost man of American letters, Gore Vidal is at last writing his memoirs—from which he took a brief respite to answer *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Filling out questionnaires.

What is your greatest fear?
Elevation to the papacy.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Thomas Paine.

Which living person do you most admire?
Jesse Jackson.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
A sense of justice.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Ignorance.

What is your favorite journey?
To bed.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Patriotism.



JONATHAN BECKER

On what occasion do you lie?
To convey truth to others.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
White hair turning blond after being dyed for a film.

Which living person do you most despise?
William Safire.

What is your greatest regret?
My presidency.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Bombay gin.

When and where were you happiest?
Drinking the above.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To write like Mozart—Salieri will do.

What is your current state of mind?
Amused at century's end.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would
Optimism.

If you could change one thing about your family, what
be?
Them.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Duluth.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing,
you think it would be?
Nothing.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would
An eternal amoeba.

What is your most treasured possession?
My timing.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
A mirror.

What is your favorite occupation?
Making sentences.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Serenity.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Womanliness.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Manliness.

Who are your favorite writers?
Montaigne, Petronius, L. Frank Baum.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Vautrin.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Dr. Kevorkian.

What are your favorite names?
Bill, Hillary, Chelsea.

What is it that you most dislike?
Press media. Bio-porn.

How would you like to die?
At once.

What is your motto?
"From the One, Many."

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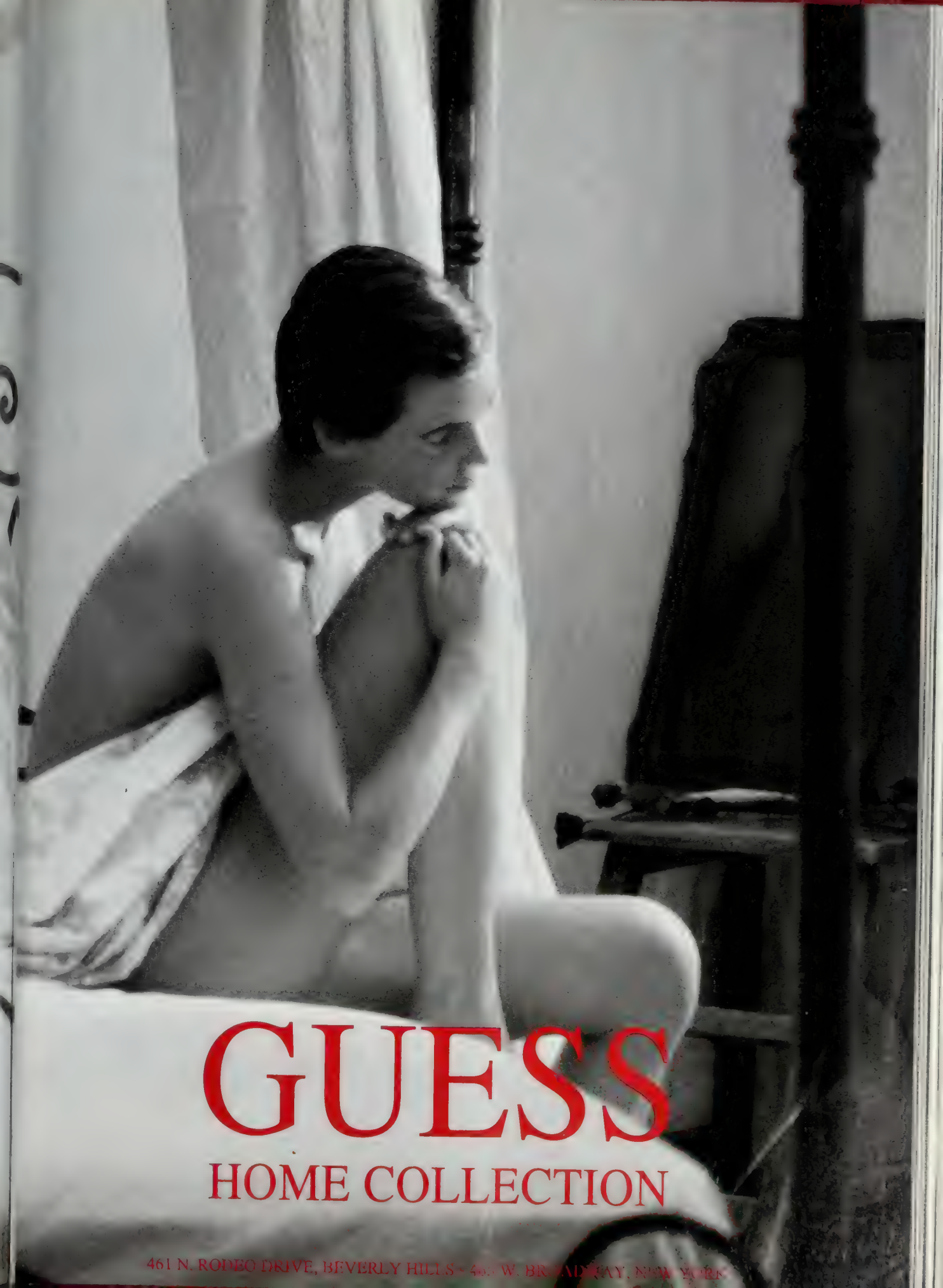
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Volume 57 Number 11 November 1



His master's voice, page 160.



Lights, cameras, action, darlings, page 174.



Rough cut at the Magic Kingdom, page 166.

Features

A Star Is Reborn: Coming off her groundbreaking concert tour, Barbra Streisand is the single most powerful woman in American entertainment—and a certified Friend of Bill, to boot. What more does she want? Someone to get her story right. In Holmby Hills, Michael Shnayerson tries to set the record straight with the woman who only wants everything to be perfect. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz 1

Arianna's Virtual Candidate: California congressman Michael Huffington is making a run for the Senate, but his eyes are on the White House. The wealthy Republican has no apparent platform, or convictions, and his $20-million-plus campaign is powered by his wife, controversial author and New Age minister Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. Maureen Orth exposes the fault lines in their road map to power. 1

A Mouse Divided: The fuss over Jeffrey Katzenberg's abrupt exit from Walt Disney Studios raised the question: Was he pushed, or too pushy? The corporate brinkmanship between Katzenberg and chairman Michael Eisner may go down as the wildest ride in company history. Kim Masters follows the latest plot twists at the Magic Kingdom. Illustration by Risko 1

Glorious Vanderbilt: Tim Sheaffer spotlights Gloria Vanderbilt, and Aileen Mehle discovers the inspiration for G.V.'s haunting new novel, *The Memory Book of Starr Faithfull* 1

House of Altman: The cast of Robert Altman's new film, *Prêt à Porter,* is all dressed up and ready to hit the screen. Word is they will do to the fashion world what Altman's last high-powered ensemble did to Hollywood in *The Player.* As Barbara Shulgasser, who co-wrote the script, reports from the set in Paris, the greatest drama in an Altman picture is often behind the scenes. Photographs by Thierry Le Gouès 1

Herb's Garden: Far from the bustle of Sunset Boulevard and Malibu beach, photographer Herb Ritts has found a new place in the sun—a magnificent aerie in the Santa Fe hills, designed (believe it or not) by his mother. The sleek home allows the celebrated photographer and his chums k. d. lang, Tab Hunter, and Cindy Crawford a place to get away from it all, even as he prepares for the publication of his new book, *Africa.* In an exclusive tour, Kevin Sessums gets back to nature, the Herb Ritts way. Photographs by Todd Eberle. 18

(Continued on page 1


Dear Elsa,
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with the flow of your teardrops,
the strength of your bones
and the openness of your heart.
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VANITY FAIR

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The sweet smell of excess, page 118.



Scarlett to the letter, page 146.



Out of the darkness, page 92.

Columns

Kennedy Diplomacy: In Derry and in Dublin, Leslie and Andrew Cockburn discover that the Kennedy family's special relationship with Ireland was a key to the I.R.A. cease-fire **56**

Hey, Mike, What's with the Beard? For 18 years, Michael Kinsley earned a reputation in *The New Republic* and on *Crossfire* as the brilliant, clean-cut voice of liberal America. Then the guy who never blinks did just that. Nancy Collins measures his new growth. **78**

African Gothic: To Western eyes, the once mighty soul of Africa seems dead and buried. But after journeying through seven countries, Christopher Hitchens and photographer Ed Kashi find a continent still clawing toward the next millennium **92**

The Man Who Invented Celebrity: From Table 50 at the Stork Club, gossip columnist Walter Winchell told America what it needed to know. Liz Smith recalls his heyday **118**

Venice, Vidi, Vici: Henry Porter reports from the gallery of the Royal Academy, where London is feasting its eyes on 18th-century Venice **122**

Tim Burton's Hollywood Nightmare: As the mega-successful director of *Batman, Edward Scissorhands,* and the upcoming *Ed Wood,* Tim Burton shouldn't be running scared. David Edelstein probes the mystery of the little lost mogul **124**

Leo's Lair: Joan Juliet Buck pays tribute to Leo Lerman, who was a guiding spirit at Condé Nast and host of New York's immovable cultural feast. **136**

Vanities

Killer Dylan McDermott; Julie Burchill considers the sex trade; photo books for fall; Marci Klein is a strict Calvinist; *Scarlett* fever—George Wayne on Joanne Whalley-Kilmer **139**

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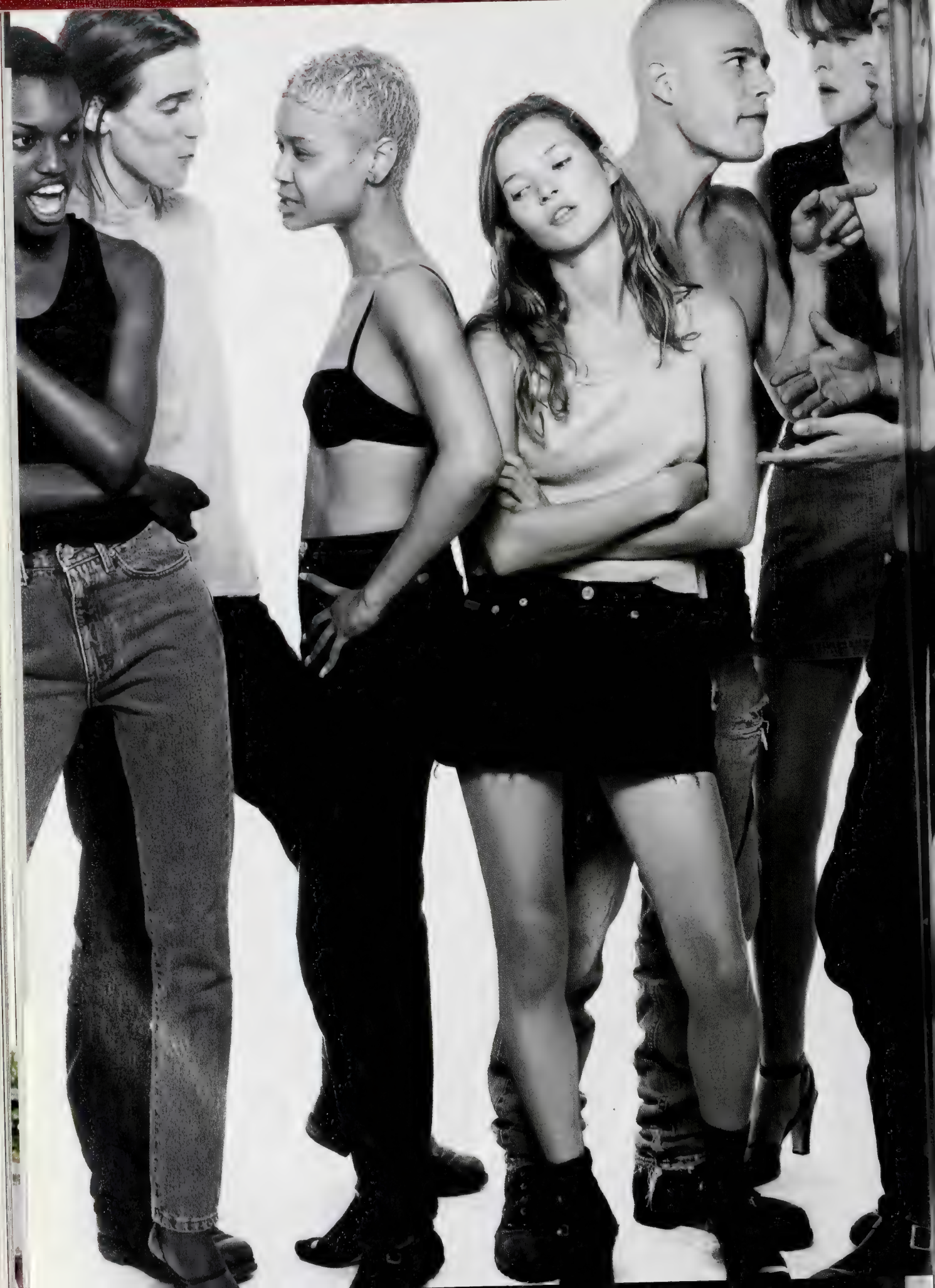
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Editor's Letter

Into Africa



If Christopher Hitchens's contribution this month is a bit longer than his usual "Cultural Elite" essay, it's because we asked him to cover a topic of some magnitude: the African continent. His extraordinary dispatch, "African Gothic," on page 92, is idiosyncratic and impressionistic, infused with a rich detail and texture that convey the epic vastness of his subject. Accompanied by photographer Ed Kashi, Hitchens spent five weeks in seven different countries, traveling more than 7,000 miles by plane, jeep, and helicopter, beginning at the Horn of Africa, crossing the continent at its tip, and then heading back up the western coast. Along the way, he was reminded how wrong many of the stereotypes can be. "People are always referring to 'the Dark Continent,'" he notes, "but the first thing that strikes you is how beautifully lit it is. And though a lot of its people are ground down, Africa is also the first place where our species walked upright."

As he points out, "Africa today is relayed to the rest of the world . . . by brief and sad or shocking images that stay for a moment on the retina before fading away again." The swollen infant, the careless pile of bodies, the red-eyed slum dweller. But, with a combination of empathy, outrage, and wit, Hitchens manages to widen the lens, to return to the nations he visited their singularity—whether the singularity of despair or, less frequently, of hope.

One of his concerns, he recalls, was "whether it made sense, in a continent so big as to have Nelson Mandela's inauguration and the slaughterhouse of Rwanda in the same month, to write about Africa as a discrete subject." Does anything bind the degraded cesspool of Mobutu's Zaire to the goodwill and sanity pervading newborn Eritrea? Or a sober gathering of Kenyan intellectuals to the sacred crocodiles swimming alongside an enormous basilica erected in the bush by Félix Houphouët-Boigny, the Ivory Coast's late despot? Hitchens found that "in fact there is an idea of Africa, and I think it's still alive as an idea." He also discovered how self-critical Africans are. "They talk about Africa the way outsiders do, with the same vocabulary of questions and doubts. All important ideas about development, democracy, tribalism—in effect, the choice between Mandela and Rwanda—are very alive in African minds. We should be in closer touch with the people having these discussions." This month, thanks to his article, *Vanity Fair* readers have that opportunity.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Scattered Pictures . . .

ON THE COVER
Barbra Streisand wears a dress by Donna Karan and shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Hair by Soonie Paik for Bruno & Soonie of Beverly Hills, and by Sally Hershberger for Profile. The makeup is her own. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.



BILL ZULES



The way she is: Barbra is photographed on a prop truck at the Arrowhead Pond of Anaheim after the last night of her six-city international tour, *near left.* With Annie Leibovitz at a Sony Pictures Studios soundstage in L.A., *far left,* Streisand wears a suit by Ralph Lauren.

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A SON OF THE CIRCUS

Born a Parsi in Bombay, sent to university and medical school in Vienna, Dr. Farrokh Daruwalla is a 59-year-old orthopedic surgeon and a Canadian citizen who lives in Toronto. Periodically, the doctor returns to Bombay, where most of his patients are crippled children.

Once, 20 years ago, Dr. Daruwalla was the examining physician of two murder victims in Goa. Now, 20 years later, he will be reacquainted with the murderer.

RANDOM HOUSE

Contributors



SARA BARNETT

"She attacks everything with a ferocious curiosity and doesn't let go until she's considered every angle," says contributing editor Michael Shnayerson of Barbra Streisand, whom he interviews on page 150. "Once she focused on the interview process, she brought to it that same intensity. We talked almost daily for a month. It can come to seem overbearing, but Barbra is, after all, C.E.O. of a rather large company whose only commodity is herself. And she knows better than anyone how the media can magnify and distort her every off-the-cuff comment."



NICOLA DILL

Contributing editor Nancy Collins, a special correspondent for ABC's PrimeTime Live, *profiles liberal pundit and* Crossfire *star Michael Kinsley on page 78 and finds new growth in the man under the new beard.*

Contributing editors **Leslie** and **Andrew Cockburn** have covered the Irish Troubles since the early 1970s "when Derry was a blackened ruin." An Irish-American couple—he is Irish, she is American—they traveled between Massachusetts and Derry for their report this month.

David Edelstein is a former film critic for the *New York Post* and *The Village Voice.* His new play, *Blaming Mom,* opens at Manhattan's Watermark Theater this month.

Ed Kashi says traveling with Christopher Hitchens is like having a library on the next barstool. His photographs from *When the Borders Bleed: The Struggle of the Kurds* will be exhibited this month in New York.

Contributing editor **Kim Masters,** who wrote about headaches at Sony in April, covers the heartache at the Walt Disney Company this month.

(Continued on page 38)

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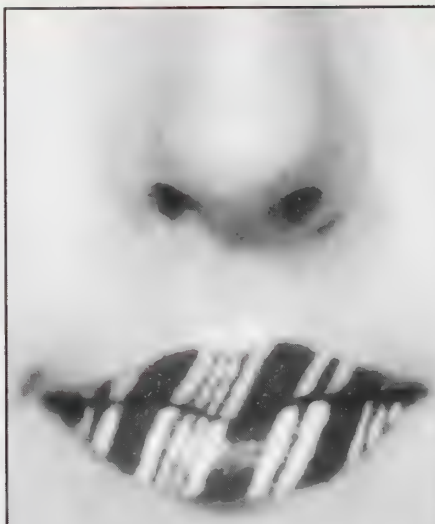
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PLAY-LAND

RANDOM HOUSE

Photo credit: David Loeb / Andrea Huber

Contributors

(Continued from page 34)

Aileen Mehle writes her "Suzy" column for *Women's Wear Daily* and *W* magazine.

Special correspondent **Maureen Orth** interviewed more than 70 people for her profile of California congressman—and Senate hopeful—Michael Huffington and his wife, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. "She makes Hillary Clinton look like Pat Nixon," says Orth. "She's a latter-day Aimee Semple McPherson, and he is learning at her knee."



JOYCE RAVID

Barbara Shulgasser, a film critic for the San Francisco Examiner, *co-wrote Robert Altman's* Prêt à Porter *and was in Paris for the two-and-a-half-month shoot, an experience she describes on page 174. She is working on a novel and two screenplays.*



ROBERT MANELLA

Joan Juliet Buck, editor in chief of Paris Vogue, *pays homage on page 136 to the late Leo Lerman, who "was both a mentor and a playmate to me." She recalls her first conversation with Lerman, in 1972, when she was features editor of British* Vogue: *"It was about mauve."*

Kevin Sessums profiled Tom Cruise for the October issue.

Liz Smith, who has been called the premier gossip columnist in America, knew and observed the previous holder of that title, Walter Winchell, during the last decade of his reign. This month, she takes note of a new biography that recaptures Winchell's era.



Christopher Hitchens spent more than a month in Africa, with photographer Ed Kashi, for his epic dispatch (page 92). Hitchens and Kashi have also collaborated on When the Borders Bleed: The Struggle of the Kurds, *which is being published by Pantheon this month.*

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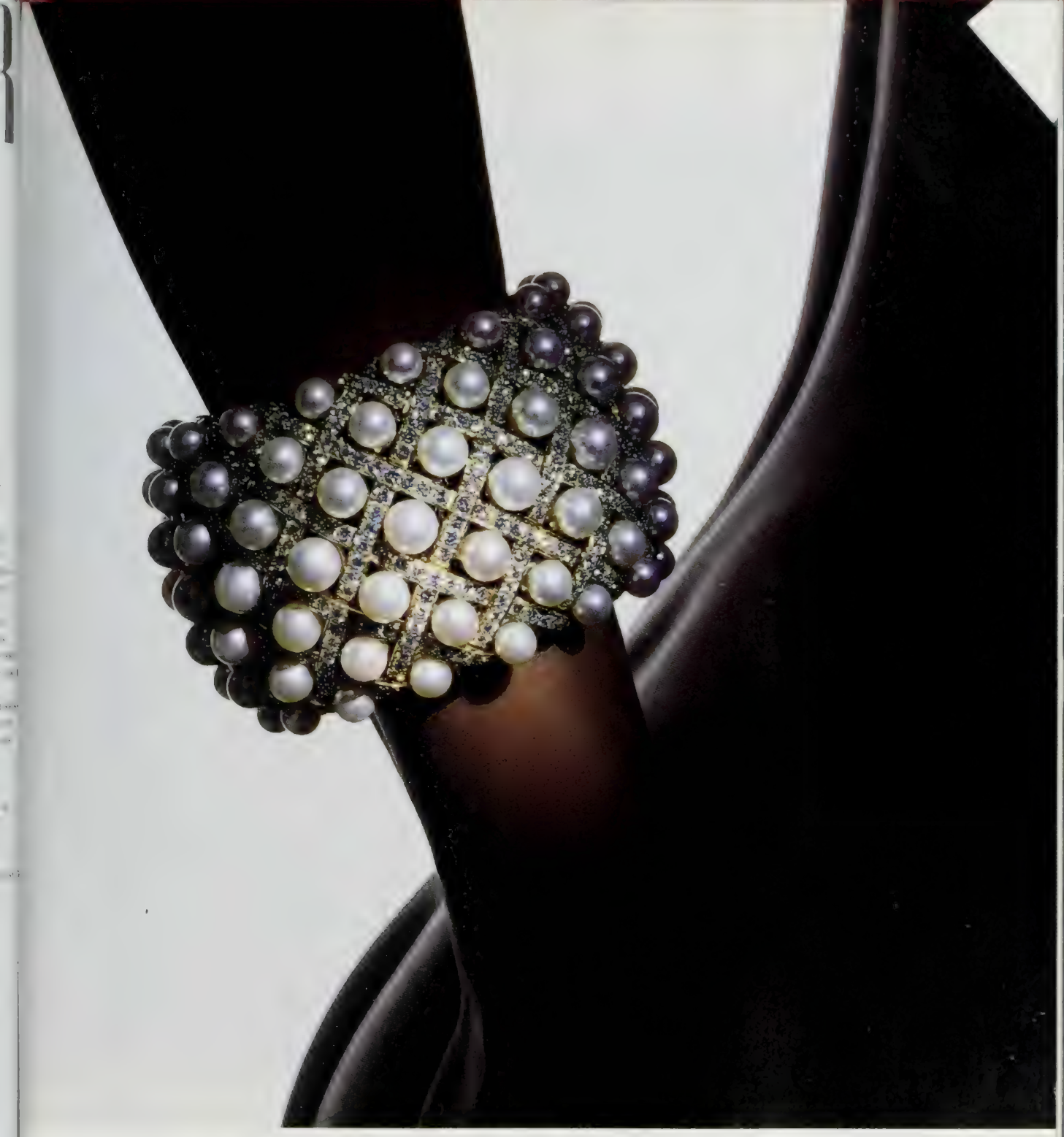
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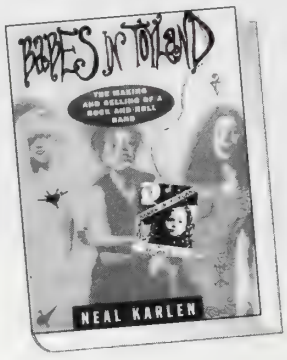
BABES IN TOYLAND



Photo: © Matt Ankur Rehm

The Making and Selling of a Rock and Roll Band

By Neal Karlen



A real life version of *The Commitments* — the tough, dramatic story of an all-girl grunge band that wouldn't sell out.
This rare insider's look at the music industry includes the making of the hit record "Fontanelle" and artists from Madonna to Kurt Cobain.

TIMES BOOKS

Letters



LUCKY STARS

The Warren Report

After a summer which was dominated by the coverage of domestic violence and marital rifts and splits, Dominick Dunne's article and interview with Warren Beatty ["Love Story," September] about his marriage to Annette Bening was a much-needed confirmation and great inspiration to those of us who truly believe that marriages made in heaven can, and in fact do, exist both in and out of Hollywood.

MELINDA TAYLOR
Birmingham, Alabama

Will you please insist on Dominick Dunne's writing *all* of these celebrity articles? His talent as a writer makes any article palatable—hope Warren thanked him properly.

CONNIE WEIS
Virginia Beach, Virginia

After reading Dominick Dunne's article, it is my opinion that Warren Beatty is the last great Hollywood leading man. His wife, Annette Bening, is a great actress in her own right, and a beauty of classic proportions. They recapture the glamour, allure, and mystery of Hollywood's golden era, when stars were true stars. They just don't make them like that anymore. Together they are the last great Hollywood couple. I can't wait to see their new movie. I wish them life, love, happiness, and the best of everything always.

DENIS CHRISTOPHER-RYAN
Flint, Michigan

How could you waste the extraordinary writing talent of Dominick Dunne on the dullest interview I have ever read? Does anyone anywhere care anything about what Warren Beatty has to say?

ALICE SCHMIDT
Chase City, Virginia

Bright Strobe

Vanity Fair keeps getting more diverse and interesting. Marjorie Williams's fas-


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cinating and insightful portrait of Strobe Talbott ["Clinton's Rhodes Warrior," September] was so impeccably researched and written that I find myself mulling over its nuggets days after having read them. Please bring Ms. Williams back soon and keep writers of her caliber coming.



New statesman: The stern visage of Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott, the president's old friend from Oxford, who is thought to be bound for even greater things in the Clinton administration.

CYNTHIA HIBBARD
Woodinville, Washington

In Like Quindlen

Marjorie Williams berates Anna Quindlen for bringing the truths of women's daily lives to social-policy issues, blatantly missing the goal of Quindlen's "Public & Private" column ["All About Anna," September]. Quindlen's intention is to bring the values we associate with private life and apply them to public issues. Judging by the column's popularity, Quindlen's approach resonates with millions of readers.

Ms. Williams got it right when she said Quindlen has a devoted following, especially among women, but it's not because of her "unorthodox career path" or the *Times*'s accommodations to her family life. If anything, that elicits envy. What elicits devotion from women and men alike is her honesty about how complicated the issues are, her recognition that they don't alwa lend themselves to easy blood-drawi opinions, and her validation of the a bivalence that we feel about deali with issues from welfare, adoption, a day care to policies on Haiti, Cuba, a Rwanda.

As for Ms. Williams's assertion th Quindlen's voice is "pitched to tell ot ers what they want to hear," this is ju not so. Talk to her secretary, who ope boxes of live roaches and frightenin caricatures. I'd be surprised if Willia Safire (whom Williams holds up as e emplar) draws such hate.

Vanity Fair would have done better t have waited to interview Quindlen b fore they printed such a shabby piece. Warren Beatty had refused to be inte viewed for a few months because of fam ily priorities, I'll bet you'd have held th article and made him into a family herc

In closing, I was sad to learn tha Anna Quindlen is leaving *The New Yor Times.* For all the reasons stated above many readers now turn to the back pag before reading the headlines. Therefore, hope the *Times* will search for a voice o equal brilliance and resonance. For sure her presence on my Wednesday and Sat urday mornings will sorely be missed.

MARIE C. WILSON
President, Ms. Foundation for Women
New York, New York

Anna Quindlen wishy-washy and timid? Well, for starters, she was solidly and gutsily behind the gay and lesbian community at a time when most publications (including *V.F.*) wouldn't touch us.

I'm even more baffled by Marjorie Williams's alternate dissing of Quindlen as an ambitious newspaperwoman and a mom who wants to stay home with her kids. As it happens, I'm the mother of the "tykes whose parents happened to be influential journalists" whom Quindlen sought out for baby-sitting at Barnard, and I did indeed recommend her for her first job, at the old *New York Post.* Williams implies that seeking me out was some sort of unsavory, Sammy Glickish sucking-up on Quindlen's part. In fact, it's what we in the journalism biz call "enterprise" or "good instincts" or "brains."

I'm not surprised that Quindlen turned out to be a devoted mother (she was the best baby-sitter I ever had), and she's also a damned good reporter (as Williams herself grudgingly admits at the end of her profile). If even someone as talented and focused as Anna Quindlen finds motherhood and a high-powered career in conflict and still manages to carve out

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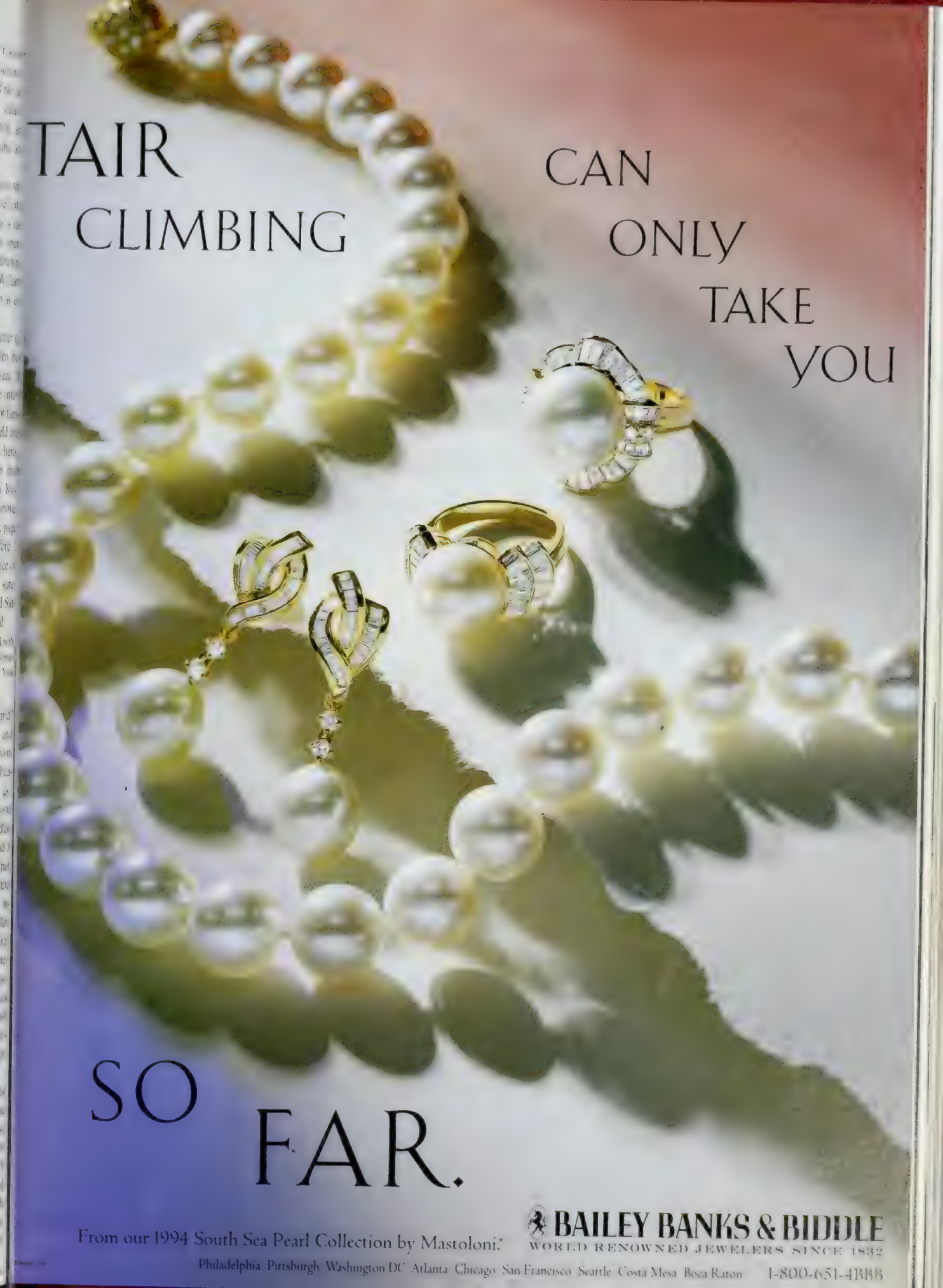
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a successful niche that accommodates both, why isn't this cause for admiration instead of snarky, snotty sour grapes?

LINDSY VAN GELDER
Miami Beach, Florida

To make her case that Anna Quindlen is just too domestic, not political enough, Marjorie Williams conveniently overlooks the many columns Ms. Quindlen has written defending abortion rights and the rights of battered women—subjects the more "political" boys at the *Times* never quite get around to covering. In some aspects of her life and work, Ms. Quindlen may be a good girl, but she's not nearly as good as Marjorie Williams. After all, there's nothing the big boys like better than watching one woman try to take another down.

THERESA REBECK
Brooklyn, New York

I thought "moral high ground" and "appreciation of children and domestic life" (family values?) were exclusive territories enjoyed only by the conservative right. Anna Quindlen is a refreshing counterpoint to the morass of know-it-all columns.

JACK KAPLAN
San Diego, California

Anna Quindlen has much in common with men said to be tied to their mothers' apron strings. Her *Times* column reflects little interest in anybody whose life does not resemble the shapes and forms of her own mother's real or could-have-been existence. Curiously, men in her column appear mostly as threats to the well-being of womenfolk the world over. Indeed, her husband ought to ask himself why, as Marjorie Williams informs us, she is feeding him eggs Benedict and fried ham. (Just kiddin', folks.)

NICK SIVULICH
Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania

Evans in Lotusland

Robert Evans ["Evans Gate," by Matthew Tyrnauer, September] looks as if he's been eating a good deal of whipped cream while sunning, heavily layered with baby oil. Evans *is* Norma Desmond in men's underwear. He should rethink the close-up. Quite a spectacle, eyeglass frames notwithstanding.

JOHN CRANDALL
Seattle, Washington

I remember Bobby Evans from the [illegible] 40s as a joyful and caring person in [illegible] group of friends. What fun we all h[illegible] with our dreams and aspirations. H[illegible] contributed so much to all of us.

I wish him well and hopefully thr[illegible] his adversity he will realize some [illegible] blance of peace of mind.

JEAN GOLDEN BOOCHE[illegible]
Wilmette, Il[illegible]



Beautiful dreamer?
Controversial movie producer Robert Eva[illegible]
who recently published his memoirs,
The Kid Stays in the Picture,
in the bedroom of his opulent home in Beverly Hills, California.

It's hard to believe Ali MacGr[illegible] whom I knew in high school (Rosem[illegible] Hall, Greenwich, Connecticut), left [illegible] yummy setting of the Evans house [illegible] go off to Trancas Beach on Steve M[illegible] Queen's motorcycle. I always thou[illegible] she and Evans seemed to have fina[illegible] found the right mate in each oth[illegible] though it seems now that marriage is[illegible] for either.

GEORGIA B. MAKIV[illegible]
Lansdowne, Pennsylv[illegible]

Mr. Evans comes across as a o[illegible] dimensional, highly narcissistic indiv[illegible] ual, not worthy of the space his arti[illegible] received in your magazine. Despite [illegible] of the surely fascinating people he h[illegible] had relationships with, his ident[illegible] seems rooted in his house. He co[illegible] ments that "Jack [Nicholson] saw [illegible] shrivel in front of him." Mr. Eva[illegible] couldn't this have been the result [illegible] cocaine use rather than the con[illegible] quence of no longer having your na[illegible] on the deed to your wonderful hom[illegible] Get a life!

DAIN ADELMA[illegible]
Scottsdale, Ariz[illegible]

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"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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New York

Letters

Less than Faithfull?

If Marianne Faithfull ["Ever Faithfull," by Cathy Horyn, September] finds the man who provided a cottage for her own mother during the last 20 years of her life so objectionable (while Marianne herself was a strung-out junkie who could not even provide for herself, let alone anyone else, including her only child), why then does she feel the need to advertise her long-ago sexual relationship with him via a crudely self-indulgent T-shirt declaration?

Please, Marianne, a little more gratitude and spiritual generosity, or, in the words of Mick Jagger, 1968: Have some courtesy, have some sympathy and some taste.

LINDA S. COLLINS
Merriam, Kansas



Lay Girlfriends: Ana Castillo (standing), Denise Chávez, Julia Alvarez, and Sandra Cisneros are bright lights in Latina literature. They also happen to be close friends.

Good Amigas

I would like to take this opportunity to sincerely congratulate you for your gratifying report on "The Four Amigas" [by Michael Shnayerson, September]. It is really promising to see how a great magazine such as *Vanity Fair* is interested in covering less traditional subjects, such as Latin culture. However, it is important to point out that [illegible] Julia Alvarez is probably the first [illegible] minican woman to have been ta[illegible] into consideration by *V.F.* Sometime[illegible] seems that Oscar de la Renta and [illegible] firio Rubirosa are the only Dominic[illegible] who occupy the pages of your ma[illegible] zine.

JIMMY AR[illegible]
Staten Island, New Y[illegible]

That "small Houston press" that f[illegible] published Sandra Cisneros's *The Ho[illegible] on Mango Street* (1984) is Arte Publ[illegible] Press at the University of Houst[illegible] Arte Público is the largest publisher [illegible] U.S. Latinos and has launched m[illegible] Latina writers than any other pre[illegible] Ana Castillo's early book of poet[illegible] *Women Are Not Roses,* was also p[illegible] lished by Arte Público, and Den[illegible] Chávez's first work, *The Last of [illegible] Menu Girls* (1986), was published [illegible] Arte Público.

JULIAN OLIVAR[illegible]
Houston, Te[illegible]

Jackie Ode

I always like to read a magazine's "L[illegible] ters to the Editor." I was particularly [illegible] terested in seeing the reactions vario[illegible] people had to Dominick Dunne's elega[illegible] remembrance of Jacqueline Kenne[illegible] Onassis ["Forever Jackie," July]. I wasn[illegible] disappointed!

My favorite was the letter you pu[illegible] lished from Ms. Belinda Battistel[illegible] ["Maybe Jackie O did hold a uniqu[illegible] place in American society, but she w[illegible] never part of the fabric of America[illegible] culture . . . "]. I believe she has [illegible] grand case of sour grapes. Mrs. Ona[illegible] sis was an incredible person the lik[illegible] of whom we will probably never se[illegible] again in our lifetime. She was [illegible] woman with great style, and she su[illegible] vived with quiet dignity where man[illegible] would have folded. Who are any of u[illegible] to judge her choices in life? W[illegible] weren't standing in her shoes. Ms. Ba[illegible] tistelli, you missed the point of M[illegible] Dunne's article.

CARLA JOY ZAMBELL[illegible]
Haverford, Pennsylvani[illegible]

Letters to the editor should be sent wit[illegible] the writer's name, address, and daytim[illegible] phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail t[illegible] vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publi[illegible] cation may be edited for length and clarity.

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IRISH SPRING
Above, Irish nationalists in Belfast celebrate the cease-fire, August 31, 1994. President Clinton, Irish prime minister Albert Reynolds, Jean Kennedy Smith, and Senator Ted Kennedy, *below*, celebrating Smith's nomination as ambassador to Dublin on St. Patrick's Day 1993.



KENNEDY DIPLOMACY

The Kennedy legacy is alive and well in Ireland. J.F.K.'s picture still hangs on many walls; Teddy is still revered; Jean Kennedy Smith is the U.S. ambassador. Together, they helped broker the deal that brought about the I.R.A. cease-fire

BY LESLIE AND ANDREW COCKBURN

"Knight Dame Jean Kennedy Smith!" bellows an elderly gentleman wearing a costume best described as Roman epic. His plum-colored tunic is complemented by a silver helmet, leather sandals, and white athletic socks. "The socks make it," murmurs director Mike Nichols as we watch the American ambassador to Ireland invested as an Irish knight.

The skulls of dead deer gaze down on this bizarre ceremony, which is all of 11 years old and is taking place in the baronial hall of Muckross House, an extravagant Gothic pile thrown up beside the lakes of Killarney in the 19th century thanks to an Irish-American mining fortune. The lithe 66-year-old ambassador, sister of John and Bobby and Ted Kennedy, steps forward to receive her vestments and kiss a formidable-looking sword. The bare-legged master of ceremonies motions for her to kneel. She remains determinedly upright, prompting whispers


DONNAKARAN
INTIMATES



around the hall. "She can't kneel. because she's an ambassador."

"She's got a bad back."

"I think," says one Irish dowager, "she's religious."

The awkward moment passes, and the assembled company of wealthy Irish-Americans and other friends of our California-born host breaks into a rousing chorus of the "Knight's Anthem," to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song," the refrain of "Baa Baa Baa" being replaced with "Rah Rah Rah."

The ambassador takes it all in good humor, as a pleasant social occasion of the kind that has traditionally occupied the time of American envoys to Ireland. The Irish have not forgotten or forgiven the fact that until Smith arrived the post was usually reserved for elderly Irish-American nonentities who made their way to the Emerald Isle via assorted presidential campaign coffers. "Dead before he arrived," sniffs one Dubliner at the memory of a notably geriatric Bush appointee.

No one argues that Jean Kennedy Smith fits that mold. "There are the Irish-Americans and then there's the Irish," says Sean Donlon, himself a former ambassador, from Dublin to Washington. "The Kennedys are Irish. They really understand Ireland—beyond all this." He waves a glass at the crowd under the stag skulls.

The championing of Paul Hill is a telling indication of how the Kennedys regard their ancestral homeland.



KENNEDY ROOTS
J.F.K.'s 1963 trip to Ireland included a family reunion in Dunganstown, *top.* To Kennedy's right are his cousin Mary Ryan, her daughter Josephine, and Jean Kennedy Smith; on his left is Ryan's other daughter, Mary Ann. *Above,* Ted Kennedy and Catholic leader John Hume in 1976.

The Kennedys' understanding, or at least their interest, is of comparatively recent vintage. Even after they made their millions, the family never bothered to keep a house in Ireland. Jack's election, whatever it did for the Irish emotionally, did not pay off politically for their country, and Bobby, for all his fervent crusading on behalf of oppressed peoples, never took any interest in Ireland. The Kennedy interest, says Donlon, dates from "'69, when the North blew up."

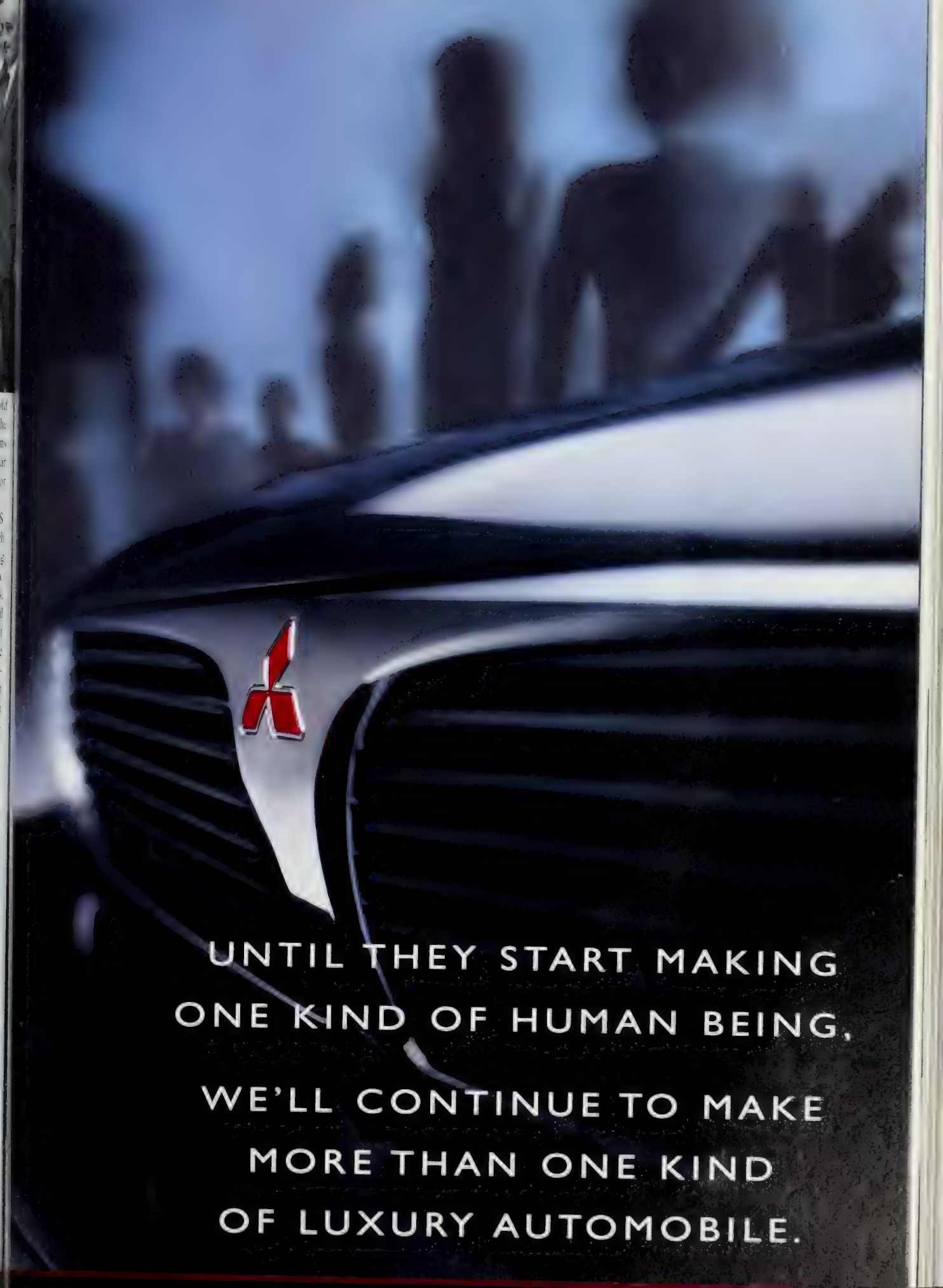
"The North"—the six northern counties that Britain refused to relinquish when the rest of Ireland gained its independence in 1922—was dominated by a Protestant majority, who, enamored of their link with Britain, called themselves Unionists. They were determined to prevent Catholics in the province from getting any measure of political or economic power, still less reuniting with the rest of the country.

In 1969, the northern Catholics finally rebelled. The British sent troops, initially to keep Protestants and Catholics apart, but they were increasingly seen by the Catholics as reinforcing British domination and their own subject status. The Provisional Irish Republican Army, descended from the old guerrilla force that had driven the British out of the South, took up arms to complete the job. As the war dragged on, it became a metaphor for intractable conflict.

Throughout "the Troubles," the U.S. had left Northern Ireland pretty much to the British, consistently refusing even to allow entry visas to the I.R.A. leadership, specifically Gerry Adams, the president of the I.R.A.'s political arm, Sinn Fein. Finally, in February of this year, Adams got his visa and came to the United States for a 48-hour media blitz. And then, in August, the I.R.A. declared a "complete cessation of military operations." Astonishingly, it appeared that Ireland could be near the end of a struggle that has lasted for centuries.

An American diplomat with an intimate knowledge of the Irish situation recalls vividly that "Teddy [Kennedy] went out on the line for this thing. The president made promises during the campaign to Irish-Americans, particularly in New York. In the New York primary a group met with Clinton. That was where the commitment was made to give Adams a visa. Clinton is no green-tie president—he doesn't just drink green beer out of a bowl on St. Patrick's Day. He got into the specifics of the issue. But it was Kennedy, along with his sister Jean, who kept the promise."

"There is absolutely no doubt that without Ted Kennedy there would not have been a cease-fire," says Niall O'Dowd, publisher of the *Irish Voice* in New York, who *(Continued on page 67)*

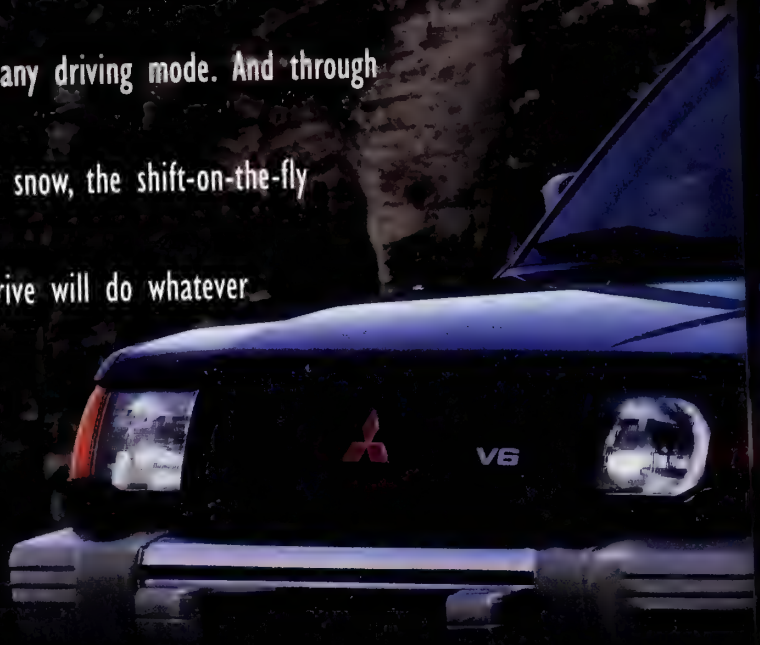

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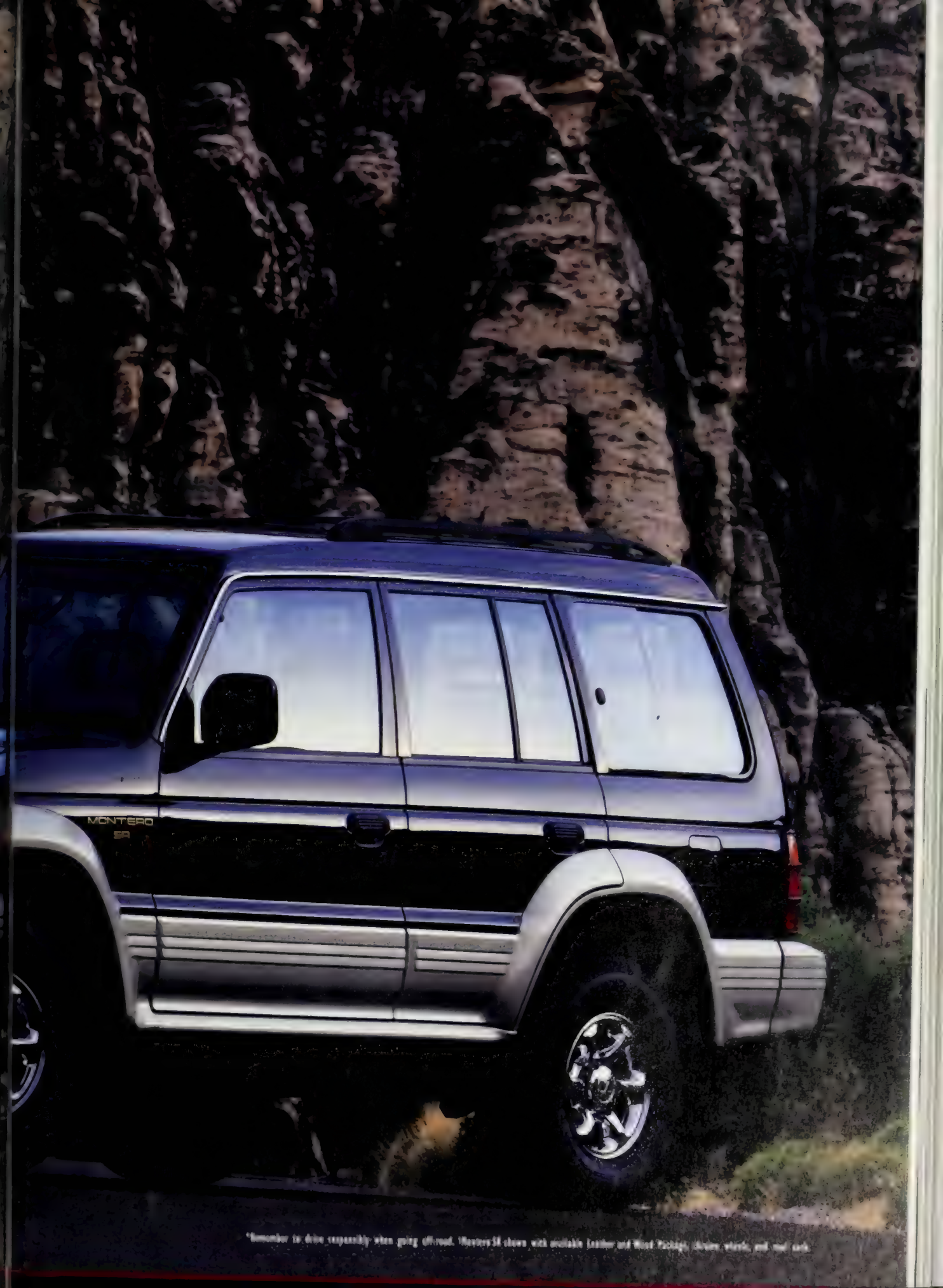
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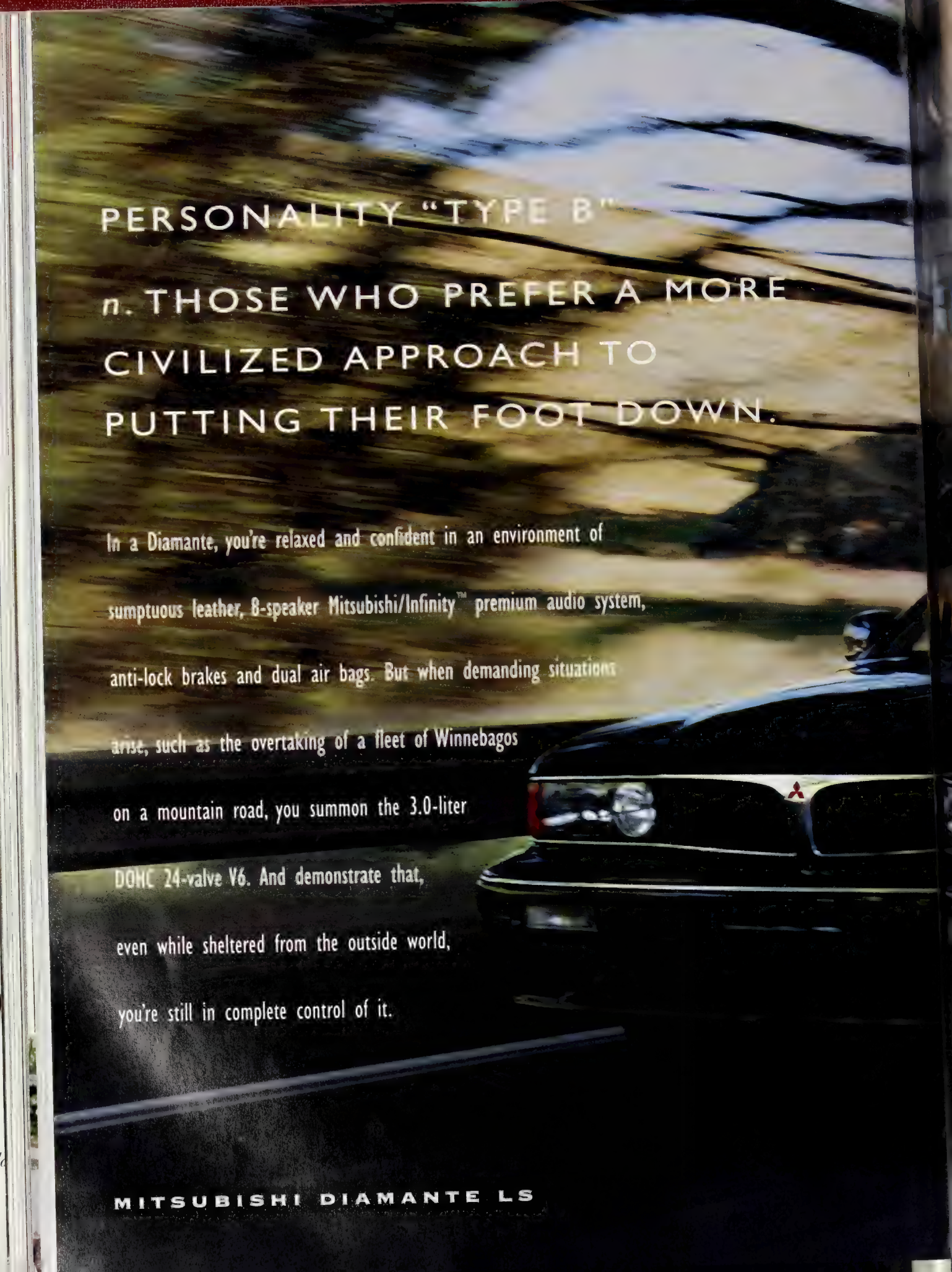




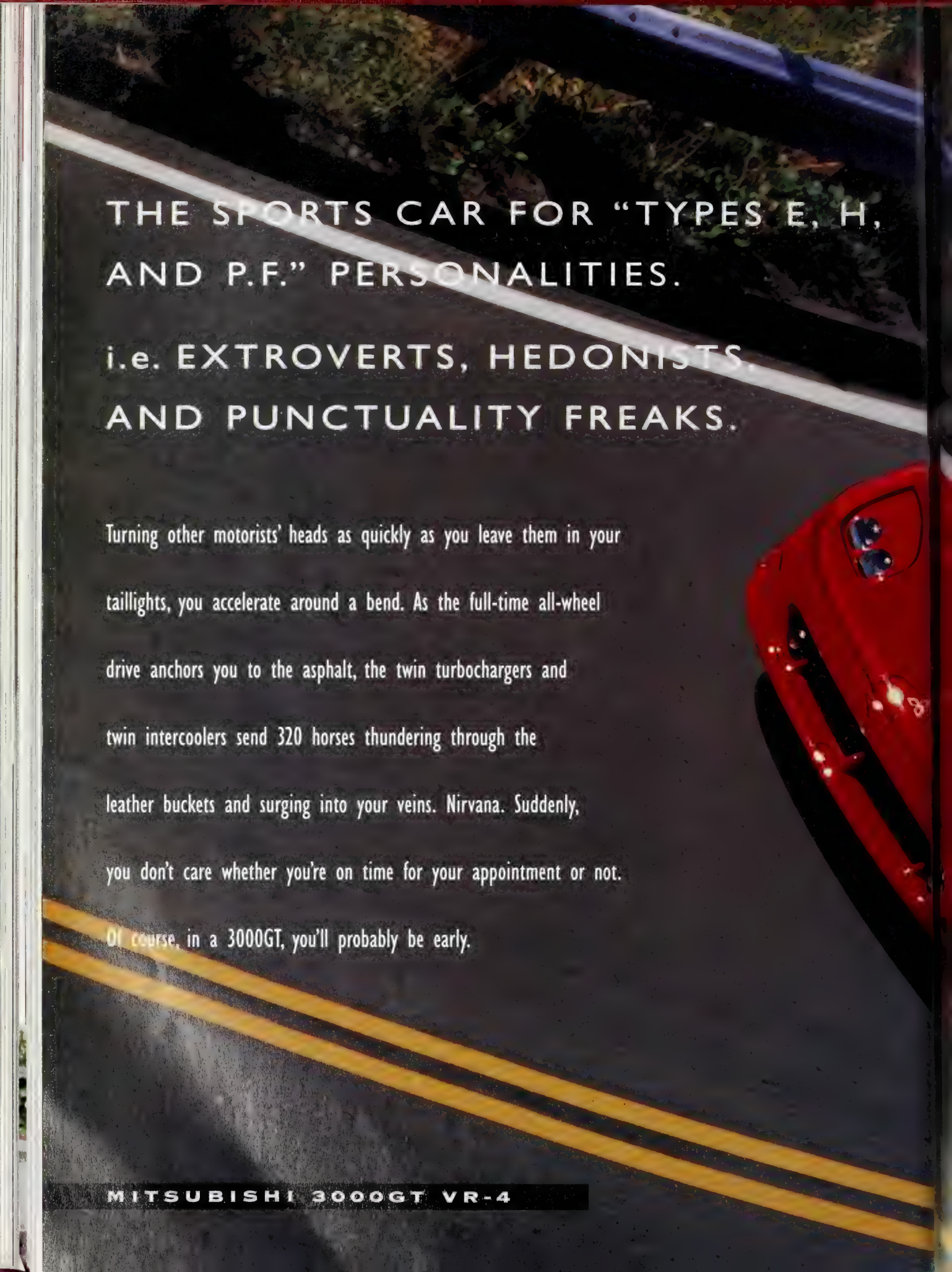
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THE BROADWAY

(Continued from page 67)

Hume certainly had an effect on Jean Kennedy Smith. He is "the biggest single influence on her," says Joe Lee. A rumpled professor from Cork, Lee is a close adviser and tutor to the ambassador. Ensconced in a booth in the Horseshoe Bar, a watering hole for the Dublin political establishment, he explains that not only is Jean Teddy's ambassador to Dublin, she is Hume's as well. The Irish government in the South "has to have *pressure* on it that reinforces Hume's ideas," says Lee. "She's an important conduit for Hume."

It's not entirely clear why Jean Kennedy Smith (who declined to speak to *Vanity Fair* for this article) decided to take up diplomacy in her mid-60s. Her sudden interest certainly came as a shock to Congressman Brian Donnelly from the very Irish district of Dorchester in Boston. He had worked long and hard on Irish matters, wanted nothing more than the Dublin embassy, and thought he had been promised the post by the Democratic leadership. "Brian never saw the fucking train coming," says a friend. Donnelly later reported that when he solicited Senator Kennedy for the job, Kennedy replied, "Oh shit, my sister is interested—but you deserve it."

But a Clinton official states the bottom line: "Jean can call her brother in two minutes, and he can call the president. *That's* important."

Ted Kennedy "cares about this stuff to a surprising degree," observes Lawrence O'Donnell. "Remember how Robert Frost told John Kennedy to 'be more Irish than Harvard'? Well, it's extraordinary how *much* more Irish than Harvard Ted is. . . . I mean, look at his office—it's full of Irish memorabilia, a street sign from Ballysomewhere. He feels very strongly about it, quite emotional."

Of course, it does not hurt that Massachusetts is 26.9 percent Irish. Kennedy is running in what may be his closest re-election race in years, and his labors on behalf of the old country help to cancel out a lot of scandal-ridden baggage accumulated over the years. Albert Reynolds, the Irish prime minister, even went to Massachusetts this spring to give a campaign speech for the senator: "Six more years!" Conservative Catholic Democrats will forgive a lot on behalf of Ireland.

Though his sister has been careful to include Protestant Unionists at official dinners at the Phoenix Park ambassadorial residence, she is also known for her gut Irish nationalism. "Her position is 'Brits Out' I didn't tell you that," says one friend.

"The name Kennedy brings the British out in spots," says Dorothy Tubirdy, the family's oldest friend in Dublin. "Dot," as she is known around town, is a society matron and a former P.R. woman for Waterford Glass. She is also godmother to Courtney Kennedy, daughter of Ethel and Bobby, who was catapulted into the headlines when she married Paul Hill, known to history as one of the Guildford Four, the group whose story was the basis of the book and subsequent film *In the Name of the Father*.

In Ireland, the marriage of a rough Belfast street kid who has spent his entire adult life in jail to a member of what the Irish regard as their First Family was received with equanimity. "People here thought it was quite natural," says political commentator Fintan O'Toole with a shrug. "Come out of jail and marry a Kennedy."

When Hill's appeal of his conviction for murdering a former British soldier (long before his fraudulent conviction for the Guildford bombings) came up in Belfast, there were massed ranks of Kennedys in the courtroom to show solidarity. A suave Dublin political wheeler-dealer who doesn't let his longtime friendship with the family get in the way of a blunt remark says that "people here thought the Kennedys' trooping in in their Chanel suits and Gucci shoes was a bit tacky. No one paid any attention to Paul Hill's mother or his daughter."

But another point of view comes from a man who himself spent four and a half years in a southern Irish jail, wrongly convicted of a spectacular train robbery. Nicky Kelly, one of Hill's closest friends, is now a local politician in the South. "What would people have said," he argues, "if the Kennedys hadn't gone to the appeal? That they didn't support him. And it might have gone the other way. Can you imagine Ethel camped outside the prison?"

The championing of Paul Hill is a telling indication of how the family regard their ancestral homeland. "The Kennedys look at these people, Nelson Mandela, Cesar Chavez, Paul Hill they're all in the same category," observes P. J. Mara, a fabled Dublin political spin doctor and friend of the

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family. It was Ethel, Mara points out, who selected Hill as a suitable friend for daughter Courtney, dispatching him to cheer her up when she was recuperating after a skiing accident. "Ethel was the matchmaker."

Congressman Joe Kennedy, Courtney's 42-year-old brother, has also been involved in pushing Irish interests, through his close association with Bill Flynn. In the unpublicized but increasingly potent world of the Irish-American lobby, Flynn, aged 68, is a name to conjure with. Chairman of the enormous Mutual of America insurance corporation, he used a foreign-policy group he endows to sponsor Gerry Adams's visit. The son of a Catholic emigrant from County Down in Northern Ireland, he is disarmingly frank about his interest. "I was approached by people from NORAID who asked me for a contribution. I said I couldn't do that, because I didn't agree with their methods, though I told them I did agree with their eventual goal—the reunification of Ireland. I've always wanted to see a United Ireland. Then they asked me, in a nice way but quite bluntly, 'Well, what are you doing about it?' I've never felt like a draft dodger before."

It was Ethel who selected Hill as a friend for her daughter Courtney. "Ethel was the matchmaker."



HILL-RAISERS
***Top,* Courtney Kennedy Hill, Paul Hill, who became famous as a member of the Guildford Four, and Congressman Joe Kennedy, at Belfast's High Court on February 23, 1994, seeking to overturn Hill's conviction for murdering a former British soldier. *Left,* I.R.A. leaders Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness draw cheers outside Sinn Fein headquarters in West Belfast on the first day of the cease-fire.**

Flynn and young Joe worked to end discriminatory practices against Catholics in Belfast factories. And Flynn swung his considerable weight in U.S. business circles to foment support for the effort to persuade the I.R.A. to call off its military campaign in exchange for political respectability and endorsements.

While Flynn and the others did play significant roles in marshaling U.S. support for a breakthrough—and everyone emphasizes the enormous impact of the Kennedy-Hume axis—it is the I.R.A. gunmen who actually put down their weapons and locked up the bomb factories.

Sinn Fein documents going back to 1989 show that "the movement" had come to a decision that the vicious guerrilla war was going nowhere. Spectacular coups such as lobbing mortars at Heathrow Airport and bombing the City of London, prompting howls of anguish from foreign banks and corporations operating there, were an effective finale, a demonstration of the damage that could be done. The I.R.A. was improving its position at the table, and John Hume's role as Martin Luther King needed the steady gunfire as a backdrop.

At the Pilot's Row Community Center, within walking distance of Hume's modest house, we find some of these I.R.A. warriors and an ebullient crowd of their supporters commemorating the 25th year of the Troubles with a Provo version of the TV show *This Is Your Life.* After persuading the large men at the door to make an exception to the strict ban on outsiders, we squeeze into the back of the hall. A thick fog of cigarette smoke hangs over the bleachers as we strain to penetrate the Derry accents of the speakers, many of whom have done time in the infamous H-Blocks for Republican prisoners in the Maze Prison, outside Belfast.

"Here we have," shouts the master of ceremonies, "the longest-serving prisoner in Northern Ireland!" The crowd roars its applause while the ex-prisoner grins sheepishly. One guest leaps up. "I feel like I'm on a jury here," he shouts. He points at the honoree: "He's guilty." The laughter swells. "He looks guilty, he is guilty."

The honoree is a grandfather and revered community activist who has sheltered and fed most of the Republicans in the room at times when they were on the run. He beams as his scattered family appear on the video screen: a son in California, a gymnast daughter at the Commonwealth Games, a son with cerebral palsy. A letter is read out from another son, in jail in the South for I.R.A. activities: "Dad, you didn't teach me to run fast enough."

Gerry Adams, looking slightly stiff and awkward, appears on a taped message of congratulations. Finally Martin McGuinness, former I.R.A. chief of staff and commander for Derry and now vice president of Sinn Fein, takes the mike. McGuinness, once a hunted guerrilla, is trim, with curly blond hair.

ALAN LEWIS


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He wears a crisp blue shirt and tasteful tie. His message is about the successful end, fast approaching, of "25 years of struggle." A beefy veteran of the I.R.A. jumps up to shout, "Hey, Martin, what about our back pay?"

Later, as the crowd shuffles out into the night, McGuinness reveals how the evening's battle-hardened honoree was tricked into putting on a suit and coming to Pilot's Row for "This Is Your Life." "We told him *Vanity Fair* wanted to talk to him."

When the British secretly approached the I.R.A. last year, one of the key people they wanted to talk to was Martin McGuinness. "They invited us to go to either Norway, Denmark, Scotland, or somewhere else to meet their delegation," he recalls. "Then they got cold feet. It didn't happen. It was a year lost."

But pressure from Washington was being brought to bear. "We regard that [as] of crucial importance," says McGuinness. "As well as breaking ice with the British government, we've broken ice with the Irish government, we've broken ice with John Hume, and we've broken ice with fairly influential Irish-Americans."

Sinn Fein itself did not have direct access to the Kennedys, so it worked around the edges. "People like Bruce Morrison have taken a keen interest, Bill Flynn and others. I don't know if I should actually mention their names. The role that most Irish people would like the U.S. to play is—" McGuinness pauses. "I have to be very careful with choice of words, but we certainly hope that the American government would counsel the British government as to how they should move forward. The British just seem to have this *paralysis* when it comes to thinking how we should move forward politically."

For so long McGuinness concentrated on killing British soldiers and avoiding getting killed or captured himself. Now, with a weak British government and nationalists such as Hume and the Dublin government confident of powerful support in Washington, he and his colleagues are ready to deal. "We would like to see the eventual reunification of Ireland, but if we go to discussions with all the parties and the Irish representatives, including the Unionists, decide on another form of government, a federation, obviously from our point of view we would compromise about all these things."

So far at least, the Unionist politicians show little appetite for compromise. The Reverend Dr Ian Paisley, longtime voice of militant, working-class Protestant Unionism, has denounced the British government for its readiness to talk to Sinn Fein. (After a heated row with John Major, he locked himself in the bathroom at 10 Downing Street.) For Paisley, if the British government is an abomination, the Kennedy family is anathema. Asked about the clan's involvement in Irish affairs, a spokesman at his Belfast office said brusquely, "Too much of it. They'd be better off trying to sort out the red Indians and the blacks."

In the rest of Ireland, there is no such hostility, or diffidence, certainly not about the local family representative. Jean is regarded with affection in Dublin, though with characteristic charity one of the Horseshoe Bar set observes that "she's a bit dim—no rocket scientist." A little awkward in smarter social gatherings (the complete text of her speech at the knighting dinner was "I've had too much wine and I'm not going to make a toast"), she displays a warm and deft touch among the people. In the tiny village of Kinvara, outside Galway, the ambassador is ushered into a pony and trap. She beams good-naturedly, claiming, "My mother used to go to school in this." She is joined by the beauty queen chosen for the local "hooker festival," a hooker here being the traditional sailboat of the region. A horde of village children in fancy dress surround her, murmuring, "Ooh, she's lovely." Peggy the pony pulls the ambassador down to the village square, where she is hailed as "a descendant of emigrants," just as her brother John was 31 years ago. The pipe band strikes up "When the Saints Go Marching In."

"Jean can call her brother in two minutes, and he can call the president. *That's* important."

A year earlier, Jean Kennedy Smith presided over an even more nostalgic event. A few miles south of the town of New Ross, in County Wexford, off a narrow road, there is a tiny, hand-painted sign on a farmyard wall: THE KENNEDY HOMESTEAD. Next to it, the newly arrived ambassador mounted a small plaque, easily missed, which states that this is the BIRTHPLACE OF PATRICK KENNEDY, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY, USA, WHO RETURNED TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME 27 JUNE 1963.

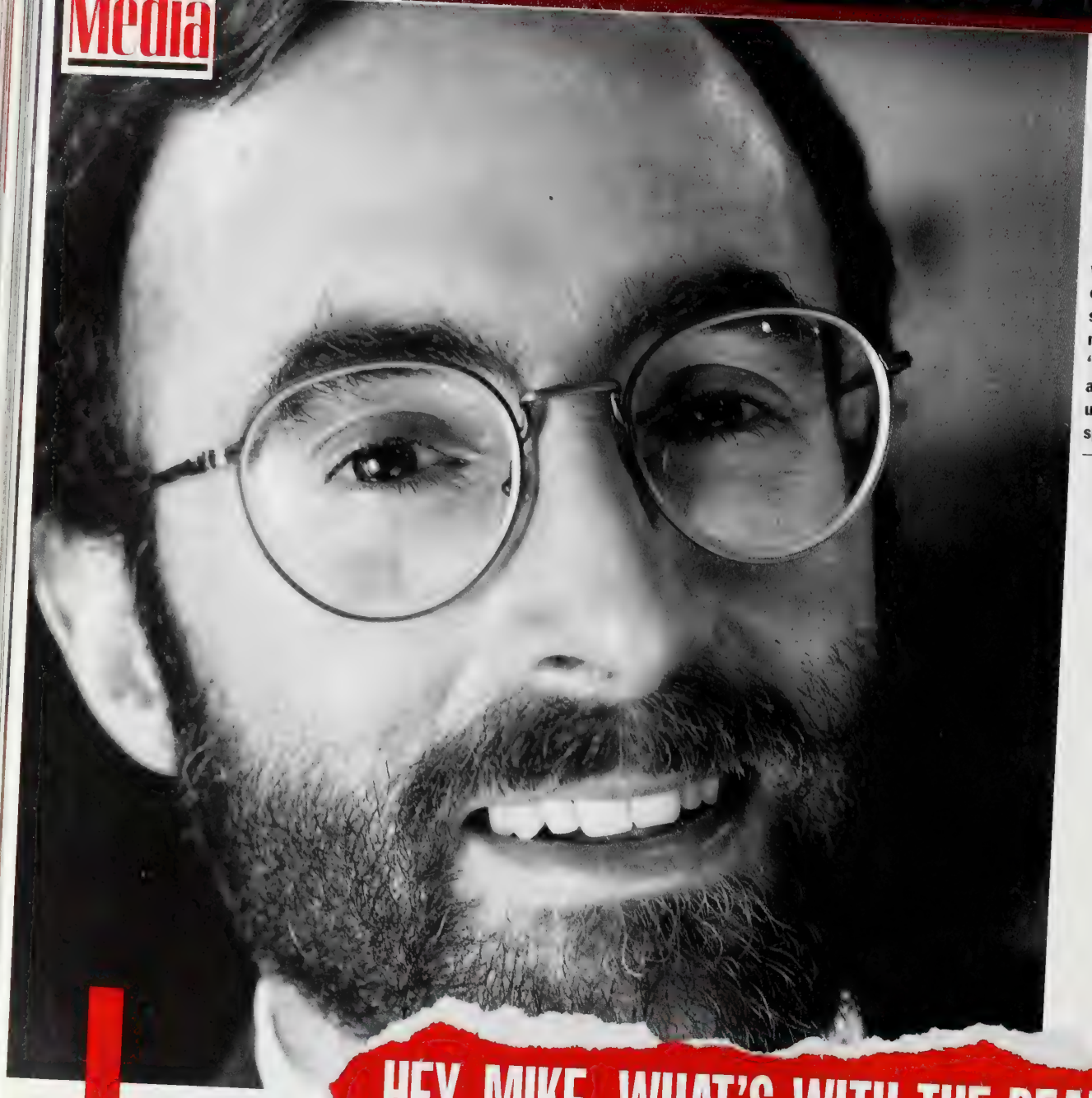
When we arrive at the homestead, a middle-aged woman in a wool sweater steps through the gate. She has auburn hair and bears a faint resemblance to her third cousin Jean. There are kitsch lawn storks in the garden and a quaint red hand pump in the stable yard. Mary Ann Ryan looks guarded when asked whether the ambassador has been in touch. "Not since the visit last year," she says defensively. "She must be busy."

Gazing around the neat yard, we ask which of the two sheds produced the original Kennedy. "No, no, this one," she says, motioning to a third, even smaller hut, buried under ivy, that looks comfortable enough, for one person standing up. Inside there are yellowing clippings from the Kennedy visit in 1963. A wreath is turning to dust. The glass is chipping off a framed ode to John Kennedy and Pope John XXIII, who died the same year: "For two great Johns of '63, / Their hearts were simple, pure, and free, / They loved mankind and liberty."

The mementos date from the days when John Kennedy's portrait was hung on every Irish-cottage wall, "up there," as the Irish say, "next to the Sacred Heart." (Jackie used to be up there too, but most of her pictures came down when she married Onassis.) "The '63 visit of Jack," remembers Sean Donlon fondly, "was the beginning of the new age in Ireland."

Today, with Al Gore proclaiming that "Ireland is top of the U.S. foreign-policy agenda" and the Irish prime minister consequently emboldened to shake hands with Gerry Adams and call John Major an "eejit" to his face, it is clear that the most famous emigrant family is doing more for the country than just visiting.

During that 1963 tour, John Kennedy had a little routine he worked into every speech. "Does anyone here have a relative over in America?" he would ask whatever packed town square he happened to be addressing. A forest of hands would shoot up. "I never realized," he would say with a smile, "there were so many of us over there."



"The first time I saw the beard was without warning on TV," says Kinsley's mother, Lillian. "It was bushy and totally unkempt. I was speechless."

HEY, MIKE, WHAT'S WITH THE BEARD?

For 18 years—between *The New Republic* and *Crossfire*—Michael Kinsley has been his generation's leading liberal light, the man with all the answers. Then he hit his 40s and confronted a whole new set of questions

BY NANCY COLLINS

It looked a little ad-libbed. The past year of Michael Kinsley's life, that is. Hardly the performance you'd expect from *Crossfire*'s sure-of-himself lefty in residence, the wiseass wunderkind who singed Reagan and Bush as he breathed liberal fire into the sleepy old *New Republic*, making it—in the words of Sally Quinn—"something people in Washington *had* to read and talk about."

"Michael," says his *New Republic* colleague Leon Wieseltier, was "one of the great teachers of irreverence about the presidency. Bush couldn't fart without Michael reminding him that he was anti-fart during the campaign." But when Bill Clinton got elected, Kinsley suddenly found himself in the unlikely position of *defending* a chief executive. Maybe it was just contrarian Kinsley going against the grain, but Washington wags jumped on the case, hoping to prove that the clear-eyed realist had gone myopic. There were other symptoms of *some-*

Photograph by JONATHAN BECKER

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thing. Suddenly, the guy known for his precision—his pitiless logic—found himself waffling, saying "yes" to the editorship of *New York* magazine only to say "no" seven hours later. This after two months of agonizing—about uprooting himself, about moving to New York, a city he hated, to edit a magazine about New York, a city he hated. Friends were consulted. And consulted again. Was he saying "no" too often? He'd already tossed off a lucrative book contract.

The killer came in June when Kinsley sprang from his 11-year perch as the author of "TRB," the prestigious *N.R.* column, where he had swatted away at the small flies of neoconservatism, staking out his position as his generation's premier political pundit. In a world of column envy, Kinsley had the inches. In a town where careers are plotted more carefully than foreign policy, it was like dumping a shiny trophy wife.

Suddenly, at 43, the former *enfant terrible* had found himself, well . . . 43.

So he grew a beard.

> **"The whole thing with *New York* was so traumatic, just to be around Michael was nerve-racking. It seemed like something in his life was falling apart."**

The *New York* thing "started a mild midlife crisis that was resolved by growing a beard," says Kinsley, half schoolboy, half sage, peering up over his trademark spectacles. He laughs, perhaps a little relieved by the notion that even a rare bird like himself could fall prey to such a predictable passage. "If you think about moving to New York, changing your life completely, then decide not to, you wake up the next day thinking, So I'm doing the *same* thing? Well, you gotta change something."

Maybe it's in the air. The capital's streets are filled with boomers in flux, still jumping through hoops, proving to Daddy, proving to Mommy, correcting their elders. Midlife is upon us all; the Evian has turned to Whitewater. The guy at the door is bearing a subpoena. And Michael Kinsley, that pillar of seriousness, is just back from the Coast—a chat with Jay Leno, a guest spot on a sitcom starring . . . *Delta Burke.*

"Michael may have had a hard time before in making decisions about his career," says his protégé Jacob Weisberg, "but I never saw anything comparable to the *New York* episode." Adds another pal, "The whole thing was so traumatic, just to be around Michael was nerve-racking. It seemed like something in his life was falling apart. He seemed to be hitting a wall of some kind."

Kinsley doesn't disagree. A man who holds himself to high standards, he doesn't hesitate to shake a finger at his own *mishegoss.* "I'm sure the guys at *New York* hate me now, and with every reason," he says. "I behaved shamefully. I was a complete baby. I went from deciding it was ridiculous to wonderful, to turning it down."

Kinsley rubs the much-discussed beard, a rare gesture. He's not a touchy type; there's something fastidious about him. And he's restless. Like a cat.

"Do you realize you never blink?" I ask, struck by his intense stare.

Flummoxed, Kinsley blushes, says he's heard about his unrelenting gaze. "I've also been told that on *Crossfire* I never look people in the eye, but very often I'm looking down at my notes because I'm losing it."

His fans would be surprised to hear this. They've grown accustomed to his control, his prickly outbursts of barely contained fury against John Sununu and his other sparring partner, Mr. Family Values, Pat Buchanan. But it's still hard for some to believe that Kinsley, who once wrote a devastating parody of *Agronsky & Co.* called "Jerkofsky & Company," is now a Screaming Head on the political chat circuit, where—as Kinsley's college buddy Disney producer Marty Kaplan puts it—"the pipe-smoking philosopher king has been replaced by mud-wrestling.

"The most you can hope for is to be 'Dean of the Mud Wrestlers,'" Kaplan adds. "Michael's about as High Church as they come. When he goes after somebody, it's with far more surgical skill than, say, someone on *The McLaughlin Group,* where they hit each other over the head with whoopee cushions."

Does Kinsley, well known for perpetual angst over his conflict between TV and "serious writing," like how he appears on television?

His response is startling. "I *never* watch myself. In six years, I've seen parts of programs, but I've never seen one all the way through."

"You have to be really thick-skinned to be a politician," advises Michael Kinsley. "Anyone who would really put themselves through this must be so twisted by ambition that they probably shouldn't be running our lives. They have a need for approval. When you vote for someone, you have to go into the voting booth and make a physical gesture of approval. I think most of them are victims of loving mothers."

We are sitting in suburban Chevy Chase, in Kinsley's spare, meticulously organized cottage-style house. A huge Falcone piano—his one extravagance, he says—conjures visions of the young Kinsley, the Cranbrook School boy grinding out practice sessions, metronome ticking. Over the fireplace, a charcoal sketch of a reclining female nude beckons provocatively, diverting attention from the framed *New Republic* covers that line the walls of the adjacent dining room, where Kinsley often serves dinner to friends. After-dinner entertainment one evening had writer Alexander Chancellor and theater producer Evangeline Morphos taking on the roles of Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles in a stirring reading of the Camilla-gate transcripts.

Kinsley bought his house seven years ago, stunning friends. The typical yuppie—at least superficially—he'd always lived as close to work as possible. Now he's hemming and hawing about moving back to the city.

Radical stuff for a man known as a bastion of stability, a man who has always lived his life under "laboratory conditions," says *Time*'s Margaret Carlson, his close confidante. "He likes order. He's one of those who marvels at people having family catastrophes, at having people in and out. A lack of control over your own schedule. He


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thinks my life is chaos—and it's *normal.*"

"I like to be in control," Kinsley concedes. "I'm a clean-desk guy. I need to have a nice orderly list of things and then maybe I'll get half done. But I'm not that organized. I have no tolerance for errands—dry cleaning, returning calls, paying bills. I have three offices and no secretary. Phone calls follow me from one to the other."

Kinsley has never lived life quite like other people. Even his closest friends speak of his impenetrable core of privacy. "I'm not an automaton," he says, but a co-worker, emphasizing his friend's essential kindness, calls Kinsley—who has scrupulously avoided matrimonial attachments—"detached" and "emotionally obtuse." Leon Wieseltier adds, "Michael's unenviable position is he's a man with feelings who doesn't respect feelings. But he's more sentimental than he wants you to know."

"I would say that certainly any male who is 43 and doesn't have a serious relationship is screwed up in some way," laughs Kinsley, who proudly admits to having left psychotherapy behind after only two sessions. "But there are many ways to be screwed up."

And his?

"I'm not getting into that. I have more clues than I'm willing to let on. But I probably don't really have a clue. I guess I'm better at being alone than most people. It happens to you. I'm not sure if it's cause and effect. You're living alone and you get comfortable with it, which is not a healthy thing in many ways."

Like many intellectuals who are chosen by the life of the mind, Kinsley has sometimes seemed more visitor than resident of our quotidian realm. His actions can look like those of one who has observed the meanderings of more practical souls at a distance, slightly puzzled. A few years ago, he seemed to have decided to "get a life" and set himself to the task. A house seemed a logical acquisition, but the circumstances surrounding its purchase were uniquely Kinsleyan. One night he visited friends in Chevy Chase. Just two weeks after, he bought a house nearby. When he called to say he was moving into the neighborhood, his friends told him that they were moving back to the city.

Eccentricities like this leave Kinsley's friends pointing to England—a country he loves for "the seedy, has-been-empire decadence of it." He is, they say, something of a 19th-century figure. "In England," Andrew Sullivan—current *New Republic* editor—notes, "not everybody has to be emotional or intimate. People are allowed to live their lives that way. They preserve their dignity and privacy. England would've given Mike a role. America doesn't have many roles." Another friend adds, "For better and worse, Michael is a purely rational man."

Others are quick to cite the dazzling pyrotechnics of Kinsley's rhetoric and the inventiveness of the humor that bursts through the seams of his pin-striped intellect. "It's jujitsu," says the *San Francisco Examiner*'s Chris Matthews. "It drives you crazy." And it's not without its aggressive qualities. "It's a dismissal of what you've just said, based upon the inconsistency of your thinking," adds Matthews. "It's brilliant but maddening."

Says Sally Quinn, "Michael can fit in with the 20-year-old iconoclastic killers at *The New Republic* as well as with Kay Graham, Evangeline Bruce, and Meg Greenfield."

"Verbally and intellectually, Michael's totally uninhibited," says Leon Wieseltier. "He's written a million words and I'd be amazed if he's ever repeated a phrase. When Michael writes—and sometimes when he speaks—you see a brain enjoying itself." Kinsley's friends enjoy it, too. Washington, a town where eccentricity is valued about as much as last month's poll results, is admiring of Kinsley—and unusually protective. "There is no group Michael doesn't fit in with," says Sally Quinn. "He can fit in with the 20-year-old iconoclastic killers at *The New Republic* as well as with Kay Graham, Evangeline Bruce, and Meg Greenfield. The Establishment. He can talk to anybody. He doesn't have a snobbish bone in his body." Kinsley's best friend, Nick Lemann, cautions, "Don't paint Michael as a loner. He has a very rich emotional life and he's a terrific friend. He's maintained the same friendships for 25 years." Indeed, whenever there's a cause to celebrate—a new job, a baby, a wedding—Kinsley throws the bash. Chums once hesitated to throw parties for their pal, fearing that he might be beyond such displays. But Margaret Carlson found out otherwise.

"On his 40th birthday, I asked him if I should have a dinner. I thought he wouldn't want a big celebration, but he said yes," says Carlson. "So I had a big party. And he loved it." Last March, for another Kinsley birthday, Carlson planned another celebration. Then, as she recalls, "a 60-foot tree fell on my house, and I was in Chicago on assignment. This was Wednesday; Michael's party was Saturday. I asked if he minded if we did it after I moved into my new house, three weeks later. He got *really* disappointed. He wanted it on his birthday.

"I don't think there was a lot of sentiment in the Kinsley household when Michael was growing up," continues Carlson. "The family was very 1950s-perfect. . . . Michael was probably a very composed, competent child."

To Mark Shwayder, who met Kinsley at the Cranbrook School in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan—near where the Kinsleys lived—"he was just another squirmy little kid." But he could already make others squirm, too. "When I see him on *Crossfire,* I laugh because it's like listening to Michael Kinsley when he was 14. He still has that very sharp-witted, acerbic personality. It was impossible to verbally outgun him. After a while, nobody even tried."

"I got the best of postwar American upbringing," says Kinsley, summing up his childhood. "Upper-middle-class. Midwest. Parents dedicated to education who sacrificed financially to send me to private school. We had music camp, piano lessons, ice-skating lessons, art lessons, any lessons you could think of."

Michael Kinsley is apologizing profusely. He is 15 minutes late for breakfast at Washington's Park Hyatt, which he recommended for location and "quantity of marble." No need for



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regrets; our previous night's interview had lasted until one A.M. A late evening for this creature of habit, who confides that he's usually asleep by 11. But now he's bright-eyed, fresh from his morning run, still wet-headed from the shower. He looks like an innocent kid. Despite the reputation for skepticism, this is no jaded cynic. As we order coffee, Kinsley ruminates on his reputation as a Clinton ally. "I don't even call myself an apologist. I'm one of Clinton's noisiest, most adamant defenders, but I'm not an uncritical flag-waver. It's a sad commentary; I'm the best he can do. Even Bush had hagiographers, but Clinton has none."

After the president's inaugural, Kinsley expected "some kind of grotesque, Camelot-like love-in between Clinton and the press. Everyone was geared up for it and it certainly hasn't happened. It turns out that the president doesn't *like* the press, which is a surprise.

"I have mixed feelings about the press coverage of Clinton. I certainly didn't object to the scrutiny when a Republican was president, so I hesitate to object now that it's a Democrat." Still, he's got cavils. "Compare the attention given to Whitewater to the attention given to Reagan's pals' buying him that house in Bel-Air while he was a sitting president in 1986. Everybody's forgotten about it, but there's this double standard. I suppose there was a . . . tsk-tsk *New York Times* editorial, probably not the lead, on a Tuesday or something."

On the issue of editorials, Kinsley keeps the eye unblinking, noting that their hidden importance is their crucial impact on "the hundred or so" TV producers who shop there regularly for their opinions. "The *Wall Street Journal* editorials," he begins, just warming up, "are disgracefully dishonest. I don't agree with everything *The Washington Post* has said about the Clinton administration, but, overall, they have been supportive but critical, which is exactly the right stance. Clinton's defenders take that line, while his opponents, like the *Journal,* are on the attack all the time. It's out of balance." Particularly so, he says, for those—like *The New York Times*—who endorsed Clinton. Kinsley labels the *Times* editorial views "childishly show-offy populist, sneering and self-righteous. They write about the inside-the-Beltway corrupt culture as if New York were Paducah."



Kinsley with Pat Buchanan on CNN's *Crossfire.*

"Michael is like nouvelle nouvelle Democrat. No cream, no butter."

Kinsley, catching himself, wants to clarify one point: it is Clinton policy he supports—not Clinton. "I'm not a friend of the Clintons'," he says dryly. The thing that *really* galls him about the president? "It's his constitutional eagerness to please—a natural-born suck-uppery, in essence. He's got this puppy-dog quality of wanting to be liked. He wants to be a hoity-toity eastern-intellectual snob who goes to Martha's Vineyard *and* a down-home redneck who eats too many burgers at McDonald's. He wants the positive spin on both aspects of his persona.

"The cumulative effect makes you want to kick him, which prevents him from developing the presidential aura that would make him harder to kick." In fact, Kinsley believes that Clinton would benefit from a hefty dose of "Fuck you" attitude. "If he could communicate that he doesn't care if he wins in '96, that he doesn't give a good goddamn whether people like this or that, it would give him a certain strength because you're invulnerable if you don't care."

A year ago, Kinsley was approached by White House aides David Gergen and George Stephanopoulos about writing speeches for Clinton. "I had a nibble. Not from Clinton himself," Kinsley hastens to point out. "There was never an offer, only a feeler. We had two and one-half meetings—two serious, one casual. . . . What they thought they needed was more intellectual coherence.

"I told them I thought it was a very bad idea." Why? "Well, I've never written a speech in my life. Or written in another person's voice. I'm not used to writing ideas I don't necessarily agree with. I tend to write eccentric things in extreme ways, which generally isn't a good idea in politics. I've never given any thought to how you sell things politically. But if they'd said, point-blank, 'Will you do this?,' I would have been hard-pressed to say no. It's like getting drafted."

No final offer ensued—to the relief of some. "Michael wouldn't have fit in very well and they knew it," says *New Republic* czar Marty Peretz, who brought Kinsley to Washington. "In American politics, idiosyncrasy is to be avoided like cholera."

"My mother," says Michael Kinsley carefully, "is a very strong-willed woman. She's very determined, very bright, knows what she wants, and there's no argument with her. . . . My mother is under five feet tall, and every time I see her I'm shocked by how short she is. Because in my mind *she's not short.*"

"The first time I saw the beard was without warning on TV," says Lillian Kinsley, from Palm Beach. "He'd been in Italy on vacation, and I hadn't known he had grown it. The first I saw of it was on *Crossfire.* It was bushy and totally unkempt. I was speechless. But I kept quiet until our regular Sunday conversation. I wanted to think it over before I said *anything.* As a matter of fact, I had so many things to talk to him about that it was the last thing on my list. Finally he said, 'Well, what about my beard?' I think he's kind of proud of it. I said, 'Well, it's O.K.' I'm afraid I was very noncommittal. I'm not one of these mothers that thinks everything their children do is wonderful. I'm afraid I've been . . . I hope not *hyper*critical, but I usually gave my children a very honest opinion."

"My mother loved to argue politics,"

says Susan Kinsley, Michael's younger sister, who has also never married. "She's a newsaholic. Our Sundays were *The New York Times, Face the Nation,* and *Meet the Press.* We got every magazine that existed. And my mother read them cover to cover. *Huntley-Brinkley* was like the family dog—there at all meals. The two broke up the year I went to college, and to this day I don't know which was more traumatic for my mother, losing her youngest daughter or Chet and David.

"It was a necessity to be verbal in our family," she continues. "One was never ordered to do anything. There was this veneer of great freedom, but it was in fact pretty repressive. You had to master the debate to get what you wanted. And my mother had been a high-school debating champion."

Morton Kondracke, a former *New Republic* writer and a *McLaughlin Group* regular, feels that Kinsley's *Crossfire* skirmishes may have dulled his rapier perceptions—at least where Clinton is concerned. "Fred Barnes [another *N.R.* writer] and I have a theory about this. If you have to fight every night, and take one side, you melt into the position you're taking. Michael becomes knee-jerk. He automatically defends Clinton's positions." Another veteran Washington observer is sympathetic to the point. "Kinsley's a little effete, not an equal match for Buchanan. He cannot see that Bill Clinton is a very deeply flawed man, let alone a very deeply flawed president."

Some, however, maintain that Kinsley remains foremost a journalist. Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times,* who has lobbed her share of barbs at Clinton, recalls a visit to the White House with Kinsley for a screening of *The Pelican Brief.* (Kinsley says it was his one social visit to the Clinton White House.) "Talk about the date from hell!" laughs Dowd. "Michael was very brave to show up with me. You can imagine how thrilled the Clintons were. Afterwards, the White House tried to tell me the dinner was off the record. I don't believe in off the record for the president and First Lady. They only made it off the record for me; they were afraid I'd do something tart. I told Michael, since he had invited me, 'I don't want to embarrass you, but I want to write about it.' He said, 'Go ahead. If they give you a hard time, I can tell you what happened, because it wasn't off the record for me.'"

"Defending Clinton is about the worst thing a journalist can do for his career right now," sighs Margaret Carlson. "You don't get anything for it. There's no Hickory Hill, no being pushed into swimming pools at the Kennedy compound in Palm Beach. You get no breaks, no leaks—nothing. So it's totally a matter of principle. Michael doesn't have to like his leaders—their personalities, wit, nor charm. He's not taken with Clinton. Michael supports him because the president is exactly in tune with his political philosophy."

And what is Kinsley's philosophy? "I would call Michael a left-wing capitalist," says Leon Wieseltier. "It's rather an original position. He is genuinely liberal on social questions, genuinely capitalist on economic matters, and genuinely middlebrow on culture matters. It's an interesting piece of ground to stake out. Michael's feelings for the free market are as deep as his feelings for civil rights. He's a cartographic novelty."

"Before Mike, logic and liberalism had a nodding acquaintance," adds Jonathan Alter of *Newsweek.* "Kinsley was able to connect the two, and liber-

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alism survived it." By staying a liberal, by applying the logic test and not becoming a neoconservative, he kept a lot of other people liberals, too.

"Michael," says Carlson, "is like nouvelle nouvelle Democrat. No cream, no butter."

George Kinsley, Michael's father, was no-nonsense. A surgeon-proctologist, he was "cautious, responsible, dignified, careful." In the words of his son. Lillian Kinsley has a further observation: "Like Michael, my husband was a workaholic, modest and very private."

At the time of his father's sudden fatal heart attack on a golf course in 1974, Kinsley was in England finishing a Rhodes scholarship. It was here that Kinsley, hooked on *The Spectator* and *Private Eye,* experienced an epiphany. "I knew what I wanted to do with my life—edit a journal of opinion." The practical George, however, had wanted Michael to go directly to law school after graduation from Harvard. "Can't you just take the honor and not waste the two years?" George had said when Kinsley told him about the scholarship.

"My husband and I always underestimated Michael," says Lillian Kinsley. "Not that we didn't think he was great. But we wanted him to have a profession to fall back on."

It was hardly necessary. Kinsley had already sealed his reputation—at Harvard. In 1968 he had hit Cambridge running. "Harvard tends to select people who are miniatures of their future selves," says Marty Kaplan. "Michael was extremely smart, articulate, confident, perfectly capable of doing battle on Harvard's playing fields, which could be rough ones." Writer Arthur Lubow, another college pal, recalls Kinsley's "abrasive" impatience, which won him no popularity contests at the *Crimson,* where anyone to the right of the National Liberation Front stood out like Rush Limbaugh. (Kinsley's more moderate liberalism is widely believed to have kept him from being voted president of the *Crimson* his junior year.)

Marty Peretz, the wealthy liberal Harvard professor who bought *The New Republic* in 1974, first noticed Michael Kinsley's "measured insolence" in the *Crimson.* He remembered the young writer in 1976, when he began a search for someone to edit the magazine. "I didn't go looking for him; he went looking for me," recalls Peretz. "My wife and I were walking through the Piazza Navona and Michael, who also happened to be in Rome, noticed us. He came up and said he'd just read I acquired *The New Republic* and that he had all kinds of ideas for it."

During Kinsley's third year of law school, Peretz finally called. Michael wasn't sorry to leave Harvard Law. As he told Mark Shwayder, he had never encountered "such a bunch of myopic pinheads."

The 26-year-old Kinsley finished his law courses at night at George Washington University in D.C. His day job was managing editor of *The New Republic.* "The truly insane part," recalls Nick Lemann, "was that here's this guy who's the managing editor of *The New Republic,* and he's dashing off from work every day to go to night law school so he'll have something to fall back on."

"Newt Gingrich is a ruthless killer," says Kinsley. "A self-evident fraud. He doesn't care about policy, he just wants to win. He wants to be Speaker of the House."

"Neoliberalism," Michael Kinsley says, "has just come to mean: How little can we get away with and still call ourselves Democrats?" He is discussing his problems with his own political philosophy, which he learned from an early employer, Charlie Peters, *The Washington Monthly*'s eccentric guru. "Charlie had this thing called 'the Gospel,' which was the nub of what later became neoliberalism, the idea that the government should play a large role in making life better . . . accepting the liberal premise of big government while looking skeptically at any particular aspect of it as actually practiced.

"That premise is more complicated now that we have a neoliberal president," Kinsley says. "In Charlie's worldview, neoliberalism didn't mean moderate at all. Now it's become an excuse for abandoning the premises of liberalism."

Kinsley's pragmatic liberalism is echoed in his view of politicians in general, and specifically Bill Clinton. He goes rough-and-tumble over ethical breaches, but is no babe in the woods about political reality. Again and again during our talks, he acknowledges without flinching that politicians lie. He professes "a certain soft spot" for Texas senator Phil Gramm—"a true ideologue and an economist who has thought intelligently about various issues such as health care." But he acknowledges that Gramm is willing to compromise what he believes in and "do everything politicians do." Newt Gingrich, on the other hand, gets an unmitigated scalding: "He's a ruthless killer. A self-evident fraud. He doesn't care about policy, he just wants to win. He wants to be Speaker of the House."

Kinsley thinks that instead of bad-mouthing their president Democrats ought to thank God they finally got a politician in the White House. "Democrats went through this period where they nominated these purists—Dukakis, Carter, Mondale sort of—and kept losing elections. So they finally decided that what we really need is a smart, ruthless, media-savvy candidate—not a purist. Finally they decided, 'We gotta get down and dirty, the way the Republicans do.' And that was right—so you've got Clinton, who's not pure in his approach to politics and not completely financially pure, either. . . . If you want somebody who's tough, who can really play the game, then he's not going to be a morally perfect human being."

He predicts it won't take the Republicans 12 years to find their own tough guy. His own wishful thinking for the Republican nominee is Robert Dole—for the sheer theater of it. "The Republicans know he can't win, but it would be a great campaign. Dole is very funny and very entertaining. He's someone whose nose gets big when he lies—and he lies all the time. You can see by looking at him, because he doesn't have a poker face. He knows he's lying, and some-



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times he can't help himself and starts to chuckle and, accidentally, tells the truth.

"Just about all of the Republicans seem problematic to me," he continues. "Colin Powell is an invention—a charming, charismatic guy, but who knows his position on anything? Maybe that's an advantage. Dick Cheney's an inside-the-Beltway character with no particular charisma. Jack Kemp has dropped from sight, but Governor Bill Weld of Massachusetts would be a tough contender despite his lack of national recognition.

"This clever formulation Weld's got to get the government off our backs socially and economically might not fly with the right wing of the party, but Republicans are ruthless enough that if they think that formula will win they'll live with it."

On the overall Whitewater cover-up, Kinsley declares it to be a "complete non-story. I suspect it will turn out that, yes, the Clintons got some sort of sweetheart financial deal. . . . They didn't get rich off it since the whole thing went belly-up, but McDougal did pay off more than 50 percent, whereas they were going to get 50 percent of the profits. As for the commodities trading, something was going on there. It bothers me a little bit, but it's what I was saying before: Do you want a saint or do you want a politician? I'm afraid you can't have a politician who's a saint. Or at least it looks that way. It doesn't mean it's O.K."

When I suggest Clinton's term will end before we ever get to the bottom of all this, Kinsley interrupts.

"His first term."

Four more for Bill?

"I would take even odds."

"Michael is tougher than people think," says Chris Matthews. "He has a Montgomery Clift quality, a certain toughness that seems surprising, like Clift in *Red River.* If he has to fight, he will."

As editor of *The New Republic,* Kinsley sometimes clashed with the more right-leaning Peretz. The most notable brouhaha came in 1979. Kinsley wanted to run a piece on Ted Kennedy's sex life. But Peretz, though no friend of Kennedy, pulled the piece on the grounds that it was "tacky" to write about politicians' private lives. Kinsley vehemently felt—and still feels—otherwise. So he quit. "A committee was formed to intercede and Michael came back," recalls former *N.R.* editor Hendrik Hertzberg, "but extracted from Marty a promise that he could write about the whole conflict in the magazine."

"One of the things that attracted me to journalism was its lack of dignity," Kinsley stated in the riposte that marked his return, "so it's always alarming to see journalists trying to act dignified."

"If a man running for office," he wrote, "ever declined the campaign services of his wife, if he refused to let photographers near his kids and household pets, if he told reporters that his church volunteer activities were none of their business, I could listen without snickering to pleas that any interest in his relations with other women was an unfair invasion of his privacy. . . . Instead, great effort goes into arranging, or even fabricating, elaborate family tableaux for the benefit of the press and the public. The day Senator Kennedy announced his presidential bid produced a classic staging of such a tableau. . . . Kennedy's press secretary informed reporters that afternoon that the senator had spent the previous night in his wife's apartment. . . . Nobody asked where he had spent the previous 364 nights: that would be an invasion of privacy."

(Kinsley has remained consistent in his position in his observations on the Bill Clinton–Paula Jones affair. "I don't see how anyone can seriously maintain that Paula Jones's story, if true in every particular, would have no relevance to an assessment of Bill Clinton as a public man," he wrote in a "TRB" column entitled "Pants on Fire."

"The label 'sexual harassment' may be applied these days to situations that don't deserve it," he continued, "but surely exposing yourself to a subordinate and saying 'Kiss it' is not one of them.")

"A great Mike Kinsley piece is like suddenly adjusting the focus knob on your binoculars," says Hertzberg. "Things pop into this crystalline clarity." This clarity marked Kinsley's work as an editor, and his aphorisms still abound among the devoted:

1. If you're afraid of going too far, you won't go far enough.

2. A gaffe is when a politician tells the truth, not when he tells a lie.

3. The scandal is not what's illegal; it's what is legal.

Andrew Sullivan, who is English, calls Kinsley "the *first* British editor of an American magazine." He also notes that his predecessor could sometimes be "devoid of tact" with writers. Sullivan recalls, "If your piece didn't say what he wanted when it was submitted, he made sure it said it by the time it got into the magazine. Even if it meant rewriting the whole thing. His idea of editing was to sit down, charge through every single piece in a massive rush on Monday and Tuesday, fixing it according to what he *really* wanted. He used to say that his favorite author was one who came in, submitted the piece, left the office, and was run over by a truck."

The Kinsley modus operandi didn't fare so well in New York. In 1981, Kinsley left *The New Republic* to edit *Harper's;* he was fired after only 18 months, despite the fact that the magazine had picked up a National Magazine Award under his leadership. Peretz welcomed him back to Washington by giving him the "TRB" column. Two years later, when he was reinstated as editor, Kinsley made the magazine roar. He made public policy spicy, but he reasoned like a man trained in law and economics.

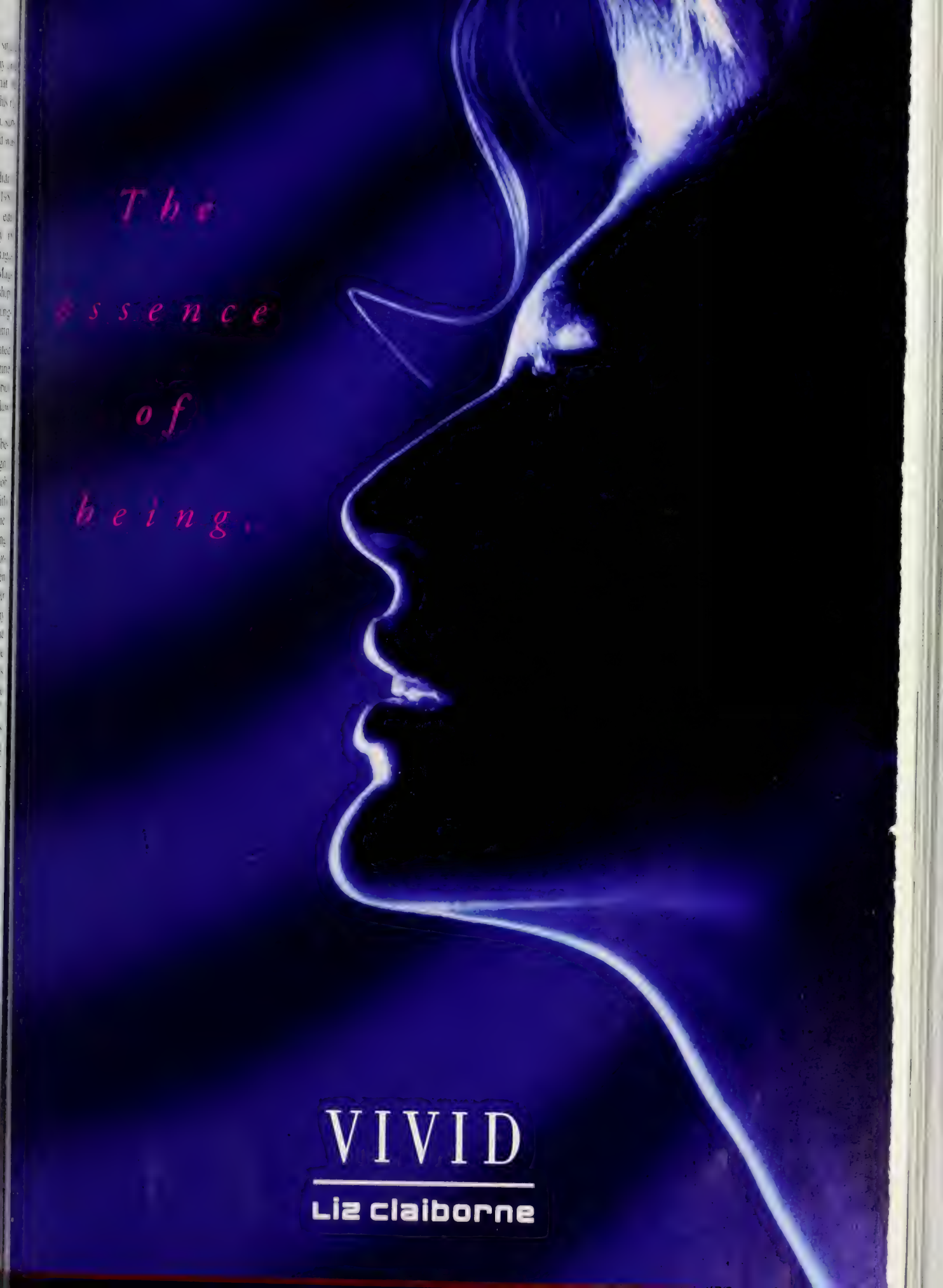
"It was the heyday of Reaganism, before the Iran-contra scandal, right at the time of tax reform," as Jacob Weisberg recalls, marking history with the signposts of a true political junkie. "Michael saw his mission as showing the emperor had no clothes." In one column post-Iran-contra, Kinsley even counseled colleagues not to hide their glee at Reagan's plight. "It's a healthy democratic instinct to enjoy seeing the mighty fall, whether the mighty deserve it or not. . . . Reagan's comeuppance is democracy's salvation. . . . Dry those tears and repeat after me: Ha. Ha. Ha."

In 1989, Michael Kinsley stunned his colleagues, announcing he was giving up his editorship (though not his column) for *Crossfire.*

"Michael used to be totally disrespectful of television and anybody who was ever on it," says Morton Kondracke, who became a regular on *The McLaughlin Group* at its inception in 1982. "Michael thought my going on *McLaughlin* was beneath the dignity of a grown-up. He actually put up a bell at *The New Republic* under which hung the high-school graduation picture of Bob Novak. Whenever anyone was going out to do show-for-dough, you were supposed to ring the bell. When I'd head off to the studio, he'd say, 'There goes Mort, off to make a fool of himself again.'

"I told him at the time, 'Michael, the day will come when you will be on television.' And he said, 'No, no, no, that will never happen to me.' "

That it was happening to Kinsley horrified those who thought television would cut into his intellectual capital. "I hated it," said Charlie Peters. "The most terrible thing in our life now is this adversari-


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alism, the death of the idea that if we can't agree, we'll go forward and find common ground. *Crossfire* is part of the same problem you see in Congress. You can nightly lose your faith in the future of America."

The apex—or nadir—of Kinsley's *Crossfire* career came last June in the form of Jerry Falwell, who was, Kinsley says, "peddling these tapes talking about Clinton murdering political opponents in Arkansas.

"Falwell is such a sleazeball and you couldn't get at him," explains Kinsley, still fuming. "He was in his own studio down there in Liberty University, sitting in his own kingdom with a TV camera pointed at him. And he wouldn't shut up or answer the questions. He just spewed out these lies. I'd say, 'Where's your evidence?' And he couldn't produce it.

"And then Buchanan started running interference for him while I was trying to zero in, and that infuriated me. So I got into a spitting match with Pat. He said, 'Michael, you're making a fool of yourself.' I thought that was beyond the pale. Afterwards, I demanded an apology. I could've insisted on air, but I decided not to. I did get the apology."

"Michael really doesn't have a temper," says Margaret Carlson. "He has pre-emptive exasperations." But Kinsley admits to showing spleen if "something strikes me as outrageously dishonest. You want *Crossfire* to be argumentative, but you want it held below that level. I have some grudges. But I *hire* killers.

"I'm scared every night before the show. You have to gear up for a fight every night—even if you don't feel like it. You're going out there, on live television, in front of millions of people, which is nerve-racking enough. But, in addition, someone is trying to make an ass of you and you're trying to make an ass of them. It's exhausting and draining—you can't ever coast." This comes, however, from the man whose favorite sport in school was taking tests.

Kinsley, despite friends who say the show is beneath his talents, won't fire on his TV career. He explains: "People come up to me who would never read the *N.R.*, and say, 'I don't think of myself as a liberal, but you make a lot of sense.' And you think, I am doing some good."

Besides, this is a guy who kind of likes being recognized in Paducah.

"It's a tough thing for anyone who has done as well as Michael has," says Marty Kaplan, attempting to address the question on a lot of people's minds: What comes next for Kinsley?

"Every decade has its collection of smart, contrarian Jewish intellectuals. In the old days, they used to struggle to keep their pushcart publications alive. Now they get to be on CNN every day. In a world in which you do what Michael does, he's doing it. In a way he's at the top of his profession; these are hard things to write second and third acts to. What comes next is your 40s and your frustrations."

"I got into a spitting match with Pat Buchanan," says Kinsley. "He said, 'Michael, you're making a fool of yourself.' I thought that was beyond the pale."

Is one of Kinsley's frustrations his lack of family? "Yeah," he tells me, "I've thought about it." But he stops there. "Like anyone who doesn't have a family, the word escapes his lips that he would like to, but I've never seen him come close," says Nick Lemann. "I think his true thought now is that he's not going to do it. The same with marriage. Mike's emotional life is lived substantially through his work, but that's true of all of us. He's very typical of a certain kind of overachiever in Washington."

Many people in Washington think that Michael Kinsley's midlife crisis is the beginning of a period of transformation. "It's a growth thing," says his friend Frank Rich, the former *New York Times* drama critic, who recently became a columnist on the op-ed page. "I'm all in favor of encouraging all my friends who are roughly my age to reconsider everything. It's very typical of men our age. I did it myself."

Purists in the Kinsley-watching camp hope that the result of his soul-searching will be his throwing TV aside and returning to the cloistered order of serious punditry. They see an encouraging sign in his recent spate of longer articles for *The New Yorker*. *Crossfire*, of course, wants to keep him seething right where he is. Kinsley himself says that if he's offered another magazine he'll take it. He now regrets not taking the *New York* job. "I changed my mind and I'm still trying to figure out why." His friends hope that Kinsley's postcrisis incarnation will be something surprising, something as idiosyncratic and creative as the man himself.

"Michael wants to edit a magazine again," says his friend Maureen Dowd. "During the *New York* thing, he acted as if these offers only come along once every 10 years. I told him that these jobs are musical chairs; they come up again and again. I'd hate to see Michael involved in anything—be it TV or magazines—that is formulaic. He's much more nuanced than that. I can't even imagine what he had to go through to twist himself into the point-counterpoint mentality of *Crossfire*. It's like putting Evelyn Waugh in a situation where he might have to say, 'No, you ignorant slut!'"

Though he prides himself on his intellectual rebelliousness, Kinsley may just now be finally experiencing his own personal revolution. A college friend hopes so. She recalls Kinsley in the 60s, a little out of step with his own generation. "Michael always seemed to know where he was going," says Lynn Darling. "He certainly wasn't on the self-destructive transcendental pleasure cruise some of the rest of us were. Can I imagine Michael Kinsley smoking dope? Noooooooo."

Another Harvard friend puts it slightly differently. "Michael was a grown-up before his time. At Harvard, he wasn't considered the most likely to succeed, even though he was definitely part of the elite group. He has been driven by trying to prove he could be the most successful of them. He was uncomfortable with himself, an adolescent personality struggling to become a man. Now he's starting to inhabit his real adult self. He's creating a person out of what was then just inchoate mannerisms. He's turned his stiffness into a form of grace and humor about himself."

Perhaps the beard is just the beginning. □

Dispatches

AFRICAN GOTHIC

To the Western eye, Africa has become a land of hopeless images—the starving child, the wild-eyed dictator, the dusty and dying veld. Is th despair all that remains of the once mighty continent?

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS





The "green belt" outside the Mozambican capital of Maputo—a hint of Africa's natural potential—was often the city's only source of food during the vicious 16-year war with South Africa.

Photograph by ED KASHI

Whoever he was, and whatever happened to him he will certainly never read this. He was clad in nothing but an outfit of ragged trousers, and he was being pulled across the road by a half-dozen other men. If it hadn't been nighttime I might barely have noticed, but there isn't much street light in Kinshasa after dark, and your headlights make a tableau of anything that's visible. There was a shantytown hunched in blackness on one side of the pitted street, and another shantytown slumped on the other side, and the gang needed or wanted to drag the guy from the first to the second. He looked as if he badly didn't desire to cooperate. My driver floored it as soon as he took in the scene, and as the pickup shot past I could register the external details: mouth open in a wordless yell, eyes rolling in the face, muscles and tendons bent in resistance—a man headed for some unnameable appointment.

In the capital city of Mr. Mobutu's Zaire, whom was I going to call? The police? Even if the rugged-looking crew didn't turn out to *be* the police, the telephones have been out these many years. And no Zairean, such as the pickup driver from whom I'd hitched the ride, would think of intervening in such a macabre but routine sideshow.

Anglo-Saxon tribal lore tells the parable of the sparrow that flies into the dining hall at night, flutters about for a moment, and then wings out again. Its brief time in the light, and the darkness from which it comes and to which it goes, provides the allegory of a human life. I know less about that Zairean's life than my forebears knew about the sparrow's. And Africa today is relayed to the rest of the world in similar fashion, by brief and sad or shocking images that stay for a moment on the retina before fading away again. The swollen infant, the milkless mother, the hoarse, red-eyed street fighter or jungle combatant, the operatic dictator, the chaotic and miserable crowd—these are the Africans we feel we "know."

And while images from the rest of the world are grim enough in all conscience, there can be something weird and neolithic about African traumas. General Idi Amin *did* keep human heads in his freezer. Samuel Doe of Liberia *was* videotaped having his ears cut off by the

transition team of the incoming administration. Murders in Rwanda and Somalia were, perhaps, not morally different from or worse than murders in Bosnia or Ulster but seemed somehow more *primitive,* carried out as they were with clubs and axes, or with bare hands and by dancing, gibbering crowds.

Moreover, run the rule across Africa and see if you can find, anywhere in the entire forsaken continent, anything like a success story. The economies are used to scare the children of World Bank officials. (When I was last in Zambia, there was a national day of prayer for the local currency. Prayer was not answered.) The famines, plagues, and epidemics are, from old-style locusts to ultra-modern AIDS, the most sweeping and devastating. The clan wars and the wars of religion are the most bitter and pitiless. Human life is at its nastiest, most brutish, and shortest.

Statistics do their usual job of confirming initial impressions. Of the 20 most impoverished nations in the world, 18 are in Africa. Per capita G.N.P. declined at the rate of almost 2 percent per year in the 1980s. Though it contains one-eighth of the world's population, the continent's share of world trade has dipped to just above 2 percent. But these paltry 2 percents balloon into terrifying figures when the downside is being measured. The sub-Saharan African debt was *110 percent* of the total G.N.P. of all its nations in 1991. Of the people diagnosed as having the AIDS virus, two-thirds are in Africa.

As I embarked on my voyage from the Horn of Africa southward, crossing the continent at its tip and working my way back up the western coast, I had every chance to get bored by the stock farewells. "Take care in darkest Africa / the dark continent / the heart of darkness . . . " No wonder people are so fond of Nelson Mandela—he's practically a *Hysterner.*

Almost all current writing about Africa depends on a blend of Joseph Conrad and Evelyn Waugh: the brooding, throbbing stagnation of the Congo and the sinister farce of egomaniacal "Afrocentric" politics. (V. S. Naipaul is sometimes successful in achieving a literary synthesis of the two.) In no country is this journalistic temptation harder to resist than in the original Congo itself (now pointlessly renamed Zaire), where I had my haunting brief encounter on the roadside. Here, where Conrad's river could be like the Mississippi, the Yangtze, the Rhine, or the Mekong—a great waterway of trade—you find instead a huge, sweltering ditch, studded with eroded hulks and sunken barges in which, as in every crevice of African decay, some wretched people have tried to scratch out a home. Attempting to make sense of my chance sighting of the man I couldn't help, I struggled to widen the small pool of light in which I'd glimpsed him.



HITCHENS'S ROUTE

The continent's economies are used to scare the children of World Bank officials.

Great place, Zaire. It's as large as the United States east of the Mississippi, and it's the second-largest French-speaking country in the world. It has colossal resources, built as it is on vast reefs of copper, cobalt, and diamonds, to say nothing of its immense river network and its wealth of game and arable land. It has been the recipient of tremendous generosity from every kind of lending institution. It could have broken out of the "Third World" a generation ago. But instead it became a demonstration case of the deliberate uses of underdevelopment—something neither Waugh nor Conrad bothered even to imagine.

Initiation begins at the airport. International airlines will not let their aircraft spend a night in Kinshasa, because they are not sure the planes will still be there in the morning, and because no insurance company in the world will cover them for the stopover. As I stepped off the plane, I was grabbed and surrounded on the tarmac between the stairs and the "terminal." My passport was seized by one official—at least he said he was an official—while a brisk auction of my belongings was begun by other, rival bureaucrats and assorted freelances.

The filthy, airless arrivals building was awash with garbage and pools of fetid water, as well as with predators of all kinds who, I later learned, were off-duty cops in search of an income supplement. If not for the aid of a big and kindly Zairean doctor I had met on the plane, I might be there still. And not even he could get me out of the parking lot, which was a wasteland of rusting cars and jagged potholes. The uniformed goons of the Zairean army, guns and bayonets to the fore, simply placed their jackboots against the doors of the creaking and springless taxi, preventing the driver from getting behind the wheel until he had handed over a wad of dirty bills. This tax is passed on to the consumer, as I later found.

One of the soldiers, very much the worse for drink, insisted on getting into the taxi so as, he explained, to guarantee my safety on the ride to the hotel. Upon arrival he demanded $1,500 in cash for the privilege, and followed me angrily into the lobby when I refused to pay. His breath was undoing my tie. Nobody in the hotel offered to take my side.

General Mobutu Sese Seko, the cunning bandit who presides over the country (his titles variously translate as "the cock that leaves no hen untouched" and "the all-powerful warrior who, because of his inflexible will to win, goes from conquest to conquest leaving fire in his wake"), is not a subtle man. One of the main streets in his capital is named for Emperor Bokassa, the deposed tyrant of

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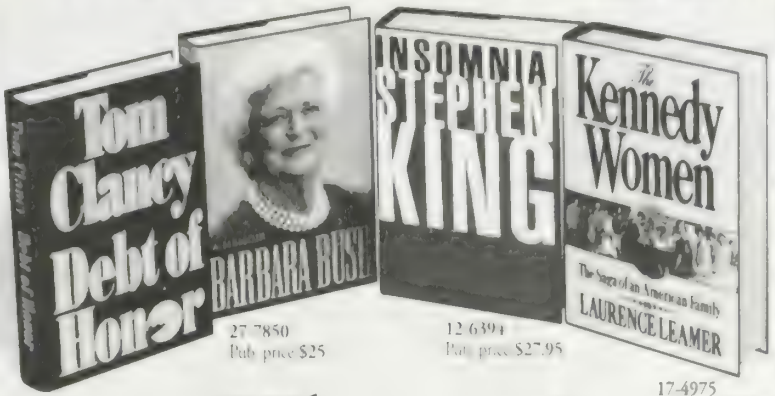


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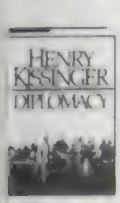
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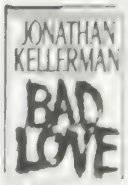
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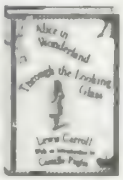
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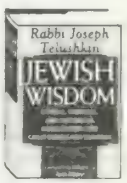
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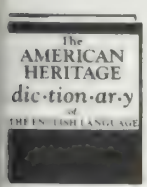
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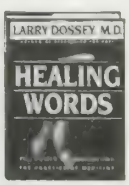
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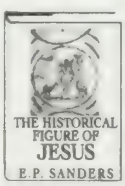
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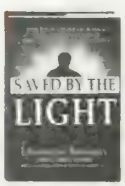
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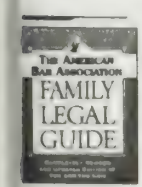
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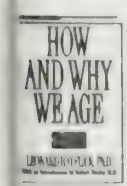
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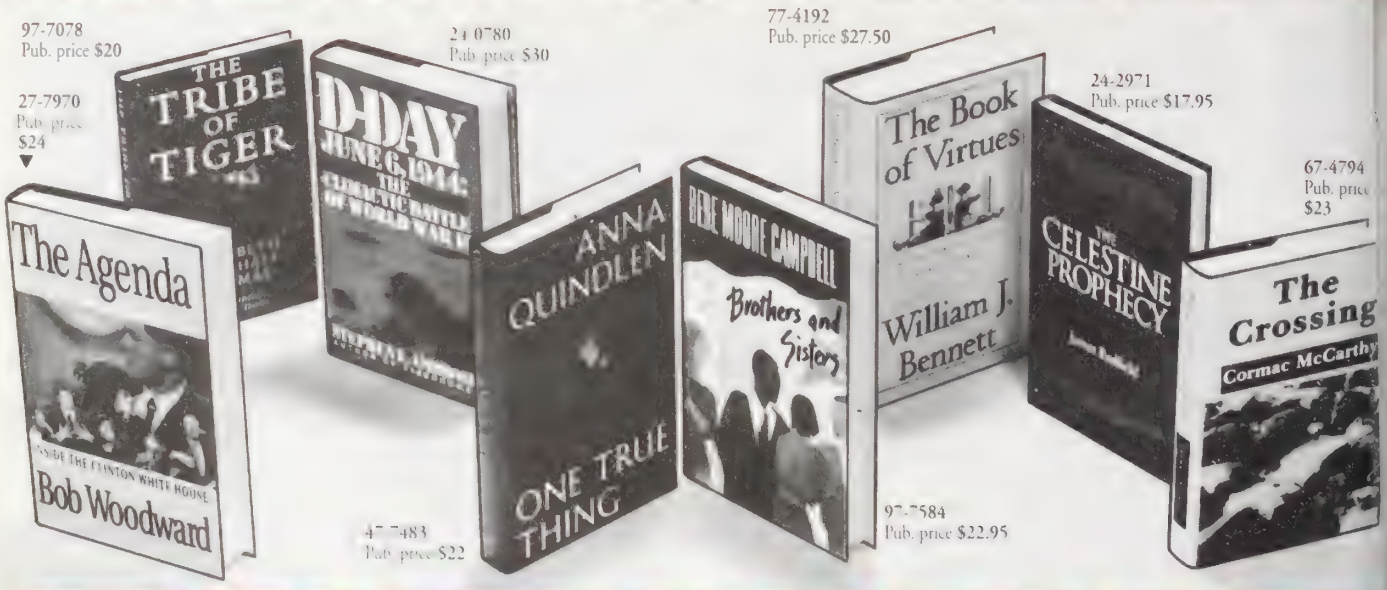
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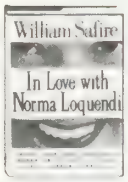
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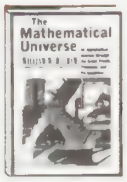


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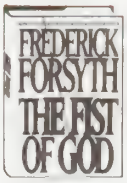
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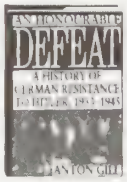
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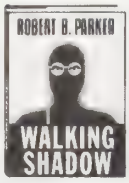
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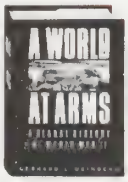
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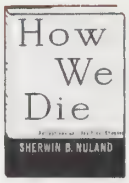
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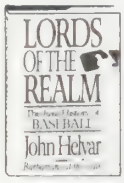
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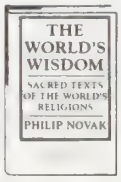
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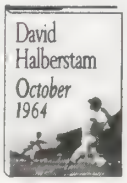
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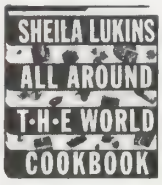
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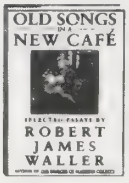
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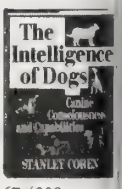
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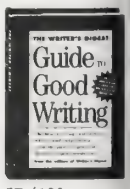
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the neighboring Central African Republic, who practiced cannibalism and murdered hundreds of schoolchildren who refused to wear his choice of uniform. In the eastern part of Zaire, a large stretch of water is named in honor of Idi Amin.

I quote from a brochure of the state tourist industry: "Thanks to the great number of hippos, the fish in Lake Amin benefit from a rich and abundant diet provided by their excrement." The same point is emphasized a little lower down: "Lake Idi Amin Dada, extraordinarily rich in fish thanks to the defecation of a myriad of lake hippos." One wants to picture the planning meeting. "Tourism is slow. The numbers are down badly. We can't do much about the airport. But what if we offer them a fish dinner, stressing the hippo shit and reminding them twice of the enticing name of the lake?"

I thought that the author of *Scoop* and *Black Mischief* could have made something of that. And Conrad would have had no difficulty recognizing the rotting, crashing decay of the equatorial interior. When the Belgian colonists departed in 1960, the country could boast 88,000 miles of decent road. By 1985, this had contracted to 12,000 miles, of which only 1,400 were paved. Today, the smallest trip outside Kinshasa requires an all-terrain vehicle. The backcountry and the forest have lost all connection with the capital and the coast.

To this, however, can be added some strictly modern horrors. I spent part of an afternoon at the suburban villa of Etienne Tshisekedi, the veteran opposition leader, who, on the previous day, had been subjected to an attack by one of Mobutu's private militias. The windows in his study had been shot out, and a litter of grenade shells and cartridge cases had been collected by supporters as evidence. Here was a scene recognizable from Bosnia or El Salvador or Lebanon: the civilian and nontribal politician trying desperately to survive in a welter of mayhem and superstition.

In the garden, a large black cock was playing a vicious game of cat and mouse with a crippled frog, something I didn't know poultry had the wit or the cruelty to do. As the pecking torture went on, I listened to aides of Tshisekedi, who was legally made prime minister in 1991 and who enjoys vast popular support, but who—if only because he can hardly leave his home—is failing to make any headway against the vast corruption and lawlessness of the Mobutu state. "Our leadership comes from every main national group and tribe, while Mobutu's entourage is all from the Ngabandi clan," I was told by Frederic Kibassa, one of the toughest and most outspoken of the dissidents. "Mobutu's political family is corrupted through and through." Estimates by Western diplomats of the private fortune Mobutu has hijacked from the central bank fluctuate between $4 billion and $11 billion: "At any rate," an American envoy to the country told me, "he could clear the national debt by writing a personal check."

The vast domed structure with its inhuman scale had the look of something recently landed from a Spielberg set.

But Mobutu's larger achievement is to have corrupted an entire society and made it complicit with beggary, embezzlement, and theft. An elevator attendant in one run-down government ministry wanted a bribe to take me from the 18th to the 19th floor. Passport Control extends an imperative palm just as your plane is boarding. Policemen farm their beats. I was detained with my photographer companion, Ed Kashi, as we tried to get some pictures of the Congo riverbank; two separate teams of police and customs officials disputed the extortion rights over us and threatened to take the camera equipment before settling for a compromise price. "I am afraid, Mr. Christopher," said my guide sadly at one point, "that my country is a jungle. A *jungle*." This was no sarcastic white settler talking with condescension about Mau Mau land. It was a man genuinely embarrassed by the abject shame of his country.

He actually said this to me after he'd shown me the Kinshasa zoo. I had not especially wanted to go, since I'm fed up with reading articles that describe Africa as being either a safari park or an elephants' graveyard, but I soon understood why he wished me to see it. After being contemptuously fleeced by a couple of bored gatekeepers, we were admitted to a tiny hell. Baffled bears with sore-covered muzzles were moldering in dirty, waterless pens. A scrofulous eagle sat in a dropping-spattered cage. A lioness sported a suppurating stump where her tail had been.

It was the very essence of a country that has forgotten self-respect and that cannot be bothered to safeguard even its natural patrimony of charismatic wildlife. As we drove sadly away, my Zairean friend still apologizing for the wreck and squalor, we passed a few roadside food stands where sat clutches of roadkill vendors. You could get a squashed fox for a few grubby bills, and some live pangolins were being roughly handled for curious potential buyers. Everything was coarse, brutal, and cheap, and nothing worked. It wasn't just worse than when the much-hated Belgian racists had departed. It was worse than before colonialism began at all.

Portuguese explorers in the first decade of the 19th century reported on the kingdom of Kazembe, which occupied the part of Zaire now called Shaba or Katanga Province. The kingdom, they said excitedly, was "rich in food and strongly governed." Today, malnutrition is a leading cause of death among Zairean children, and a warlord system runs Shaba Province. The once fabulous mining operations have been virtually shut down, as the skilled Baluba workers, who knew how to run them, are being ethnically cleansed from the area.

"Don't be deceived by the chaos," said one experienced Western businessman. "Mobutu likes it this way. With hyperinflation it's easy for foreigners to make money, and it's the cut from foreigners that fills his pockets. With no roads, the army can never topple him. With no communications, the opposition can never organize. With total corruption, it's every man for himself and people can be picked off one by one." The uses of underdevelopment.

As I went around the markets and streets of Kinshasa, I was often asked if I was French. This was not a compliment to my poor usage of the tongue, and it wasn't asked in a friendly way. What people turned out to mean was that if I *was* French they wouldn't talk to me. Popular hatred of France for its open support of Mobutu exceeds even the dislike of the C.I.A. for installing him, in a coup in 1965, in the first place. The French intervention in Rwanda was widely seen as a scheme

to help both Mobutu and the blood-stained Rwandan officers who carried out the genocide of last April. After the bodies of hundreds of thousands of Rwandans left their country by way of the river system, the embalmed corpse of Rwandan president Juvénal Habyarimana was unloaded at Kinshasa airport by the very officers who had used his death as a pretext for massacre. Even as they broadcast appeals for panic-stricken Rwandans to flee to the nightmare of the Goma refugee camp, they themselves were setting up shop in Zaire's finest hotels and most fragrant banks. Mobutu's soldiers, meanwhile, were robbing the refugees at the frontier and charging international relief aircraft 300 bucks a flight—cash—for the privilege of using the Goma strip. I could have warned them.

Several times I was told that "what happens in Algeria will happen here"—that soon foreigners would be killed on sight. The Zairean people are probably too gentle and too welcoming, as individuals, ever to make good on such threats. But there is an almost bottomless well of humiliation and frustration to draw upon, and though episodes of violence have been infrequent, they have been very ferocious. The certainty in any case is that if things *do* turn nasty we will see Zaireans in the raw, untreated state in which their fellow Africans are presented to us now—stripped of cover and dignity and occupying certain well-worn categories. The Refugee. The Beggar. The Slum Dweller. Just like the nameless man who was dragged across my headlamps.

But now take another look at that guy. There's no God-given reason why he isn't dressed in a good suit of clothes, supporting his family by working for a thriving mining company at a standard of living higher than that of southern Italy or northern Portugal. Or why, on weekends, he isn't taking the children on a cruise upriver, perhaps to see a well-run game park or maybe to explore the wonders of the rain forest, where careful and judicious logging provides a healthy income to farmers who would otherwise move hungrily to the townships, while preserving the canopy and the older growths for—among other things—innovative research into tropical medicine.

"At any rate," an American envoy to the country told me, Mobutu "could clear the national debt by writing a personal check."

This is no Utopian dream. The material conditions for this other Zaire already exist. And there are men and women qualified to administer it, except that they tend to be either in prison or abroad. (In the 1980s, at least 100,000 educated and professional Africans fled the continent.) The current situation is almost completely determined by outsiders, who have shored up Mobutu as a "friendly power," who have bought the raw materials cheap, who have supplied the guns and trainers to the swollen and unnecessary army, and who have set the percentage rate at which Zaireans will work—or not work—to repay their debt. If the "new globalism" means anything, it means that, outward appearances to the contrary, the man I saw is part of the same political economy as I am.



Zaire's 64-year-old ruler, General Mobutu Sese Seko (here, orating in Shaba Province), has corrupted an entire society during his 29 years in power, making it complicit with beggary, embezzlement, and theft.

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The fact is that, unfair as it may seem, Africa desperately needs that success story I mentioned earlier. Not everyone is as crude as the late Richard Nixon, who confided to H. R. Haldeman that American blacks were no good because Africa itself was no good and had never produced a workable or civilized society. ("The worst," he added viciously, "is Liberia, which we built.") In common with far too many educated people, Nixon knew less about Africa than he did about the north face of the Eiger. But his cynicism finds a partial echo in the weariness with which rationalizations for African failure are received.

Yes, we know that colonialism was devastating and disruptive. Yes, we know that the political borders of Africa make no sense and were drawn without regard to human reality. Yes, no doubt the international-trade deck is stacked against African products. But does this explain why there is still slavery in Mauritania and southern Sudan (often but not always Islamic enslavement of Christians, and what do Mr. Farrakhan's Black Muslims have to say about *that?*)? Does it explain why millions of young girls are genitally mutilated? Does it explain why the *Wa-Benzi*—a brilliant street term for the local class that rides in the imported Mercedes limousine—are greedier and less productive than any privileged elite in Asia or Latin America?

Like my Zairean guide, who referred angrily to his country as a jungle, Africans are often their own sternest critics. In the Ivory Coast, where I attended a conference of political parties, the chairman of the meeting, Achi Koman, gave me a copy of his pamphlet. It turned out to contain a long denunciation of sorcery and witchcraft among the educated classes. He told me later that in his opinion it was one of the country's most urgent problems, and that even the most outwardly sophisticated university graduates were often in thrall to some village *féticheur.*

The Ivory Coast is actually a very good place to contemplate the persistence of cultism and its frequent counterpart, the glorification of the chieftain or leader. The capital, Abidjan, is a well-run Frenchified coastal city with numerous chic shops and restaurants and a functional if overlarge bureaucracy. But it is not, technically, the political capital of the nation. That honor belongs to the provincial town of Yamoussoukro, birthplace and ancestral village of Félix Houphouët-Boigny. Until his death in 1993, F.H.-B. ran the country like a private estate. And if you make the three-hour journey north by road to Yamoussoukro, you can see his memorial.

Soaring directly out of the red dirt and the scrub is an immense Roman Catholic cathedral (perhaps 15 percent of Ivorians are Catholic in name) which was designed specifically to be taller than St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. For some reason you need a military permit to enter the place, but on the day of my visit that was a pointless preliminary because I was the only person there. The vast domed structure with its inhuman scale had the look of something that had recently landed from a Steven Spielberg set. Lizards fooled about. A guard dozed stertorously in the men's room. A mongrel was attempting to administer itself a blow job on the steps, but abandoned the effort either because of the heat or from a feeling that the surroundings were inappropriate.

Smack in the middle of this hellhole of concrete, glass, and marble modernism, there is an artificial lake for sacred crocodiles.

Yamoussoukro is eerie, because its huge Stalinist boulevards and avenues lead nowhere, and because its vast "Institute," dedicated to the study of Houphouët-Boigny "thought," is completely bare of books and papers. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, you get a queasy sense of the jungle creeping unstoppably back. Meanwhile, what has been built is a sort of unsatisfying and discordant compromise between opportunistic capitalism and tenacious tribalism. The contract to build the wasteful and hideous basilica (at a cost which is not disclosed but which consumed a sizable fraction of the country's budget) went, as most local contracts do, to the French construction conglomerate Bouygues, which is to France what Bechtel is to the United States. That was one of the many *pourboires* which sweeten the relationship between Paris and its African client states. Yet smack in the middle of this neglected hellhole of concrete and glass and marble modernism, there is a large artificial lake dedicated to the care and feeding of sacred crocodiles. This in turn is right next to the immense presidential palace which F.H.-B. awarded himself. Interestingly, the saints and martyrs in the cathedral stained glass are all conspicuously white. But stationed close to the Redeemer in one panel is a black man whose face is well known from official portraits.

As I watched the crocs plying to and fro in that way they have, I was thinking of a conversation I had had in the capital the night before. "F.H.-B. got the Pope himself to come and consecrate that basilica," I was told. "But then when he died he wasn't buried in it. Everyone thought it was supposed to be his mausoleum, but he had arranged for his body to be handed over to the 'traditional medicine' priests. The funeral was in secret. On these occasions, *cher ami,* the witch doctors are supposed to take back the power they conferred on the big chief when he was alive. That usually means human heads—up to 40 of them for a *really* major chieftain."

Oh come on, I thought (and indeed said). Wouldn't people notice that there were—to take one objection at random—some missing persons? "Ah, but who counts the peddlers who wander over the border from Liberia or Guinea? Who will miss the occasional refugee, or ask any questions?" These were Africans talking. Europeans in Abidjan, some of whom thought it was politically non-kosher to suggest human sacrifice at the presidential level, nonetheless confirmed that their servants had been nervous, and had gone around checking on stray or missing members of their families. Impressive, at any rate, was the number of people who believed the story.

Superstition can take more than one form. Houphouët-Boigny was a French client. Joaquim Chissano is the leader of a revolutionary and secular party in Mozambique—a former Portuguese colony that tore itself away by armed struggle, and until recently proclaimed the slogans of socialist internationalism. Today, President Chissano greets visiting diplomats and dignitaries by bending their ears about Transcendental Meditation, and has awarded millions of hectares of prime land to "the Maharishi Heaven on Earth Development Corporation."

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Rwandan refugees in Tanzania, May 1994, the latest surge in a vast population of displaced Africans

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bique has been through an anti-colonial revolution, swiftly superseded by a vicious war of attrition with South Africa in which perhaps one million Mozambicans lost their lives. Its economy has been beggared and put into World Bank receivership. After such an acute crisis of expectations, and such a numbing series of disappointments, perhaps people are willing to give anything a try. "If you want to see voodoo economics," said one rather bitter Mozambican radical, "don't read the World Bank reports. Go to the market in Maputo and ask for the black-magic section. They have one now. They didn't used to, but that's all coming back these days."

On a visit to the market, which sold everything from hubcaps to Johnnie Walker, I found the voodoo section without difficulty and was offered a surefire male-potency enhancer. It looked like a suspension of tofu in vinegar, and I felt confident enough to pass it up after a brief hesitation, especially since—to my relief—the vendor didn't really seem to believe in it either.

However, when people have tried everything and have discovered that nothing works, they will tend to revert to what they know best—which will often be the tribe, the totem, or the taboo. There is almost no country in Africa where it is not essential to know to which tribe, or which subgroup of which tribe, the president belongs. From this single piece of information you can trace the lines of patronage and allegiance that define the state.

The promise of political independence has soured. Economic progress has not merely been arrested, it has been turned back. In most countries, the state forms a thin and unpopular veneer on a pain-racked society. In Nairobi, the relatively clean and modern capital of Kenya, I went to a conference of right-thinking people who were concerned with this very subject. The seminar was on "Democracy in a Multiethnic Society," a pressing topic at any time in Kenya, which is riven with tribal envy between the Luo and the Kikuyu peoples, but an especially absorbing one in view of the news from Rwanda. (On the edge of all political conversation in Africa today, if you listen, you can hear the word "Rwanda.")

Though Kenya is outwardly calm, and its English-language press maintains a jaunty tone, worrying news creeps in from the outlying districts. There is the Somali horror show on the border. There are election riots in the slums. Up in the Rift Valley, a crude war of clan against clan has broken out.

The meeting took place in the Nairobi Safari Club, in a highly urbane and relaxed atmosphere. It had something of the feel of an old British colonial gathering, called to discuss signs of restlessness among the natives. But with the exception of a German Social Democratic team who were helping sponsor the event, all present were Africans. There was some nervous joking about the morning's headlines, which featured a denunciation by President Daniel arap Moi of all such "Democracy conferences," which he accused of being anti-Kenyan activities sponsored by sinister forces overseas.

This was likely to be more than mere

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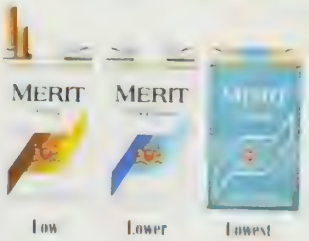


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rhetoric; President Moi has an imperious way with dissent and uses his police force with a heavy hand. Moreover, he is from a minority tribe himself and is given to consolidating his position by playing off the principal tribes against one another. The word at the meeting was that the fighting in the Rift Valley was probably state-instigated as part of a divide-and-rule strategy. And in Kenya, *l'état c'est Moi.*

The day's keynote speaker was Professor Ali Mazrui, a smooth-as-silk Kenyan-born academic who now holds a chair at the State University of New York at Binghamton. He appeared to get straight to the point by stressing the abattoir conditions in Somalia, Rwanda, Liberia, Angola, Burundi, and elsewhere. "Is the old slate of the colonial order being washed clean with buckets of blood?" he asked. "Or is the blood in fact spilling in the maternity ward of history as a new Africa is trying to breathe amidst the mess of convulsive birth pangs?"

I could think of a question much scarier than these. What if it's *neither* of the above? What if all the bloodshed is for *nothing?* What if Africa is neither being cleansed in blood nor giving birth in blood, but just plain *drowning* in blood? What if it's rocketing back into the primeval, using 20th-century techniques to accomplish its own destruction? Well, I only *asked.*

This was a gathering sponsored by, among others, the National Concerns Council and a group called Gender Sensitive Initiatives, which God knows is needed in a continent where on every road you see men leading strings of women like pack animals. But I wondered if such nicely named outfits would care to look reality in the face.

Actually, Mazrui improved as the morning wore on. He proposed six tests for a minimally successful state. Does it control its territory? Is it sovereign over its own resources? Can it collect revenue? Does it maintain an infrastructure of roads, railways, and telephones? Can it provide services such as health, education, and sanitation? Is it able to guarantee law and order? There is a seventh question which he touched upon. Does it control some areas by day but surrender that vestigial power at night?

By any or all of these tests, including the informal and crepuscular seventh one, the majority of African states are not states at all, just entities with occasional impact on the lives of the people who dwell in them. South Africa qualifies as a proper state, as does Botswana, and as do Namibia and Zimbabwe. But that claim would still come as news to millions of their citizens, who live outside the charmed circle of development and "the market."

And to their noncitizens. Much of South Africa's mining labor force comes from impoverished Mozambique, which in effect lives by the export of people. Perhaps one in seven inhabitants of the Ivory Coast is a hungry immigrant from a neighboring country. Even before the terrifying events of April 1994, 200,000 or so Rwandans lived as refugees in Uganda. Eritrea is trying to repatriate a large chunk of its population from Sudan, which in its turn is creating a mass of internal refugees as the Muslim-Christian conflict becomes more acute.

"The war against us was designed by *anthropologists*"—he practically spat out the word—"who knew all our society's weak points."

Solzhenitsyn once wrote of the prison population of the U.S.S.R. as a nation apart, with its own rules and even its own economy. In Africa, the displaced person is a special category of citizenship, or at any rate of existence. Nobody really knows how many millions there are. On a dusty and glaring day, I went to visit the Boane camp in Mozambique, which is supposed to be a clearing center, operated by the U.N., for returning Mozambicans who fled to Swaziland during the war. Of the first two men I spoke to, one was an Ethiopian merchant sailor who had made his way down the coast of eastern Africa by sea and had a rather confused account of how he came to be in a relocation center 35 miles from the Swazi border, and the other was a former Angolan policeman who had left the city of Huambo, on the other side of the continent, to get away from the UNITA guerrillas of Jonas Savimbi. He, too, was at something of a loss to explain his presence in this transient wilderness. But, for the moment, it was home. And there wasn't much to go back to.

Both men were educated, with qualifications and skills, and both could speak fair English. Yet in any foreseeable future they were fated to be part of a vast population of Africa whose tragedy is that nobody wants them, nobody needs them, and nobody knows who or where they are. As far as the world economy is concerned, they might as well not have been born, and might as well hurry up about dying.

You don't get a sense of the absurdity of Africa's borders if you travel by air, because customs and immigration routines are the same everywhere (Zaire wholly excepted and other countries partially so). But on land the arbitrariness of political geography becomes swiftly apparent. In the hills outside the town of Masvingo—formerly Fort Victoria—in eastern Zimbabwe is the site of the Great Zimbabwe ruins, for which the country is named. After the pyramids, these imposing stone marvels are the largest masonry structure in Africa—not as big as the basilica in Yamoussoukro, perhaps, but far more authentic and many times more absorbing.

Until recently, it was an article of faith among the white settlers that this—the Acropolis of southern Africa—could not conceivably have been built by the ancestors of the shiftless blacks. The country's leading archaeologist, Peter Garlake, was compelled to live abroad when this dogma was made official by the Ian Smith regime. It has now been established beyond doubt that Great Zimbabwe was the work of an African civilization of the later Iron Age, probably in the 13th century but perhaps before that.

On the day of my visit, the vast stone enclosure with its beautifully curved and rounded observation tower was being looked over by a group of Afrikaner tourists. Newly encouraged to travel in black Africa by the amazing developments in their own homeland, they had come to see for themselves that Africa really does have a history and an architecture that pre-dates the white conquest. They were full of enthusiasm, and were writing flattering things in the visitors' book. Well, I thought, I've lived to see it.

Of course, the question arises, if Great Zimbabwe was so great, why did

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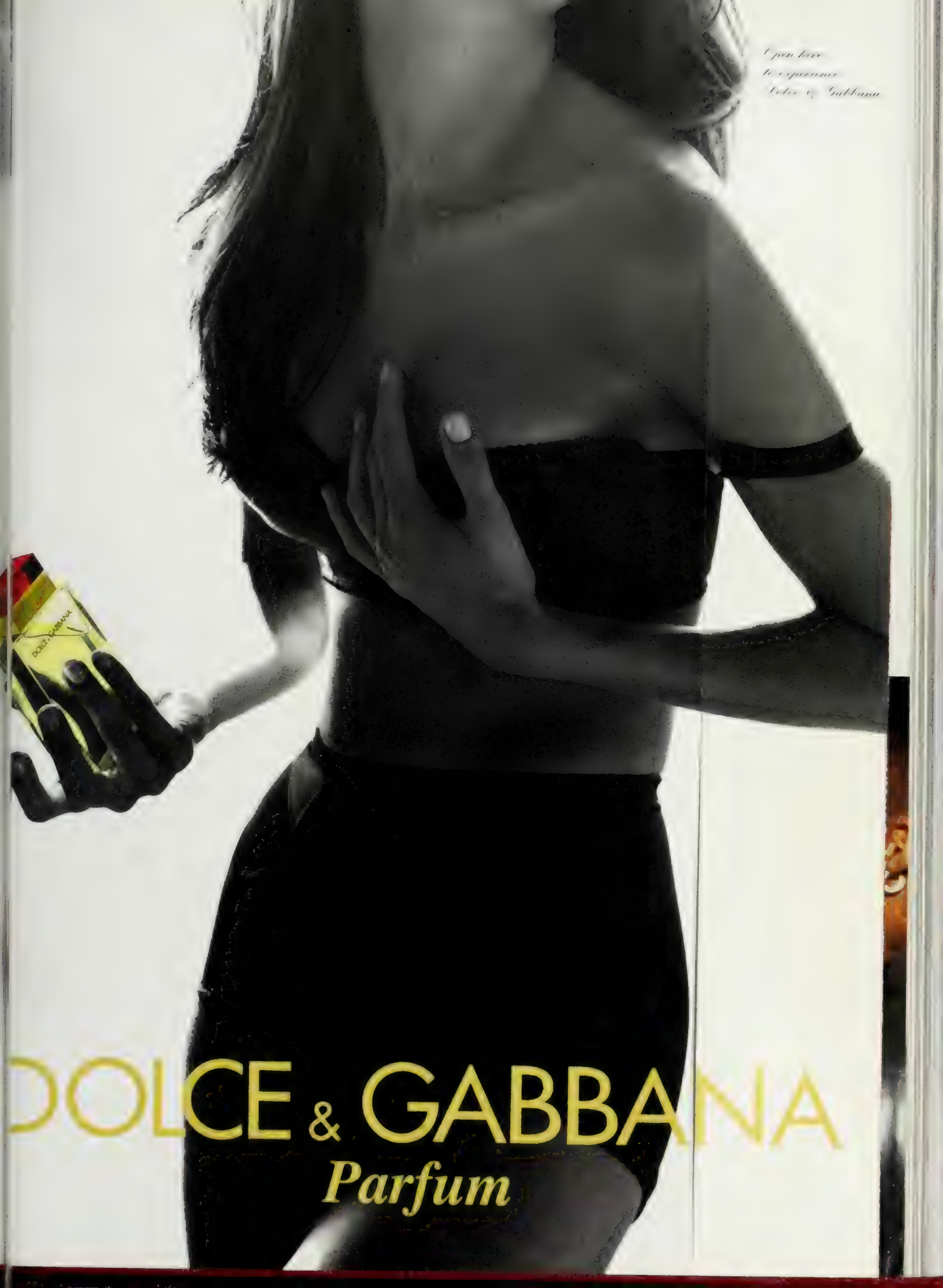
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it collapse? There's no clear answer to this question, but it may have had something to do with a loss of contact with the eastern coast. All the way from Masvingo down to the shores of Mozambique, there are lesser Zimbabwes (the word in the Shona language means both "houses of stone" and "venerated houses") that used to be part of the same extended civilization. But if you want to follow this natural archaeological trail, you come up against a frontier that was drawn during the course of a late-19th-century local quarrel between Anglo-Saxon empire builder Cecil Rhodes and the Portuguese.

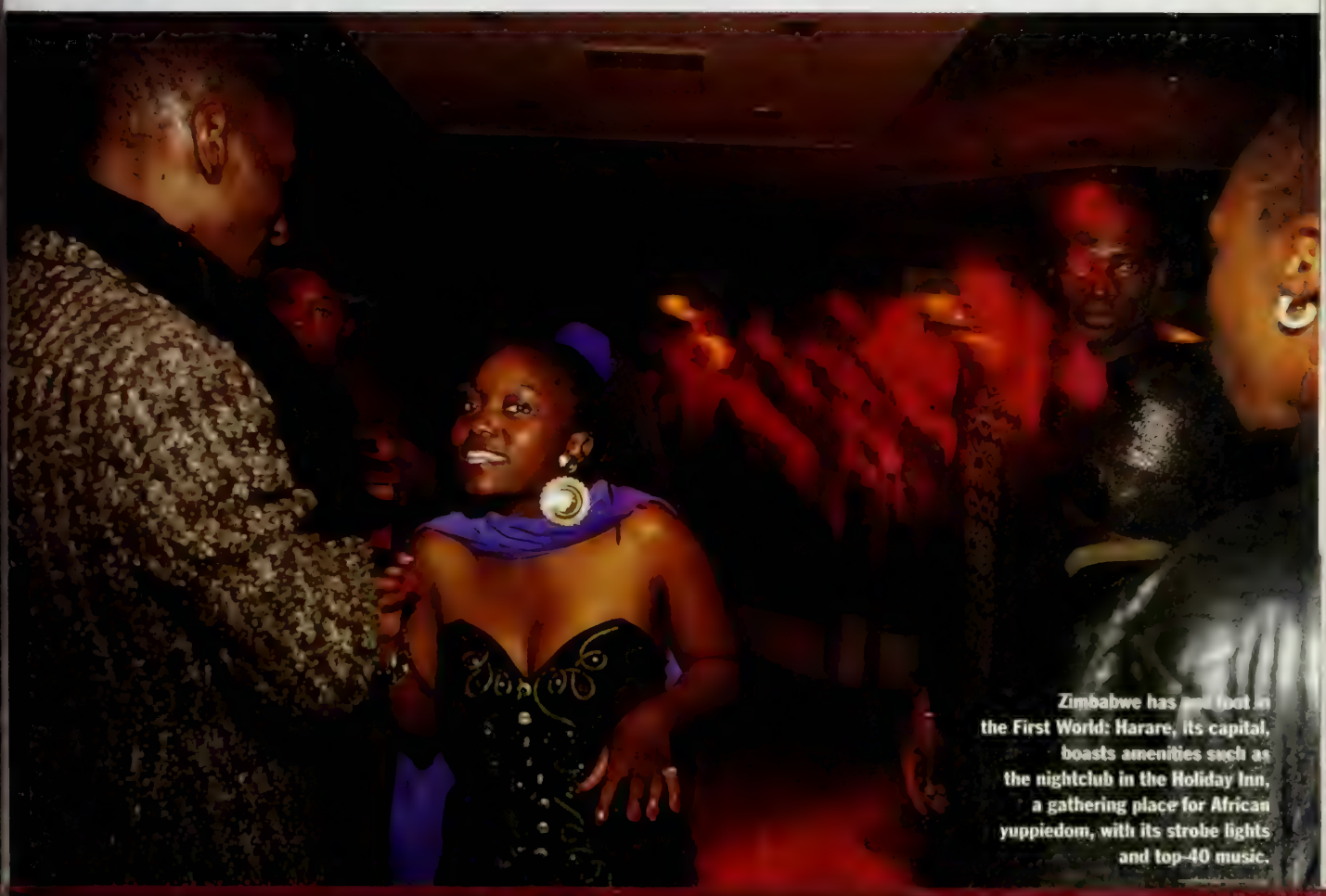
At the frontier, which cuts across the road with hardly any notice, signs in English and Portuguese warn of land mines. But there is no reason that a minefield should separate the populations on either side of the Zimbabwe-Mozambique border, who are both from the Shona nation and are in fact the same people with a common local language. Nor does it make sense, at a particular bend in the road, for the Shona people to stop going to schools that teach English and start attending schools where the medium of instruction is Portuguese.

Zimbabwe is the country where the young Doris Lessing wrote her first stories—*The Grass Is Singing* and *This Was the Old Chief's Country*. For decades after, she was *persona non grata* in what was then Rhodesia and, returning after independence to write her book *African Laughter*, she was amazed to find the settlers engaged in the same conversation they had been having when she left.

The white settlers have abandoned their silly claim to run and own Zimbabwe in exchange for the undisturbed right to make money.

I had a sample of that very conversation at that very bend in the road at the Zimbabwe-Mozambique crossing. Standing at the border post was a trio of tough, blond young men. They were South Africans, but not in the least like the friendly, mellow Afrikaner families I'd encountered at the Zimbabwe ruins. They looked more like San Diego surf nazis, and they were in a foul mood. Since they had arrived without troubling to acquire visas, the border guards wouldn't let them cross. More insulting still, the guards would not take money to bend the rules. They were polite but firm in this refusal. "Christ, man, I thought that in Africa everyone took bribes," remarked the tallest of the three charmers. Yes, that's right, I thought venomously, push your way into one of the few honest countries left in Africa, start throwing bribes and foreign currency about, and then go home and complain that everybody is on the take.

An unsatisfactory conversation ensued. "*Vanity Fair*—isn't that a *pornography* magazine?" Well, I mean to say, *really!* I changed the subject with what I thought was appropriate dignity, asking them how they liked Zimbabwe. Not a bit, it was a nothing country, not at all the sort of thing they were used to. Oh, and what sort of thing was that? "Well, back home in South Africa we have Catseyes down the middle of the road. They haven't got anything like that here." Weeks later, in Johannesburg, I



Zimbabwe has one foot in the First World: Harare, its capital, boasts amenities such as the nightclub in the Holiday Inn, a gathering place for African yuppiedom, with its strobe lights and top-40 music.

found that these youths had pissed me off sufficiently to make me notice that aha!—there was a distinct shortage of Catseyes on the main roads.

Actually, Zimbabwe has at least one foot in the First World. If you fly in from any neighboring country, you see the suburbs of the capital, Harare, winking with the blue eyes of many, many swimming pools. The quarter-million or so white settlers have abandoned their silly claim to run and own the country in exchange for the undisturbed right to make money in their own way, and they have been joined by a large and ambitious black middle class. An American visitor can use his credit cards, dial AT&T direct, and deal with gleaming car-rental companies. The choice of golf clubs, safari parks, and mountain resorts is extraordinary.

But as elsewhere in Africa, and perhaps more noticeably in Zimbabwe because of the contrast, you have only to walk a few steps from the pool of light around your hotel, or turn your car or jeep a few yards off the main road, to find yourself in the Third World again.

The AIDS crisis is actually one of the few exceptions to this rule, because it strikes all classes and conditions. In a ritzy discotheque in Harare, I met Alex Kaunda, son of the man who until recently was the president of neighboring Zambia. There had been an AIDS death in that family. But most Third World afflictions are unsubtle in being income-related. (Just as the Third World itself is unsubtle in making poor people very thin and rich people very fat.) I began to compose a sort of blank-verse "Sub-Saharan Blues," in which the first line of each verse ran: "You know you're in the Third World when . . . " Thus:

You know you're in the Third World when you see a half-dozen scabby, tiny, scrawny Zimbabwean children playing cheerfully with the improvised toy of a simple balloon made from an inflated prophylactic—the gift of a superbly sincere Swedish charity. In Africa, there is a birthrate trap: a higher standard of living will lead to smaller families but smaller families will not lead to a higher standard of living.

You know you're in the Third World when you talk to an agronomist and he tells you that in southern Africa the drought of 1991–92 was disastrous for food production and the good rains of 1992–93 a huge relief, but that unfortunately the good rains have created ideal conditions for a plague of locusts.

You know you're in the Third World when, flying up the western coast on the national airline of Cameroon, you decide that a visit to the men's room is in order. Reaching the back of the plane and giving the door handle the usual twist and tug, you are fortunate to be covered in nothing worse than confusion when the whole unit comes away in your hand. (I actually muttered the word "WAWA" at that point. Taught me by the most liberal white resident I've ever met, it is an unavoidable acronym which means: "West Africa Wins Again.")

Of course, the question arises, if Great Zimbabwe was so great, why did it collapse?

You know you're in the Third World when, hearing that a mother in Zaire has lost two children, you tentatively inquire the cause of death and are told "diarrhea." (In an added touch, epidemiologists have now traced the cause of many deaths in that same rich country to a renewed outbreak of . . . bubonic plague.)

You know you're in the Third World when you see a child, half scared and half scary, guarding some stretch of dirt road or some flyblown checkpoint with the help of a rifle as big as himself. Of the many cases researched for the International Red Cross–sponsored report *Child Soldiers: The Role of Children in Armed Conflicts,* most of the really wrenching ones occurred in Africa. In Eritrea I was told of Ethiopian conscripts, captured by the rebels, who turned out to be under 14. They had sometimes been used to clear minefields.

Outside the Eritrean city of Massawa, its beautiful coral streets and squares still charred and gouged from the last days of the 30-year war for independence from Ethiopia, I stood at the edge of a grave. Behind an improvised wall of corrugated iron in the middle of some dull coastal flatlands, a mini killing field had been created. Piles of ammunition boxes lay stacked every which way, spilling their contents in all directions. But the contents, in what I realized had the makings of a nasty metaphor, were not ammunition. They were the end products of ammunition.

Yellowing skeletons were sprawling in contorted attitudes, and piles of skulls went with them. Most of the skulls had bullet holes either directly between the eyes or squarely in the back of the neck: a 20th-century "signature" that by now even a child (or, in these regions, especially a child) can recognize.

These uncountable and horribly inseparable bodies had been heaped up after an execution.

The Eritrean liberation forces had lost enough people of their own, God knows, and are still looking for thousands of prisoners and hostages who went "missing." But this trove of murder was no help to their inquiry. It belonged, rather, to the war-crimes trials which the new government of Ethiopia will be staging. These skeletons, some still clad in rags of uniform, almost certainly belonged to dissident Ethiopian officers and soldiers who had urged an end to the dirty war against Eritrea, and been shot down in heaps *pour encourager les autres.*

The Dergue, the Ethiopian dictatorship responsible for the skeletons, was supported politically and militarily by the former Soviet Union and by Cuba, which had obvious geopolitical ambitions in a country so near the Persian Gulf. But it was also supported politically by the United States and militarily by Israel. Washington favored the continuance of an imperial "unitary state," and Israel opposed the emergence of a new Eritrean state that seemed friendly to Arab nationalists on the other side of the Red Sea.

So the killing field of Massawa, to which I was taken by a group of bright and courageous young Eritreans who had returned from exile in Los Angeles, was a sort of laboratory of foreign interference. Yet again, when Africans had been willing to kill one another, they had found outsiders willing to arm and encourage them.

In 1960, in *Tourist in Africa,* Evelyn Waugh wrote, "Even now you will find people of some good will and some intelligence who speak of Europeans as having 'pacified' Africa. Tribal wars and slavery were endemic before they came; no doubt they will break out again when they leave. Meantime under European rule in the first forty years of this century there have been


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three long wars in Africa on a far larger scale than anything perpetrated by marauding spearmen, waged by white men against white, and a generation which has seen the Nazi regime in the heart of Europe had best stand silent when civilised and uncivilised notions are contrasted."

A shrewd point, and from an unexpected source. Nonetheless, there is a sense in which really terrifying and elemental violence is more a part of contemporary African experience than it is of, say, most of Asia and Latin America. The radiant Somali human-rights crusader Rakiya Omaar, co-director of the organization African Rights and author of the definitive new work on Rwanda, put it to me like this: "Many people can imagine losing a friend or a relative or a loved one. But these people have lost all their kin, all their loved ones, all their friends—everyone who even knew who they were."

As far as the world economy is concerned, they might as well not have been born, and might as well hurry up about dying.

Rakiya was convinced from her work in the field that the final death count in Rwanda would be even higher than the estimates of half a million. And this, as she pointed out grimly, arises from two rather modern, premeditated forms of barbarism—the broadcast of coordinated orders over a special radio station, and "the use of fragmentation grenades at close range on people who had been herded together."

Rwanda was no frantic explosion of bloodlust, but a long-prepared plan to destroy an entire people. Since before 1990, the Rwandan military had been buying and stockpiling an arsenal of light and heavy weapons, purchased discreetly from South Africa, Egypt, and the ever helpful French. Even the United States did its bit, training 35 Rwandan officers and NCOs in American military schools, and furnishing loans for the purchase of American military equipment. In 1992 the Bush administration cheerfully certified to Congress that Rwandan government "relations with the U.S. are excellent," and announced that "there is no evidence of any systematic human rights abuses by the military or by any other element of the government of Rwanda."

And how did impoverished Rwanda pay for the weapons that would make it into one gigantic charnel house, instead of the verdant and fertile upland community it had once been? In order to finance a $6 million arms deal with Egypt, Rwanda obtained an export guarantee from France's nationalized bank Crédit Lyonnais. This loan was to be redeemed in . . . tea. Poor Rwanda mortgaged the future earnings of its Mulindi tea plantation to Crédit Lyonnais as collateral, and gave Egypt a million dollars' worth of fresh tea as a commodity down payment.

Thus were the innocuous herbal products of a thriving rural people turned into a Western technology transfer, which in turn made a serious genocide, as distinct from a random massacre, actually thinkable and doable. Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian Nobel laureate, once quite properly wrote that it is Africans themselves who are to blame for "the trail of skeletons along desiccated highways . . . the lassitude and hopelessness of emaciated survivors crowded into refugee camps . . . the mounds of corpses." But when these things happen, the West is not entitled to watch as if they were happening on another planet. The globalization of the world economy means an exchange of responsibilities as well as techniques and resources, and as Joseph Conrad actually did write in *Heart of Darkness,* "The conquest of the earth . . . is not a pretty thing when you look into it."

"Mozambique is in a coma," I was told by Jose Luis Cabaço, one of the many white Mozambicans who supported that country's independence movement. A long civil and tribal conflict, which was also an aspect of its long war with white Rhodesia and apartheid South Africa, has left Mozambique barely breathing.

We were sitting in the beautiful Hotel Polana in Maputo, where Graham Greene set the scene of illicit interracial romance in *The Human Factor.* "There is no state," continued Cabaço, who served as minister of information in the revolutionary regime and is still a member of its Parliament. "There is no economy. There is no independence. The war against us was designed by *anthropologists*"—he practically spat out the word—"who knew all our society's weak points. And a coma requires an oxygen tent. This oxygen tent is now being supplied by the powers that be."

He was right, both on the first point and on the second. The tribalist *contras* who were financed by South Africa in the bad old days were people who understood the weak spots. They went for the clinics and the schools, using local witch doctors to spread fear of new things, and they kidnapped children and turned them into killers. Roy Stacey, an assistant secretary in the Reagan-era State Department, called this "one of the most brutal holocausts against ordinary human beings since World War II." Today, Mozambique's vital signs are flickering again. But only on one important condition.

It hit me when I went to the stricken hamlet of Mohiua, in the northern Mozambican province of Zambézia, to see the *contras* being demobilized and to watch preparations for this fall's multi-party elections. To get to Mohiua, I had to fly first to Nampula on a Russian plane with South African pilots and (a first for me, and only their second U.N. peacekeeping effort) an immaculate Japanese ground crew. Then I hitched a ride on a United Nations Puma helicopter which boasted a British flight crew and a Bangladeshi ground crew. On arrival in the bush, I found officers and soldiers from India, Egypt, Spain, Argentina, and (nice to see some Africans) Guinea-Bissau. All along my journey from the capital, I had not met a single Mozambican official. The writ of the government did not run anywhere.

The word is "recolonization." It's a decision that has been made for quite a few African countries. For obvious reasons, it's not called recolonization, out loud, in Africa itself. For equally obvious reasons, it is not called recolonization in the West either, or not outside a few nostalgic newspapers in London and Paris. But in country after country, with Mozambique as a salient case, you find that the local Treasury is a branch of the World Bank, the armed forces are under the stewardship of the United Nations, the electoral register is in the care of international "observers," the distressed citizens apply for relief to outside chari-

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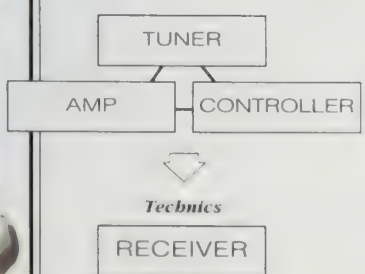
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The port city of Massawa, once the site of a civil killing [illegible], is now part of Eritrea, Africa's newest and perhaps its hopeful country.

ties and aid groups, and the choicest bits of real estate are in the hands of multinational corporations.

In the scrub and dirt of Mohiua, nothing grew except footprints. The exheroes of South Africa's surrogate army stood around glowering indiscriminately. Their chief, a man distinguished by his highly abbreviated pair of pink Lurex hot pants, was obviously afraid of his men, or his boys, who had been waiting too long for their handout of shoes and rations from the foreigners.

The atmosphere veered nastily between a sorry, unhygienic torpor and an ugly, vindictive frustration. One group of malcontents stood shiftily apart, showing the lopped and stunted effect of a harvesting of limbs—a foot here, a shin there—by land mines. They needed the crisply attired foreign-aid workers, and they also hated and resented them. Any trite moment, such as the arrival of a batch of cans bearing the blue-and-gold logo of the European Union, or the passage by of an undulating village woman, could cause a cacophony of whooping or a pointless shoving match. In the command tent, where it was planned to give every man, able-bodied or otherwise, a machete and a plastic bucket before sending him back to his home village (if he could find it), and where there was some jocular unease because of the Rwandan echo of the pile of machetes, I heard the ultimate insult being whispered. "They're like *children*, really: out of temper one minute and eager for attention the next. How can you deal with them?"

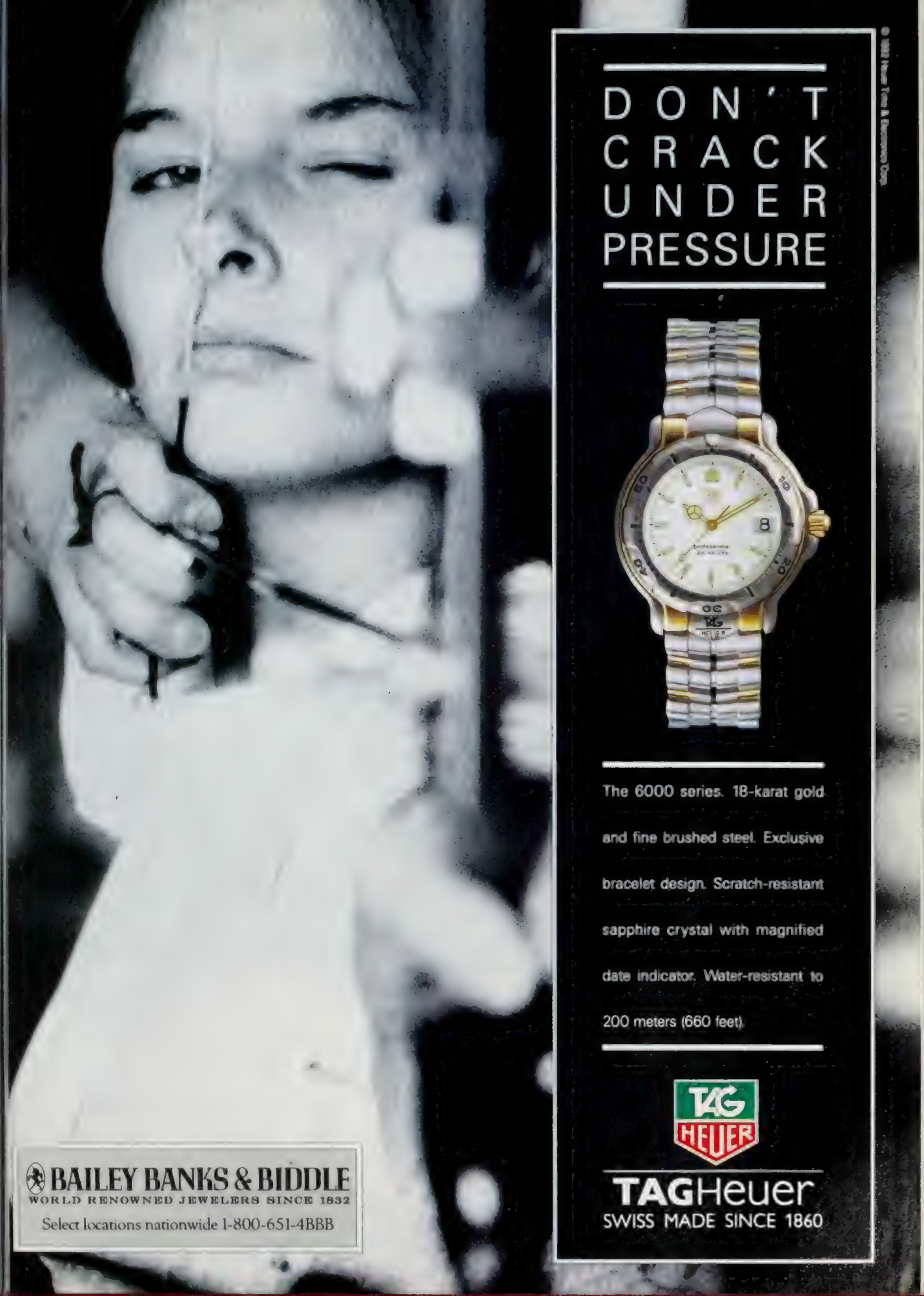
The word for what is happening is "recolonization." For obvious reasons, it's not called recolonization, out loud, in Africa itself.

This was not said by only the non-Africans present. Fernando, the very personable, plump, and patient volunteer from Guinea-Bissau, had the roughest time with the rabble of ex-fighters. At one point, calling him a traitor to Africa and other things less tender and polite, they loudly offered to kill him. "You don't believe me?" said one young tough with a vicious cast in his eye. "I've killed plenty of people." He looked and sounded quite believable, but after an interval of menace he found his attention engaged elsewhere and sloped away to do whatever the next thing was. A few years ago, he had been corrupted by having too much power. Now he was corrupted by having no power at all.

In the Inhambane Province of Mozambique, in 1983, perhaps 100,000 people starved because the world's lending institutions did not relish the "independence" rhetoric of the government. Or, as a World Bank report rather frigidly phrased it, that government's "policy stance was, moreover, instrumental in provoking a sharp decline in external assistance, which further exacerbated the emerging crisis." That lesson, anyway, has now been learned. Every country in Africa has come to heel. The Structural Adjustment Program, or SAP, is the only available model. Export-led growth, deflation, and debt repayment are the new mantras.

But export what? The rest of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED KASHI


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world doesn't even pretend to want the continent's main export, which is people. In the Ivory Coast I read a brochure which touchingly invited me to visit: "The Banco Forest, the last trace of the first forest which used to cover all the regions before is now a place looked for and admired by the visitors, its haven of 3000 hectares of preserved forest and of numerous and varied essences." Behind this fractured English crouched the disagreeable truth that, like much of western Africa, the Ivory Coast has little to sell but its old-growth forests, and that these must be felled and logged at an unreal pace, or else the country—a country, after all, that is *named* for a raw material—would have no "growth" statistics to report to its creditors. "WALA," to rephrase the old saying. West Africa Loses Again.

Even when externally determined policies are probably a "good thing," they arrive like sudden thunderstorms or droughts. In January, the entire populations of 13 African countries woke up one morning to discover that their currencies had been devalued by 50 percent. From Senegal to Burkina Faso and from Cameroon to Chad, the legal tender is the C.F.A. franc (C.F.A. standing technically for Communauté Financière Africaine but known in local vernacular as Colonies Françaises d'Afrique), pegged to the franc and set by the French Treasury. The decision to halve the rate had been made by a French prime minister, without any real consultation.

This is what recolonization has come to mean: African states, and African peoples, being rescued for their own good. If the policy of the outsiders is sound and consistent, they wait and live. If not, they wait and die.

To see how people can drown in powerlessness, you have to understand the depth of the debt hole into which Africa has fallen, or been plunged. Every year, the continent pays out between $10 and $11 billion on a debt which stands at about $180 billion and is climbing. While according to UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, only $9 billion is required to underwrite the immediate health, schooling, food, and family-planning requirements of the continent. Servicing the debt, then, takes more out of Africa than the projected outlays on social spending for the 1990s.

But out of which "Africa"? Most of those promiscuous loans were made during the years of grandiose dictatorship and one-party statism, when men like Mobutu were being supported by the West, and other profligate and sanguinary regimes, such as Ethiopia's Dergue, were being indulged by the former Soviet Union. Now the emerging civil societies (and their children) are being compelled to pay for crimes they did not commit and for blundering, ecologically foolish prestige projects that they had no hand in commissioning.

"These people have lost all their kin, all their loved ones, all their friends—everyone who even knew who they were."

Archbishop Desmond Tutu, for one, has proposed a modest six-month moratorium on debt repayment, in order to provide a breathing space (or at any rate a panting space) for good government. "The money saved during this time should be used not to benefit the elite, but the so-called ordinary people," Tutu said, adding that Africa needs and deserves "a second chance now that most governments have seen the light and seen that democracy and freedom are cheaper than oppression."

Most governments? Well, 13 governments out of the more than 40 sub-Saharan regimes have had some form of democratic revolution since the great "people-power year" of 1989. Nigeria is currently in the travail of a terrific contest between junta rule and civilian authority, in which the tenacity of the democratic forces has astonished the world. The two most long-running and intense battles for African liberation have actually been consummated only in this decade: the emancipation of all the peoples of South Africa from apartheid and the freeing of Eritrea from another, African empire in the shape of Ethiopia. It could be a mistake to say too glibly that Africa is lapsing back into prehistory when its real history may have scarcely begun.

Some African writers, like Kwame Anthony Appiah in his marvelous book *In My Father's House*, are properly skeptical of there being such a place as "Africa" at all. The differences among Africans, as Appiah says, are as great as the differences between Africans and non-Africans. Nonetheless, there is an undeniable African *aspiration*. Absurd and grotesque as it may frequently be—it chose Idi Amin as its chairman in 1975—the Organization of African Unity embodies the idea of a continent-wide consciousness.

Miriam Makeba sang beautifully at the independence ceremonies of many African states, and tightened a million throats when she spoke of one day singing at an all-African freedom celebration. In these more limited times, let's admit that many Africans would settle for the single, unarguable success story that I proposed earlier.

Currently, everybody's favorite nominee for success story is Uganda. This is partly because 15 or so years ago the very word "Uganda" was a synonym for everything loathsome and terrifying, for a country reduced to the uttermost degradations of cruelty, ignorance, and tribal barbarism. Today, I find myself talking to Toshihiro Fujiwara, a World Bank economist, who is full of pleasant surprises. Uganda, he says, is on its way "back." "Relations between the different peoples and tribes are good. All political and economic discussions are very open and very free. There is a stable exchange rate for the currency, and the economy is growing. The bureaucracy is easy to deal with, and it has no 'hidden agenda' of diverting resources to itself." When I inquire of Fujiwara what makes the difference, he is inclined to stress the big factor in Africa—the rogue factor and the charisma factor—which is leadership. "President Yoweri Museveni is a very good, clean, popular president," he says, "and that makes a huge difference."

It is true that Museveni's reputation is justly very high, and also true that he played a useful role in supporting and protecting the many Rwandan refugees who were driven into Uganda. But the key fact about his recovery plan is that it was not forced upon him from outside. Recently, alluding to the time when the first Portuguese slavers arrived in Africa, Museveni said, "We will have to rely on ourselves. We have to go back to the year 1500, where we left off building an economy integrated in itself, able to produce its own food, its own tools, its own weapons."

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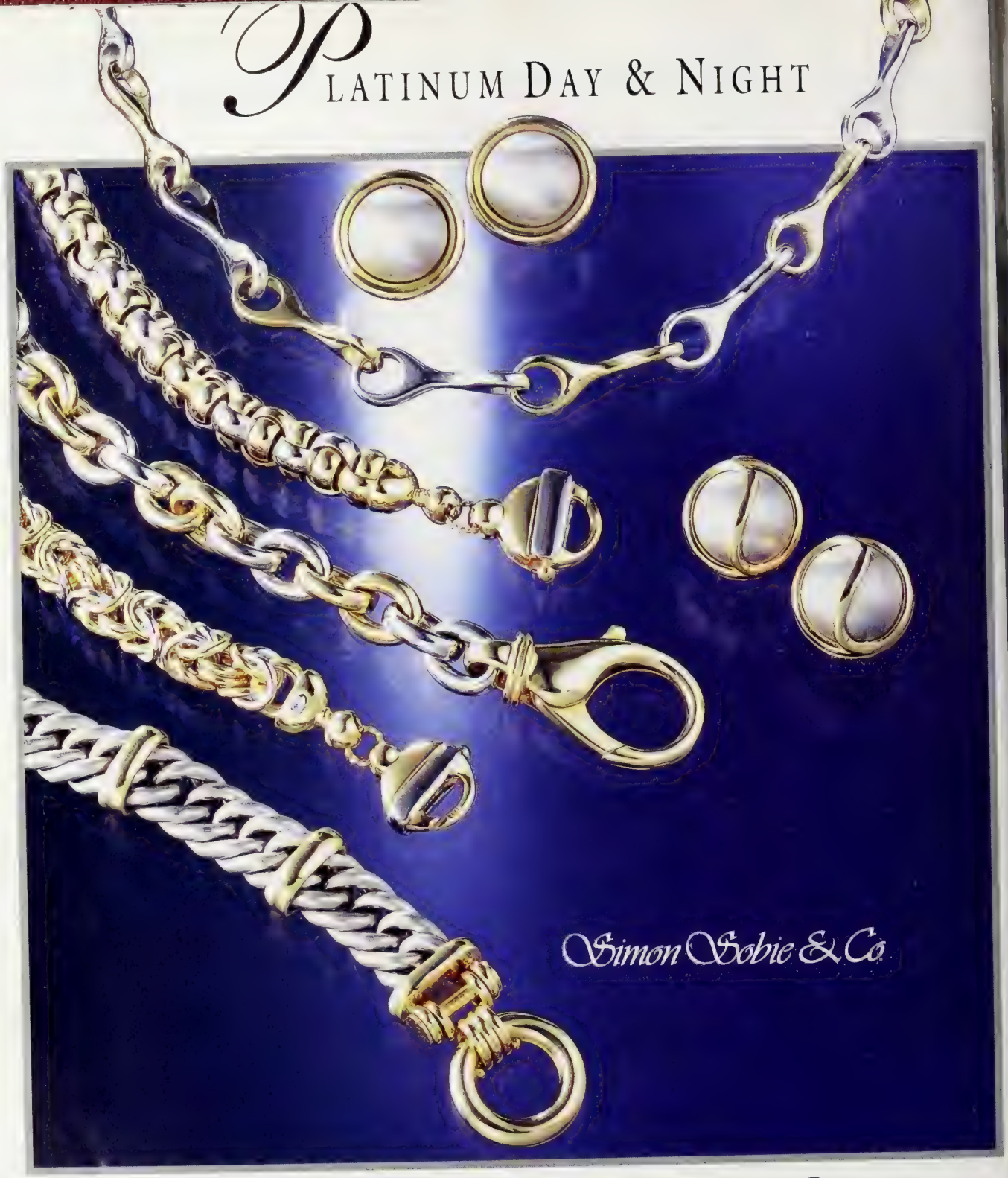
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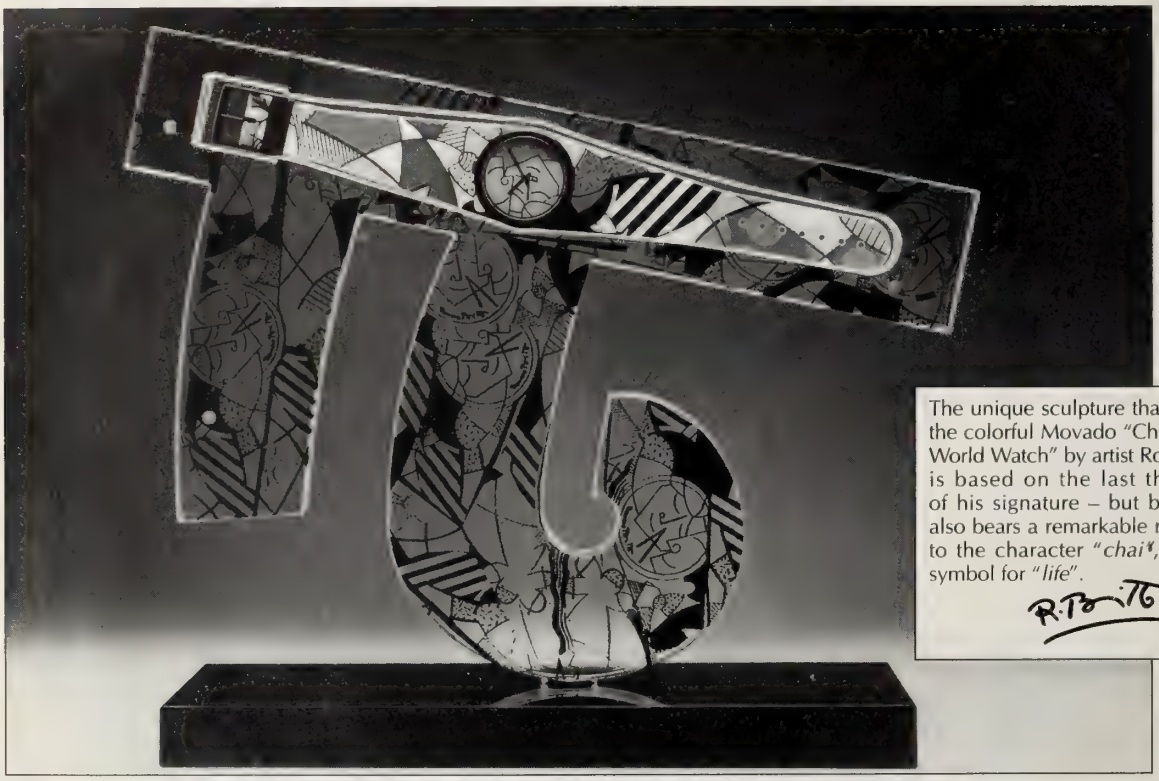
I want to be a regular kid,
Laugh and play like you and me did.
I want to know why can't I?
Oh why, oh why, why do kids have to cry?
Why do kids have to die?
Why, oh why, I want to know why.
Can't anybody hear me?



Can't anybody see what's happening to me?
I want to know why do kids have to cry?
Why do kids have to die?
Why, oh why, can you tell me why?
I know I'm going to make it,
Just you wait and see.
So don't you be worrying about me.

Poem by Lindsey Cook, age 11. Survivor, acute lymphocytic leukemia. Patient, St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, Memphis, TN.

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The Swahili word for this concept, now coming back into vogue after a long series of experiments with foreign models, is *Majimbo*. It stands for the idea of local initiative and trust in traditional wisdoms. SUNY Binghamton's Professor Ali Mazrui is one of its leading advocates, and Basil Davidson, perhaps the greatest living historian of Africa, has been very sympathetic to much the same scheme.

"Of course I'm a great admirer of Basil's. We all are. But I heard he'd gone a bit *native*." My conversation partner, who is speaking so affectionately of a man who is as English as the day is long, is Professor Bereket Habte Sellassie. He is one of Africa's most distinguished lawyers and academics, and he has come home, after a long exile, to chair the commission that is writing Eritrea's constitution. To him, the problem with *Majimbo* and majimboism is that it is a bit too much like the way it sounds—a bit fuzzy, a bit archaic, a bit improvised, and a bit too respectful of rather dubious "traditional" leaderships. One reason that I like Asmara, the capital of Africa's newest country, is that it is a place where you can have conversations in this tone of voice.

Having survived Mussolini's depredations, the attempt by British colonialism to partition them along tribal lines, and three decades of bloody Ethiopian occupation and repression, the Eritreans have done a remarkable thing. They have gotten rid of outside tutelage, while retaining the best of Italy (the food and the espresso, though even an ardent fan cannot praise the wine, which tastes like sheep-dip), the best of England (pedestrian traffic in Asmara is directed by modest but efficient Girl Scouts wearing white ankle socks), and most of the useful contacts with Ethiopia.

Though the war of liberation went on for generations, and though every adult Eritrean has seen violence and suffered from it, there is no cult of the gun. No testosterone-infested jerks and yahoos with machine guns mounted on their jeeps, like the cowardly road-warrior "technicals" in neighboring Somalia. It is rare to see a policeman, and very rare indeed to see an armed soldier, even though burned-out tanks and the rubble of warfare litter the country.

Driving down to the coastal city of Massawa, I watched with mingled admiration and annoyance as a smart motorcycle cop drew abreast of our car, signaled us to pull over, parked his machine, and, removing one white glove for the purpose, gave a disciplined salute to his well-polished helmet. He then issued us a ticket for passing another car too fast on a bombed-out causeway. Our driver was ticked off, all right, but the thought of offering money did not even occur to him. As he grumbled I thought of telling him how lucky he was.

The aid agencies like Eritrea because it is honest and open and because the money doesn't get sucked up into stray pockets along the way. They also like Eritrea because, in a very rough neighborhood, it is going against the tide of religious and tribal sectarianism. Next door, in Sudan, a jihad of revolting proportions is being waged by the Muslim fanatics in Khartoum against the Christians and animists of the South, and against secular ideas. You know the story in Somalia—no longer a state and barely a nation. In Yemen, across the straits, a political and social bloodbath.

On the edge of all political conversation in Africa today you can hear the word "Rwanda."

The two big tests for Eritrean society will be, and already are, the overcoming of tribal and religious fissures, and the emancipation of women. Both tasks are made easier by the nature of the war Eritrea fought, a people's war which involved different tribes and faiths, and both sexes, fighting together. Although the country is divided into nine ethnic groups and three main religions, the solidarity that has emerged from this is more than rhetorical.

For example, both the Muslim mufti and the Coptic Christian patriarch agreed recently to go on the airwaves and say clearly that the practice of female circumcision and infibulation was not sanctioned by Koranic or biblical teaching. What a tonic it was to sit with Sheikh Alamin Usman Alamin, the grave and courteous mufti, and to hear him speak about the need for schools to be free and nondenominational, about the importance of elevating the status of women, and about the necessity of cooperating with Christians. "We were brothers in the movement for independence," he says, "and brothers we will remain." In any case, as he adds, the rule of one religion is no guarantee of harmony. "Look at Yemen" as he speaks, most of the Yemeni national airline is parked on the tarmac at the Asmara airport, hiding from the civil war in Aden—"they are all Muslims there."

This broad-minded, open style found its counterpart in Abune Philipos, the Coptic Orthodox prelate, who pointed out something I had already noticed—namely the way in which any village of size could boast a Christian church and a mosque side by side. Ethiopian and Eritrean Orthodoxy has the advantage, also, of dating back to the fourth century A.D. and thus of being entirely African.

In Eritrea, one does not encounter the fateful combination, consisting of resentment of Europeans and envy of Europeans, which disfigures so many other countries. The president, Issaias Afwerki, drives around in a jeep and, in his first address to the Organization of African Unity, accused that body of being a waste of time. The constitution is being written slowly and carefully, to avoid either offending the traditionalists or giving in to them too much. The press is fairly free. The refugees and exiles are in one case clamoring and in the latter case often hurrying to come home. There are no photographs of leaders or politicians in public places.

It can be done, even in a country with almost no natural resources, and this multiplies the reproach that is involved in contemplating the rot and crash and failure elsewhere. We need to seek out the Eritreas, and the Professor Sellassies in all countries, and clasp them to us. It's no good dealing with Africa through the medium of intermittent horror stories, half-cocked panicky interventions, high-handed economic relations, debt schedules, cultural blinkers, and the shipment of expensive weapons. The resilience of Africans (and what resilience) and the resources of Africa (and such resources) can yet be combined in astounding ways. The alternative is warned against by a UNICEF statement, which concluded, "The abandonment of hopes for the continent would mean the writing off of the talents, aspirations and potential of one eighth of mankind, both now and far into the next century." We have no right to amputate the human family in that way.



Winchell at a CBS radio microphone, circa 1938; out and about with Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall.

THE MAN WHO INVENTED CELEBRITY

For almost 40 years, Walter Winchell could make or break you. A new biography evokes the man who ruled the world from his table at the Stork Club

BY LIZ SMITH

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea. Let's go to press . . . " This was Walter Winchell, electrifying on his Jergens-sponsored radio broadcast, the King of the Newspaper-World. (They hadn't invented [illegible] then.) As a Depression-era kid, I [illegible] reading W.W. in the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. When I wasn't pondering gangsters and spies, movie stars "infanticipating," or how to act in the Stork Club, I wondered where Wi[illegible]'s beloved vaudeville had gone. W[illegible] signed off "with lotions of love" [illegible] if W.W. meant it direct to me.

Twenty years pass. I'm in New Y[illegible] writing items for his column as a press agent. Then I become a ghost for the Cholly Knickerbocker column, and W.W. begins to nod to me in cafés and treat me like a peer. This ex-hoofer bestrode America like the Colossus of Rhodes—one foot in Broadway, the other in Hollywood—for four decades. What he liked best was the power of being a direct conduit from F.D.R.'s White House, which commanded his onetime liberal loyalties. (He helped orchestrate the U.S.'s entry into World War II.) He could make the stock market go up or down. He had it all straight from Texas Guinan, J. Edgar Hoover, Mark Hellinger, Damon Run-





(Addenda: Although he apologized profusely, Sophia and Vincenzo's wife still had lunch together.)

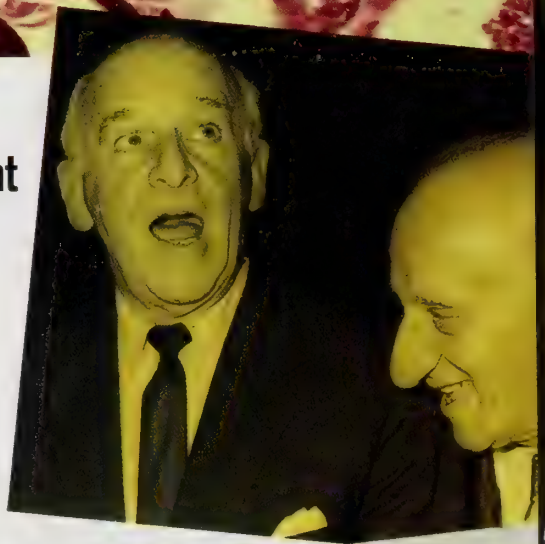
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yon, et al. But in the mid-60s, after he'd lost his New York outlet, I remember W.W. roaming El Morocco at night, showing his copy to celebs who could no longer read him in their own city. He was a toothless tiger, having made all the wrong friends and enemies. By then he was a rabid conservative; he lined up against Josephine Baker, the N.A.A.C.P., Ed Sullivan, and the *New York Post,* and put himself on the line for Red-baiters such as Joe McCarthy and Roy Cohn.

He could make the stock market go up or down. He had it all straight from Texas Guinan, J. Edgar Hoover, Mark Hellinger, and Damon Runyon.

All this and much more is in *Winchell: Gossip, Power and the Culture of Celebrity,* by Neal Gabler (Knopf), soon to be a Martin Scorsese movie. (W.W. will also be found, though not by name, in the upcoming Broadway musical of *Sweet Smell of Success.*) Gabler hasn't missed a *dot dot dot* or a hot item. It's all here, in sweeping detail—including how when Bette Davis was rumored by W.W. to have cancer, a flack said, "If Bette Davis doesn't have cancer, she better get it." But it's about more than the legendary Winchell. It's about the origins of our craze for fame, notoriety, and celebrity. What Winchell sowed we now reap. He was the best and the worst in one dynamite package, having created popular tabloid journalism. And those who came after? Not one of us is fit to touch the brim of his fedora. □





Winchell with Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, Los Angeles, 1953; with Jimmy Durante at the Cocoanut Grove, Los Angeles, 1962; a *New York Daily Mirror* truck trumpeting the paper's number-one attraction.


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View on the Cannaregio Canal, Venice, by Francesco Guardi, circa 1780, *above; The Enigma,* by Giambattista Piazzetta, circa 1740, *right.*

VENICE, VIDI, VICI

All eyes in London are on 18th-century Venice. A landmark exhibition, which comes to America next year, has brought the raw glory of that age to the Royal Academy

BY HENRY PORTER





St. James the Great Conquering the Moors, by Giambattista Tiepolo, 1749, *above; Masked Figures with a Fruit Seller,* by Pietro Longhi, circa 1760, *right.*

"That paragon among landfalls" is how Jan Morris described the approach to Venice from the lagoon. It would be an apt title for the magnificent exhibition of 18th-century Venetian art which has opened at the Royal Academy of Arts in London and moves to the National Gallery of Art in Washington at the beginning of next year. But the chosen title—"The Glory of Venice"—is better, for the show goes beyond the civic exuberance of Venice to its interior life. You see the city at close quarters, and nearly always, even in the familiar panoramic views, you find its dark undertow in the detail: a beggar leans against the wall to urinate, a clown dressed as Punchinello lies stupefied with drink, a young courtesan consults her procuress about a fee.

Though addicted to grandeur, the Venetians were never priggish, and painted the 18th century exactly as it was. The stars of the rococo period—Canaletto, Guardi, Bellotto, Piranesi, and Tiepolo—are all generously represented, but there are also many lesser-known artists, such as Giambattista Piazzetta, one of the great draftsmen of all time, and the genre painter Pietro Longhi, who recorded the curiosities and banalities of the period with a quaint and unadorned honesty.

"The Glory of Venice" will achieve a legendary status in the history of exhibitions. It has taken two years to plan, one year to design, but just a month to hang. As many as 250,000 visitors are expected at the Royal Academy before Christmas, and that number may well be exceeded in Washington. There is no mystery in this instant success. Visitors to the exhibition come to see the art of this uniquely compressed and detached civilization, and also in some way to witness the last great moment in the city's history. □


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TIM BURTON'S HOLLYWOOD NIGHTMARE

As the mega-successful director of *Batman*, *Beetlejuice*, and the upcoming *Ed Wood*, Tim Burton should be one of the most secure men in Hollywood. Instead, he has bolted from his company and retreated into exile

BY DAVID EDELSTEIN

In Tim Burton's buoyant comedy *Ed Wood*, Johnny Depp plays the title character—the legendary "worst director of all time"—with wide eyes and a huckster's unflappable optimism. The *auteur* of such no-budget, monumentally inept shockers as *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, Wood might seem a paltry subject for Burton, the graphic wizard behind those nutty blockbusters *Beetlejuice* and *Batman*, the most visually inventive director of his generation. Yet Burton has come to praise Wood, not to ridicule him. The tribute of a prodigiously tortured artist to an unconflicted simpleton, the picture is tender, sympathetic—and strangely envious.

The new, modestly budgeted movie marks the end of a tumultuous 2 years for the 36-year-old director. In 1992 he tumbled into what he calls "Alice in Wonderland-y" hole with the chaotic *Batman Returns*, which was made for a whopping $100 million. He lopped off collaborators and assistants as if they were diseased limbs. He became known less for running his big-deal production company than for running away from it. Wealthy, powerful, and widely imitated, this flaky wunderkind has pulled a phantom act that Howard Hughes might have admired. Even Burton himself seems amazed by his behavior, as if he were a curious spectator rather than a leading player. "I'll be interested to see," he says flatly, "if things become clearer or

(Continued on page 129)



MAGNETIC MISFITS
Top, **Tim Burton in Los Angeles. *Above,* the director with girlfriend Lisa Marie (Vampira in *Ed Wood*) during "7th on Sixth" fashion week in New York City's Bryant Park, spring 1994.**

Photograph by HARRY BENSON

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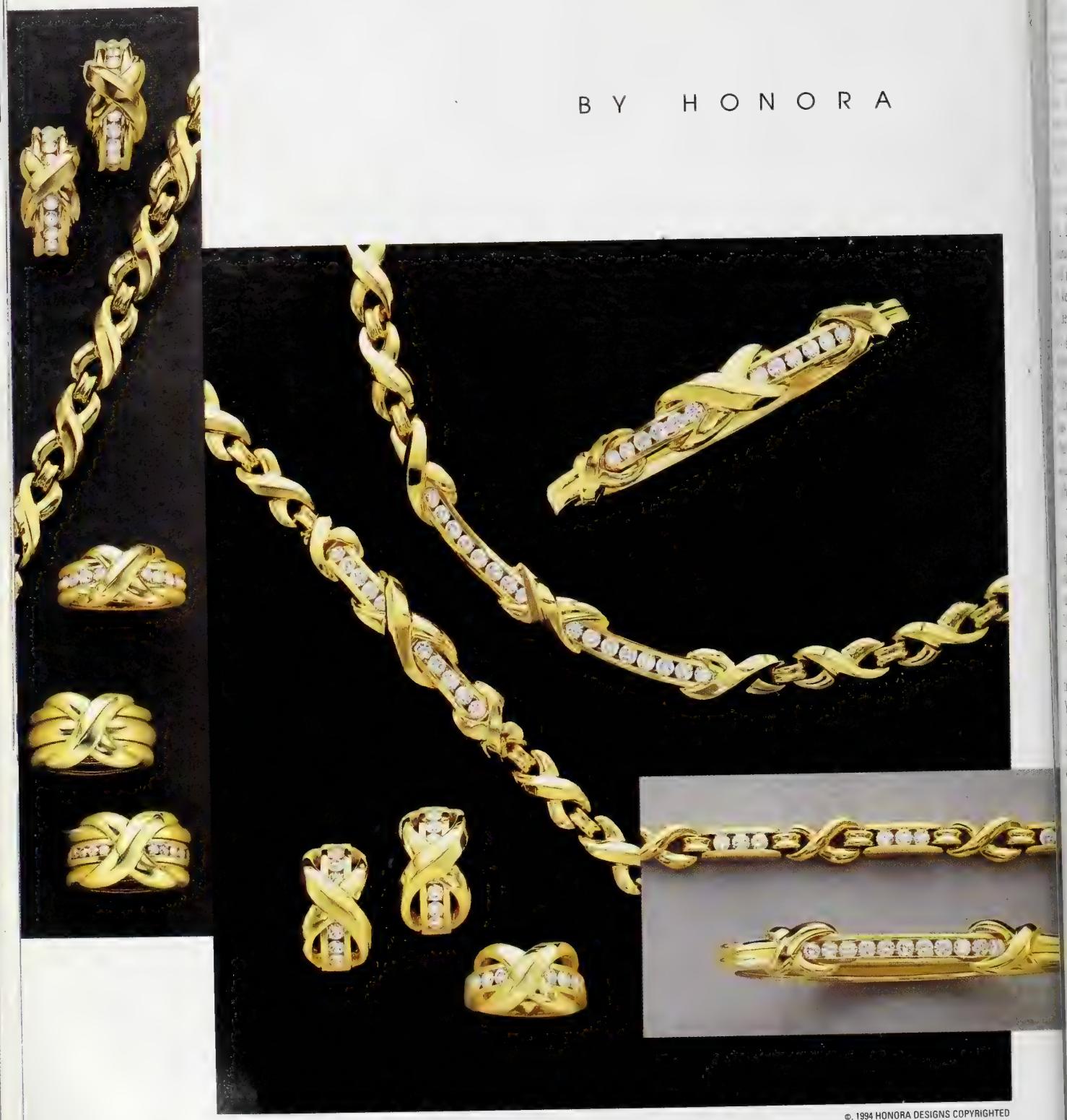
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(Continued from page 124) if I just spin out into complete abstract oblivion."

Burton is splayed across a black leather sofa in his Hollywood office, under a French poster of his first feature, *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* (1985). The place is dark and airless and strewn with plastic skulls, latex severed hands, Godzilla models, and a Batman pinball machine (unplugged); it's like the tomb of a mall-rat pharaoh. In the half-light, the sight of Burton is shockingly evocative. He has become an image, a public character, a trademark. The black jacket and jeans, the oversize shirt that's not tucked in, the glazed, heavy-lidded eyes under a swarm of hair—he conjures up the ghoulish, misunderstood heroes of *Edward Scissorhands, Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas,* and, of course, his own media clippings. He has attained a mythic persona, one that's almost as resonant for millions of young moviegoers as Hitchcock's portly silhouette was for their elders.

"I don't want to have a persona . . . it's creepy to me," Burton fumbles to explain in his usual tone of stoned melancholy. "It's like I'm having some out-of-body experience. Like an *Outer Limits* . . . one of these cloud creatures or something that's enveloped . . . "

That's a part of his persona, too—that he doesn't finish his sentences. You have to extrapolate. There are "like"s and "kinda"s and "y'know"s in every phrase, as well as long, digressive threads, like brain drool. And yet he has an almost telepathic way of getting his point across.

The point he's making now is that Hollywood has given him a siege mentality. In Burton's eyes, he has been elevated to the status of a corporation and bombarded senseless by industry detritus; he claims he wants to find the hole he once crawled out of and crawl back in. He's coiffed for the descent. And he's famous for ducking people, from Catwoman-wanna-be Sean Young to ex–longtime friends (among them the composer Danny Elfman) who simply want to know what's going on. "I hide," he admits. "I hid before. I don't return phone calls and nobody used to get on my case. They'd just go, 'That's our Tim, we love 'im, doesn't answer his phone calls.' Now it's like 'Why the fuck don't you return my calls?' I could spend all day on the phone, and I hate the phone. I almost have a heart attack every time it rings. It's like that weird thing . . . every time the phone rings . . . it might be the thing . . . "

"The thing" was enough to drive Burton from Los Angeles, dissolving, by default, the production company that some of the most powerful agents in show business had hoped would blossom into a younger, hipper version of Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment. Seeking space to be spaced-out, Burton let the company—and everyone working for it—drift away. In early 1993, he separated from the German artist Lena Gieseke, his wife of three years, left his house in the Hollywood Hills, and, with his new girlfriend, became a nomad. He threw himself, by his own description, into chaos. "What I've tried to protect is a certain creative space," he says.

A sort of cave-dwelling cousin to Peter Pan, Burton has everything invested in not growing up.

In the beginning, Tim Burton had nothing but space. He grew up in Burbank, the alienated son of a former minor-league ballplayer turned parks sports coordinator. His mother ran a store that sold cat paraphernalia—kitschy gewgaws. Young Tim drew pictures of monsters. His visual take on his home was that of a visitor from Mars: *What's with the black velvet paintings? Why are there large glass grapes on the TV set? What am I doing here?* It's a feeling—and a look—that he and designer Bo Welch captured in *Edward Scissorhands:* congenially tacky but fake, malignant, full of superficially friendly people who are poised to turn on you. Eventually, Burton moved in with his grandmother. He won't say why he left home; he doesn't like to talk about his family. What he does say is that Vincent Price, Godzilla, Mexican horror films, and even Ed Wood movies kept him from sliding into deeper despair.

It doesn't take much to perceive the alienated adolescent in Burton: he has cultivated it, devised a costume for it. In case you miss his inner child, he makes movies that explain (and defend) it. It's the source, he believes, of his artistry, and, indeed, what's marvelous in his work springs from a feeling that he's terminally out of place. What's scary and troubling in his life has roots in the same isolation. A sort of cave-dwelling cousin to Peter Pan, Burton has everything invested in not growing up.

"There's a parallel universe going on in his head," says Rick Heinrichs, who attended CalArts with Burton, and was in awe of his "exquisite" drawing style. In his work, says Heinrichs, Burton tries to re-create the feeling he had when he first gazed at, say, Vincent Price expostulating in hammy despair or multiheaded Japanese monsters hurling one another off mountains. The feeling Burton evokes isn't horror. His creatures might try to look fearsome, but they're so sad and schlocky you have to laugh.

Heinrichs remembers that, even as a student, Burton spent more time in his "parallel universe" than in the one where the rest of us reside. "Friendship isn't something that he needs or knows what to do with," he says. "Tim would go through periods where he'd try to be a friend, but it never seemed comfortable on him. And that's fine. Whatever. I used to be concerned for Tim. I'm not anymore. He is what he wants to be."

After graduation, Burton and Heinrichs were drafted by the Disney Studios, which was at low ebb in the years following Walt's death. Executives admired Burton's talent but considered the surreal beasties he drew all day too "out there." Then he was plucked from the ranks of frustrated animators by Julie Hickson, a Disney executive who went on to produce the animated short *Vincent* (1982), an Expressionistic tale of a melancholy young boy in love with Vincent Price and with his own oversensitivity. Burton and Hickson, meanwhile, became a couple. She won't comment on the relationship, but friends confirm that Burton broke it off abruptly after the release of *Pee-wee's Big Adventure,* and before the two could collaborate on a script she had written called, sadly enough, *True Love.*

"When you work with him and live with him you're going to get bloodied and hurt and bent out of shape," says Henry Selick, who directed *Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas* (1993). "But if you go down the list of anyone who's great, maybe there's one out of a hundred who doesn't do that. He's a true artist. As much as breathing or eating or maybe more, he is committed to his movies."

The movies, from the start, struck a chord with young audiences weaned on cartoons and primed for anything-goes slapstick. On the strength of *Frankenweenie* (1984), a live-action short pro-



***Above,* Burton with Johnny Depp, the star of *Edward Scissorhands* and *Ed Wood*. *Left,* with his hero, the late Vincent Price, in 1991.**

duced by Hickson, Burton won the job of director on *Pee-wee,* and found himself instantly in sync with its euphorically infantile protagonist. The film has an unbelabored surrealism, a poker-faced setting for its jack-in-the-box sight gags—flabbergasting blips on a flat line.

No less an authority than *The New York Times* dubbed *Pee-wee* "the most barren comedy . . . in years, maybe ever." Audiences thought otherwise, and the picture was a late-summer smash. Burton's second film, the spook comedy *Beetlejuice* (1988), had a droopier tone and even wilder gags, with a bat-out-of-hell vaudeville turn by Michael Keaton as a rancid hustler-poltergeist. More sour reviews: another smash. Acknowledging that his movies had narrative hobbles, Burton boasted publicly of subverting the "Spielberg story structure."

His next project, *Batman* (1989), was so swamped by hype that most of the press didn't register its remarkable vision. Burton costumes and [illegible] Keaton's Dark Knight to seem both mythic and daft—a grown man dressed as a giant bat, yet gliding through immense Gothic-Futurist sets with operatic grandeur. The movie has a melancholy elation, and holding its ramshackle plot together is Burton's most cherished motif: people dressing up to express their inner selves and falling absurdly short, but not so short that you can't perceive the wellsprings of honest feeling.

The phenomenal success of *Batman*—which Burton doesn't regard as a personal movie (he told me that his favorite thing in it is the way Jack Palance positions his foot when he gets out of a chair)—confirmed his uncanny bankability. In 1989 he hired Denise DiNovi (who had produced *Heathers*) to run his production company. He also began to dictate his own scenarios. That may be where, artistically speaking, the trouble started.

Edward Scissorhands was the director's vision of himself as an artist-freak with clickety shears instead of hands. The pale, disheveled android (Johnny Depp) sculpts wondrous topiary but also, inadvertently, delivers slashing cuts when he means simply to touch. Those whom Burton had slashed in life found the film an unsatisfying apologia. The moist Edward, after all, cuts only by mistake. He's always the victim, which is how Burton labors to portray himself.

"What does he say when you ask him about things he's done?" says a former friend. "I'll bet he says, 'I was going through a lot of different things, some really weird stuff, I had to retreat, I had to protect myself . . . '" Snip, snip, slash, slash.

Denise DiNovi argues that Burton really does need to protect himself. "You see so many directors get so sucked into Hollywood," she says. "They get the huge mansion. They go to all the parties. I think there's no way that can't dissolve the magic a bit. Tim made a very conscious decision to not let success poison him and take him over. So he has isolated himself from the business. I think it's helped him maintain his talent. And his point of view."

Maybe so, but it was DiNovi who routinely had to act as Burton's go-between—and executioner. It was she who made the phone call to Burton's longtime William Morris agent, Mike Simpson, when Burton replaced him with Creative Artists Agency's Jay Moloney. DiNovi maintains that running interference is what a producer has to do when a director is shooting a movie. But she admits that Burton avoids confrontation even when he's months away from shooting. Among those whom Burton unceremoniously cut off was Anton Furst, who had won an Oscar for his *Batman* sets and was, in 1990, under contract to Columbia Pictures to design and direct his own movies. Furst hoped that a loophole would be found to allow him to work on *Batman Returns* (a Warner's film). But Burton had no interest anyway. The sensitive, less-than-stable Furst was said to be bewildered when Burton stopped taking his calls. They never reconciled: Furst committed suicide a few months later.

Burton had to be wooed to do *Batman Returns*. He didn't want to repeat himself, and he didn't. In the bloated, lurching sequel, he gives us no fewer than three wounded, Burton-like adolescents who turn themselves into "animal people"—Batman, the Penguin, and Catwoman. They overlap so much that there's no real drama in the picture, only multiple layers of solipsism, and audiences were cool to everything but Michelle Pfeiffer's giddily feral Catwoman. After a record-setting opening (and good reviews, commensurate with Burton's new status), business for *Batman Returns* plummeted. Exhausted from his ordeals with mechanical penguins and separating from his wife, Burton dropped into one of his deepest funks. He and DiNovi dissolved their

PHOTOGRAPHS, TOP BY FRANK EDWARDS, BOTTOM BY ELIZABETH ANNAS



ose who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly."

partnership just as the picture opened, leaving no one at the wheel of Tim Burton Productions. It took him two years to think about replacing DiNovi, who produced *Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas* and *Ed Wood*.

Nightmare was a project he'd proposed to Disney while still an animator there, and it's a measure of his clout that he got his name in the title and didn't even direct the film. Burton pronounces himself thrilled with the results, and on one level he ought to be: its spindly denizens are magically fluid and creepy. But the plot is another fat lump of self-pity. The Burtonesque hero, Jack Skellington, becomes enraptured with the holiday of Christmas and decides to kidnap Santa Claus and distribute his own brand of presents—macabre Halloween fodder. Jack means well but doesn't know how to make his good intentions clear, and the ungrateful populace responds by shooting him out of the sky. Here again is Burton's pet scenario: a sensitive soul attempts to "present" himself and is miserably misperceived. But why does Jack give shrunken heads and snakes to little kids? Is he a moron? Or does he want to terrify them? Burton has a lot invested in making his alter ego both monstrous and ingenuous, a naïf. His films (and, for that matter, his interviews) had come down to making you understand how hard it is to be Tim Burton.

Happily, *Ed Wood* reverses the artistic trend. It's more casual than any recent Burton picture, and a relief from the masochism of his last few. "Perhaps it's a reaction against certain things I had done," he says, "certain kinds of alienated-type things that this character . . . No matter what, he's blindly optimistic. I think it was because I was feeling so low that I really liked his optimism, even though it's a perverse optimism." Wood went out on a limb, says Burton, making genre films that were obsessively personal; he aimed high and fell pathetically short. "It's like you can see someone's strange mind," he told me long before Ed Wood the Motion Picture was even a gleam in his eye.

The movie's writers, Larry Karaszewski and Scott Alexander, say that Burton was obsessed with keeping the transvestite Wood from becoming unsavory, to the point of changing "dammit"s to "daggummit"s. He wanted the cross-dressing scenes to be totally free of camp. And he didn't approve of the Golden Turkey attitude, which begins and ends with smug derision. "What is talent and what is not talent?" Burton asks. "My movies could just as easily dive-bomb. I know that better than anybody."

Burton's *Ed Wood* is a gorgeous balancing act—it hooks you emotionally yet keeps you hooting, at a satiric distance. Burton apotheosizes Wood's menagerie—Bela Lugosi (Martin Landau), the would-be transsexual "Bunny" Breckinridge (Bill Murray), the bogus psychic Criswell (Jeffrey Jones)—into a losers' version of the Surrealists' coterie in Paris of the 20s. They're freakishly beautiful.

Among them is Burton's girlfriend, Lisa Marie, who makes her film debut as Vampira, the 50s TV horror hostess.

"When you work with him you're going to get bloodied and hurt and bent out of shape."

A fashionably wizened model for Robert Mapplethorpe and Bruce Weber, Lisa Marie (born Lisa Marie Smith) met Burton at a party for Madonna in the fall of 1992. He says he didn't really register her existence until New Year's Eve, while he was staying at a farmhouse in upstate New York. Burton stammers eloquently, "There was something about her that reminded me . . . It was like somebody I knew when I was a child and then . . . I can see her old. I never had this where I can visualize somebody early, mid-, and late. It's an odd feeling. It's not odd, but it's odd because I never had it before. It's very Edgar Allan Poe," he concludes, which suggests both the relationship's intensity and the whiff of the sepulchral that attends it. They're a haunted couple; they seem tapped into the same well of pain.

While Burton flies off for the mixing of the *Ed Wood* sound track, I have a drink with Lisa Marie at the lush, leafy Hotel Bel-Air, where the pair has been nestled. They are rarely separated, and tonight she looks lost and distracted, her blue-tinted hair underlining her mood. "We're always together," she says in a hush, staring into her glass of red wine. "I used to daydream and fantasize about my prince, my man. Everything about him is that, for me. It's better than the dream." She has spent a lot of time with her fantasies, gazing out the window of her New Jersey Catholic school and wishing herself elsewhere. Like Burton, she left home early, in her case for Manhattan at the age of 15. She has felt rootless ever since; she confesses that it's her "crazy side," not Burton's, that compelled the couple to spend the last year living out of suitcases.

She is also conversant with ghosts. Strolling with Burton through an orchard, she saw, she insists, a ghost—"half dog, half deer"—fly across their path. Should she be saying this? she asks: "People would probably think I was . . . I don't care what they think." She met Vincent Price—to whom Burton had declined to introduce her—two days after his death, when his "young, handsome" ghost came looking for her absent boyfriend and stayed to get acquainted. "He kissed me in bed," says Lisa Marie, "and went through me, and then it was gone."

The couple spent much of the last six months trekking into the California desert with a 235-pound Polaroid 20-by-24 Land camera—a huge contraption Burton calls his "Dr. Seuss camera." Relishing his task, he shot ghoulish photos of Lisa Marie covered in veils, spiderwebs, and gore: he fetishizes morbidity. (Burton's pictures are now on exhibit at Thomas Solomon's Garage in Los Angeles.) As Vampira, Lisa Marie gives a dryly understated performance. Offscreen, however, she thrilled to being present on the set while her prince was creating. "It's really a turn-on for me," she says, and there's evidence to support this: Burton would show up for shooting with a neck full of hickeys. "I've never been with anybody who just loves what they do so much, and puts everything into it. Everything."

Henry Selick has watched Burton handle actors and describes the process as magical: "He doesn't [direct them] with words. It's more about nudging them, showing a huge amount of enthusiasm, and stirring them. Tim has a clear idea of what he wants; he can't always express it that clearly but it's like . . . sheer force of will." When Burton speaks to his cinematographer, Stefan Czapsky, he leaves language behind altogether. "They're talking about a shot," recalls an *Ed Wood* assistant. "Tim would go, 'Like, you know, I want it, like . . . ,' and Stefan would go, 'Yeah yeah yeah, like . . . ,' and Tim would go, 'Yeah yeah yeah, exactly,' and then walk off, and everyone else would go, 'Huh?' It's proof that Tim can communicate, but only to certain people."

Burton is an expert at exploiting his own reputation for vagueness. "He's the best creative person I've ever witnessed

The McCooeys



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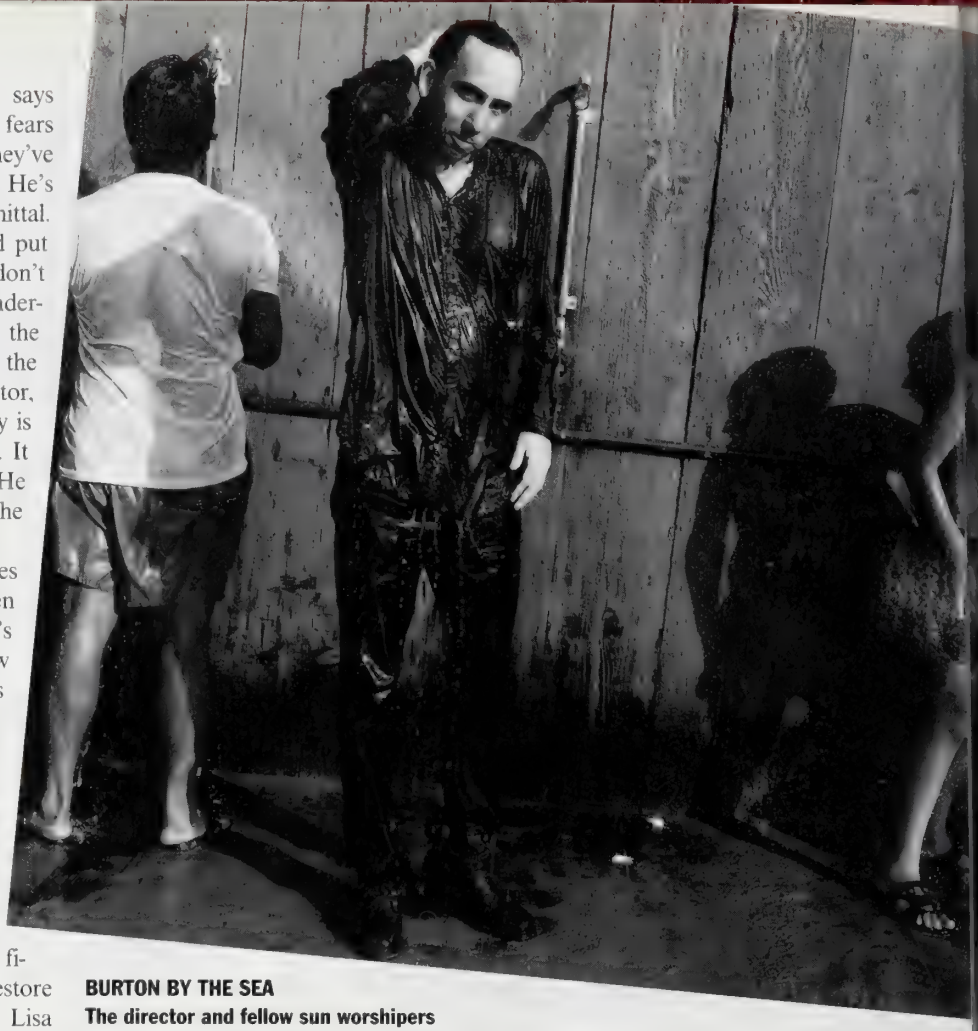
dealing with studio executives," says Selick. "I've seen him allay their fears and give them nothing, when they've pointed up eight major problems. He's sort of brilliant at being noncommittal. He'll start doing a hand-dance and put on this big grin and—'You see, we don't have the music yet, you gotta understand this isn't really finished'—and the smiles just come on the faces of the executives." Observes a collaborator, "Burton's reputation as a weird guy is a useful kind of insulation for him. It keeps the executives off his back. He doesn't have to be as sociable, he doesn't have to kiss anybody's ass."

From the way Burton describes himself ("Socially, I've always been fucked"), it's easy to forget that he's a charismatic guy. In the last few years he has lost the baby fat in his cheeks—he's gone gaunt—and he no longer looks like an archetypal slack-jawed dork. He has attained a wasted handsomeness. That, plus success, can do a lot to make even a misfit magnetic. Nonetheless, Burton doesn't plan to hit the Hollywood party circuit soon.

Burton is back in L.A. to put the final touches on *Ed Wood* and to restore some order to his life. He and Lisa Marie plan to move into a warehouse down the street from his office, a "fort" for living and working. He wants to attend to business but still "keep enough of a wall around" himself to do what he did as an isolated kid in Burbank. After two years, he's finally interviewing people to run his production company. He is finishing up the hour-long documentary of Vincent Price's career that he put aside six months ago. (I don't have the temerity to ask if he left it because Price's ghost was fooling around with his girlfriend.)

But Burton worries that the fog surrounding him has grown thicker. In July, he hosted a TNT broadcast of Price's *House of Wax,* and was shocked when he saw himself on-camera. "I couldn't watch it," he says. "I didn't say a damn thing. I was horrified to see that I had deteriorated." He speaks of "something that's been building up for some time, some emotional problem."

"He can be sort of like Citizen Kane," says Rick Heinrichs. "You can be an incredibly wealthy and powerful person and be the most miserable person in the world. And part of Tim knows that." Indeed, Burton has cast off so many people that even he is troubled. "Lisa Marie and I came to this conclusion the other day," he says. "We really don't have many friends. Which is kind of sad, really . . . There is the possibility that, in terms of trying to protect a certain spaced-out quality of creation, I have thrown everything out . . . "



BURTON BY THE SEA
The director and fellow sun worshipers on the beach at Santa Monica, summer 1994.

Burton acknowledges that, by avoiding as much as he does, he creates much of his own sense of chaos. Yet, as *Edward Scissorhands* suggests, he can't quite come to grips with his vicious side. Some ex-allies insist that, far from being fogbound, Burton takes perverse pleasure in walking away from people who are dependent on him. They speak of his "dark and stormy countenance."

If you ask around about most major directors, you're apt to find a trail of broken bodies. What's different about Burton's cast-offs is the note of heartbreak they strike: his little-ghoul-lost persona encourages people to open themselves up in a way they wouldn't with a typical Hollywood monster. When I venture to one ex-friend that I like Burton enormously, the response is "You like him? I *loved* him."

"In the end," sums up a colleague, "he only cares what he gets up on the screen. That's the sign of an artist. If people's feelings are hurt, fuck that. I even respect that. But he does have a way—like any great director—of charming what he needs out of you. And then you get some guy who thought there was a great friendship there, but Tim just needs something from him."

"Is it getting dark in here? Or am I dying?" asks Burton. It is nearly night, and no one has flicked on the lights. Lisa Marie is two hours late, miserably stuck in the chair of her "holistic" dentist. So Burton and I stroll a block to the Formosa, the famously tacky bar/Chinese restaurant. As he hunkers over a Corona, a young Asian-American woman at the bar asks, "Are you who I think you are?" and goes on to tell Burton that he's God to her sister's boyfriend, who is studying at a San Francisco art school. Burton is pleasant to her; he tells me he's happy to be recognized by fans. But part of him clearly holds back. He doesn't trust other people's opinions—positive or negative—about his work. You can see him on the verge of invoking the fog he claims he wants to dispel—to vanish into his parallel universe, crawl back into his black hole. He may never climb out of it altogether, but he can always redecorate. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON



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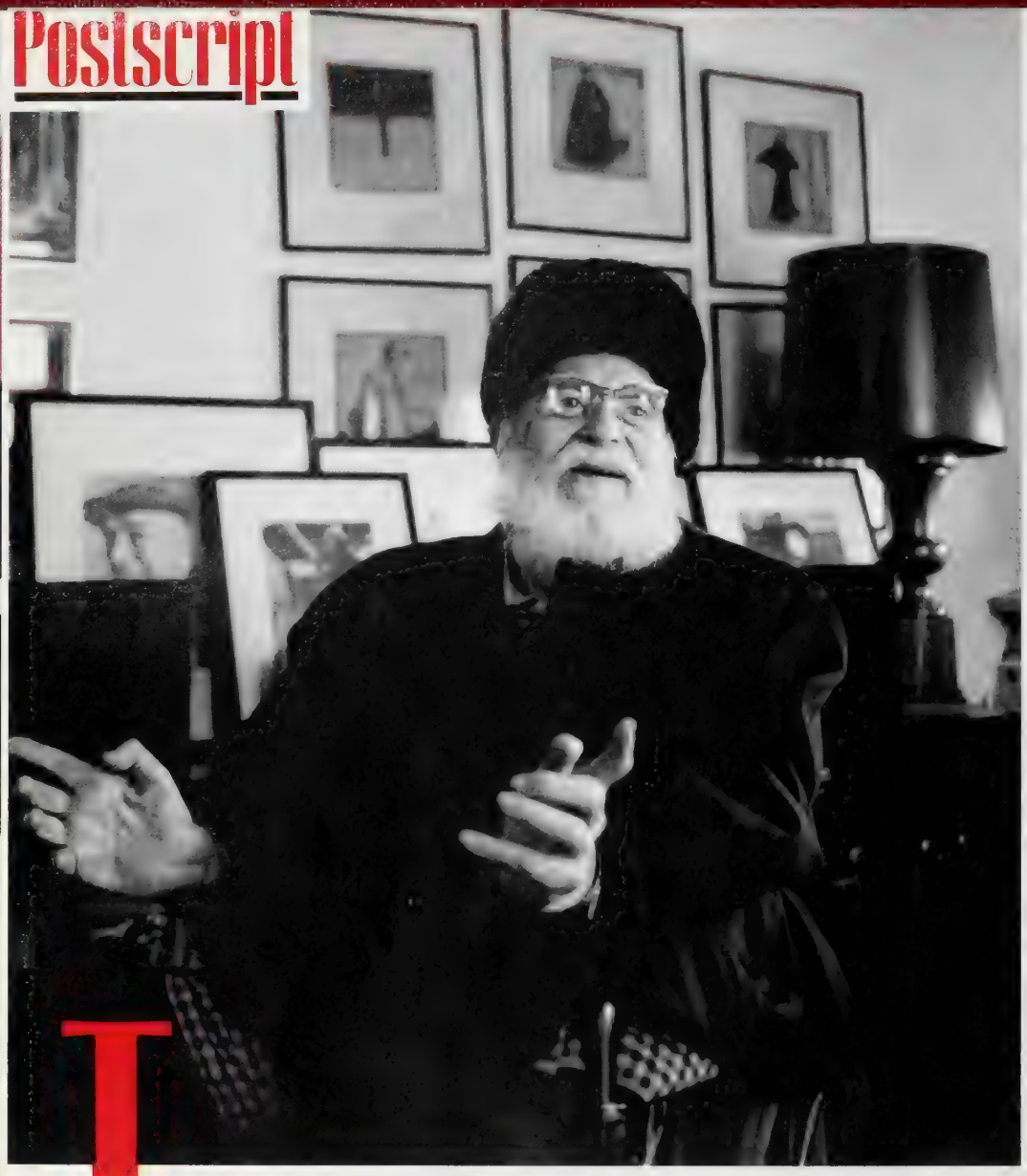
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Leo Lerman, the cultural shaman of *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, and *Vanity Fair*, in the 14th-floor office he occupied for his last 10 years, as Condé Nast's editorial adviser.

LEO'S LAIR

Leo Lerman, for half a century a guiding spirit at Condé Nast, hosted a never-ending salon of New York's brightest lights, from Maria Callas to Truman Capote

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

There are certain people who give sense to life; Leo Lerman, for 26 years a contributing editor of *Mademoiselle*, for 10 years features editor of *Vogue*, and for 10 months editor of this magazine before becoming, for the last 10 years of his life, editorial adviser of Condé Nast, was several such people in one.

He brought to his work a kind of hungry delight, and his references stretched back to the night his father held him up in a theater so that he could see Eleonora Duse. He began a friendship with the British actor-author Simon Callow based on their appreciation of Pavel Tchelitchew. He was the first to publish the young Truman Capote, and he was an intimate of Maria Callas and Marlene Dietrich. Emma Thompson was a recent protégée. His companion, Gray Foy, whom he met at a party he gave for Pierre Balmain in 1947, later gave up the remarkable drawings for which he was known to help run the rich life they shared. Their apartment was so full of books and pictures and Tiffany lamps and settees and bog-oak bears and 19th-century majolica and objects with histories that going there was like visiting the magical grandfather in Ingmar Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander*. There was a great deal of magic to Leo. Although he seemed to know others' inmost secrets, gossip was not his medium; insights and lightning-bolt judgments were. He had the gift of seeing both the gold and the flaw in the soul of everyone he came across. An eccentric—he favored purple in mufflers, sweaters, socks, ink, and, later on, little skullcaps—he made his friends define their individuality, too. This year, on his 80th birthday, celebrated at Nell's (she was another of his favorite women), his protégée Holly Brubach, fashion editor of *The New York Times*, performed a tap dance.

Leo Lerman had no lifeline; he'd hold up his hand and say, "See, I was born dead." A cab accident in 1942 left his right side impaired, and his glaucoma grew worse with the years. "You look beautiful," he would tell women long after he had to be told by Gray Foy who had just greeted him. But wherever his judgments came from and whatever they were applied to—whether in the years when, with Alex Liberman, he decided who and what was fit to be in *Vogue*, or later, after he became the sage of Condé Nast—he was almost always right. Gini Alhadeff in *The New York Times* recently called Leo and Gray a pair of Victorian gentlemen of the 21st century; I think it goes a lot farther forward, and back, than that. As Kathleen Tynan once said of Leo, "He was all of our grandfathers rolled into one child." □

RODDY McDOWALL

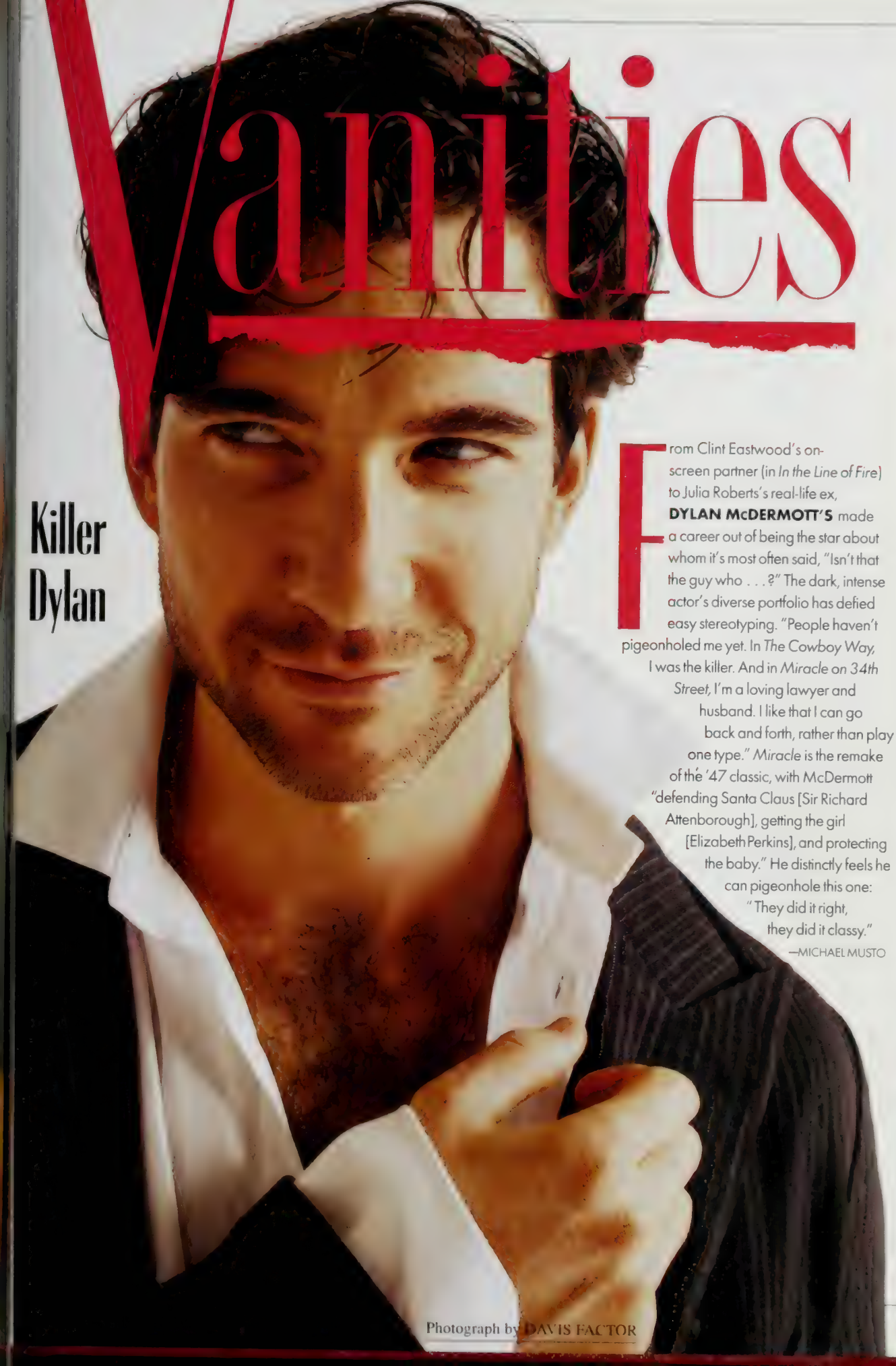


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From Clint Eastwood's on-screen partner (in *In the Line of Fire*) to Julia Roberts's real-life ex, **DYLAN McDERMOTT'S** made a career out of being the star about whom it's most often said, "Isn't that the guy who . . .?" The dark, intense actor's diverse portfolio has defied easy stereotyping. "People haven't pigeonholed me yet. In *The Cowboy Way*, I was the killer. And in *Miracle on 34th Street*, I'm a loving lawyer and husband. I like that I can go back and forth, rather than play one type." *Miracle* is the remake of the '47 classic, with McDermott "defending Santa Claus [Sir Richard Attenborough], getting the girl [Elizabeth Perkins], and protecting the baby." He distinctly feels he can pigeonhole this one: "They did it right, they did it classy."

—MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by DAVIS FACTOR

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Vanities



Dale Evans and Roy Rogers in The Golden Stallion, *1949; Babe Paley by Horst in* The Power of Style; *Larry King.*

Hot Type



What's more American than a couple of crooning cowpokes who fell in love and lived the dream of having their own TV show and a horse named Trigger? *Happy Trails* (Simon & Schuster) is the story of **ROY ROGERS** and **DALE EVANS,** penned with the help of another pair of American icons, **JANE** and **MICHAEL STERN.**

Also this month: **TOBIAS WOLFF'S** *In Pharaoh's Army* (Knopf) is the former Green Beret and acclaimed writer's account of his tour of duty in Vietnam. Sinister reform schools take a whack in **PETER HØEG'S** moody new novel, *Borderliners* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). They had it, they worked it, they lived it: Diana Vreeland, Coco Chanel, and 12 other trendsetting women who tilted the axis the world of style turns on are featured in **ANNETTE TAPERT** and **DIANA EDKINS'S** *The Power of Style* (Crown). **BILL GEIST** salutes the spirit of American entrepreneurship in *Monster Trucks & Hair-in-a-Can* (Putnam). If you're a guy who wears suspenders and needs some pointers on how to score with strangers, look no further than **LARRY KING'S** *How to Talk to Anyone, Anytime, Anywhere* (Crown).



A 16th-century lass quivers in fright in **GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER'S** historical novel *The Candlemass Road* (HarperCollins). **ELISABETH MAXWELL'S** *A Mind of My Own* (HarperCollins) details her life with her husband, Robert Maxwell. **MARY TRASKO'S** *Daring Do's* (Abbeville) combs the history of hairdressing. **RANDALL ROTHENBERG** peers into the soul of the advertising industry in *Where the Suckers Moon* (Knopf). And sensuous photographs that at times make the human form look good enough to eat are the main course of **WILLIAM EWING'S** *The Body* (Chronicle). Only seven more months to swimsuit season! —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Sweet Williams



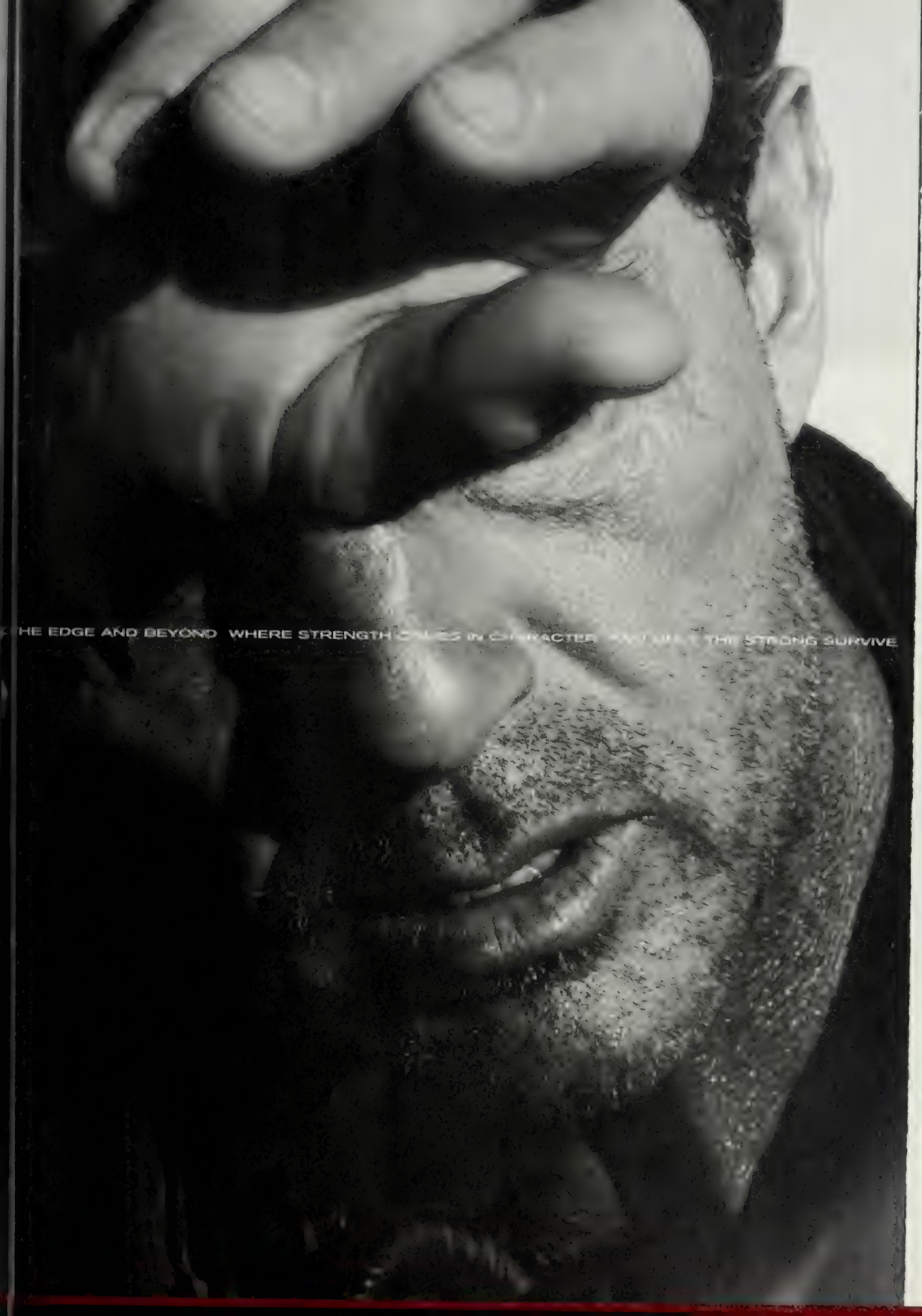
The thrill of Victoria: Singer Victoria Williams.

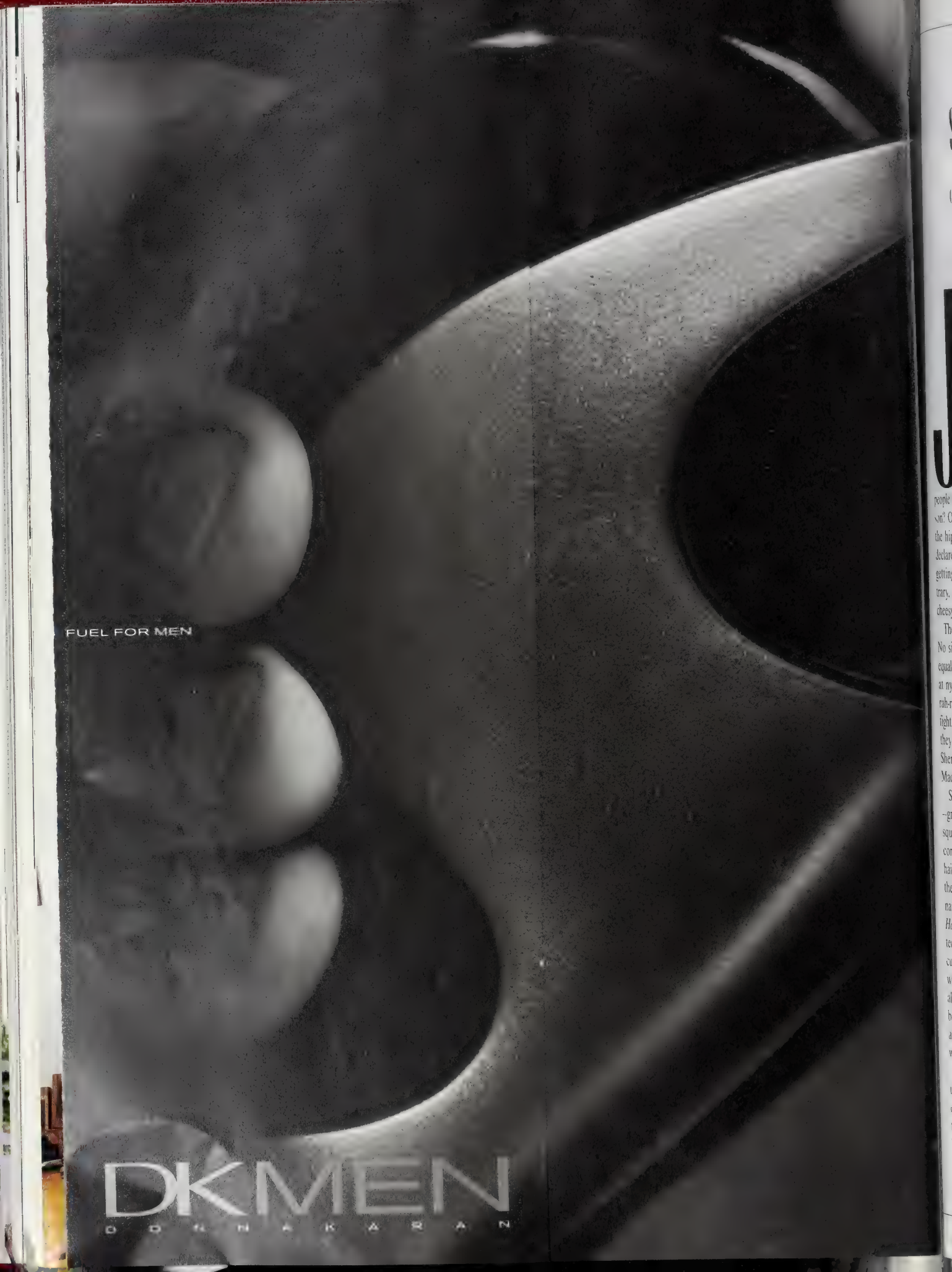
Meet Victoria Williams, pale and sweet, picking organic okra in her Los Angeles garden. Her dog naps on the porch; her husband, Marc Olson of the Minnesota band Jayhawks, snoozes on the couch. *Loose,* Williams's fine third album, has just come back from the mastering lab, but though the record has the easy, friendly feel of a great house party, the Louisiana-bred singer is a little shy about herself and her accomplishments. She'd rather talk about vegetables and crawfish nets than about her work with Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner and R.E.M.'s Peter Buck—or about the misfortune of having been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis two and a half years ago while on tour with Neil Young.

Like most musicians Williams had no health insurance, and friends compiled the benefit album *Sweet Relief* to help cover her medical expenses. The album sold a ton and ironically focused attention for the first time on the strong songwriting of Williams, who had previously been best known as part of the minor wave of countryish singers signed out of L.A. in the mid-80s in the backwash of Dwight Yoakam. Now, with the proceeds of *Sweet Relief,* she's set up a fund for musicians in similar straits. Maybe Williams could teach Hillary a thing or two. —JONATHAN GOLD


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HE EDGE AND BEYOND WHERE STRENGTH
THE STRONG SURVIVE


FUEL FOR MEN
DKMEN
DONNA KARAN

Strip Tisdale

One woman's trip to the sex zone



All talk: Author Sallie Tisdale.

Just as we can thank Hollywood for teaching us about killing but nothing about death, so too can we thank the sexual "revolution" of the 60s for teaching us everything about screwing but very little about sex. What *is* it? Why do people get into such a state over it? And how come so many people chose to do it with Jack Nicholson? One thing that's for sure is that the hippies were *way* off when they declared that getting your kit off and getting it on was in some way revolutionary; on the contrary, sex has become just another industry, a sleazy way for cheesy businessmen to make easy money.

The sex industry is the one issue which divides feminists. No sister, no matter how playfully postmodern, is against equal pay or day care. But get below the belt and we're back at nyah-nyah grade school: the flirts against the nerds, the rah-rahs against the no-nos. Men have always loved a catfight, and the new, "sexy" postfeminism certainly makes sure they have a ringside seat: see Pugilist Paglia pound Sexy Shere Hite, watch Catty Katie Roiphe cream Cool Cathy MacKinnon.

Sallie Tisdale's new book, *Talk Dirty to Me* (Doubleday) great title, like a Barry White concept album—lines up squarely, if not altogether fairly, with the strident pro-sex contingent; her philosophy, like Paglia's, is hippie-with-a-haircut. Make love, not war! Love the one you're with! It is the remixed, long-playing version of an essay of the same name which apparently caused a real stir when published in *Harper's Magazine* two years ago; in it, Miss Tisdale admitted to using pornography when the moon was full and the cupboard (or something) was bare, and thus caused a great wringing of hands and canceling of subscriptions (well, 30) all across America. This wanton woman, it transpired, had begun to read books such as *Story of O* in her late 20s. I'm afraid at this point I too was shocked quite speechless where I come from, we'd all done *O* at 12.

Like the Puritan nation she comes from, and whose sexual attitudes she roundly condemns, Tisdale is exceedingly earnest and evangelical throughout her whistle-stop tour of the shallow end of the sex industry (if it's Monday, it must be Massage Parlor). Similarly, despite her excursions to sex clubs, porn emporiums, and "sex toy" shops, any putative fiancé need not fret over Tisdale's paucity of inner purity; any woman who can state, hopefully, that "the center will not hold . . . if radical sexuality works" is as inherently innocent as a newborn babe. Tisdale enters each desolate sex-industry scenario with all the gung-ho positivism of an Avon Lady bent on seeing the best side of a leper colony, while H.I.V. rages through the great cities of America like a forest fire made flesh, but you have to acknowledge, if not admire, her nerve and eccentricity.

But ultimately this is a sad book, for all its look-at-me libertarianism. The pioneers of sexual freedom dreamed of a world where pleasure was exchanged for the sake of pleasure between consenting adults; pro-sex-industry "feminists" speak with an older, fatalistic voice, which opines that "decent" women do not do interesting sex but that a certain subclass of women can be paid to endure it. They are not pro-sex at all, but pro-everything that keeps men and women sexual strangers, that privatizes and profits from their loneliness.

The increasing acceptability of commercial sex has brought with it not sexual happiness but rather increasing numbers of men who just do not need complicated, time-consuming relationships with real women when they can get a no-sweat handjob, be it from their hand or someone else's. Pornography certainly isn't the cause of women's disadvantage and dismay; Tisdale is right about that. But pornography's smug, oppressive presence crosses the *t*'s and dots the *i*'s of their vulnerability and fatigue. Escaping it by embracing it seems defeatist in the extreme, not to mention aesthetically grotesque—a nation of haggard masturbators, stuck forever in adolescence even as their bodies wither and rot. Is this really what women want? "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" was always a dubious rule to live by; "If you can't beat 'em, beat off" seems even sadder. JUDE BURCHILL

Autumn Leaves

A fall photo-book preview



A spread from Alexander Liberman's Campidoglio, *a photo-essay celebrating Michelangelo's Roman capitol.*



New York, 1937 *and* Ballet, New York, 1938, *by master modern photographer André Kertész.*



Snake, Marrakesh, January 1994 *and a nude titled* New York City, March 1986, *from Albert Watson's* Cyclops.



A still from William Klein's film Mister Freedom *(1967–68), in* In and Out of Fashion.



Posters by Keith Haring and a video installation by Laurens Tan, from Elvis + Marilyn: 2 X Immortal.



Sculling off Jamaica, *1948, and an image from* Vogue, *1940, from* Toni Frissell: Photographs 1933–1967.

They're big, beautiful, and bound for glory. Herewith, a guide to the best leaves to turn this fall: Alexander Liberman's vigorous photos in *Campidoglio* (Random House) rejuvenate the architecture and sculpture of Michelangelo's noble Roman square. Commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth, *André Kertész: His Life and Work* (Little, Brown) celebrates the modernist master who declared himself to be "born a photographer." William Klein's packed compositions in *In and Out of Fashion* (Random House) teeter vertiginously between order and chaos. *Toni Frissell: Photographs 1933–1967* (Doubleday) brings to light the pioneering career of a fashion photographer courageous enough to brave the battlefield—and audacious enough to shoot a model from inside an orangutan's cage. *Elvis + Marilyn: 2 X Immortal* (Rizzoli) is an eclectic album of images of our Pop Antichrist and Mary Magdalene. Albert Watson's *Cyclops* (Bulfinch) proves that a one-eyed man with a vision can see more clearly than most people with binocular sight. —AMY FINE COLLINS


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EIKA AOSHIMA

Strict Calvinist: Marci Klein.

Marci Beaucoup

Outspoken Marci Klein—a sexy, girlish double of her father, Calvin—may seem like a loose cannon, but she's really her designing dad's secret weapon. "He says I inspired the CK label and his new perfume, One—and I do wear them," she allows. But family fashion muse is hardly Marci's idea of a job. After studying writing and theater at Brown, she landed at *Saturday Night Live* as an assistant. Now, with the show in its 20th season, Marci has vaulted to the post of talent coordinator and spends her time "sitting around brainstorming about who would be a good host or a great band to book. I can't believe I do this for a living! I am so lucky that I didn't turn out to be lost, like so many celebrities' kids. I was from that same group that knew Robert Chambers! But I've done O.K., I'm not a drug addict—just another neurotic New York Jew."

Though Calvin pulled a few silken strings to get Marci into television—"I admit my interviews came through Sandy Gallin and David Geffen"—she shunned the more flagrantly nepotistic route of fashion. "That's the last thing I wanted to do! Can you imagine growing up with a father who knows clothes better than anyone? First I tried to rebel—I shaved off half of my head. Of course, he was right when he told me I looked terrible. So we've met each other halfway. My only complaint about having a father in fashion is that every time I'm about to go to bed with a guy I have to look at my dad's name all over his underwear!" —A.F.C.

Night-table Reading



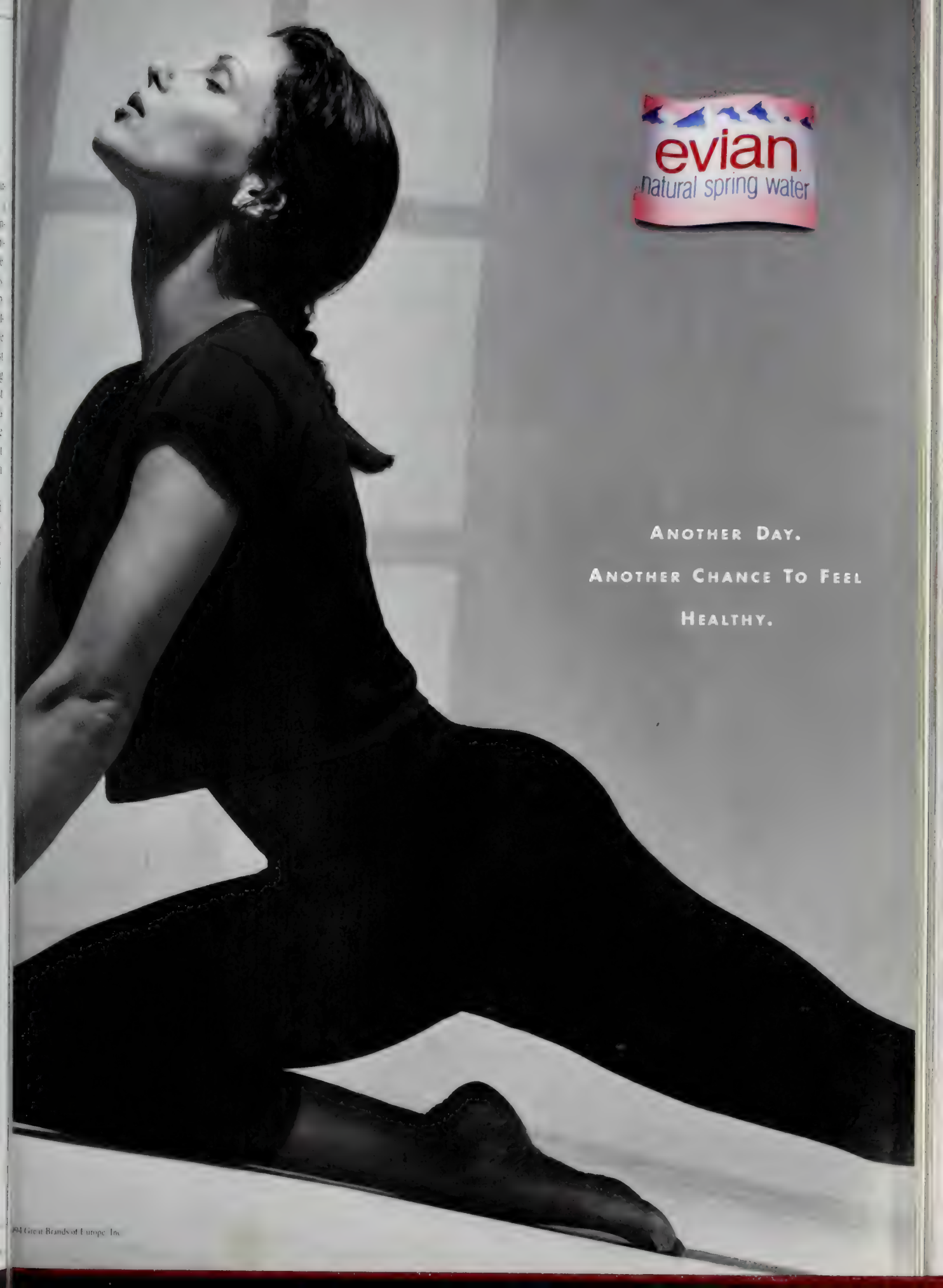
Ingrid Casares, *creative consultant:* Catcher in the Rye, *by J. D. Salinger (Little, Brown) "It's about a man's coming-of-age and finding the artistic and cultural sides of himself."*

Ken Bode, *moderator of* Washington Week in Review: The Haldeman Diaries, *by H. R. Haldeman (Putnam). "If you've ever wanted to be a fly on the wall in the White House, well, Haldeman was one, and he took notes."*





Agnès B., *designer:* Bye-Bye, Soccer, *by Edilberto Coutinho (Host Publications). "It's about football in Brazil. I don't know much about Brazil, and it's a good way to learn, because football is a big way of life there."*



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Good Golly, Miss Whalley

Is Joanne Whalley-Kilmer the 21st-century Scarlett?

It's like a crazy superhero cartoon—Scarlett O'Hara and Batman living together! Joanne Whalley-Kilmer is Hollywood's *nouvelle* belle in this month's *Scarlett* on CBS, and her husband, Val, just got cast as the caped crusader. GEORGE WAYNE wants to know how this dynamic duo handles life *off* the set.

George Wayne: *You know, the critics are waiting to slay you if you are a subpar Scarlett O'Hara. Are you worried?*

Joanne Whalley-Kilmer: No. This is one particular type of role, but what can you do? If they don't like it, they don't like it. I've never really sat down and analyzed how [my Scarlett] would be received. It's just a fantastic role.

G.W. *So you really sank your teeth into it?*

J.W.-K. I had a ball.

G.W. *I bet you were a tigress on the set!*

J.W.-K. Oh no, I was too damned busy.

G.W. *And what about the chemistry between you and Rhett Butler [Timothy Dalton]?*

J.W.-K. Oh, he's fabulous. He was great, a real gentleman, which isn't to say he was a kind of milksop.

G.W. *You're from Manchester, England—that's kind of chic.*

J.W.-K. It's kind of dark and industrial, but it is an exciting place. Places like Manchester and Liverpool, there has always been an awful lot going on.

G.W. *You once told me you used to work in a gay bar in Manchester.*

J.W.-K. Yeah, it was kind of a gay/punk hangout.

G.W. *You used to pick up the bottles.*

J.W.-K. Yeah, glass collector.

G.W. *You've come a long way, Scarlett! [Both squeal.] How did you prepare yourself to play Scarlett?*

J.W.-K. I deliberately chose not to watch the film, although I've seen it many times. I read the script over and over again, to be completely familiar with it, and I read *Gone with the Wind* the book for the prehistory, and I read the book *Scarlett*. The script was good and solid, and that's why people like Sir John Gielgud agreed to be in it.

G.W. *You supposedly beat out thousands upon thousands to nab this role, supposedly Demi Moore and Kim Basinger.*

J.W.-K. This is what I hear.

G.W. *Tell me about your audition.*

J.W.-K. Well, I didn't have one, they just called me. It's really a dull story.

G.W. *Now, do Batman and Scarlett live under the same roof?*

J.W.-K. Absolutely. Imagine our poor child, Mercedes: "This is my mother, Scarlett, and this is my father, Batman."

G.W. *It's not like some other Hollywood marriages I know, leading separate lives?*

J.W.-K. Our theory is that if you get married you want to be together. So you should be together, but there have been periods when that is completely impossible.

G.W. *I think Val is the perfect postmodern Batman.*

J.W.-K. Did you see him in *Tombstone*? He's amazing in it. He's really, really good in it.

G.W. *Didn't Val propose to you on a cliff in New Mexico?*

J.W.-K. Kinda. While we were making *Willow.*

G.W. *Was it love at first sight?*

J.W.-K. Yeah, it was. It was a very powerful thing, and I really didn't quite want to believe it. We spent so long together on *Willow*—six months—it was the worst possible thought that we would not be able to see each other, so I ended up coming back to New Mexico and stayed.

G.W. *Tell me your disguise when you have to go shopping for Stayfree maxi pads at the neighborhood Rx.*

J.W.-K. Well . . . I don't get recognized. I haven't had that happen yet. It will be interesting to see what happens when *Scarlett* comes out. But I am not like a recognizable person.

G.W. *And how about the fake names you and your husband use when checking into hotels?*

J.W.-K. We only have one, but it's a secret. But we do have one fake name, but then I always forget it. It's boring. It's not Smith, but it might as well be.



SHOES BY SUSAN BENNIS WARREN EDWARDS. EARRINGS BY CIRO. ALL MAKEUP FROM LANCÔME. HAIR BY ENZO ANGILERI. MAKEUP BY CAROL SHAW. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

Photograph by HELMUT NEWTON • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



A Whalley big show: Joanne Whalley-Kilmer stars in the title role of Scarlett, *the sequel to* Gone with the Wind.

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VANITY FAIR
NOVEMBER 1994

After the sold-out concerts,
the million-dollar auctions, the nights in the Lincoln Bedroom,
and the whispers about Andre Agassi and Peter Jennings,
Barbra Streisand still feels that, for all that has been written about her,
no one has ever gotten the story quite right.
In Holmby Hills, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON tries to set the record straight
with the woman who only wants everything to be perfect

A STAR IS

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



REBORN

ALL CLOTHING THROUGHOUT BY DONNA KARAN

Backstage, last night of the tour, Anaheim, California.

In an airless, white-walled room, friends wait to pay homage. Here is Warren Beatty. Here is a very pregnant Annette Bening, exhausted from the standing ovations that began when Barbra Streisand walked out onstage.

But Barbra is still out singing. The concert has been filmed, and the cameras hired for the evening—so why not get a few extra songs out of it? Maybe she'll use them for the videocassette, maybe for the HBO special. Barbra can never leave well enough alone. Well enough has to be *better.*

In the airless room, the well-wishers grow restless. The concert high begins to fade. They watch Barbra on the monitor, and hear again that crystalline voice rising, rising—and then, at the break where almost every other singer goes reedy, blazing higher so that you feel, as her conductor Marvin Hamlisch puts it, that she's *pulled you through.* The thrill of hearing that voice live has been matched only by the thrill audiences have felt in pulling Barbra through the tour after 27 years of paralyzing stage fright. Which is why shows sold out at record-breaking ticket prices of up to $350, and why a sense of show-business history hung over the tour. Still, the hour is late.

At last, a chosen few of the backstage contingent are ushered into the adjoining white-carpeted, meticulously organized dressing room. Smaller than she looks onstage, Barbra seems to take in each compliment as if it were the first: pleased, but not entirely believing. A wisp of a smile plays on her face. Until, that is, *I'm* introduced. "Barbra," says her friend Ellen Gilbert, "this is The Journalist."

Uh-oh.

Barbra makes an effort not to grimace, but isn't entirely successful. Painfully thin-skinned, she remembers every journalistic slight, and the name of the journalist who rendered it; her mental blacklist goes back decades. "They wrote I'm making $100 million from this tour," she begins without preamble. "One hundred cities, a million dollars a city! How can they say that? I've done *six* cities! Six! And do you know what it costs to stage a production like this?"

Mercifully, Streisand's mother, in a wheelchair, is pushed to the fore. She looks tired. Streisand leans toward her, one legendarily slim-fingered, long-nailed hand keeping her blond pageboy from her face.

"You did good," her mother says, a bit grudgingly it seems to me, in not much more than a whisper. "I'm proud of you."

Barbra, a woman of 52 for whom her mother's approval remains a complex issue, looks vulnerable again. I edge away, embarrassed. But Barbra sees me going.

"We'll talk," she says to me.

Through this spangled year, which has seen her rise again, with a flick of her will, to the very top of the entertainment business, Barbra has shunned nearly all interview requests. She hates surrendering control to writers who can shape their stories as they please, pulling quotes out of context, slipping in inaccuracies. Why introduce a rogue cell of uncertainty into your biosphere when you've sold out Madison Square Garden in 20 minutes flat without it?

But the tour has gone so well—even by Barbra's standards—that perhaps she can't help thinking, though she won't quite say it, that a small celebration might be in order: a bit of rumination on a job well done, a sort of setting things to rest. Nor is she uninterested in how the tour has affected *her,* what seems more important now and what matters less. But she's given herself no time to do it. The morning after her last concert, she's in the studio editing footage for the TV special and mixing tracks for the inevitable concert album. If only she could interview herself!

At dusk, I press the intercom buzzer outside Barbra's Holmby Hills estate. It's a swell neighborhood, every house a castle, every lawn a sculpture. Barbra's house actually seems more modest than most, hidden as it is by a wall and high trees. But that hardly deters the buses that roll by with passengers craning for a glimpse of the woman who after more than 30 years in show business—as singer, actress, and director—remains the most successful, and perhaps talented, performer of her generation.

The gate glides open to reveal the rambling, whitewashed, Mediterranean-style house where Streisand has lived since 1969. I half expect the interior of the house to be bare, denuded of the Art Nouveau and Art Deco furnishings that brought $6.2 million at Christie's last March. But the treasures of Barbra's first life as a collector have long since been replaced by those of her second: late-19th-century and early-20th-century American Arts and Crafts pieces. The living room, framed by a carved wood ceiling and four long walls of books, is a dazzling tableau of the period's dark oak furnishings, many by Frank Lloyd Wright, set off by Oriental rugs and the soft orange glow of Tiffany and Dirk van Erp lamps. At the far end, 8 or 10 rose-hued vases, also of the period, line a high wood mantel.

"All this fell in the earthquake," Barbra says of the objects along the manteled wall. She settles into one of the long Mission sofas as I take the other. "We have pictures of it," she says. "The mirror fell off, broke all the pottery I had there—10 pieces. And it's hard to collect that color."

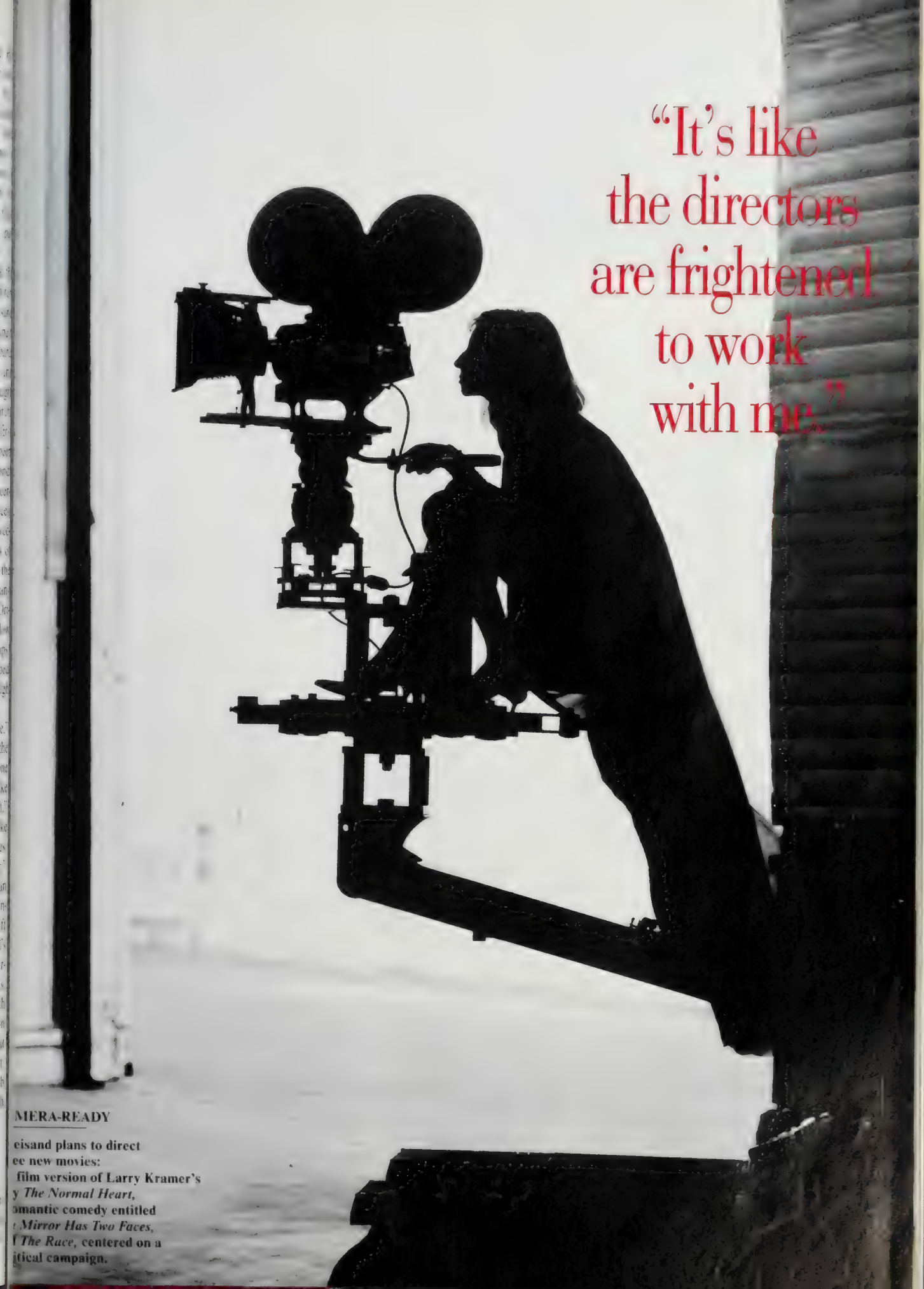
The star is gone, replaced by an understudy with flyaway hair, a sensible woman in a lacy white shift who gets to live in Barbra Streisand's house, eat ice cream out of the carton, and watch videos with friends. This is the Barbra who can say, with utter seriousness, that one reason she won't go on tour again is that she can't stand the glamorous part. "You have to put makeup on, comb your hair. You have to wear high heels. My feet get cramps!"

First things first. "You hungry?"

I am.

"Let's eat."

Barbra leads the way into a sunroom off the main hall, across from the grand dining room with the Amer-



"It's like the directors are frightened to work with me."

MERA-READY

eisand plans to direct
ee new movies:
film version of Larry Kramer's
y *The Normal Heart*,
omantic comedy entitled
Mirror Has Two Faces,
The Race, centered on a
itical campaign.

ican Arts and Crafts sideboard she bought at auction for, I happen to know, $363,000. We sit down to bowls of onion soup at a small, round, candlelit table—very *healthy* onion soup, mostly onions and broth and just a dab of melted cheese on floating croutons. I ask about the furniture. Barbra says the chairs are Stickley. "*Which* Stickley?" I manage, rather proud of myself.

"Gustav, I think . . . ," Barbra says vaguely.

And then we're off.

"That's the thing about art for me," Barbra begins. "I don't feel I have to know that much about the artists' lives. I love Hopper's paintings, I can feel them, but I don't have to read many books about Hopper. That's the whole thing, too, about watching Joseph Campbell [the late mythologist-philosopher], whom I wish I could have studied with. This brilliant man—and then after his death, Brendan Gill, who wrote a book about Frank Lloyd Wright, trashes Campbell as an anti-Semite. And I say, first of all, why did Gill attack him after he's dead, when he can't even defend himself? And why does that, even if true, obliterate his work? . . . And we don't *know* if he's anti-Semitic. I think it's just jealousy on Gill's part."

There's a lot of Barbra in that whirl of words. Art lover. Spiritual explorer. Sensitive to Jewish issues; sensitive to jealousy. Curious. Passionate. Eager to debate. Quick to flit from subject to subject. And we haven't even *gotten* to politics yet, let alone Peter Jennings.

Once, when she was young and poor, Barbra hung an ornate but empty wood frame on a wall of her Third Avenue walk-up. Think of her life as a quest to fill that frame and you start to come to terms with who Barbra is now and why she stirs more extreme reactions—of love, awe, envy, irritation—than any other star in the world. For decades, Barbra has had the money, and fame, to put any picture she likes into that frame. Yet she keeps insisting that there's more to learn, more to feel, issues to grapple with and fears to overcome, before it gets filled in. The quest can seem portentous and narcissistic, but it's also painfully honest, and the art it throws off along the way is, like all good art, a gift as well as a meditation on self.

So it was with the tour, which in a sense began in fashion designer Donna Karan's rented Sun Valley house two Christmases ago. Karan, one of Barbra's closest friends, was there. So was Liza Minnelli. "Liza got up and sang," Karan recalls. "Barbra told her, 'I can't believe how you just do this.'" "Oh come on, Barbra, *you* go up and sing," Karan urged. But Barbra wouldn't—couldn't, she said. "So *I* sang for her, which was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life," Karan says, laughing. "But that was one of the inspirations for the concert."

Barbra's longtime personal manager, Marty Erlichman, knew all too well about her fears of singing live. So for weeks he negotiated, as he puts it blithely, "in the absence of Barbra being aware of it." There would be two concerts only—the two New Year's concerts in Las Vegas. She would gross $14 million, before expenses, and $3 million would be given to charities of her choice. But Barbra had turned down outlandish terms before. This time serendipity played a role: the two scripts she'd planned to shoot weren't yet completed. And she was ready at last to confront her fear of performing live.

"I was really frightened in Vegas," Barbra says as we fish for croutons. "My heart was pounding. Why would I put myself through this agony?" The second show was easier than the first, only because she thought she wouldn't have to do a third. But by then the show was up and running, and she let herself be talked into the tour. The stage fright began to recede, but another kind of terror emerged. "When I was in Detroit, I thought, I *don't know how I'm going to get through the next 15 shows.* It's very exhausting physically. It's a lot of breathing; you have to be in pretty good shape. And I don't work out vocally. I don't practice. It's the most boring thing you can imagine, doing scales. So I just said, 'Fuck it, I can't.' I'm too tired the next day after a concert."



"I lost weight and sleep. I thought I woul



STREISAND LAND

Visitors to Barbra's dressing room in Anaheim on the tour's closing night included, *from far left*, Streisand's son, Jason, whom she directed in *The Prince of Tides;* her mother, Diana; and her goddaughter Caleigh and her sister, Skye.

disappoint people, that I wasn't good enough.

In London, critics chided Barbra for the TelePrompTers that hung plainly visible above the audience. Not only lyrics but every line of patter was there for all to see. It marred the illusion of spontaneity, but for Barbra, who had written the patter with her close friend Marilyn Bergman—and kept rewriting it city to city, night to night—there was no choice. "So I went out and said to the people every night, 'Look, I use TelePrompTers! I could never *be* here if I couldn't use TelePrompTers. I have a fear of forgetting the words, which I once did in front of 135,000 people, and it's a fear—that's it!' " After that, the complaints subsided to an occasional mutter. What she learned, Barbra says, is that "the external world mirrors your internal beliefs. When I was self-conscious about the TelePrompTers, they mentioned them. When I wasn't, they didn't."

Barbra won't say exactly how profitable the tour was, but Erlichman acknowledges that it grossed roughly $50 million, of which the performer would tend to take 80 to 90 percent. That's in addition to the $14 million gross for Las Vegas, the money for concert merchandise, the HBO special, and whatever fraction of Barbra's $60 million Sony contract is represented by the concert album. Barbra is quick to point out that she had to pay all tour expenses herself, from the 64-piece orchestra that Marvin Hamlisch conducted to the 16,500 square feet of carpeting to cover the floors of each arena, to give the audience the best sound possible. "You know what this tour cost me?" she says indignantly. "Twenty million dollars! Sixteen on the road and four in Vegas. . . . We charged so much because it cost so much. And yet some idiot writes in a paper that I'll have made $100 million." Still, there's little doubt that this has been, by far, Barbra Streisand's most lucrative year. Her vow stands, though. No more touring. The challenge has been met; the quest moves on.

"I'm a shy person, I don't need to keep doing this," she says. "It all worked out; it was right. It was right for me to gain this confidence, to feel absolutely at ease onstage, to feel I belonged there and deserved to be there, that I could give and receive the love of those audiences. I really





GOTTA MOVE

"I had to make something of myself," says Streisand softly. "I lived in those movie theaters, and went out into the hot humid Brooklyn streets!"

ou have to wear high heels. My feet get cramps!"

"I think they're jealous of a president who

am grateful to those people. For too many years I didn't appreciate my own singing. . . . But it's not my love; my love is making movies."

Perhaps it should come as no surprise that after 58 gold and platinum albums Barbra feels somewhat indifferent to recording—and downright unimpressed by lucrative sound-track offers. She turned down the chance to record the duet in *Beauty and the Beast*—"I thought, How can I sing the lyrics? 'Beauuuty and the Beeeast'—I didn't know what it meant. Beautiful melody; I turned it down." Same for *The Little Mermaid.* "And the next one that was offered to me—about the carpet? [*Aladdin,* Barbra?] I knew it would be a hit, but I didn't like the melody."

Barbra doesn't even *listen* to music. People send her albums, but she just files them away. "When I have a massage I'll listen to a Ralph Vaughan Williams piece, 'The Lark Ascending.' Or just New Age innocuous music. I never put my car radio on. I never play tapes. And I never listen to my own music."

Our soup bowls have been whisked away by a sweet, if rather rattled, Asian maid, and replaced by plates of grilled chicken and vegetables—charred black, in truth—with no sauce to add unnecessary calories. On my plate, but not on Barbra's, is an ear of fresh corn. The last thing I want to do while interviewing Barbra Streisand is chomp an ear of corn, get butter on my face, and pick kernels from between my teeth, but I have no choice. "It's from my garden," Barbra says brightly. "I grow my own flowers and organic vegetables."

As I start in on the corn, I ask casually, "WhaffffthisaboutPeterJennings?"

"Actually, Peter's Haiti report is on television right now," Barbra says. "I'm taping it."

Jennings, the ABC anchorman separated after 15 years of marriage and two children from writer Kati Marton, made a first public appearance with Barbra last June, escorting her to President Clinton's first state dinner. Between Barbra's Washington concerts, the two also took in a dinner party at the house of tobacco heir Smith Bagley and his wife, Elizabeth, Clinton's new ambassador to Portugal. Not long after, Jennings hosted a cocktail party at his Bridgehampton house for television correspondent Lynn Sherr and Jurate Kazickas, co-authors of *Susan B. Anthony Slept Here: A Guide to American Women's Landmarks.* Barbra showed up as the party was winding down, escorted by Donna Karan's husband, Stephan Weiss. She stood shyly off to the side until Jennings realized she was there. His face lit up as he strode across his wide front lawn to meet her; then, without the slightest hesitation, he led her by the hand back across the lawn, in front of the 100 or so guests who remained.

"Soiffthishserious?"

"I don't talk about stuff like that!" Barbra exclaims, more bemused than annoyed. "What I find is that the media destroys relationships before they can even begin. They write horrible things, they assume things. Because I go to see Andre Agassi play at Wimbledon, they write that I'm his girlfriend. Then they write that he 'left' me for Brooke Shields. It's ridiculous."

Perhaps, I suggest, accepting Barbra's offer of a toothpick, the way to avoid that is not to appear in public with someone, as Barbra has several times with Jennings.

"But how do you do that?" Barbra asks. "I should stop living? I shouldn't go to his party?"

Both Jennings and Barbra profess to be irked by the intense media curiosity about them as a couple, but clearly it's also a kick. "He told me the funniest story," Barbra says of Jennings. "He was interviewing [Lieutenant General] Cédras, and [Brigadier General] Biamby, in Haiti. And what Biamby wanted to know was: what's his relationship with Barbra Streisand?" Probably there's less to it than gossip columnists have suggested. It was Barbra, more as a fan than anything else, who invited Jennings to the East Coast dinners. Not long after, Jennings surfaced at a New York gathering with Katherine Freed, a young ABC producer who, according to several of Jennings's friends, has been in the a chorman's picture for some time.

Jennings is, at the least, one Barbra's new friends in the world Washington and New York politicia and journalists, a realm of characte and customs she's learning about wi a rather charming lack of self-co sciousness. "Chris Matthews opene the discussion at one party to a roun table talk about politics," Barbra sa of the *San Francisco Examiner*'s Was ington-bureau chief. "That was fasc nating; I'd never had that happen a party. They did it the other night Madeleine Albright's, too."

Surrounded by seasoned opinion makers like Albright, the U.S. amba sador to the United Nations, Barbr doesn't hesitate to speak her min On one occasion, she took on Ben Bra lee and others for the media's cove age of President Clinton.

"I don't care what they think of me, she says, brandishing a chicken leg "I mean, I hope they think I'm smar but I'm not afraid to have a confron tation about politics with these pe ple in the media. Because I think they' letting a very strange bias affect the reporting of the Clinton administra tion. They're far tougher on this Dem ocrat than they were on Reagan an Bush. Look at all the legislation Clin ton has passed—more than any pres dent since Roosevelt. Yet, he' constantly portrayed as floundering Why? I think they're jealous—jealou of a president who is very young very smart, very nice, with a ful head of hair! And perhaps they' jealous of someone who really want to make a change. They're cynical it's just too idealistic for them."

In the months since her performance at Clinton's inaugural gala, Barbra has become a Washington presence eliciting awe, envy, snide criticism and the inevitable rash of inaccurate press reports. Most irritating was a article by *The New Republic*'s Leon Wieseltier, who attacked Hollywood figures for trying to foist their "bub bleheaded" political opinions on the new administration. One evening, Shirley MacLaine mentioned to Barbra that her friend Wieseltier was in L.A. Barbra promptly invited him

ery young, very smart, with a full head of hair!"

ver for a dinner debate. "It was a racious and feisty thing to do," Vieseltier says. The gangly intellectu- l and the superstar found they had a ot to talk about, including Brooklyn oots—both are from Flatbush—and hildhood years in the yeshiva. "We ere trading questions from the Tal- ud, with our fingers in the air, split- ng hairs on philosophical issues," says arbra. On political issues, says Vieseltier, "it would take more than n evening to get me to change my ind."

Barbra's political opinions, admit- edly, are those of an impassioned mateur. She wonders why the press ook Roger Altman to task for allegedly lerting the White House to an im- ending investigation of Whitewater; 's not Iran-contra, after all. And she ristles at critics who attack Hillary linton's reliance on stock tips from rkansas power broker James B. Blair. Why should Hillary be painted as n evil woman because she made oney in the stock market?" she ex- laims at one point. "We live in a ree-enterprise society; you want to ake money for your family. Why does hat make you a greedy person? In y opinion, it makes you smart."

She has a way of asking questions hat aren't as simple as they seem. ill Schneider, a CNN political ana- yst, met Barbra at a Los Angeles din- er soon after the election and found imself fielding such questions as "Why, hen the economy's booming, is the ed so concerned about inflation?" hough he has a Ph.D. in political cience, he says he had a hard time ffering a satisfactory answer. At one f her Washington concerts, Schnei- ler went backstage and found Barbra xhausted. "But the first words out of er mouth were: 'What the hell is lan Greenspan doing raising the in- erest rates?' She wasn't making a show f it; no one heard her but me. She's ne of the few Hollywood people ho doesn't just have opinions, but a enuine interest in finding out more."

Barbra's interest in politics actual- y pre-dates the Clinton administra- ion by 20 years. She raised money or Daniel Ellsberg's defense, earned nclusion on Nixon's enemies list, stumped for Bella Abzug and John Lindsay, and staged a 1986 fund-rais- ing concert on her Malibu lawn that raised $1.5 million for Democratic can- didates. Until recently, though, it wouldn't have occurred to her to try to meet political opinion-makers; the Brooklyn girl who'd become a star felt alienated and alone. "I lived in New York 20-some years and never made friends," she says with a shrug. "I had my friends Cis and Harvey Corman, and that was it. I never got invited anywhere, I never invited any- one over, I lived like a hermit."

For some months now, Bar- bra has been drafting a speech to be delivered at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard to answer crit- ics who think she should stick to singing and moviemaking, and leave the opining to them. The working title is "The Role of the Artist in Society." "People are jealous of all the access that celebrities have, that they can be heard by speaking out. They're saying, 'Don't you have enough?' I say, 'I don't give up my role as a citizen just because I'm a celebrity.' In fact, I think it's the proper use of celebrity. If you believe in a cause, you can raise your voice and perhaps make a difference." She calls herself a student—one whose learn- ing began at the age of five with three years in a Brooklyn yeshiva—and learning, in the broadest sense, is what the quest is all about.

With her first earnings from the stage production of *Funny Girl,* Barbra bought a German Art Nouveau desk for $2,800 and began educating herself about art of the period. From her early films she learned to edit as well as act; for *Yentl,* the most underrated film of her career, she took Talmud lessons for three years. And then, for both *Nuts* and *The Prince of Tides,* she brought to bear years of reading—and experience—in psycho- analysis.

It was 30 years ago that Barbra first went into therapy, after feeling claus- trophobic on the stage of *Funny Girl.* Now her years on the couch are over, she says firmly. Her choice, not her ther- apist's. "I just said, 'There are things I can't change. There are patterns set up in childhood that are so strong.' And I believe I've changed a lot, by the way, in many areas. I think I'm mature enough to see the patterns; I'm not always strong enough to change them. The big things, like when your father dies, that feeling of loss—I don't think I will ever get over that."

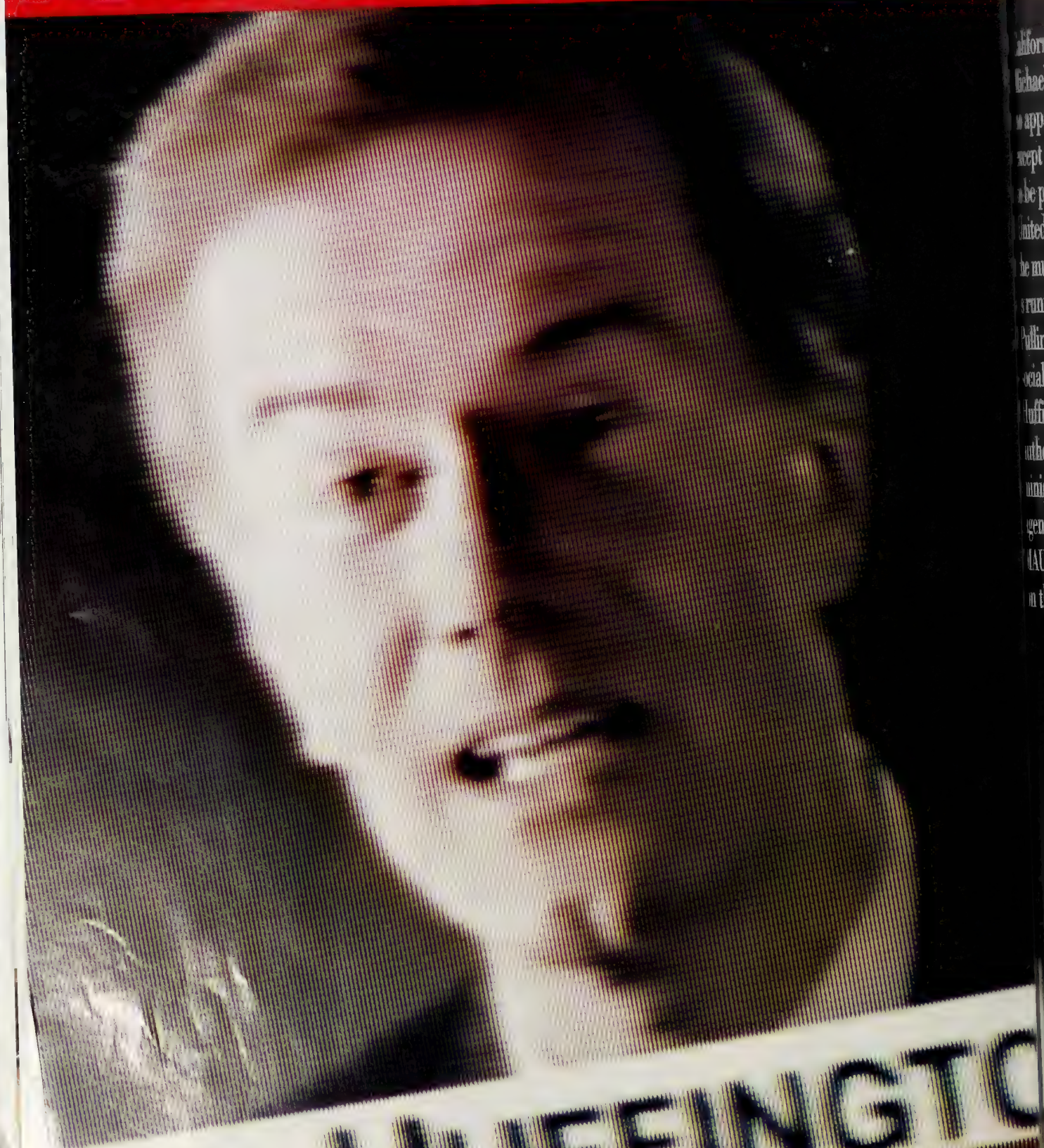
Barbra was only 15 months old when her father died, apparently during an epileptic fit. She says she remembers the loss in her "body and psyche." More specific are memories of her stepfa- ther, who Barbra felt despised her. "When I regress and go toward peo- ple who are unsupportive, that's a throw- back to my stepfather. But I'm much happier now. I'm much stronger now and I try not to let that happen."

Harder to deal with is the mother who withheld praise for fear of giv- ing her daughter a swelled head. "I owe my career to my mother," Bar- bra says, only half joking. "Because if she'd believed in me, I'd probably have been a typist." Barbra says her mother has opened up in recent years. "We get along better now. We're able to say 'I love you' to each other. I have forgiven my mother: I know she did the best she could. She showed her love through food, rather than hugs and kisses. In a way I feel bad for her. She wanted to be a singer and never realized her dreams. So I can look at her now and have compassion for what she didn't get."

As a self-protective measure, Bar- bra has always sought out surrogate mothers. The first was Muriel Choy, in whose Chinese restaurant Barbra worked at the age of 11. Then came Cis Corman (still her best friend and closest colleague as president of Bar- wood Films), whom Barbra met at an acting studio when Corman was 32 and Barbra was 16. By now, Barbra has had about half a dozen mothers. The most recent was Virginia Kelley, the president's late mother.

"I'd just sung at the inauguration, and there was a ball the next night I think it was the Arkansas ball. The president told his mother that Roger was singing at the MTV ball nearby. I said, 'Can *(Continued on page 190)*

Arianna's Virtua



Candidate

BETTER HALF

To most Californians, Michael Huffington is a frequently recurring image on the TV screen, but in real life he's in lockstep with his author-socialite wife, Arianna, shown here with him at her 40th-birthday party in Montecito in 1990.

alifornia congressman
lichael Huffington is a man of
o apparent convictions,
xcept one: that he deserves
be president of the
nited States. But first
ne multimillionaire Republican
running for the Senate.
ulling the strings is his wife,
ocialite Arianna Stassinopoulos
uffington, the controversial
uthor and New Age
inister, who has a mysterious
genda of her own.
AUREEN ORTH lifts the curtain
n their own private Oz



"On the Hill he's almost a nonpresence. He sort of float

The greatest tragedy of the modern welfare state is that we have allowed it to deprive us of a fundamental opportunity to practice virtue, responsibility, generosity, and compassion.

—Arianna Huffington, *The Fourth Instinct: The Call of the Soul.*

Gardiner has no background! And so he's not and cannot be objectionable to anyone!

—Jerzy Kosinski, *Being There.*

Fueled by his father's money and his wife's ambition, Texas millionaire Roy Michael Huffington Jr. is trying to buy his way into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in 1996, after brief stops in the House and the Senate. He hasn't quite made it to the latter yet. That's why the first-term California congressman, who moved to Santa Barbara from Texas only in 1991 and has almost no legislative record to run on, is setting his own sort of record—he's on his way to spending more money on a campaign than anyone ever has in the history of the Senate, perhaps $25 million, to unseat the Democratic incumbent, Dianne Feinstein. And that's only one part of the Huffington story.

"If anyone thinks she hasn't seen herself in the White House yet, then they don't know Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington," says Peter Matson, a former literary agent of the Greek-born, Cambridge-educated author. "Michael was searching for himself, and Arianna found him," says a friend who knew them both before they were married. "My illustration for them is 'Driving Michael Huffington': Arianna wearing a cap behind the wheel and Michael sitting in the backseat looking perfectly bewildered."

Yet Huffington has already managed to win once with the help of his wife, who frequently spoke in his place and who has been dubbed "the Sir Edmund Hillary of social climbers." In 1992 he spent $5.2 million—$43 a vote—and gave many thousands more in donations to cultural and charitable institutions in his Republican district in a slash-and-burn campaign aimed first at turning out nine-term congressman Bob Lagomarsino and then at defeating his Democratic opponent. Now he's in the process of spending five times that on the Senate race against Feinstein, and rapidly depleting his $70 million share of the money from the sale of Huffco, the oil-and-gas company his father created, in 1990. And he's doing it all on TV, where everything is scripted for him and where he doesn't have to talk to the press or to voters.

"He's a media projection. When the cameras go away, nothing is there," says political reporter Nick Welsh, who contributes to a popular column in *The Santa Barbara Independent,* in which Huffington is routinely referred to as "the alleged congressman." Indeed, Michael Huffington could easily become the Chauncey Gardiner of the 90s—the man who says nothing to great acclaim. "Huffington has never stood up for anything: I've never seen a position paper, a press conference, even an ad where he's said anything," declares Santa Barbara County Republican activist Hazel Richardson Blankenship. "Once in a while you can actually get a complete idiot elected to the U.S. Senate, and it could happen again."

I caught up with Michael Huffington and an aide in the hall outside the congressman's Capitol Hill office the day he reversed his earlier support for the crime bill and voted to block it from getting to the floor for final consideration. Having tried in vain to set up an interview, I introduced myself and said, "Do you remember me? We met at a party."

"Yes, I do."

"I'd like to ask you just a couple of questions."

"No questions, sorry."

"Just one or two."

"None, thank you, we're going to have lunch."

"But you're just walking along here."

"Will you excuse us, please. I'm with a gentleman."

"Can you just tell me what the most important thing in your Sena campaign is?" At this point Huffington called to a congressional gua "Officer, this lady is bothering m Would you mind asking her to leave

"Is this how you treat the press wh you're running for the Senate?" I aske "Is there a time when we *can* talk?

"No."

Michael Huffington's b havior in Congress considered strange many ex-staffers I talke to. He would disappe for days without letti his staff know his whe abouts, and he'd refu to tell them how might vote on any issue before came up on the floor of Congres "He never communicated with u We said, 'God, where's he comi from?'" reported one. "I don't kno if he has thoughts. A very large nu ber of his policies are reflections his wife's attitudes."

Before last year's Hyde-amendme vote, which caused Huffington to wa fle on his pro-choice position a vote against federal funding for abo tions for poor women, he called A anna from the cloakroom off the flo of the House. "On any big decisio you'd go in and talk to him and leav and then you'd see his phone light g on, and he'd call Arianna to ask her says another ex-staffer. "Walking fro his desk to your own, you could cou 3, 2, 1, and Arianna was on the line

Huffington is so secretive that keeps a shredder next to his desk a once directed a staffer to shred an o fice copy of the *Congressional Recor* because "it was nobody's business" ho he voted. "You never had to prepa anything for him, because he wasn going to do anything," says a form legislative aide. For a time all pre releases went through Arianna, wh played the enforcer. Although Aria na denies that she has ever threatene anyone who worked for them, o aide who left claims that Arianna to her, "You ever say anything about and I'll come back and try to pin thing on you." There's been similar intim dation in California. "Arianna a

rough the place," says Congressman Charles Schumer.



ATORIAL
BUSH

uninvited Michael Huffington
es an unexpected appearance with
rters and cameramen to
lenge Dianne Feinstein outside
ivate Democratic fund-raiser
ashington in July.

ichael Huffington know how to reaten people with 'You'll never work this town again,'" says Hazel ankenship. They exerted pressure, for ample, to have Jerry Cornfield, the *nta Barbara News-Press* reporter as-gned to cover Huffington, replaced; ey complained about him to the ed-)r and refused to acknowledge his ieries. Cornfield soon left the paper. Huffington has not held a single rmal press conference since he an-)unced for the Senate, he will not lease his tax returns, and he does)t go to bat against the government r companies in his district, even if means losing hundreds of jobs. Yet e local press has often acted like itty in his hands. For example, when uffington refused to help Raytheon, e giant defense contractor, get the ate Department to lift a ban on in-alling its equipment on Taiwanese ships—which would mean the loss of not only a $100 million contract but also a possible 250 jobs—he declined to be interviewed. Instead, the *News-Press,* which is owned by the New York Times Company, printed a general statement from him when it broke the story, and later allowed him to respond on the op-ed page. The decision was not popular in the newsroom. Everyone knew that the Huffingtons had recently become godparents to the daughter of the op-ed-page editor.

The general lack of scrutiny in California, coupled with the services of expensive, high-powered handlers and advisers such as Ed Rollins, Mike Deaver, former Reagan speechwriter Ken Khachigian, former Reagan pollster Richard Wirthlin, and Larry McCarthy (the creator of the infamous Willie Horton commercial in the 19[illegible] presidential campaign), has kept Huffington from exposing himself or from being exposed. In one unscripted foray, Huffington told a reporter that he thought his chances of winning Southern California were good because he was on the Los Angeles Music Center board. He seems to feel that his wealth is a protective shield, but it also shields him from reality. He told a staffer, "I don't want anyone working for me who needs a paycheck."

Two young men in Huffington's office felt compelled to leave after he hugged them against their will. In front of two witnesses, he told one, "It looks like you need a hug." The man said no and left the room "to start all over." But when he returned, Huffington hugged him anyway, despite his protests. When the incident was reported in the *Los Angeles Times,* Huffington responded, "saying it 'was not a big hug,' and the staffer never

"She never volunteered. In three years, no one has seen Arian

got one after that. 'I like to hug people. I'm a hugger. So is Bill Clinton.'" Chad Westover, a former Huffington staffer who witnessed the incident, said he felt that "it was not an embrace" but "more of a management technique." However, Westover said that the staffer and the congressman "from that point on just didn't click." The young man left a short time later, after Huffington criticized his work.

When Huffington hugged the other male aide, the two men were alone. The then 23-year-old staffer says that, without warning, Huffington came from behind his desk after reprimanding him and said, "Let's hug." The staffer tried to protest; Huffington hugged him nevertheless. After that, he says, Huffington's attitude toward him became cold. Another person in Huffington's office, who did not know about the incident when we spoke, brought up as an example of the congressman's strange behavior a series of disparaging phone calls he had made about this staffer, who also soon decided to leave.

Huffington's support of abortion for those who can afford it and of gays in the military often causes him to be labeled a moderate. In fact, he is extremely conservative about economics: his mantra is that government is bad—just say no to it. He's even been said to advocate the gold standard.

I called a number of Huffington's Republican colleagues in California and on the House committees on banking and small business for comment on his abilities, but one would call me back. Democrats on those committees with Huffington described him as courtly and pleasant, but essentially a cipher. "On the Hill he's almost a nonpresence. . . . He sort of floats through the place," says New York congressman Charles Schumer. "I've rarely sat on a committee with someone who has made so little impact. He hasn't done anything. Unlike Massachusetts's openly gay representative, Barney Frank, who appreciates that Huffington "votes good on gay issues," but adds that when he is around, he isn't."

"He shouldn't be running for the job," says an outspoken Republican conservative, longtime Ronald Reagan pal Barney Klinger. "He's *not*—his wife is. He doesn't have the intelligence to run for the U.S. Senate, but his wife does, so she's running through him."

Huffington did not carry Santa Barbara County, where he lives, in last June's Republican primary. Feelings toward the Huffingtons where they are best known and most closely observed run very high. "The hatred of him is beyond hormonal here," says Nick Welsh. Stories abound about people seeking help who were turned away by Huffington's office. Former staffer Westover says constituent services received "a high priority," but Kehar Johl, for example, related to me that he was told to request assistance in obtaining a visa for a relative from Feinstein's office instead.

The Huffingtons live in a $4.3 million Italianate mansion in Montecito. Arianna employs about a dozen staff members, and the turnover is rapid. "He's obviously so busy he's not terribly involved," says Barbara Coventry, who likes to be called "consultant," rather than tutor, to the Huffington children, Christina, five, and Isabella, three. Instead, Arianna's mother, Elli, a follower of the late Indian philosopher Krishnamurti, holds sway, along with Arianna's sister, Agapi, who has taught a course on "how to be a goddess" to local women. The servant problem has been acrimonious and unceasing, although Coventry says that things have improved. Not so at their Washington residence, where Arianna hired ambassador to France Pamela Harriman's former servants, some of whom fled within a few months, after being treated "like slaves."

"We were joking about making a T-shirt that said, I QUIT THE BITCH," says a researcher who got diverted to menial tasks. She says she was in tears many times. "Arianna was so cruel—mean and nasty to everyone in the house." According to former employees in Santa Barbara, she issued orders over a speakerphone from the bathtub, kept a lock on the refrigerator, threw frequent tantrums, and sent the children's bodyguards to the store for her Tampax. Worse still were slurs overheard by the staff about "stupid and lazy" Mexican help at a time when Huffington was trying to target Latino voters in his district.

By the same token, almost everyone I spoke with remarked on what a charmer and world-class flatterer Arianna can be. "I've seen her charm people right down to their socks," says Hazel Blankenship. Marcy Rudo, one of the principal researchers Arianna hired to work on her biography of Picasso, traveled with her throughout the South of France to interview sources. "She was dazzling. I saw her operate, melting the most recent, unwilling-to-speak people. I saw her disarm them totally," Rudo told me. "She has a determination that's beyond most human comprehension. . . . I felt I had been lady-in-waiting to a Mack truck."

Yet in Santa Barbara, after being told time and again that people there feared the power of the Huffington, I was surprised at the number ready to register their disgust with the couple's high-handed tactics. After writing a critical letter about Arianna to the *News-Press*, former Huffington supporter Marsha Wayne says, she received so many calls to applaud her that "I'm almost a celebrity." Wayne now distributes a bumper sticker saying, I WAS HAD BY HUFFINGTON—TAKE A HIKE, MIKE! Many in town still remain charmed, however. "Some friends are so envious and jealous they can't appreciate the art form," says Evelyn Haller of her close friend Arianna. "It's like watching a magician appear and disappear and make things look better than they are." I ask if that is good for the country. "I can't deal with it that way," Haller responds. "I'm fascinated by her."

"There are two schools of thought about Arianna," says Mort Janklow, her U.S. agent on the Picasso book. "One is that it's all deliberate and calculated and she's *(Continued on page 194)*

ut twice, and both times she brought a TV crew with her."



THE MIGHTY PEN

Huffington's campaign platform echoes the themes of Arianna's latest book. The originality of three of her earlier books has been disputed.

Photograph by ALICE SPRINGS

A Mouse Divided

With the surprise exit of Jeffrey Katzenberg, the boardroom theatrics at Disney are certainly more dramatic—and less clichéd—than many of Disney's recent live-action movies. As Hollywood awaits the next plot twist at Buena Vista, KIM MASTERS interviews the backstage players in Michael Eisner's real-life version of *The Lion King*

It was two A.M. and Michael Eisner was alarmed. He had pains in his arms. So he went to a clinic, where an electrocardiogram showed no immediate cause for concern. Still, Eisner was worried. The chairman and chief executive of the Walt Disney Company was in Sun Valley, Idaho, at the very private annual conference of corporate titans sponsored by Allen & Company, the entertainment world's pre-eminent investment-banking firm. Big deals were being bandied about over tennis, but Eisner was talking to the other executives—Warner's Terry Semel, for one—about his dissatisfaction with his company's failing film strategy, which had consisted of making many inexpensive movies rather than a smaller number of features with more varied budgets.

To some, Eisner's complaints were surprising. He had always had the reputation for being involved in all strategy for Disney's film business. One executive asked a logical question: Why didn't Eisner just talk to Jeffrey? Jeffrey Katzenberg, chairman of the Disney Studios, had been attending the Sun Valley conference for years, though this was Eisner's first visit. "Jeffrey works for you," the other executive reminded Eisner. "Why don't you tell him wha to do?" Eisner said he intended to do just that.

But after the electrocardiogram, Eisner's concern wa keeping his health from becoming a topic of conversatio at Disney: he didn't even want to submit the bill from th clinic to the company's insurance program. Meanwhile, h secretary called Michael Engelberg, his internist, to ask whe he had gotten his last stress test, and schedule another. En gelberg, who also happened to be producing *The Puppe Masters*—a troubled science-fiction project—for Disney, tol Eisner to return to L.A. at once for tests.

The next day, back in California, Eisner went directly t Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, where he registered under a assumed name. After just minutes on a treadmill, he wa rushed into emergency quadruple-bypass surgery.

A few weeks later, at a time when most heart patient would have been making tentative trips to the mall, Eis ner announced a major reorganization of Disney. The foo note to the August 24 announcement: Jeffrey Katzenber was out.

Katzenberg's departure set off a furious campaign o spin and counterspin—with Katzenberg scoring the earl points. Entertainment billionaire David Geffen led the Katzen berg camp. "Five years from now," Geffen fumed, "thi

Illustration by RISKO


RISKO

will go down as one of the dumbest decisions in the history of the entertainment business."

Eisner's heart surgery was not his first intimation of mortality. Four months earlier, his number-two, Disney president and chief operating officer Frank Wells, had been killed in a helicopter crash. Now this. There seemed to be a curse hanging over Disney. A colleague grimly joked after Eisner's surgery that Katzenberg had better drive his beloved black Mustang in the slow lane with his hand on the horn.

Good advice, but by that time Katzenberg already had the pedal to the floor.

For a year or more, Katzenberg had been restlessly pondering his next move. For a decade, he had devoted himself to running Disney's film and television operations (a decade when the division grew from a struggling $244-million-a-year proposition to a $3.7 billion juggernaut). Yes, his recent live-action movies had been unsuccessful, but live-action reportedly accounts for only 10 percent of the revenue generated by Katzenberg's TV, film, video, and cable divisions. His salvation was animation. Each Disney animated hit brought in hundreds of millions in pure profit. The studio was also minting money on related new ventures: a made-for-video sequel to *Aladdin,* a smash version of *Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway. To top it all off, *The Lion King* was on its way to making almost a billion dollars in pre-tax earnings. Katzenberg had also taken steps to gussy up the film division by acquiring the tony Miramax and Merchant Ivory production companies, as well as luring talent such as director Tim Burton and Robert Redford.

> "Jeffrey," says Eisner, "is still the best golden retriever I ever met."

If Katzenberg was flunking live-action, Eisner wasn't pulling straight A's with the rest of the action. Theme-park attendance was flat. The disaster known as Euro Disney had contributed to a 63 percent drop in Disney's overall net income in 1993, and Disney's America—an attraction planned for suburban Washington—was a public-relations fiasco, mired in political controversy. Historians vociferously opposed the project, portraying all-American Disney as a cultural and environmental despoiler. Next to all that, Katzenberg looked good, and it seemed clear to him that if he had any hope of advancing to Wells's old job the time was now. Eisner didn't see it that way.

As far as he was concerned, Katzenberg "put a gun to my head" in his quest for advancement. That strategy wouldn't work with Eisner—not that any strategy would. If Michael Eisner was going to have a second-in-command, it simply wasn't going to be Jeffrey Katzenberg. "Jeffrey wanted a job that I was not prepared to gi him," he says flatly.

As Eisner and his board would later explain, it was matter of skills. Katzenberg, they said, didn't have th business chops to take the number-two job. "Frank w engaged in highly complex and sophisticated negotiatio of all kinds—internationally, nationally, with large corp rations," says board member Irwin Russell. "He had background as a very expert lawyer. And Jeffrey didn have the background, training, or skills."

Interestingly, the Disney board had balked at giving E ner the top job in 1984 for the same reasons. The boa had reconsidered then and been amply rewarded. But th time, Eisner was making the call.

The issue, however, was this: Jeffrey Katzenberg mai tains that Michael Eisner had promised him Frank Wells job in the event of Wells's departure. And Eisner himse admits: Maybe he did.

One late-summer afternoon in 1993, Jeffrey Katze berg was hiking down the Grand Canyon with an all-ma posse of Hollywood executives and agents that he inv ed on his annual camping trips. "Last week, I blew Michael mind," he confided to a top executive from another st dio. He explained that he had sent Eisner a letter exerci ing his option to terminate his contract in a year, at th end of September 1994. At the time, he was completin the third year of a six-year contract. But the deal gave eac party, himself and the Disney Compan the right to opt out the contract after fou years. Katzenberg wa now exercising that op tion. If he followe through, he would los more than $100 millio worth of cash and stock "He could not believe would do it," Katzenber told his friend.

Eisner acknowledges that h was absolutely astonished b Katzenberg's decision. "I sai to Jeffrey, 'You really want t give up that?' I said to Fran Wells, 'There is no chance h will do this.'" Eisner was so as tounded that months later he would sometimes interrup a conversation to tell Katzenberg, "I can't believe yo said no."

No doubt Katzenberg—chafing under Eisner's command—enjoyed tweaking the boss. His pleasure in Eisner's in credulity over his contract decision was only one example Around this time he also confided cheerfully to some stu dio staff that Eisner was irked by his involvement i Dive!, the Century City restaurant he had created in part nership with Steven Spielberg. Katzenberg had gotten th company's consent to pursue the venture. But there wer more complicated undertones: Mickey's Kitchen, Dis ney's attempt at a fast-food chain, had died quickly afte

o prototypes withered without notice. Dive!, however, a near-theme-park experience, with sonar screens, ep-sea videos, pulsating music, and flashing lights, and :re are plans for expansion into a chain.

Eisner acknowledges he thought Katzenberg showed ad judgment" when he decided to open Dive!, especial- when he became so involved in the venture. "I believe knew I felt that way," Eisner says.

One independent observer, the chief executive of an- ıer entertainment company, says ıtzenberg violated a fundamental v of corporate survival. "With peo- you care about in business," he ys, "you've got to make sure that ur self-interest is identical."

Steven Spielberg has a different inion. "I know for a fact," he d me, "that from the inception Dive!, Jeffrey was concerned about y issues Michael and Frank would ve. He made it clear that if they d any objections whatsoever he uld not have gone ahead. Not ly did they approve Jeffrey's volvement, they told him they d gotten it cleared by the board directors."

> "Eisner is a very tall little guy," says Geffen. "Jeffrey is a very short big guy."

Even before Katzenberg stunned Eisner by opting out of his contract, the two men were discussing Katzenberg's future. The pivotal talk came in August 1993 as they walked the streets of Aspen during an annual Disney retreat. Only the two of them know precisely what was said, but this much is clear: Katzenberg said he wanted a bigger job. And he came away lieving that Eisner had promised him Frank Wells's po- ion if it ever became available.

At the time, of course, that was a remote possibility. ells, in fact, was negotiating to renew his contract for ven years. According to Eisner, Katzenberg didn't let that op him from trying to elbow Wells aside. Katzenberg, sner says, was after more than a promise that he would place Wells in the event of his departure. He says that ff Katzenberg wanted Frank Wells's job as soon as pos- ble. He was aware that Wells had deferred to Eisner, al- wing him the company's top position, when the two were rceling out the executive jobs at Disney almost 10 years rlier. Eisner says that Katzenberg hoped that history uld repeat itself. "I think he was hopeful that Frank uld step aside once again," he says. "But he backed off mediately. It was unreasonable and he realized it very ickly."

Stanley Gold, a Disney board member who was Wells's end and running partner, says Frank Wells told him of atzenberg's request. "Frank was hurt," Gold says. "He id, 'That's a lot of chutzpah from Jeffrey.'"

Katzenberg denies that he ever sought Wells's job before Wells died. "The idea that I wanted Frank Wells's job is complete nonsense," he says. "He was singularly the most supportive, encouraging, and generous champion that I had during my years at Disney. In fact, I'm absolutely certain that if Frank Wells were alive today I would still be at the company."

Eisner and Katzenberg may dispute whether Katzenberg actually asked for Wells's job that day in Aspen, but apparently Katzenberg had reason to believe that Eisner promised that eventually the job would be his. "He says I said to him, 'If Frank wasn't there, it would be a different story.' In other words, that I gave him the body language to believe that," Eisner says. "I can't say whether I did and it's unfortunate if this became a misunderstanding. I wish I had made the message clearer."

Clearly, Eisner wanted Katzenberg to stay at Disney. "Even today," he says now, "I wish he were in the company. There is no better executive in Hollywood at creating movies and television programs, and I'm disappointed I couldn't have him for that as well as for support in our record business, interactive business, and other future media. My fantasy, even today, is that we'll be back together again."

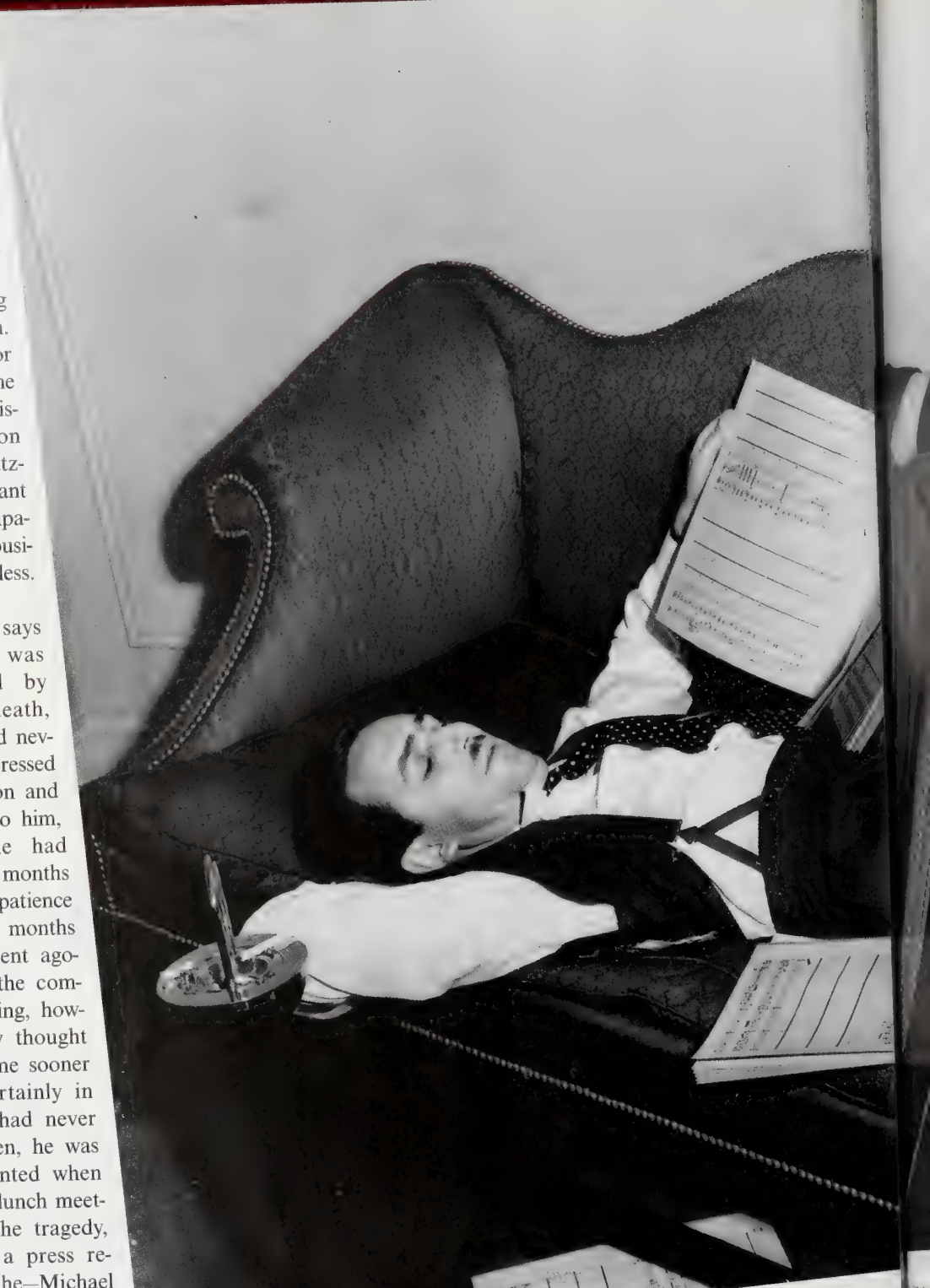
Katzenberg wanted to stay, too. Eisner, Wells, and Katzenberg considered additional responsibilities that would satisfy Katzenberg's appetite for advancement. Katzenberg pushed for expansion and acquisition. His most cherished hope was to buy a network—a notion that Eisner has apparently found more appealing since Katzenberg's departure, given the reports of Disney's joining the race for NBC.

"Michael and Frank had talked about reinventing the entire Disney enterprise for well over a year and a half," Katzenberg says. "And Michael continued to express that need to many of us over the past six months. I could not think of any single act that would have a greater impact on every facet of the Disney machine than the acquisition and synergies that would come from becoming a broadcaster. It would, in the very best way, redefine Disney into the next decade."

Eisner had long been shy of dramatic acquisitions. During the go-go years of the 80s, he was proud to say that Disney had "stuck to its knitting." Though the company explored possible purchases, he always fretted about overpaying. "Michael's really more conservative than Frank was," says board member Russell, who is also Eisner's longtime attorney. "That nobody knows. From a financial, business point of view, Frank was a very entrepre-

neurial executive, and Michael is a very reflective, conservative businessman. Michael is entrepreneurial, but when he spends a dollar, he has gauged very carefully what the value is going to be."

Meanwhile, Katzenberg was clamoring for action. "I made him responsible for the record company and the new interactive media," Eisner says. "We worked on Broadway together." Katzenberg didn't particularly want the struggling record company. He liked the theater business, but he was still restless.



Katzenberg says that he was devastated by Wells's death, that he had never fully expressed his affection and gratitude to him, though he had written him a note some months earlier acknowledging his patience and tolerance during the months that Katzenberg had spent agonizing over his role in the company. With Wells's passing, however, Katzenberg surely thought his opportunity had come sooner than expected—and certainly in circumstances that he had never imagined. Naturally, then, he was surprised and disappointed when Eisner, in the first staff lunch meeting on the day after the tragedy, handed out copies of a press release announcing that he—Michael Eisner—would assume Wells's responsibilities.

Katzenberg had all day to rage inwardly over the fact that Eisner had made this announcement without so much as a private conversation beforehand. And that evening, when the two met for their usual Monday-night dinner at Locanda Veneta, an Italian restaurant in Los Angeles, the topic still wasn't mentioned. The next morning, Katzenberg insisted on a lunch meeting with Eisner. In a private dining room, with portraits of Walt and his brother Roy bearing silent witness to the building storm, Katzenberg demanded an explanation.

Eisner was furious; he saw Katzenberg's decision to press for Wells's job as an ultimatum, a poorly timed one at that. When the two me parted, they had agreed that Katzenberg should move on

But the dance was not to end there. Later that day, th two men decided to put questions about Katzenberg's fu ture on hold until emotions over Wells's death had sub sided. After that, Katzenberg went back to business as usua "What impressed me is he was acting as though he ha a full new contract," Eisner says. Eisner's compliment i handsome, but it omits a key point: during the month that followed, Eisner and his allies on the board were d ing a slow burn as they observed what they believed t be a Katzenberg-orchestrated media campaign. As the saw it, Katzenberg was lobbying publicly for Fran

> Roy for 20 years was treated like crap by the family. They thought he was the idiot nephew.



ANIMATED FIGURE

Walt Disney, father of the company that now bears his name, studying scores for an upcoming feature in Philadelphia in 1939.

Wells's job—and with none too much
scretion or subtlety. "I said a couple of times, 'You're
ing a massive lobbying job for a constituency that has
ly one vote,'" Eisner says.

After Katzenberg's departure, a board member said that
, in his excessive ambition, had gone increasingly out of
ntrol. "I thought Jeffrey was an extremely talented, hard-
rking, efficient executive for most of the 10 years he was
ere," says Stanley Gold. "But there came a point in time
here Jeffrey's ego and his almost pathological need to be
portant overtook his good judgment."

"The word 'pathological' has often been used to de-
ribe me," Katzenberg concedes. "But up until now it
as always about my insane dedication to my work and
Disney."

I have been told by those who have worked with Michael Eisner that the press has never understood what a tough customer he really is. Disney was known for its tightfisted control over filmmakers, but somehow the rap had always seemed to stick more to Katzenberg.

A former Paramount executive who worked for Eisner when he was president of that studio from 1976 to 1984 says Eisner was more than a match for his boss at the time, the notoriously demanding Barry Diller. "He makes Barry Diller look like a goddamned cream pie," that former employee says.

The Diller era at Paramount is legend by now. Diller and Eisner were a potent combination, cranking out hits such as *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. But another former Paramount executive says Eisner always maintained his independence. When Diller once instructed his executives not to talk to a reporter for a magazine story, that executive remembers, Eisner told this associate that he intended to disregard the order.

"He said, 'Fuck Barry Diller,'" that ex-employee says. "He always let Barry know, 'You don't own me.' . . . He talked to the press and you know what Barry did? Nothing. Michael Eisner played poker with Barry Diller and won." (Barry Diller maintains he never told Eisner not

to talk to the press. Michael Eisner doesn't recall the incident.)

Eisner's confidence may have its origins in his background of wealth and education. Eisner had a sense of equality—if not superiority—to Diller that Katzenberg, a college dropout, would not exhibit when he and Eisner formed a relationship at Disney that echoed the old Diller-Eisner configuration at Paramount.

"Michael and Barry are in some ways synonymous with Jeffrey and Michael, except Michael had [more] education and talent," says one longtime associate coolly. "And Michael knew that he could sit there and recite 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' and Barry wouldn't know what he was talking about."

Those who knew Eisner at Paramount remember him as an impressive, complicated man who could exude extraordinary warmth while behaving with glacial coldness, a man of huge intelligence and tremendous commercial instincts who sometimes seemed absent to the point of eccentricity. "He is this big, cheerful bozo, but I swear on the Stanford-Binet scale he's a 150," says one colleague.

Diller says Eisner's mind has the exciting unpredictability of a pinball machine. "It hits lights all around the box," he says. "It's fun. It's genuinely lively."

Hollywood veterans say Eisner is a man with few close friends. (One longtime associate avers, "Michael used to tell me all the time, 'Never have a friend in this town.'") His inner circle includes producer Lawrence Gordon, now overseeing Kevin Costner's upcoming film, *Waterworld*. But even Gordon, who declined to be interviewed for this article, used to tell other friends that Eisner could be "mean as a snake." Gordon had his own war stories to prove it. Best known was the fight the two had after Eisner and Gordon tangled at Paramount when the latter was producing *48 Hrs.*, the film that would make Eddie Murphy a star. "Michael chopped him on budgets—he ground him," says another source who worked at the studio. "It was endless. I'd say, 'What are you doing? He's your friend!' And he'd say, 'This is how business is done.'"

The conflict deepened when the two men got into a complicated feud over a couple of films that Gordon arranged to produce elsewhere. Eisner, who declines to discuss this episode, reportedly felt that Paramount had a claim on the projects. (As so often happens in such disputes, both of the movies in question—*Brewster's Millions* and *Streets of Fire*—were failures.) "Michael threw him out and locked him out," says a former employee. "They didn't speak for years. Their wives were in business with each other. Their kids played on the same baseball team." These days, however, Gordon and Eisner are friends again.

Another story shows Michael Eisner's toughness even more clearly. It begins during the closing days of the Barry Diller era at Paramount, after the famously difficult Martin Davis took the helm of Gulf & Western, Paramount's parent company. When Diller unexpectedly quit to run Fox, Eisner was summoned to New York to meet with Davis. In theory, he was to learn whether he would get Diller's old job running the studio. Diller *(Continued on page 205)*

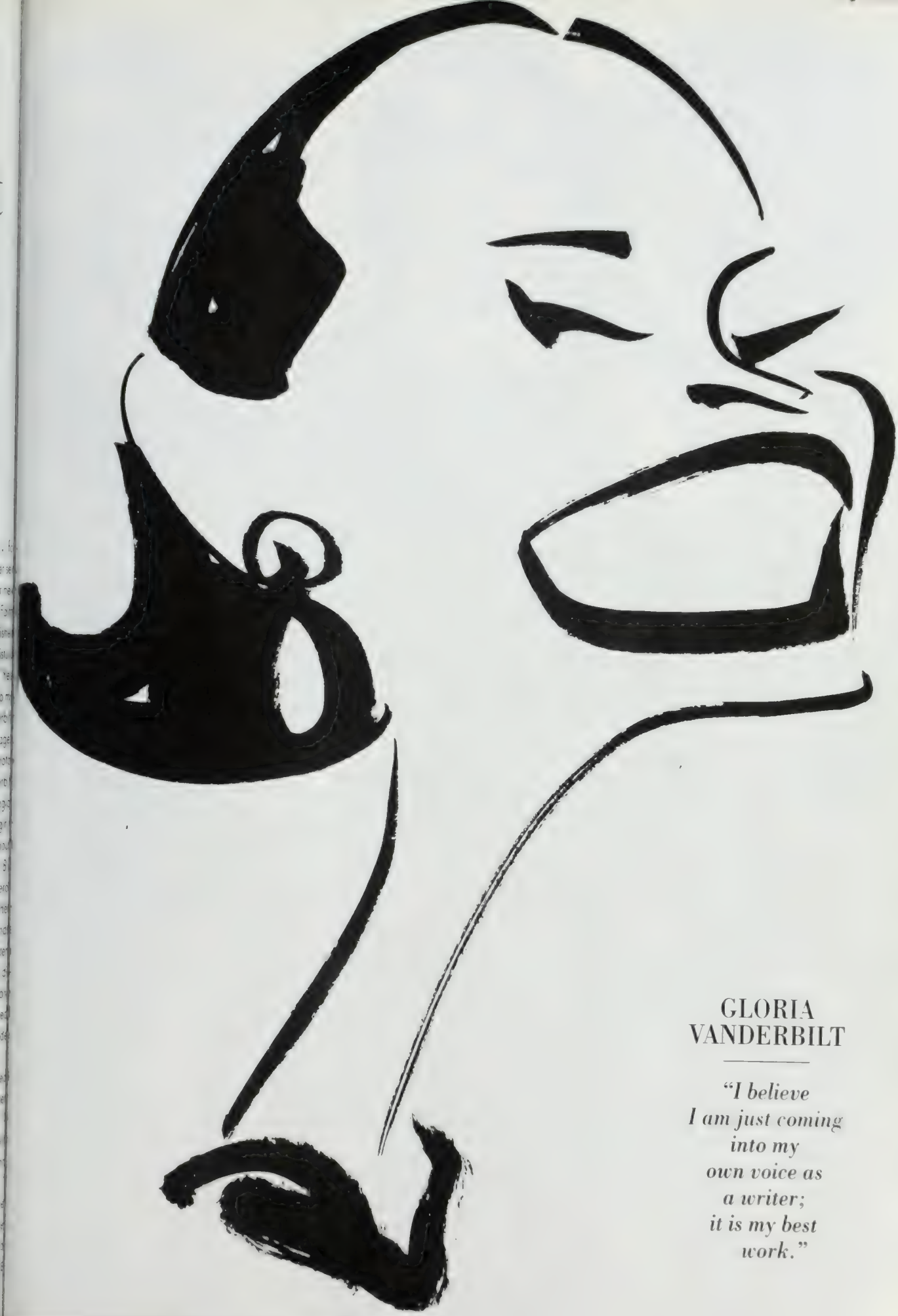
Glorious Vanderbilt

Make way for Gloria Vanderbilt. Strew rose petals in her path. After several years of deep immersion, she has finished her new novel and fourth book, *The Memory Book of Starr Faithfull,* a haunting, deeply erotic love story to be published by Knopf this fall. Will it cause controversy? Will it disturb and shock? Is this the literary apotheosis of G.V.? Yes, yes, and again yes. "I believe I am just coming into my own voice as a writer; it is my best work," says Vanderbilt, whose passion and sensitivity inform each startling page.

For 55 years, since she first saw Starr Faithfull's photograph in a magazine and tore it out to save, Vanderbilt has been fascinated, even obsessed, by the tragic twisted life of this incredibly beautiful, star-crossed girl/woman (who is said to have been the model for girl-about-town Gloria Wandrous in John O'Hara's *Butterfield 8*). Vanderbilt begins Starr's story in 1917, when her heroine is 11—and embarking on an illicit love affair with her much older married cousin, Andrew J. Peters—and ends it with her mysterious death in 1931, when her beaten body washed up on a New York beach. Later, Starr's diary, her "memory book," was discovered. Ostensibly begun when she was a little girl, it was said to be filled with revelations so intimate and erotic it was never made public, and it is now lost to the ages.

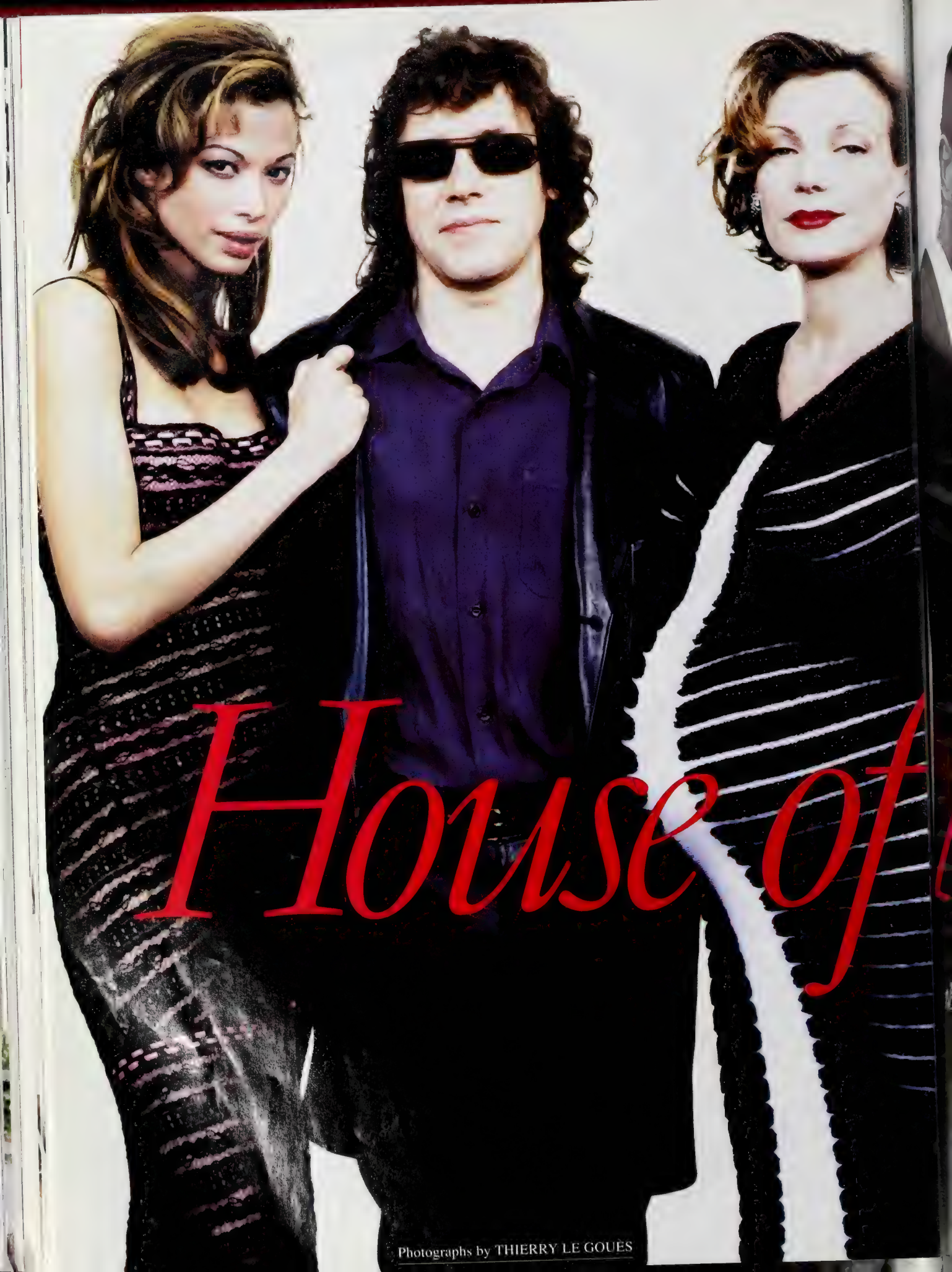
Drawing on this true story, Vanderbilt has created her own touching version of Starr's diary, her alter ego, her best friend, the repository of her innermost secrets. "I projected myself into Starr Faithfull's head," Vanderbilt explains. "All those years she captured my imagination in a way I couldn't deny. She demanded to be heard. Heard she is. And there's more, much more, along the way, including Vanderbilt's unparalleled take on the *Zeitgeist* of the wild and woolly 20s, Starr's era. It is a remarkable achievement. —AILEEN MEHLE

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER



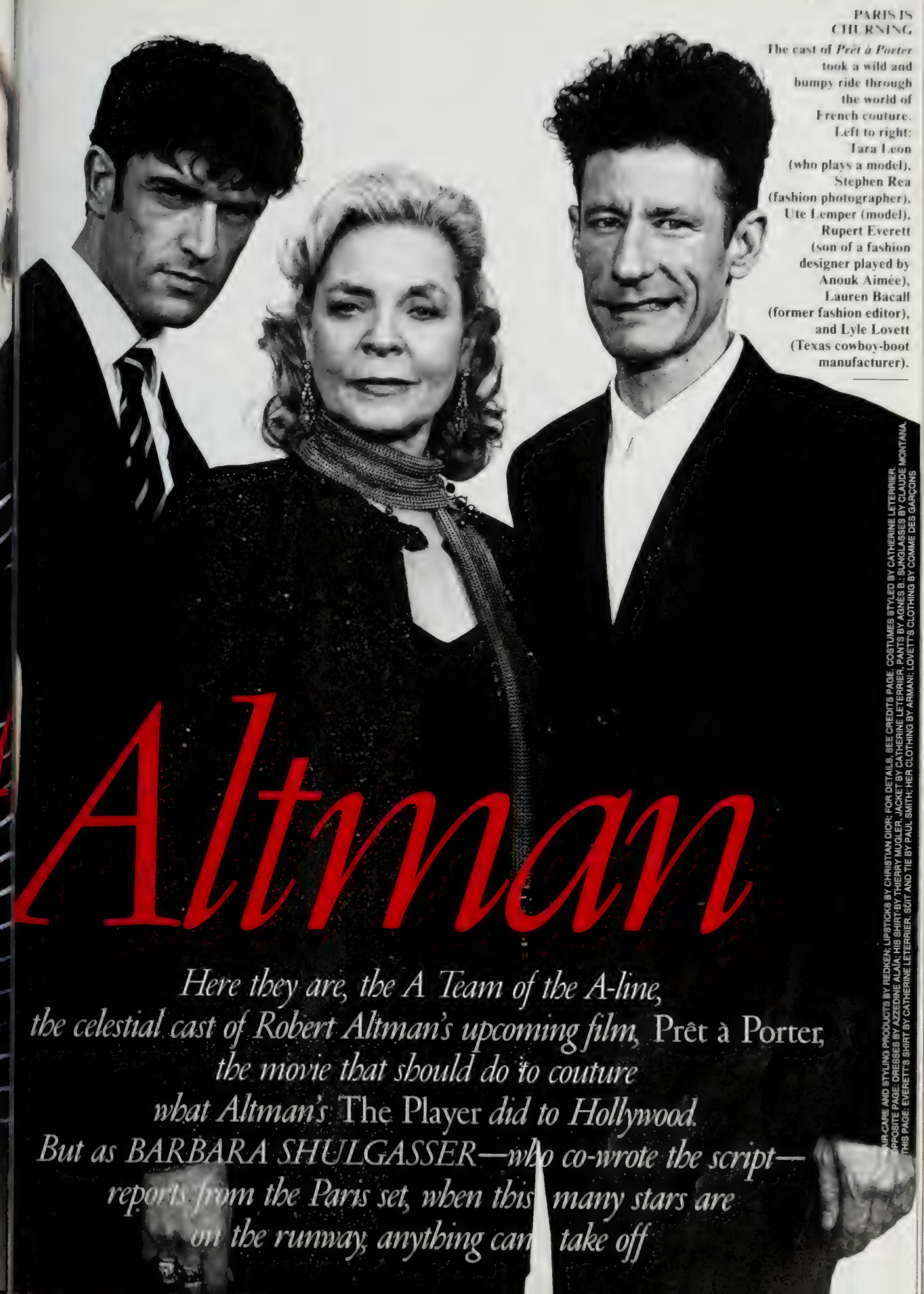
GLORIA
VANDERBILT

"I believe
I am just coming
into my
own voice as
a writer;
it is my best
work."



House of

Photographs by THIERRY LE GOUES



PARIS IS CHURNING
The cast of *Prêt à Porter* took a wild and bumpy ride through the world of French couture. Left to right: Tara Leon (who plays a model), Stephen Rea (fashion photographer), Ute Lemper (model), Rupert Everett (son of a fashion designer played by Anouk Aimée), Lauren Bacall (former fashion editor), and Lyle Lovett (Texas cowboy-boot manufacturer).

HAIR-CARE AND STYLING PRODUCTS BY REDKEN; LIPSTICKS BY CHRISTIAN DIOR; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE. COSTUMES STYLED BY CATHERINE LETERRIER.
OPPOSITE PAGE: DRESSES BY AZZEDINE ALAÏA; HIS SHIRT BY THIERRY MUGLER. JACKET BY CATHERINE LETERRIER. PANTS BY AGNÈS B.; SUNGLASSES BY CLAUDE MONTANA.
THIS PAGE: EVERETT'S SHIRT BY CATHERINE LETERRIER. SUIT AND TIE BY PAUL SMITH; HER CLOTHING BY ARMANI; LOVETT'S CLOTHING BY COMME DES GARÇONS

Altman

Here they are, the A Team of the A-line, the celestial cast of Robert Altman's upcoming film, Prêt à Porter, *the movie that should do to couture what Altman's* The Player *did to Hollywood. But as* BARBARA SHULGASSER *—who co-wrote the script— reports from the Paris set, when this many stars are on the runway, anything can take off*

In May of 1993, I received a telephone call. "Bobbie? It's Bobby Altman. We're making *Prêt à Porter.* Congratulations. Miramax loved your script." There was a touch of disdain in his voice. "Just shows you how much they know about scripts. I don't mean to insult you, but they don't have much taste."

I could hear him sniff—a characteristic mannerism that comes of clamping his mouth down to suppress unwanted smiles.

"Have you read the script?" I asked hopefully.

"No, I haven't," he said. "We're going to have to rewrite."

"You haven't read it. How do you know it needs to be rewritten?"

He paused meaningfully. "Because I want to make *my* movie."

Ten months later, he made his movie, *Prêt à Porter,* a lush, densely populated, logistically chaotic essay on art, love, jealousy, beauty, nudity, greed, and the need to watch where you step when walking in Paris. *Prêt à Porter* ("ready-to-wear" *en français*) is set against the Paris fashion scene and extravagantly cast to include Sophia Loren, Kim Basinger, Anouk Aimée, Marcello Mastroianni, Julia Roberts, Stephen Rea, Tim Robbins, Tracey Ullman, Danny Aiello, Rupert Everett, Richard E. Grant, Linda Hunt, Sally Kellerman, Lauren Bacall, Ute Lemper, and Lili Taylor, with appearances by designers Sonia Rykiel, Jean Paul Gaultier, Thierry Mugler, Christian Lacroix, Vivienne Westwood, and many other fashion types.



SLAVES TO FASHION
A reclining Rossy de Palma (seamstress); behind her, left to right, Sam Robards, Kasia Figura, and François Cluzet (all fashion editors' assistants).

Altman had conceived of making the film in the 1980s. Fed up with the Hollywood scene, he was then working in New York. When he visited Paris to promote *Streamers,* he attended a Sonia Rykiel show and loved its spectacle and drama. Immediately he imagined some characters and situations, and commissioned several writers to turn these sketchy elements into treatments, scenarios, and scripts. But he wasn't happy with any of them. Pages and pages sat in his office in a big blue file folder.

We met in 1990, when Altman came to Mill Valley, California, to promote his van Gogh biography, *Vincent and Theo.* I interviewed him for the *San Francisco Examiner,* where I am a film critic. He liked the piece and we began to talk about collaborating. When he said to me, "How would you like to write my Paris fashion movie?" I thought, Is this what directors say to people when the conversation flags? I pretended that it wasn't the best offer I'd ever heard, and casually said, "Sure." He didn't mention it again for another six months.

Soon after, he signed on to make *The Player,* the film that in 1992 thrust him back into prominence. Suddenly financing a new movie looked possible, and Altman told me I should start thinking about his fashion script. "You have to work on spec. I can't pay you now," he told me. "But if *The Player* takes off, I think there'll be some money for this soon."

We flew to Paris to see the March 1992 ready-to-wear shows. We worked on the plane, discarding the main plot and devising a substitute. After 10 days in Paris, I returned home to San Francisco to execute the changes. Altman called me every day. The question was always the same.

"Are you finished yet?"

In May the answer was yes, and I sent the script along. Then I began to call him. The question was always the same.

"Have you read it yet?"

The answer was always the same: "No."

Altman had lost interest in the project. But by that time he had entered into a development deal with Miramax, which would soon be purchased by the wealthy Walt Disney Company and was moving from distribution, in which it has made its name with such films as *The Crying Game,* into production, an uncertain and in many ways unrelated area. Putting its name on an Altman picture would be an auspicious start.

Contractually Altman owed Miramax a script. So, without reading it, he sent them what I'd written. He seemed sure that that would be the end of it. He forgot to account for Miramax's bad taste.

For months after

When De Niro wanted to return to Prêt à Porter
Altman said no, he was committed to Whitaker.



**IAN'S
HION STATEMENT**
**o right,
rd E. Grant,
k Aimée,
orest Whitaker
all play top
ners).**

Mastroianni and Loren often huddled together. After all these years they still seemed to amuse each oth





THE ALTMAN COLLECTION

Above, Sophia Loren (widow of the head of France's fashion syndicate) and Marcello Mastroianni (an old love of hers). *Opposite, clockwise from far left,* Lili Taylor, Tracey Ullman, Sally Kellerman, and Linda Hunt (all playing fashion journalists).

Anne Archer's "people" called. So did Sigourney Weave

ward, our telephone conversations began the same way.

Altman: "The project is on."

Me: "Yes, you already told me it's on."

Altman, sniffing: "But it's been off and on six times since the last time we spoke."

The reports of off-ness or on-ness did little to dissuade me from my conviction that the film would never be made. Thousands of screenwriters bang their heads against Los Angeles walls every day, pitching enough high-concept to tear their rotator cuffs, lamenting their nether lives in turnaround hell. How could I be so lucky?

I arrived in Paris to begin rewriting in October of 1993. Altman celebrated the occasion by reading the script—a year and a half after I'd sent it to him. I found him in a good mood.

"The real problem is that we've got this cast of heavy hitters and they all want something to do," he said. "We have to come up with something for each of them. I feel great. I read the script and while I was reading I wasn't in a panic. We're farther along than I thought. Better shape than when I started shooting *The Player.*"

I remember saying to myself, These are all compliments, I think. I was eager to get down to writing.

Altman was eager to avoid it. "Picking the lint off my suit" is what he called his ingenious methods of procrastination. The evasions ranged from taking unimportant telephone calls to playing solitaire; he stayed busy. You could just see him thinking, At least I'm not working.

Not until the actors who had signed on without seeing a word of script began asking to see pages, not until the producers and schedulers and budget-makers were begging for something on paper according to which they could concoct their predictive numbers, did Altman nervously park for hours at a time in a room with me and a PowerBook. He sat at the keyboard—miserable and scared, moaning and sighing—and typed, suffering through every minute of the rewrite.

One of our biggest problems rewriting was trying to keep up with the frequent requests of actors begging to be in the film. In October, Lena Olin stopped in to meet Altman. Anne Archer's "people" called, making inquiries. So did Sigourney Weaver's. Anjelica Huston had been in touch [illegible] months.

Robert De Niro mounted an impressive campaign. Altman was reluctant to consider him because most of the casting had been finished by then; there really wasn't an uncast role large enough to make use of De Niro's talent. Misinformed that we were fictionalizing living characters (others in the fashion industry were equally mistaken, assuming that Anouk Aimée was playing Sonia Rykiel, Danny Aiello was playing Bloomingdale's buyer Kal Ruttenstein, and Lauren Bacall was playing Diana Vreeland), De Niro had originally expressed interest in playing Karl Lagerfeld. Actually, Altman had as a courtesy asked Lagerfeld to pl himself, but the designer reportedly didn't like the idea being in a movie of which he wasn't in some sense the rector.

Altman found himself seduced by De Niro's unflaggi pursuit and also, I think, devilishly delighted by the id of giving yet another superstar a secondary role in one his cameothons. With De Niro on board, we rewrote t part of a gay designer originally called Arthur Rader a conceived to be played by someone like Bob Hoskins Ed Asner.

Arthur Rader was renamed something more Italian—C Bianco—and reinvented to suit the actor. At the last m ment, Martin Scorsese announced that his film *Casino* which De Niro was already committed, was ready shoot at the same time as *Prêt à Porter.* De Niro dropp out. Altman immediately turned to a man few peop would envision as De Niro's natural alternative, Fore Whitaker. When Scorsese's film was delayed, De Ni wanted to return to *Prêt.* Altman said no, he was co mitted to Whitaker.

Altman on the set was a joy to watc He usually stuck to the situations mappe out in the script, but something abo seeing the dressed set and the costume actors triggered the release of h creative chemicals. New dialogue erup ed out of him. He was like a deliriou patient, a speaker in tongues. Here were his chara ters and suddenly he knew what they would say. C not say.

In a large Paris apartment in the chic Fifth Arro dissement, Altman was rehearsing a scene in whic Sophia Loren, playing a wife who has been unhappi married for almost 40 years (and will soon be widowed is about to shut her bedroom doors angrily in her hu band's face. Jean-Pierre Cassel had the role of her hu band, a fashion bureaucrat involved in a long-standing open affair with the designer played by Aimée. Loren character's irritation with her husband was compounde by the discovery that her little Maltese had defecated i the hallway.

Loren is tall and remarkably solid. She doesn't smok She is said to exercise for 40 minutes every day. She ha worked hard to cultivate and nurture what nature gav her, but, *mamma mia,* she has fabulous genes. She wa 59 at the time of the shoot, yet she still gleamed wit fruity youthfulness. And though she wore a lot of make up, it couldn't obscure the delicate, bold shape of he skull, or her magnificently too large nose, or her absurd ly wide mouth that is Calling All Men at the sam time as it is laughing at them. But never mind he face: she wears strapless dresses! Apart from the gravity defying engineering that boosts her bosom to impres

njelica Huston had been in touch for months.

e heights who can say whether naturally or technily supported you notice that the skin of her shoulrs gives off a sheen, like the dewy iridescence of a butante.

On the first take, Loren exuberantly slammed the dou· doors, muttering deprecations in Italian.

"Cut. Very good," Altman said. "Try it without saying ything this time."

Loren made a face of protest. "I'm *Italian,*" she said.

Altman: "You have to say something?"

Loren: "*I* would."

Altman: "This has been going on for 40 years. You still ve to say something?"

Loren: "I could say *more*."

Altman, laughing: "No, no, no. Whatever you want, ıatever you think."

Before the next scene could be shot, the discussion rned to the crucial placement of the excrement. David ɔnan, a set dresser, was in charge of dog droppings.

"Are we ready for the shit, Bob?" he asked. Given the -ahead, he pointed a pastry decorator at the floor and refully squeezed out two little curls of special mixture.

Pierre Mignot, one of the two directors of photography the film, removed his glasses and squinted through his ıs. "It's too dark, Boh-buh," said Mignot, a Frenchnadian, aspirating the nonexistent vowel at the end of tman's name.

Three propmen appeared, fastidiously scooped up the mple, and cleaned the soiled spot with paper towels. Ron rushed to a corner, where he performed his alchemy, rning canned dog food into waste without the benefit of intervening canine digestive system.

Altman stalked the set with his arms held out in front his rib cage, his thin hands hanging from his wrists as he'd just rubbed his palms together in delight.

Ronan returned and, kneeling at the targeted spot, exıded another small brown sculpture onto the parquet ɔor.

Mignot peered through his lens again.

Altman looked to Mignot. "How's the color?"

"Now it's the same color as the floor, Boh-buh."

The experts conferred.

Loren examined the leavings. "*Un peu de légumes? Quelque ose verte?*" (A few vegetables? Something green?)

Cassel: "A touch of yellow?"

As ever, Altman was half participant, half observer. "All ese adult artists standing around discussing the color of *erde,*" he said, then loudly sniffed, fighting back an inɔient smile. Everyone around him laughed.

The three set dressers reappeared to clean the floor ain. Another faux stool was gently squeezed into place.

Altman: "Yes, good. Pierre?"

Mignot: "Good, Boh-buh."

Altman: "Everyone feel good?"

Cassel: "I feel soooo good."

Directing *Prêt* was an exercise in paring. "You have to overwrite in the beginning," Altman had told me. "When I shoot I may only use two lines, but the actors will need a whole page and a half of dialogue to get themselves in a position to be able to edit out what they don't need. Most of what ends up in the picture you can't anticipate."

Entire scenes would be dropped. New ones would be invented on the spot. One scene was hastily thrown together when the designer Thierry Mugler agreed to dress several models in mirrored bikinis and leather miniskirts in our backstage Louvre space during the real prêt-à-porter shows.

Difficulties arose every day. At one point, unable to create a properly sinister situation to exploit Milo O'Brannagan, Stephen Rea's character, we made a copy of the script in another file and asked the computer to remove every reference to O'Brannagan. The script seemed to work fine without him.

"If we can't make this character really terrific, there's no point asking Stephen to play him," Altman said. He rose to pace. He wasn't happy.

"I always get myself into a bind. I cast it, and I have to write something for all the actors. I hate that I got into this fucking business. I wish I could just be sitting around watching football, not a care in the world. I'm panicked. Why did I get myself into this mess?"

"If you weren't in this mess, you'd just be in another one," I said.

"You mean mess is my natural state?"

The question was rhetorical.

The prêt-à-porter collections are shown every October and March. Until last March, most of the shows were staged in large tents pitched in the courtyard of the Louvre. We filmed the first shows to be produced in the *salles* of the Louvre's new underground gallery. On the first day of shooting, the actors were understandably nervous. Never having played their characters before, they were asked to sit in the audiences of the actual fashion shows, behaving as if they were journalists, buyers, and fashion people, without the benefit of lines, lighting, or any real direction. They wore body microphones and were told to improvise, to chat with one another and real people in the audience. They dared to do all this without knowing when or if one of the two cameras might be trained on them.

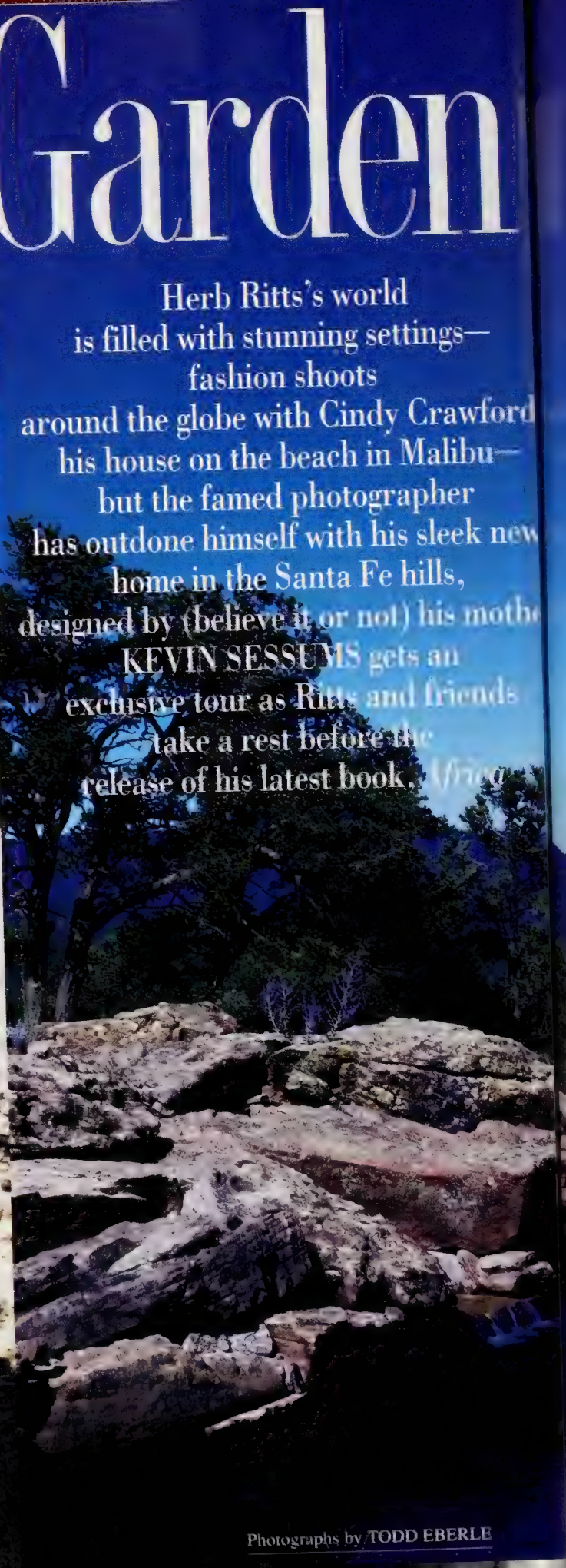
We had 10 weeks of shooting ahead of us, five to six days a week, 12 to 14 hours a day. Standing before the cast for a pep talk, Altman looked drawn and tired. His beard looked tired. A few years ago, back before Ethan Hawke and other twentysomethings started *Continued on page 200*

Herb's Garden

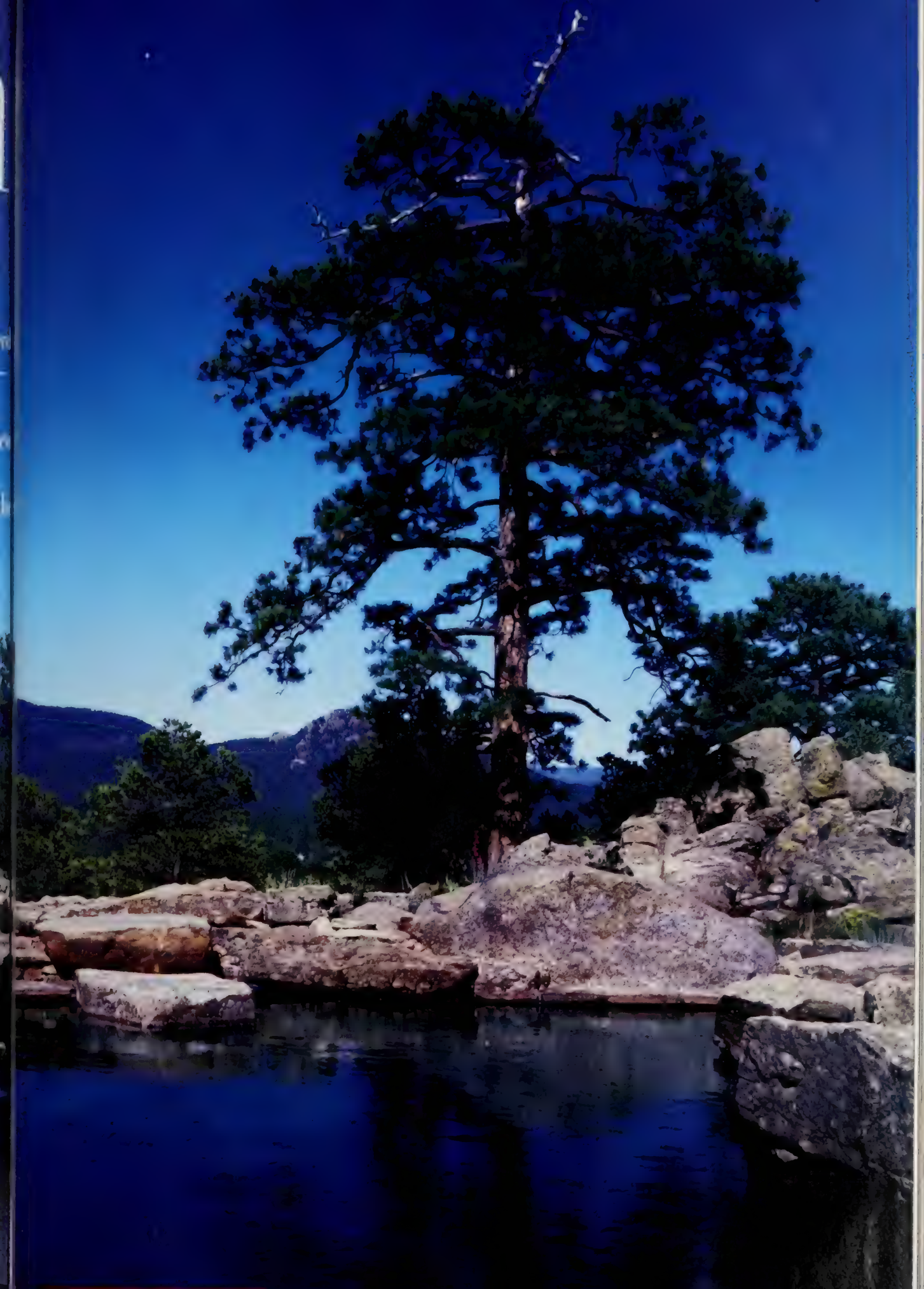
Herb Ritts's world
is filled with stunning settings—
fashion shoots
around the globe with Cindy Crawford
his house on the beach in Malibu—
but the famed photographer
has outdone himself with his sleek new
home in the Santa Fe hills,
designed by (believe it or not) his mothe
KEVIN SESSUMS gets an
exclusive tour as Ritts and friends
take a rest before the
release of his latest book, *Africa*



BACK TO NATURE: Herb Ritts out for a ride on Rica, his registered paint mare. *Right*, the black-bottomed pool, set within boulders carefully chosen for their color and texture, reflects the ever changing Santa Fe sky.



Photographs by TODD EBERLE



"Hello, I'm Kirsten, Herb Ritts's housekeeper," the woman tells me as I shake her outstretched hand welcoming me to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Her face is the kind you'd expect to belong to the housekeeper of a man who has made his millions by photographing the great female faces of the world, its terrain weathered, like the New Mexican landscape, into a quiet beauty. Beauty is indeed Santa Fe's biggest industry. Art, jewelry, antiques, and music—along with the rare air of its grand vistas—have always made this the part of the American West which belongs to that most special of pioneer spirits, not the cowboy but the aesthete. Ritts feels right at home riding his horses here.

"Herb is arriving tonight from Los Angeles, but you've come to meet his mother," Kirsten confirms for me. "You can't miss her—she's the one wearing the yellow cowboy boots."

In the lobby of the Eldorado Hotel, Shirley Ritts breezes up to me with the same pulled-together élan that helped her breeze right past retirement age. For years an interior designer, she has been coaxed back into service by her son. As she approaches, I can see that there is nothing weathered about *this* face; it is sleek with age. She is wearing, along with the yellow boots—black tights, a black jacket, and a pair of big black Chanel sunglasses, on which the jeweled double *C* of the company's logo is as prominently displayed as a rancher's brand on the butt of a steer. She doesn't slow down until we are both seated in Kirsten's Saab on our way up to her son's newest property, on which she is putting her finishing touches after almost three years of work. "They don't build fast here," she tells me. "But they have *wonderful* excuses."

"They're very artistic," Kirsten says, defending her fellow Santa Feans.

"I don't want them to be artistic," says Shirley. "I just want them to follow orders." She turns to me in the backseat. "To do what I do takes being a general."

"So where are we headed?" I ask.

"To the top of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains," Kirsten says. "Sangre de Cristo, the Blood of Christ."

"I'm not too crazy about that name," says Shirley.

"The house is on a dirt road?" I ask as we head straight up a mountain peak.

"That's great prestige around here," claims Kirsten. "It makes the property more valuable."

"Look at those views," General Shirley commands. "Aren't they *mind-blowing?* What's so great about this house is to see Herb's progression from the other two homes he lives in—the one above Sunset Boulevard and the one on the beach at Malibu. There's been such growth."

"Herb is so, so, so open and giving," his good friend k. d. lang tells me later. "The house reflects that. It's masculine and gentle at the same time, an organic masculinity. It's an organic house—the teak walls, the oak, the mahogany. Everything has been chosen—not in a regimental or anal way—for the distinct purpose of the enhancement of an emotional state. It's so peaceful there."

One enters the property through simple 17th-century iron gates, beyond which is a bronze sculpture of two naked wrestlers, also thought to be from the 17th century; both were discoveries that Shirley and her son made on a shopping expedition in France. They share a love of antique French furniture and artifacts, and together they have placed many of their finds about the house's six stunningly understated rooms. "We've done 18th- and 19th-century pieces and combined them with Art Deco and the 1930s," Shirley tells me as we enter the cedar house through an ornate door discovered in India. "See those?" she asks, pointing to two low leather-laced wooden chairs in the living room. "Herb found those years ago for $30 or $40 on the roadside in Mexico. They've been sitting in his garage waiting for a home. They found one." An expanse of window affords such formidable views that a framed portrait was called for to anchor the room, and Ritts, with the acquiescence of his mother, has hung a large picture by Albuquerque photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, a depiction, daringly dignified, of a Chihuahua posed next to its master-mistress, a nude prop transsexual.

"This house has nothing to do with adobe," says Shirley when I observe that the only thing remotely southwestern about the place is the view one gets from every room. Built by a family who had a daughter who suffered from severe allergies, the house originally had no fireplaces. "Can you imagine?" asks Shirley. "In the winter in Santa Fe—not to have a fireplace?" The three-bedroom house was then bought as a vacation home by a Chinese doctor and her husband. When the doctor's husband fell ill three and a half years ago, she put the property on the market, and both Rittses immediately saw its potential.

"This was more than a remodel," Shirley says. "I gutted it, 'gave it a dining room and two fireplaces, expanded the kitchen, cantilevered out in several directions, raised the ceilings to 11 feet. . . . If you really take a look at this house, it has the feel of the Japanese. Not Chinese. Chinese is la-di-da-di-da-di-da. You know, goofy goofy. Japanese is *clean.* Because of the mountains and the vistas, I wanted to get the feeling of soaring," she says, having also served as the architectural consultant, overseeing the local builders with a combination of feistiness and femininity. "The Japanese have that spiritual quality of being at one with the elements. This house feels as if it comes right up to the earth and *joins* it."

Nothing proves her point more than the pool. Going down a cliff once difficult to traverse, one is now able to promenade safely along a pathway designed by local stonework-er John Simmons and arrive at what appears to be a natural phenomenon. Set within boulders carefully chosen

"It's such a special place," says Ritts.
"If I had to pitch a tent, I'd still love it."



RSING AROUND
and a Santa Fe pal,
Tab Hunter,
a laugh with Kid,
celebrated Thoroughbred
named after
friend k. d. lang.

for their color and texture, the black-bottomed pool reflects the Santa Fe sky in all its permutations. Ritts was ecologically cognizant of his surroundings, insisting no dynamite be used, and more than 100 drill bits were needed to excavate the site.

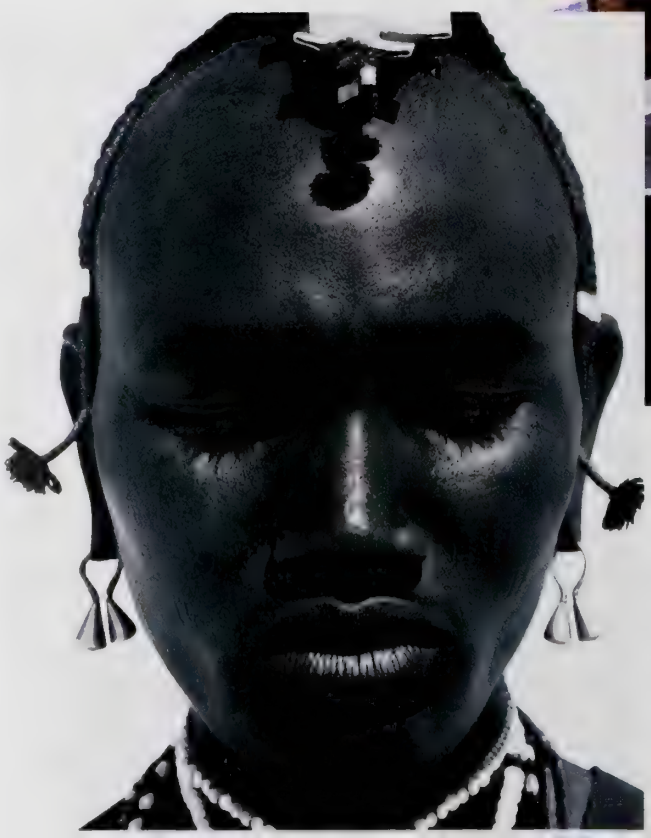
Beside the pool is a 2,000-square-foot guesthouse. Randolph Laub, a Santa Fe craftsman who does all of photographer Ritts's framing and who built the beds in the main house, supervised the construction of a mahogany bookcase that covers one whole wall. The shelves envelop a tiny 18th-century French desk and rise 11 feet to the ceiling. A gigantic fireplace has been built from stones that it took three months to gather from southwestern riverbeds. An antique Russian bed has been chosen for the bedroom, on each side of which will stand 18th-century Italian night tables. The bathroom is tiled throughout in a green riper than rained-on piñon.

"I thought this thing would be a little smaller—like a little pool shack—but it's a major house," Herb tells me as we sit by the pool the next day and safely watch the play of approaching lightning three mountaintops away. Like many buildings in the region, both his houses are studded with lightning rods. Below, Santa Fe is filled with activity. Bartók's String Quartet No. 1 is being performed at the Chamber Music Festival. At the Santa Fe Opera, an English translation of Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio* is causing debate. The Indian Market, a weekend-long shopper's paradise, is about to cause tourist gridlock. Here, however, where Ritts sits at his peak, there is only the lonely rumble of thunder to keep us company. "Has this project given your mom the opportunity to make a home for you all over again?" I ask, knowing that Ritts's early family life in Los Angeles was centered on the commerce of aesthetics. Herb Ritts Sr. was for years one of the biggest manufacturers of rattan furniture in the U.S., and after his retirement made a second fortune with a business based on furnishings fashioned from Astrolite, a Lucite-like material. Shirley, now divorced from him, is still president of the company and runs the showrooms. Herb junior worked as a salesman for the family business after graduating from





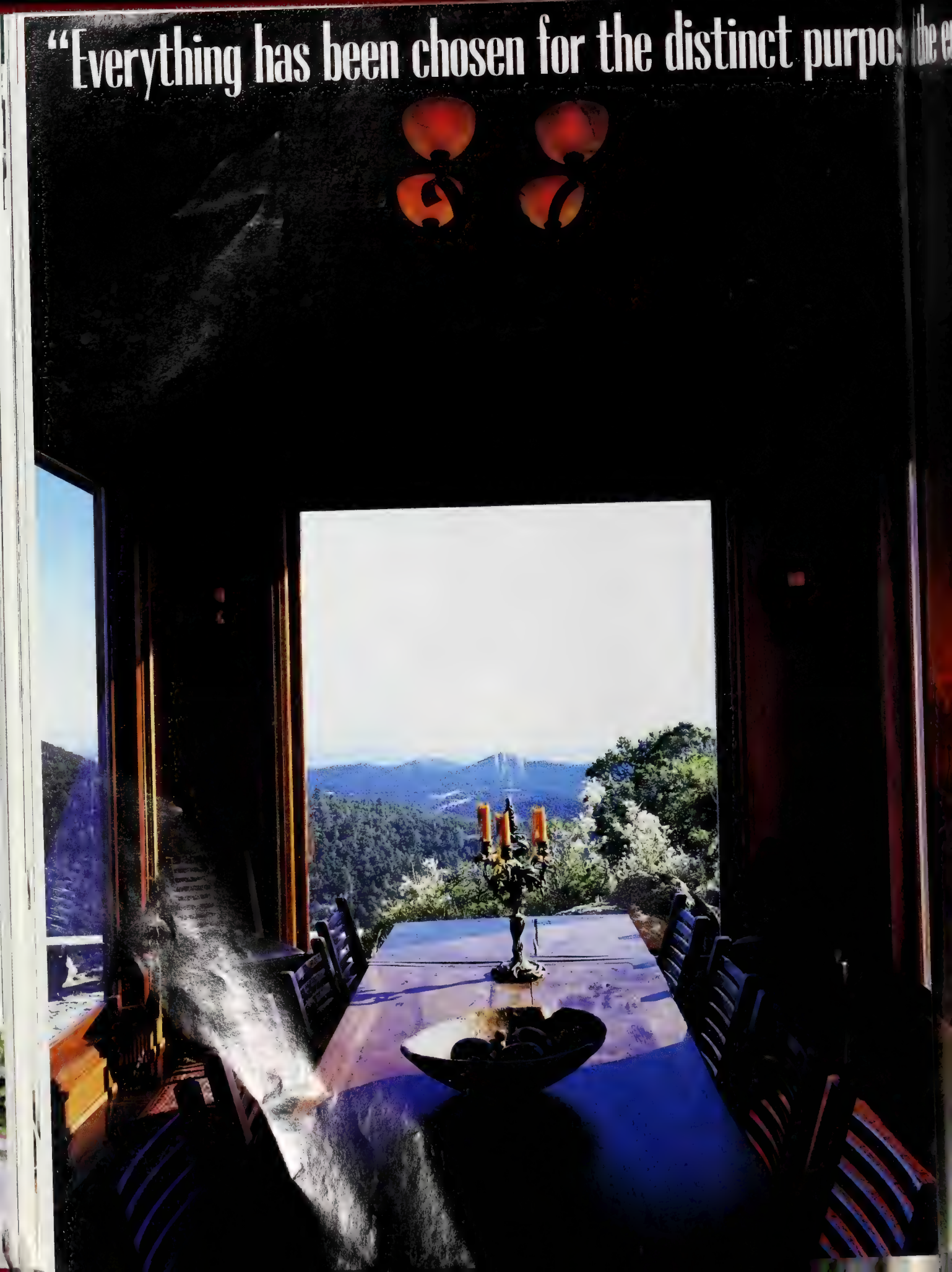
HOME ON THE RANGE
Clockwise from above: Ritts and friends cavort in the pool; a bronze statue of wrestlers near the front gates is silhouetted against the New Mexico sky; the living room combines 19th-century pieces with Art Deco objects.



Right, Ritts with his mother, Shirley—who designed and directed the construction of the house's remake by the 17th-century front gates.
Left, Darati—Profile, Africa, 1993, from Ritts's new book, *Africa.*



The guesthouse, where Ritts's friends stay, stands beside the pool. *Above,* Jack, Ritts's six-year-old Rhodesian Ridgeback, in the green-tiled master bathroom.


"Everything has been chosen for the distinct purpos

the enhancement of an emotional state."



MOUNTAIN AERIE
The master bedroom combines French leather club chairs, a slate fireplace, royal Tibetan bowls, an Art Deco sculpture, beeswax candles, and a bed designed by Shirley Ritts and Randolph Laub. *Opposite*, the dining-room table seats 14.

RITTS

Bard College. His photography began to take up more and more of his attention, however, and it was Shirley who suggested he pursue it full-time.

"I was talking to Herb about his mom and the work she's done on the house," says lang. "I told him that I'd like her to work on my things, but I could never afford her taste. He laughed and said that I should see her own house. It's shag rugs and peach walls. '*No way,*' I said. But that's what's so great about all this: Herb's got a mother who understands who he is."

"Designing this property *has* been a kind of union for my mother and me," Ritts confesses. "It's such a special place. If I had to pitch a tent, I'd still love it. It's like Hawaii—which I love—because every five minutes it's a different picture with the weather."

Also a director, Ritts has done television commercials for, among others, Calvin Klein, Lancôme, Levi's, and Acura, and worked on music videos for Chris Isaak and both Michael and Janet Jackson. This fall he plays a photojournalist in Warner Bros.' *Murder in the First.* "I don't want to bring the work here," he claims, though he has made his final changes on the new advertising for Donna Karan's men's fragrance on the mountaintop, and just the night before got down on his hands and knees on the living-room floor and edited hundreds of photographs he had shot for a Chanel fragrance campaign.

Lang is not the only celebrity buddy to enjoy the house. Cindy Crawford and Richard Gere and Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid have also visited. But it is lang, an accomplished cook, who commandeers the kitchen. She keeps a couple of her aprons there, and bought Ritts a Cuisinart so that she could have a better time concocting vegetarian dishes for him, including portobello-and-walnut ravioli last Easter. Ritts has named one of his new horses k.d. in her honor and keeps it—along with his other horse, Rica—just down the mountain at Rancho Los Amigos, the equestrian center where he often rides with his new Santa Fe pal, Tab Hunter.

Rancho Los Amigos is owned by local doyenne Allene LaPides, who is Shirley Ritts's baby sister. Ritts bought his property after LaPides, who also owns one of the premier art galleries in Santa Fe, presented a show to celebrate his set of books called *Men/Women.* (October 28 she will exhibit work fro his newest book of photography, *Afri* to be published by Bulfinch Press. (T Fahey/Klein Gallery in Los Angeles h scheduled its opening for October 2 and the Staley Wise Gallery in N York for December 9.) "It's a real m of landscapes and people and anima and even abstractions," Ritts tells m "There are some nudes also. Again, li here in Santa Fe, Africa is about t land, the light. the textures, the people

"Do you feel more like an art here?"

"Well, yes, I would say so. But I do want to associate Santa Fe with artists you know, all those carved-wood snakes he says, laughing. "The thing in my wo that always inspires me is the natural e ment. And this is one natural-element se ting that I've never explored."

So does Ritts, now the cowboy ae thete, have a favorite *objet trouvé* in th treasure trove of a home? "There is a l tle wooden piece in my bedroom, carved angel. I found it in a little shop Barcelona. I think it's from the 1600 It's just that the *face* is so interesting," says, confirming that, even nestled as is now in the vast natural vistas of Ne Mexico, it is still the view of a divine h man visage that moves him most. □

STREISAND

(Continued from page 159) I go see him with you?' She took me by the hand." In the ensuing months, Barbra would talk with her about everything, including mother-daughter relationships. "And she would only say things that supported my mother. But when I read the book"—Virginia Kelley's autobiography, published after her death—"it turned out she'd had similar problems with her own mother. She understood what I was talking about because she lived with that kind of mother."

At Kelley's funeral, Barbra was so moved by a woman who sang Baptist hymns that she says she may record an album of hymns. "Someone told me about this woman who had lost her voice once and had begged God to give it back, and said if he did she would only sing religious songs," Barbra recalls. A few years ago, Streisand had a similar experience: she really thought she was losing her voice. "Now I realize I was wrong. I just needed to use my vocal muscles more."

Two surrogate mothers who remain, besides Cis Corman, are Evelyn Ostin, whose husband, Mo, is about to retire as the longtime head of Warner Bros. Records, and Joanne Segel, whose husband, Gil, is a retired entertainment business manager. Together with Barbra, they take seriously the sort of self-exploration that gets dubbed New Age by East Coast journalists. Segel calls herself a movement and psychospiritual therapist, and is closely linked to W. Brugh Joy, a publicity-shy doctor who convenes spiritual retreats. She introduced Barbra to Joy, and says that Barbra's inner-life explorations have given her a "huge appetite for many perspectives of truth."

Some time ago, Ostin and Barbra attended a spiritual retreat together. "There were other people, but she and I shared a cabin together," Ostin recalls. "Barbra felt that I have always taken care of people, and she wanted to take care of me." For Barbra's 50th-birthday party a couple of years ago, instead of giving her presents, her friends held a treasure hunt for her inner child in Malibu. Barbra's "child" was given dolls and other toy which she now uses to play with her si year-old goddaughter, Caleigh.

Also close, but younger, is Elle Gilbert, a tawny, taller version of Jan Fonda, whose husband, Bruce, actual produced Fonda's films for 15 year Now in charge of public relations ICM, Gilbert met Barbra at a luncheo in Sun Valley a decade ago. When the hit it off, the Gilberts did the unthinkab with Barbra and her then boyfriend, ic cream heir Richard Baskin. "I said to m husband, 'I bet no one ever invites ther to dinner, because they feel intimidate about it,' so we did. She thought that wa great." In their almost daily talks, Gilber who has also gone on retreats with Ba bra, sees flashes of the wry humor tha was so much a part of Barbra's youthfu appeal—the bantering with Mike Wallac on *PM East,* the wacky turns in *What Up, Doc?* and *The Owl and the Pussycat* but that has been obscured by the war ness and perfectionism of Barbra the su perstar. "She and I were driving some where," Gilbert says when pressed for ex amples, "and the traffic was horrible. W

're getting close to the turnoff for her use, but no one would let us over. So e stuck her head out the window and irted singing 'Peoooooopppplle.'"

Then there's Donna Karan, who beme a close friend after supplying othes for Barbra's last appearance in *nity Fair*. "We have so much in comon," says Karan. "Both of us had faers who left when we were very young; had the same mothers. We're also ong women. And we share an obsesn with finding the truth: where our inr self is." But Karan hadn't always ponred these imponderables. "She really t me in touch with my spiritual self," aran says unabashedly of Barbra. "She ok me to the Maharishi Ayur-Veda ealth Center in Lancaster, Massachutts, and I learned to meditate. She took e on this boat trip to the Eolie Islands, here the whole idea was not to do anying. I've never not done *anything!*"

Karan, in turn, tries to take care of rbra in whatever ways she can. "I have very strong mothering ability; I get emendous joy when I see her happy." evitably, the two women collaborated Barbra's clothes for the concert tour. rbra, who's had a keenly personal fashn sense ever since her thrift-shop days in New York, knew basically what she wanted, Karan tried to translate her ideas. One day, she sent two skirts to L.A. for Barbra to try.

"I love it," Barbra reported.

"What?"

"When I open the top layer, there's a shorter layer underneath."

"Barbra," Karan said, "that's two skirts I wanted you to choose one."

"Well, they look good this way!"

Barbra sent the skirts back to be stitched together; the double-skirt ensemble went with her on tour; Karan has put the outfit in her line for next season.

The dinner plates have been cleared, and the most important decision of the evening is at hand: dessert. "I usually eat nonfat yogurt with a nonfat chocolate sauce and almonds or walnuts on it. You like that idea?" Barbra says. "Or I could give you nonfat chocolate cake with low-fat Cool Whip. *Or* I could give you nonfat chocolate pudding with low-fat Cool Whip."

Nonfat is what Barbra still is, despite an alleged weakness for nondietetic sweets, and she's still amazingly youthful: this is, after all, the woman who at 40 quite convincingly passed as a young woman in *Yentl*. Over the years, her looks have softened appealingly. Gone is the gawky misfit who exaggerated her elongated features with Cleopatra eyeliner, even the famous Streisand nose seems unobtrusive now. Is it possible that ... ? No—no need even to ask. It wouldn't be her style, and who knows what a nose job might do to the voice? Age has also been kind to her skin: barely a line to show for all those years of stress, thanks, she says, to an oily complexion in her youth. But she seems, in a most attractive way, tempered by time. More reflective, less self-absorbed, perhaps.

"There are advantages to growing older," she agrees. "You get off yourself more. You realize that there are things too ingrained to change."

This is not to suggest that casts and crews on her upcoming films will find Barbra more willing to compromise. Over the years, Barbra has alienated colleagues with the famous perfectionism, which, among other things, has probably cost her roles. "I get offered opportunities to direct far more than act. It's like the directors are frightened to work with me. I'll get asked to act in [a movie] *if* I'm directing. The only American directors who've ever asked me to be in their

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STREISAND

movies are Peter Bogdanovich [*What's Up, Doc?*] and Irvin Kershner [*Up the Sandbox*]. And then foreign directors. John Schlesinger asked me a long time ago to be in a movie. Bertolucci asked me once, and Ingmar Bergman. And then Percy Adlon, the German director, asked me to be in *Bagdad Cafe*. I was almost going to be in it just because he wanted me! It was so sweet, to be wanted by a director."

Perhaps they think that as a director herself now Barbra will tell others what to do. "Perhaps. And yet they ask Kevin Costner to be in their movies, don't they?"

Even as a director with money to buy any script she pleases and a successful track record, she still meets resistance. *The Prince of Tides* was turned down by every other major studio before Jon Peters, her former companion, pushed it through at Columbia, where he was then co-chairman. The film went on to win every Oscar nomination but the obvious one—for Barbra as director. Steven Spielberg, who watched a just-edited version of *Yentl* more than a decade ago and told Barbra not to change a single frame, says pointedly, "If people would stop assessing her public persona every time they assess her as a filmmaker, they would discover a talented director." Yet the image persists and feathers stay ruffled.

With her crews at least, Barbra is determined to get respect from now on. "They say I fire people and it hasn't been true. But they're going to say that about you because you're at the top of the heap, anyway, so you might as well do what you have to do. The craft takes so much out of you that it's very important for the soul, the spirit, the body to be surrounded by a loving support system. I didn't have that on *Prince of Tides.* The grips, the prop people, the gaffers were wonderfully supportive, but there was a handful of 'boys'-clubbers' who were not, and it made my job extra-difficult. I want to work with people who say, 'Yes, it can be done.' And I won't be afraid to fire people who constantly say, 'It can't.'"

Happily, the two scripts that weren't ... last fall are nearly done now. After an interlude of soul-restoring time alone, ... will act in, and likely direct, both.

One is *The Mirror Has Two Faces,* a romantic comedy by Richard LaGravenese, who wrote *The Fisher King*. The story concerns a handsome Columbia math professor who feels love is an illusion and sex a trap. So he steers his friendship with a dowdy female professor—played by Barbra—into a strictly platonic marriage. Of course, his wife starts falling in love with him and undergoes a makeover while he's out of town, in the hope of stirring his libido. "I think I'm always drawn to films about the mystery of appearances," Barbra says. "*Yentl* was certainly about that: what is male, what is female? Or in *Nuts:* what is sane, what is not sane? *The Mirror Has Two Faces* is a really charming love story. But it has serious overtones about vanity and beauty, the external versus the internal."

Last year, Barbra worked with LaGravenese on the script, had a reading, then asked for a rewrite. For months, as Barbra went on tour, LaGravenese labored. "So I read the new screenplay," Barbra says with the Brooklyn accent she occasionally lays on for backspin. "I don't like it as much as the other one!" On the return flight to L.A. for the Anaheim concerts, Barbra reread the old script. Less anxious now, with the tour almost over, she had a new reaction. "I was so hard on myself, that it wasn't good enough. I read it now, I go, 'That's pretty damn good!'" Harrison Ford's name has appeared in columns as a possible male lead; Barbra says she has a name in mind, but it isn't Ford's.

Though the *Mirror* script is nearly finished, Barbra will probably first make *The Normal Heart,* based on Larry Kramer's searing Off Broadway drama of the early days of the AIDS crisis, in part because Kramer's health is uncertain. Of course, she's been vowing to make *The Normal Heart* off and on for eight years. Now, she says, she's close enough to be drawing up a budget with Columbia, where she has her first-look deal. The only snag is that she's determined to cast Ralph Fiennes, whose chilling performance as the concentration-camp commander in *Schindler's List* won him such acclaim, in one of the two starring roles. Fiennes, however, is committed to play Hamlet in London. "So do I postpone this?" Barbra muses. She doesn't yet know, but Fiennes may be worth the wait. "I think he's the best young actor of our time," she says. "Like Brando and Dean, he has that charisma and soul in his eyes—great acting mixed with star quality."

Kramer, an activist-author not known for patience, sighs at the thought of another delay, but has no complaints about the process. "She'll challenge you on every word; she'll act out the words," he says of Barbra. "That fine-tuning—as ... writer, you either love it or hate it. I ... the way I work myself, especially on ... novel, so I love it." Barbra, he found, ... members all the words, too. "She'll rec... Draft Four when you've forgotten eve... previous draft." Indeed, they seem to st... in her head forever. "One night we we... having a bite in my kitchen," Kramer ... calls. "And Barbra was watching tele... sion—channel surfing. She came upon ... showing of *The Way We Were,* and rec... ed all the lines as both characters di... Then, when the scene on television w... finished, she continued reciting a sce... that she felt had been mistakenly cut. ... fought and fought with Sydney [Pollac... to keep that,' she said."

She's had her rounds with Kramer ... well. "We did have a fight about a su... ject I refer to in my introduction to t... song 'Somewhere' in the concert," sa... Barbra, "about how boring life would ... if we were all the same. To me, a perfe... world would be a place in which we a... preciate each other's differences. We'... equal, but we're not the same. In t... play, Larry has this scene with his broth... in which he says, 'I'm the same as yo... Just say it.' I don't believe it! His broth... is heterosexual, he's homosexual. They'... equal in the eyes of God and the law, b... they're not the same! So I can't put th... in my movie, because I don't believe it."

"Did he end up agreeing with you?"

"That's what I like about being a d... rector. When you're the director, you d... rect *your* vision of the film. I totally r... spect Larry as a writer and a thinker, b... ultimately the film has to be what I fe... is the right way to tell the story and t... reach people."

Says Kramer, "If one is born with blu... eyes and one with brown eyes, are th... two the same as people?" Neither that n... sexual preference, Kramer feels, shoul... define "differences" among people. Bu... he says, "I could never make her unde... stand, and after a while I just gave up."

By now, the play might strike some a... dated, but Barbra says not. "I see it as ... movie about everybody's right to love, an... therefore it is for me a love story s... against the AIDS epidemic. Like *The Wa... We Were* was set against the McCarthy p... riod." As a wheelchair-bound internist wh... takes on the medical establishment (th... role is based on the real-life heroine th... late Dr. Linda Laubenstein), Barbra co... fronts the National Institutes of Health. "... say, 'I don't understand—you've given $2... million to investigate seven deaths fro... Tylenol. But you don't have money for r... search of a disease that has already killed ...

that time 500 people. What is an epimic here?' It's outrageous what the govment did. I want to re-create what I exrienced when I saw that play—the *rage*, d the compassion I felt for these charac's." (The question, of course, is whether e doctor will appear in streaked hair and oulous fingernails.)

In one sense, at least, *The Normal art* will be *plenty* contemporary: physil intimacy between the film's male vers will be shown on-screen. *Philadelia* blatantly avoided that risk—and thus, ie might reason, did some good by aching a wide audience. Barbra scoffs at at. "I thought that movie really played it fe," she says. "I thought it was a very *ange* movie. I mean, I didn't buy that ory! The characters were either all good evil: the good family, the evil lawyers at at firm. . . . It did reach a lot of people d that's good, but you have to keep takg steps. All you can do is fail."

Barbra also hopes to make *The Race*, r Warner Bros. The script is based on a natorial race. For several years now e's been updating it as the political ndscape has changed. In Washington t spring, when she was researching it, e gossip mill once again went into overive. Barbra was said to be putting out elers for her *own* campaign.

The next screen project that bears her me, however, will be a television movie sed on the story of Colonel Margarethe mmermeyer, the Bronze Star Vietnam teran banished from the National Guard r acknowledging her lesbianism, then restated after a bruising court battle. As ie of the executive producers, Barbra lped persuade Glenn Close to play Cameermeyer. More to the point, she persuadl Cammermeyer to let her story be told.

"I had been approached so many nes for my life story, and I turned own all those offers," Cammermeyer nfirms in a subdued voice. "But I reected [Barbra's] work; she seemed to e a person who stands for human-rights uses and rights for minorities." Reluctntly, Cammermeyer showed up with r attorney at Barbra's Holmby Hills use. "When we first got there, there is a general discussion of what various ople in the room did—sort of small talk at wasn't really saying anything. And lk about the arts with people who eren't in the arts, namely me and my atrney. But then suddenly Barbra said, oking me in the eye, 'Grethe, do you ant your life story all over the television reen?' I said, 'Not particularly.' It was that point that we got beyond the soal stuff . . . that Barbra began to talk about why it was an issue of social relevance for society as a whole. I could be a catalyst, which made sense. After all, that's why I was challenging the policy. I knew my military career was over regardless of the outcome."

As the project moves closer to completion—it's just been filmed, and will likely be shown in February on NBC—Cammermeyer has marveled at the way Barbra is publicly perceived. "Every time I see something written about her in the press, it's never without some negative connotation. What *is* it about the fact that she's talented, enriching, caring, gives of herself emotionally and financially to the things she believes in—what is it about that that is so offensive to people?" Cammermeyer sees a parallel with her own experience as a lesbian in the military: both worlds are ruled by boys' clubs that close ranks against women who don't toe the line.

Over coffee in her downstairs study—a room done entirely in shades of white—Barbra picks up again on sexism, but more abstractly. "It fascinates me to think why men are so frightened of women. You have to go back to caveman times. The man doesn't know he has any part in making that baby. All he sees is: the woman opens her legs, and out comes human life. Well—she must be a god! The man had to be in awe. He had to be frightened: if she can give life, she can take it away. I think it started there."

Raising a son, Barbra says, made her more aware of ingrained male traits—the need to be macho—and how basic the shaping forces can be. Jason, Barbra's son by actor Elliott Gould, was a cesarean birth. "And even though I went through labor for eight hours, he didn't have to struggle through the birth canal. There's something I find that's connected somehow. In a way, something was too easy for him."

Perhaps it's the hour—almost midnight—but talk of Jason seems to make Barbra more contemplative. She speaks with great pride of the film he made when he was 17 years old, and of his critically praised performance as her screen-role son in *The Prince of Tides*. "Everything he does, he's very gifted: he'll sit down and play you something, having never taken a lesson, make a film, draw, write a screenplay. But he's not driven like I am."

It's an old story: the up-from-nowhere American success who raises a child with all the material comforts she was denied, and finds—great surprise—the child lacks her ambition.

"I had to make something of myself," Barbra says softly, almost more to herself than to me. "I lived in those movie theaters and went out into the hot humid Brooklyn streets, and went home to an apartment where there were three children. I didn't have my own room until I was 13! We didn't have a couch until I was eight. We had a dining room; we used to sit around the table. My brother slept on a cot that folded out; my mother and I slept in the same bed. I didn't have luxury. My grandmother, my grandfather, my brother, me, and my mother all shared a bathroom. A couch to me was an amazing thing."

Some days later, Barbra calls during an editing break. The news of the day has upset her, as it often does. "What's Whitewater compared to Watergate?" she says. "At worst it's some 10-year-old *fekakte* real-estate deal. But these Democrats are too nice! They let some senators compare the hearings to Iran-contra." And the journalists: "Barbara Walters lets Rush Limbaugh get away with saying, 'I shine the light of truth on things.' And then look at *The New Republic*"—the latest issue has a piece that points out half a dozen important inaccuracies in recent Limbaugh broadcasts.

That same morning, a New York gossip column is devoted entirely to Barbra. The column suggests that Barbra has all but taken her goddaughter Caleigh under her wing as her own daughter, alienating the child's mother, as well as potentially diminishing Jason's inheritance.

"That was such a load of bull!" Barbra says heatedly. "Caleigh has one of the richest fathers in the country. Does she need me to leave her a trust fund? And then that she's spending a night a week at my house. I've been touring for eight months—how could she be spending the night? Where do people get this crap?"

In fact, Barbra has become something of a fairy godmother, spending time with several children, even escorting Ellen Gilbert's son to his school on grandparents' day. Her love for them is palpable—an opening of the heart. That, she says, is the real goal of the quest. But, of course, that isn't news.

"Why am I so affected by things that are written that aren't true? Why can't I let it roll off my back? Because the truth is what I rely on as an actress, as a singer, as a director. I think that any performer knows his or her work has to be based on the truth if it's to communicate to the audience. If I'm truthful to the moment while I'm singing, it works; if I'm not, the

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audience feels that. So the truth to me is all-powerful. And I know how easily a lie can become the truth in most people's eyes if it's repeated enough. Things I never said show up again and again, in articles, then in unauthorized books. Like 'Brooklyn to me was baseball, boredom, and bad breath.' Nice line, but I never said it. And then these things define me. It drives me nuts."

Even when the facts are right, there *is* a curious snippiness in most reporting about Barbra. In part, it seems provoked by the same strength of character that irks film colleagues. Barbra is perceived as the controlling diva, and so journalists take enormous delight in proving she can't control them. For those journalists who actually interview her, the snippiness comes less from envy than from exhaustion. Almost every day now, the phone rings: Barbra has edited the previous day's talk in her head like film footage, and wants to add or subtract. I should put in that as ardent as she is about Clinton, that doesn't mean she loves everything he does. And have I put in the line about journalists as careerists, more interested in themselves than their subjects? And about how she always used to think, Why am I being raised on the stage? I'd rather be down with the people in the audience. And about the telephone game, Barbra's metaphor for all the distortions she sees, from the Altman testimony to gossip about her private life. And why haven't I asked more about her love of children, and the charitable work that's come out of that? It's all true, yes, and I'll do what I can! But at some point a voice starts to resound in my head. And what the voice says is: "Hey, Mom, get off my back!"

The irony is that her work is about all Barbra does control. Certainly she doesn't control the press, as she keeps being reminded. She can't control her fans, who mob her every time she steps outside and yet turn vengeful—as she's often found—if she fails to reciprocate their adoration. And while she can surround herself with trusted friends, she's no closer after this year of money and applause to a committed relationship with a man than she was a year ago.

"Not long ago," recalls one friend, "I saw Barbra as she was getting ready to go out on a date. I couldn't believe how nervous she was—like a high-school senior going out to the prom." S.W.F., divorced, runs her own business, gym-fit, loves beach walks in baggy sweaters, spiritual exploration, children, C-SPAN, and *The Economist,* seeking handsome Democrat not put off by crowds and paparazzi. "If you get a man who doesn't mind, and is weak," muses the friend, "then you begin to hate him for it. If you get a Peter Jennings, you'll annoy the shit out of them. So she's alone, and it comes at a time when she's more open—warmer, nicer—than ever before."

It's the pattern that's characterized most of her life. Unloved, she sang for approval. She got approval; it grew; sooner or later, it pushed the love away. It's not like being poor, and it's not like being hungry. But it's a sorrow all the same. "In some ways she's had so little denied her," says Grethe Cammermeyer. "And yet there's still a perception of sadness about her, and intensity. Not a sense of lightness and joy."

The only answer is to keep on with the quest: to work, battle fears, take pleasu in the world, and hope for love to gro "I'm a pretty pragmatic person, ground in reality," Barbra says. "I'm an earth si Taurus. I don't like swimming underwat or flying in the air. It's about accepti things as they are, but always striving better them. Suffering is the resistance what is. If you want to suffer less you ha to come to grips with what is.

"I'm looking out my window," Barb adds, "and looking at the trees shimm in the sun. I have flowers all around b cause they're such a gift. I even ha flowers at nose level in my bathroom have this cranberry-glass Victorian har ing vase and I keep the most beautiful scented flowers in it. So while I'm brus ing my teeth, I stop to smell the roses."

The morning after the HBO show, Ba bra checks in one last time. She sa she worked 27 hours straight to edit t tape—"I thought I was going to have fucking heart attack!"—and delivered only an hour before the show was sche uled to air. Even so, she says, there a imperfections. Exhausted, she watched air with Richard Baskin, Ralph Fienne Shirley MacLaine, and the Segels. "W were talking about how far I'd come fro Vegas," she recounts hopefully, "when had to take Lomotil and lost weight a sleep. I thought I really would disappoi people, that I wasn't good enough. So my growth process, I've come to reali I'm pretty good. I don't know *why* I good, but I know that I *am* good. A now that I have more sense of that, t imperfections are O.K. Whoever I am good enough to be there.

"I'll tell you this," she says, "as of We nesday I'm going on a fucking boat. don't want to *know* from work." □

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(Continued from page 164) ruthless. The other is that she really convinces *herself* beforehand. She sells herself first." There is definitely a spacey quality to both Huffingtons, which allows them to go after what they want unaffected by the impression they leave behind. The pervasive sense is that everyone and everything is "of use": the Huffingtons schmooze you and then they use you

Not surprisingly, a key part of Michael Huffington's political platform neatly coincides with his wife's latest book, *The Fourth Instinct: The Call of the Soul.* The thesis of the book is that humankind's hunger for spirituality is as great as its drives for survival, sex, and power, and that if we would all get beyond the empty striving of materialism, give vent to our better nature, and volunteer to help the poor more the wasteful welfare state we live in would be eliminated.

Huffington's debut speech on having volunteerism replace welfare, however, delivered to a group of black entrepreneurs in San Diego in August, was a disaster. Dave Lesher reported in the *Los Angeles Times* that Huffington was peppered with questions and complaints, that he didn't know the cost of the cu rent federal welfare system—though o of his commercials says we have "waste $3.5 trillion" on it—and that he wasn certain which government programs would eliminate. Lesher quoted the Re erend George Walter Smith, the Repub can who hosted the event: "People le here completely laughing. This man do not grasp the issues."

To launch his crusade, Huffington d nated his congressional salary to fund t Partnership for the Children of Santa Ba bara County, a group Arianna bega some say, to emulate Hillary Clinton's i terest in children's issues. The partnersh has given out $132,000 in grants a

lped children with dental problems in uffington's congressional district, but the *ws-Press* reported that it has recently n into severe financial problems. The uffingtons also lent their home for a nd-raiser for the Partnership, but Arian- sent the group the valet-parking bill for 00. Michael told Charlie Rose on his k show, "People are ready for some- ing beyond materialism."

Since volunteerism is meant to be a cor- rstone of Huffington's Senate campaign, sked Arianna where she personally had lunteered. She said she volunteered ery regularly." I had been told that she is seldom seen at her children's pre- hool in Washington, and Michael an- ounced in April to the *Los Angeles mes* that he couldn't re- ll where he had volun- ered before last New ar's, when he gave out od in two shelters, except do fund-raising for his na mater, Stanford. But w Arianna mentioned her urch and Storyteller, a nprofit Santa Barbara or- nization that cares for meless and abused chil- en during the day. I was rdly prepared for the re- tion I got from Liliana ensel, the executive direc- r of Storyteller.

"No, she has never volun- ered here. In three years, one has ever seen Arian- but twice, and both times e brought a TV crew with r. It was self-promotion, thing more. She's never given a penny us and never even worked with the ildren," said Hensel. "The board as well myself feel the same way about her. We n't want our name used in connection th her. . . . It's using needy children in a edy situation for political gain, and it's ally disgusting." Hensel went on to say at several months earlier she had gotten call from Michael Huffington's secre- ry, asking if he could stop by at one clock. "I said wonderful, but the chil- en would be napping then, and I didn't nt any TV cameras or press. . . . She lled me back in 15 minutes. He had und another agency. Is that blatantly ling you something?"

I got a similar reaction from Barbara llefson, the executive director of the nta Barbara Council of Christmas neer, which runs the Unity Shoppe, here the poor can "shop" for food as ell as clothes and toys made by senior volunteers. Tellefson, who supervises more than 4,000 volunteers, was asked if Arianna could visit with a TV crew for "a video essay" to promote her book. The Unity Shoppe is mentioned in the book. Arianna once chaired a fund-raiser for the charity, and Michael made a $10,000 donation. Nevertheless, Tellefson was stunned when the video aired. It clearly gave the impression that the Unity Shoppe is an offshoot of Arianna's Partnership for the Children. "I received many calls from local people," said Tellefson. "They were shocked and upset with the way Mrs. Huffington and her film editors created the illusion that the work of the Unity Shoppe was a result of her efforts, and that it is her dream to have a pilot program for other cities implemented by a Partnership for the Children."

Soul Initiates such as Arianna are required to chant the secret names of God that John-Roger gives them.

"They're scary," one of Michael Huffington's former legislative aides told me. "They're scary because it's a process taking place in *America.* Democracy for the average guy isn't there, because these guys buy elections, and they buy them on ego."

To Arianna Huffington, there are two kinds of people who serve in public life: leaders and managers. Managers are the grunts who tinker with the process. "Most of the legislation introduced is either damaging or irrelevant," she declares when I meet with her in a coffee shop near her home. Dianne Feinstein is a manager, whom Michael Huffington told to "get a life" the night he won the primary. "Dianne Feinstein was quoted saying, 'Government is my life,' and that's part of the problem," says Arianna. "Government should not be a politician's life." Her husband's transcendent vision is "much more radical. Feinstein is a manager. Michael is a thinker and a leader. We're not going to turn things around with managers. Managers reshuffle the deck chairs on the *Titanic.* That's what she's doing."

"You're thinking about a radical new vision in which government plays a completely different role?" I ask. "Absolutely, where the concept of citizenship is redefined to include involvement in the community." She adds, "Most people in the last 30 years, when they are confronted with a problem, ask the question: What is the government going to do about it? We need to start asking ourselves the question: What am *I* going to do about it? . . . I have given six speeches on the subject, in which I develop this theme." And now Michael is running on it.

Arianna Stassinopoulos first became noticed in her undergraduate days at Cambridge. She was the first foreign woman president of the Cambridge Union, the venerable debating society, which led her into a romance and lifelong affiliation with a reigning cultural figure of the time, pundit Bernard Levin, whom she met as a fellow quiz-show contestant. An avid disciple of the late discredited guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, Levin long wrote Arianna's toasts for her and still advises her on her books. "Even then," says a Cambridge classmate, "she was ambitious beyond measure." Soon Arianna was launched into British society and the great beyond, eventually becoming the author of six books, parts of three of which she has been accused of appropriating from others. In our interview, to which she has volunteered to come in place of her husband, many of the techniques she learned on the debating fields of Cambridge are put into play.

For example, I try to pin her down on why Michael will not release his income-tax returns. Arianna began her latest California residence in 1988, but Michael stayed in Texas, where there is no state income tax. He was officially living there when his older daughter was born in California, and he did not declare himself a resident of California until 1991, in the process avoiding California income tax on his share of the $600 million sale of Huffco. At first, Arianna avoids answering: "He has done everything that is re-

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quired by law." Next it is Feinstein's fault: "He feels that he has released everything that is legal. He feels Dianne Feinstein has attacked him for not paying his taxes." Then it is my fault for asking: "I think that maybe you have made up your mind." And finally: "Beyond that, you need to talk to *him.*" But, of course, Michael is not taking any questions.

She claims that she has no input whatsoever into Michael's congressional office, that she merely helps out with strategy in his campaigns: "These are all illusions, [that] all these things in his congressional office go through me—it's just totally unreal and untrue." She does not know that I have just spoken to Arianna supporter Donald Smith, the executive director of the Western Commercial Space Center at Vandenberg Air Force Base, in Huffington's district, who has had extensive dealings with Huffington's office. When I asked him what Arianna's role was, he told me what everyone else ended up saying: "She's locked into everything he does. She's the one doing most of the talking for him."

No, Arianna tells me, she does not have a large turnover of servants. Haven't *I* ever dismissed anyone? That's what they once said about Jackie Kennedy, too. "I can be cruel," she finally admits. "Of course, I'm trying to improve myself every day and get better and be better—at whatever I'm doing." Arianna tells me she sees her life as similar to being on a train. "Being on a train and going home to God. And on the train is my family, the people I'm closest to. And outside the train, everything that happens to my life is scenery. Some of it is beautiful scenery. Some of it is ugly scenery . . . but the train moves on."

In Paris in the late '70s, Arianna Stassinopoulos was ordained a minister in the Church of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness. In 1984 she was baptized in the river Jordan. M.S.I.A. is a New Age church to [illegible], but a mind-manipulating cult to many of those who have left it. In her ordination, Arianna, who attained the highest level of secret initiation, "Soul Initiate," swore devotion to a curious divinity. The document of ordination reads: "We do this through the order of the Melchizedek Priesthood, the Office of the Christ, the Mystical Traveler, Preceptor Consciousness, and into God. This delineates for you the divine line of authority." In other words, the instigator of a Senate campaign preaching traditional values has long been beholden to a most untraditional form of religion, led by a guru



Michael and Arianna Huffington at their $110,000 1986 wedding, which was paid for by Ann Getty.

who considers himself more powerful than Jesus Christ. M.S.I.A. ministers believe that the Mystical Traveler, the chosen one of God on earth at any given time, is now John-Roger, the founder of M.S.I.A. They believe that the Preceptor Consciousness, which is embodied on the planet only every 25,000 years and is therefore higher than Christ, is personified by John-Roger. Soul Initiates such as Arianna are required to pray by chanting the secret names of God that John-Roger gives them. They either follow the rules or renounce the ministry, which is fully accredited in California and which allows them to perform weddings and baptismal ceremonies. Arianna Huffington, who has followed the diminutive John-Roger all over the world for two decades, has never renounced her ministry. She told m "That's not necessary. Because to me ministry is something of being of serv . . . not about performing baptisms a weddings." When I asked Arianna if s still chants the names of God that Jo Roger gave her—a dead-bang giveaw according to ex–M.S.I.A. members, as whether or not someone still believe she replied, "These are sacred qu tions. . . . I pray. I'm not going to d cuss how I pray."

Records filed with the Calif nia attorney general show that tween July 1990 and June 19 Arianna Huffington contribut $35,000 to the Foundation for t Study of Individual and Wo Peace, formerly the John-Rog Foundation. John-Roger, or J- the 60-year-old Utah-born form schoolteacher based in Los An les, was born Roger Hinkins b metamorphosed during a ni day kidney-stone-induced co into a self-proclaimed god. has been accused in various m dia exposés, notably in the *L Angeles Times* in 1988, of mi control, electronic eavesdroppi and the sexual coercion of ma acolytes—charges he denied. encourages his 3,000 or so follo ers to tithe, i.e., give 10 percent their income to him. Ex-memb Susan Roberts remembers Aria na during an M.S.I.A. retreat upstate New York in 1987, sta ing up and saying, "'Dahlings, you want to marry a rich m like I did, then *tithe!*' Everyo whooped and hollered."

John-Roger has told his f lowers that they have the pow to change weather patterns and disma tle nuclear weapons. Yet Arianna has a ways defended him, though now she co sistently minimizes how close they ha been and insists, in interviews abo John-Roger's multimillion-dollar empi there is "nothing that you join."

"Of course there's something to joi You have to enroll in discourses in ord to be an initiate of the Traveler," says S san Roberts. "She's a very lying wo an." Another ex-follower, Dodie Brad who participated in more than a doz M.S.I.A.-sponsored events with Arian on three continents and who witnesse her baptism in the Holy Land, agree "When we were in it, we all considere it our church. I don't know why Arian is lying about it." Now that Arianna courting Christian conservatives, toutin

·r Greek Orthodox religion, and ap-·aring with televangelist Robert Schul- on his Sunday-morning show to extol ·r husband's advocacy of prayer in the hools, her allegiance to John-Roger is ·finitely something to keep hidden. "If e Christian right knew what M.S.I.A. is about," says Dodie Brady, "they ouldn't be endorsing Arianna and ichael Huffington."

Arianna told me that John-Roger is erely "a friend," that "there is nothing I rticipate in," that "I have not spent any years in his training," and that "he s never been a guru—nobody's been a uru to me." There is no acknowledgent of him in her current book. Ex-followers of John-Roger with whom I spoke ere incredulous at these denials. Jim rady, the ex-head of John-Roger's Insight training seminars in the Northeast, ld me that in 1986, when Michael Huffington worked for the Department of efense, he was called by Arianna as a llow M.S.I.A. minister to bless her rental house in Georgetown. "It was just the o of us. It took about an hour, and you ve to pray first, invoking John-Roger: ight of the Mystical Traveler, Preceptor onsciousness, be with us now.' I blessed ery room, from all the way down to the ine cellar up to her office on the top oor." Arianna denied that any blessing er took place.

When I pressed her repeatedly about hether John-Roger was higher than Jes Christ, she refused to answer directly e times and professed not to know hat I meant about the Preceptor Conciousness. "That part of it doesn't inter-t me." "Arianna," I said, "I have talked people who believe that you have been a cult for over 20 years." She gave me nother nondenial denial: "Well, did I do ything ever that made you think that I n a member of a cult?" I mentioned at I had been told that she recruited ople and J-R paid her to do this, which e also denied, although many of the soal elite of New York and Los Angeles et John-Roger at dinner parties she rew. Art-book dealer Dagny Corcoran, r instance, told me that on a number of casions she was seated between J-R olytes and that of course she met Johnoger. "It was like trying literally to sell ings to your friends. I'd never had that ppen to me."

Arianna was key to John-Roger, who, ys an ex-follower, "can read what drives u and feed it. . . . Her purpose fit hand glove with J-R's. She got to satisfy her wer lust, and it was absolutely what od' wanted." Not only was Arianna passing along stock tips she had gleaned from one of the rich men she was trying to land at the time, financier David Murdock, she was also able to introduce John-Roger to such people as Peter Jennings, her close friend Barbara Walters, who was a bridesmaid at her wedding, and the actor Raul Julia. In exchange, John-Roger allegedly paid her "consulting fees" to help support her costly, over-the-top, debt-ridden lifestyle. One of his checks to her was for $10,000. "I was there in his bedroom when they discussed the money for Arianna," says Victor Toso, one of several former members who have charged they were pressured to submit to sex with J-R. Arianna flatly denied receiving any such payments, and says she lived off lecture fees and her sizable book earnings. Finally, after I brought up the hierarchy of divine authority yet again, she said, "It's like saying to me Jesus Christ is higher than this table or something. I don't express myself that way. Of course there is no comparison between Jesus Christ and John-Roger. That is absurd."

Within the last year, Arianna was seen at the $5,000-a-plate Founders Circle dinner, which John-Roger presides over for his inner circle. When I asked her why she gave him money, she was finally direct: "Because I believe in the work that he's doing with people—his teachings."

Peter McWilliams, a best-selling author who split from John-Roger only last March and who is embroiled in a lawsuit with M.S.I.A.—he has recently published *Life 102: What to Do When Your Guru Sues You*—remembers many times when Arianna would publicly share intimate details of her life with Michael, who evidently keeps his distance from John-Roger. McWilliams has met Michael Huffington several times, was Arianna's houseguest last year, and recently received a fund-raising letter from Michael saying that "it's never easy to ask for money from friends." He was also one of about 50 people on a special computer mailing system with J-R. According to McWilliams, Arianna would complain that Michael didn't want to pay for a big mansion in Santa Barbara because he preferred Texas, and at one retreat several years ago she beseeched the guru to tell her how to get her husband to impregnate her again. "And John-Roger would answer these questions," says McWilliams, "something like 'You know, dahlin', we made a deal here . . . and if you're looking for romance in the bargain, you're being stupid.'" Arianna seems to have absorbed so much from John-Roger that even the image of her life as being on a train appears on John-Roger's tapes. The title of the talk show she currently hosts, *Critical Mass*, on the Christian conservative–endorsed National Empowerment Television, is also taken from a New Age concept and John-Roger's statement that "a critical-mass change in consciousness creates possibility, liberating us from the idea of impossibility." In Washington, Arianna has become the source of titters and endless gossip for her peculiar "Critical Mass" dinners, where she presides as moderator for guests who are not told that they are being tape-recorded, and where Michael, if he shows up, remains virtually silent.

Several of the nine sources I spoke with who had been with Arianna in M.S.I.A. told me that John-Roger guided her every step in her pursuit of Michael Huffington, whom she had met through the socialite Ann Getty, even as to how to negotiate their prenuptial contract. "He was perfect. He was rich and he had no point of view, so she could mold him," says a source. "It happened incredibly fast." Before and after every date, Arianna would check in with the guru by telephone, to see "what would God do next." McWilliams says, "It was like the Machiavelli brothers telling the princess how to win the war." For his own amusement and that of "the guys" who tended him, J-R would put Arianna on the speakerphone so that they all could hear the travails of her sex life, which she also "shared" in retreats and seminars.

Before Michael Huffington, Arianna had made plays for former California governor Jerry Brown, est founder Werner Erhard, developer and publisher Mort Zuckerman, and billionaire David Murdock. Arianna's major crushes were Erhard and Brown. "She very much wanted Jerry. She was a liberal Democrat then," says a close friend at the time. "She felt he could become president with her behind him." According to Peter Matson, "She was telling lots of people there was a wedding in the offing. In those days it was definitely Democratic politics. She raised money for Gary Hart. I met Gary Hart for the first time in her living room."

"She had an event at her house, a big dinner for my Senate election, but I couldn't go, so my parents went," says Jerry Brown, who considers Arianna "very intelligent and very interesting—a lot of fun." Of course, Brown, Zuckerman, and Murdock all met John-Roger. Jerry Brown says, "I had an uncomfortable feeling about him." While Mort Janklow was

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Arianna's agent, he met John-Roger at one of her dinners. "I was astounded she was so impressed with him," he says.

The imperial sense of entitlement that so many feel Arianna Huffington displays in her work and her dealings with people was surely strengthened by being in such close communion with John-Roger. "When you think you are living under the power of the living Jesus, you lose perspective," says M.S.I.A. dropout Walter Ligon. "'I'm going to take care of you for the rest of your life—just chant my name.'"

Arianna Huffington has been accused of plagiarism in her best-selling biographies of Maria Callas and Pablo Picasso, and *Vanity Fair* has learned that she also "borrowed" heavily for her 1983 book, *The Gods of Greece.* Two previous Callas biographers felt their material had been lifted. One, Henry Wisneski, said he did not care. The other, the late Gerald Fitzgerald, according to sources close to Arianna at the time, received a substantial settlement, although Arianna has maintained that the amount was only "in the low five figures."

When *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* was published in 1988, it outraged the art world. With the help of Picasso's former mistress Françoise Gilot, Arianna painted a portrait of a cruel sex addict and genius who had no compunctions about ruining the women who loved him. According to Lydia Gasman, an art historian at the University of Virginia, Arianna tried to ingratiate herself with her even before the book came out. Gasman had not formally published her widely hailed four-volume Ph.D. thesis on Picasso, which was easily available on file in typescript. Picasso's principal biographer, John Richardson, a contributing editor of this magazine, praises Gasman as having "done more to unlock the secrets of the artist's imagination than anyone else." Gasman had been the first person to decode Picasso's arcane poetry and connect it to the symbolism in his art, the only person to interview his mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, and the first to discover that for Picasso art was a form of magic to counter evil. Gasman had coined the creator-destroyer concept with regard to Picasso's *art,* and she was planning to publish her life's work in book form with Yale University Press.

On the eve of publication of Arianna's Picasso biography, according to Gasman and her husband, Daniel, Arianna started calling them. She also sent Gasman a letter saying that she had quoted her and that "each quote is fully attributed in the Source Notes in the back of the book." When Gasman received the book, she was in Israel tending her sick mother, and she gave it only a cursory once-over. She sent Arianna a note. Later, however, after Gasman had given *Picasso* a more careful reading—it cites her only twice in the source notes, and not at all in the acknowledgments—she was horrified. "What she did was steal 20 years of my work."

"She used it as a data bank," says Daniel Gasman, who teaches the history of ideas at the City University of New York. "I had a heart attack from this whole business." John Richardson backs up the Gasmans' claims, saying that Arianna got away with using Lydia Gasman's thesis as a "kind of dictionary." He says, "Throughout her book, Stassinopoulos Huffington systematically cannibalizes Gasman . . . and, almost as bad, cheapens Gasman's brilliant concepts."

When Gasman returned from Israel, she confronted Arianna. "I told her she was an intellectual kleptomaniac." She says that Arianna asked, "Don't you think I've added anything?" At one point, "she started to cry and said, 'I didn't mean it. I think like you.'" Then, says Gasman, "she proposed, '*Entre nous,* a secret arrangement if I can make it up to you.'" During dinner at a Manhattan hotel, Michael Huffington joined them. "How much money do you think your work is worth?" Gasman says he asked bluntly. She answered, "One million dollars. I worked all my life on it." She says the Huffingtons rebuffed her. The Huffingtons say it was Gasman who raised the money issue. "I told them I was going to put together all the evidence and make it public. . . . The lawyers said, 'You are right, but legally it's difficult.'"

Copyright infringement is often very difficult to prove. Copied quotations have to be virtually exact. The Gasmans, whose lawyers lodged a complaint with Simon & Schuster, Arianna's publisher, don't have the money to fight a big case. They have also been scared off by the Huffingtons, who have called the Gasmans' charges "a hoax" and have threatened to sue *them,* for extortion. Daniel Gasman has compiled more than 100 pages of similar passages, thematic ideas, and language in his wife's work and Arianna's text, and is planning to publish the material.

Lydia Gasman mentioned that Arianna, in her book *The Gods of Greece,* w
enormously indebted to psychologist Jam
Hillman. I called Hillman to check.
told me that he recognized many
sights from his book *Re-Visioning P*
chology, presented by Arianna with
attribution. Arianna cites Hillman eig
times in her index, but "the basic id
running through the book are mine,"
said. "I'm happy people use ideas—tha
what they're for. I just find her meth
not decent, not scholarly." Hillman a
ed, "I praise her for her 'mercurial' gi
As you know, Mercury was the god
thieves."

Before Arianna, Michael Huffingt
was so obscure that, despite
wealth, hardly anyone in his hometown
Houston with social or business conn
tions knew of him. He once confessed
a California reporter that "before Aria
na," whom he married when he was
maybe a dozen people had his pho
number. "He was neurotic, tall, mou
ful, and in deep self-analysis, trying to f
ure out who he was," says a woman w
was once fixed up with him. "You'd nev
mistake him for a good ol' Texas boy."
a teenager, Huffington was sent to boa
at the Culver Military Academy in In
ana. Later, he got degrees from Stanfo
and the Harvard Business School.

Michael's father, Roy, a major don
to the Republican Party and Geor
Bush's ambassador to Austria, is a Ha
vard-trained geologist and wildcatter w
made a huge strike in natural gas and
in Indonesia in 1968. He was apparent
a master at maintaining good relatio
with the Suharto dictatorship, and
1975, after $1.5 billion had been invest
to build a plant, Roy M. Huffingto
Inc., was shipping 30,000 barrels of oil
day. Liquefied natural gas, however, w
the greater treasure; by 1977 the equiv
lent of 70,000 barrels a day was bei
shipped to the Japanese. Privately owne
Huffco always guarded its books, but B
Taylor, the company's former head of a
counting in Indonesia, says that in t
80s boom Huffco's share of the joint o
eration with its U.S. partners and the I
donesian government was "$60 to $
million a year in pure profit."

Huffington likes to tell voters that
grew up middle-class and has suggeste
that he earned his first million by t
sweat of his brow. His first "million" a
tually came from a buyout by his pa
ners in an investment-banking ventur
He also portrays himself as a successf
businessman who can stop the waste
federal money. In 1976, Michael joine

ffco at the financial end and sought to ersify the company. He spent years se- tly buying up the equivalent of 11 cks of real estate in downtown Hous- and 419 acres near the airport. He o pushed for a multimillion-dollar lling company, but by the end of the both ventures were major busts. Huff- lost another $65 million on a Califor- refinery project, which Huffington s he opposed. The company left un- d both $6.7 million in taxes the state California claimed it was owed and a million loan to a Texas bank, of ich Huffington Sr. was a director. The nk later collapsed, and U.S. taxpayers ted the bill.

"Michael didn't add any value to his her's company—it was all there," says orge Berko, a vice president of imar, a Huffco partner in In- nesia. "There was always con- n among the operators that Mi- ael would take over. They ren't going to conscience that." ylor, however, says that chael worked "very diligently l very hard."

Given his wealth and tall, nd looks, Huffington would pear to be extremely eligible. t he was rarely seen out with men, and rumors have swirled out his sexual preference. "I'd shocked to death if there were r affairs with girls," says a uston woman who grew up th him. "There were escorting ations—he never had date tes. He told me he thought it s terrible, the morality of ung women today. He was ap- lled with a woman who put her hand his leg after the third date."

I spoke with an openly gay close end of Huffington's, who said, "For ite a few people it's not exactly black- d-white. I wouldn't be amazed if he ught in a couple of directions, but w he's a straight man with a couple of ls. . . . He's very happy with Arianna." lso asked both Arianna and Michael ffington about allegations that he is y. Arianna replied that no one had r brought up the question to her, ding, "That's like saying that Michael Chinese." Jim Worthen, an ultracon- rvative Santa Barbara talk-show host, wever, described to me five lunches he d had with Arianna, during which she ed to get him to endorse Michael while raised the issues not only of Michael's tual orientation but also of her long as- ciation with John-Roger. I asked Mi- chael Huffington himself about the allegations after he summoned the guard to throw me out of the congressional office building. "Sorry, I have no comment," he replied.

Huffington has long had a spiritual bent and political aspirations. So it seemed perfect when Ann Getty got Arianna and Michael together at the San Francisco Opera in 1985. When he asked her what was the most important thing in her life, she answered, "God." Lightning struck. "When she met Michael, she set him on fire somehow and made him feel gifted," says their friend Sugar Rautbord. Getty offered to pay for the wedding reception, which she assumed would cost about $10,000. It ended up costing $100,000 more than that, and is still being talked about eight years later for its outré ostentation. For several years afterward, Ann Getty felt so violated that she would barely speak to Arianna.

> "I don't know if he has thoughts. A large number of his policies are reflections of his wife's attitudes."

Two years before the marriage, Michael had started lobbying hard for a job in Washington. Today he attacks Feinstein for accepting money from political-action committees, calling her a "special interest slot machine." But he has given $10,000 to Newt Gingrich's GOPAC, and while he was on a Washington job hunt during the Reagan presidency, the Huffco PAC and his family were contributing hundreds of thousands of dollars to the G.O.P. In fact, records filed with the Federal Election Commission, as well as in Texas and California, show that since 1979 Michael, Arianna, Michael's family, and the Huffco PAC have contributed at least $1,036,989 to federal, state, and local campaigns and initiatives, including $91,850 by Michael in California since 1991 and $22,000 to Senator Phil Gramm of Texas. Arianna was telling people in Santa Barbara last summer that Gramm would pick Michael to be his running mate if he got the presidential nomination in 1996.

Huffington was first up for a job in the U.S. Commerce Department, but his name was suddenly withdrawn. *The Wall Street Journal* recently reported the probable reason: Huffco had been fined $250,000 by the Commerce Department for "repeated unlicensed shipments of shock batons, handcuffs, billy clubs, fingerprint materials and computer equipment" to Indonesia and Singapore, authoritarian governments with numerous human-rights violations. He finally landed a job in the Defense Department, as deputy assistant secretary of defense for negotiations policy, but lasted only a year. The Huffingtons abruptly left town and returned to Houston. "She was house hunting in River Oaks," says the doyenne of Texas gossip columnists, Maxine Mesinger, "and all of a sudden they went to California."

In fact, Huffington himself stayed in Texas. He persuaded his family to sell Huffco after he had spent three days at an Episcopal retreat shortly after Arianna suffered a miscarriage. In April 1990, Taiwan's Chinese Petroleum Corporation bought the holdings in Indonesia and the Houston real estate for an estimated $600 million.

Michael Huffington did not register to vote in California until September 1991. During the sale, he avoided California state income taxes by keeping his residence in Texas. He thought for a while of starting a movie company and toyed with the idea of buying the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. Between 1988 and 1991, when her daughters were babies, Arianna was not stressing volunteerism. Then shortly before Christmas of 1991, when Michael decided that he was running, the Huffingtons gave nearly $100,000 to Santa Barbara charities and local initiatives. "Checks started flying all over town," says Hazel Blankenship. At first, the nine-term incumbent congressman, conservative Bob Lagomarsino, a well-to-do beer distributor who specialized in constituent services to placate his moderate district, appeared to be entrenched

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But in 1992 California's congressional districts were redrawn, and Huffington stepped forward. "It turned into a civil war here," says Jim Youngson, who worked for Lagomarsino. "The whole Republican Party is still fractured and split to this day."

Lagomarsino was stunned by the money Huffington started throwing around and the viciousness of his attacks. "It was just awful. I was in Washington trying to do my job, which was probably a mistake, and he wouldn't debate—he'd send her," says Lagomarsino. "He's a P.R. consultant's dream and a congressman's nightmare," says Norma Lagomarsino, the former congressman's wife. "I couldn't watch TV—his ads on all day long—direct mail almost every day, and videotapes to every registered Republican. . . . He'd make these allegations, and we couldn't answer the same way because he had *no record.*" Then as now, Huffington sought to portray anyone who was actually devoted to political life as contemptible; he constantly ducked debates and direct questioning. Lawyer John Diamond, who actively campaigned for Huffington but has become disillusioned and refers to him as Hamlet Fluffington, says, "He's so insecure that, unless he's totally sure of what you're going to do and he feels safe, he won't let you be around him."

The primary was the hardest hurdle for the Huffingtons, and after they won, Arianna approached Norma Lagomarsino at a Republican ladies' tea. "She backs me against the wall and asks, 'What can we do? We want his endorsement.' She kept saying, 'We're so sorry.' She started to cry big tears. . . . It was strange. *They're* strange. There is no shame." Arianna denies that she asked for the endorsement and says that Mrs. Lagomarsino "makes things up."

Only eight months after taking his congressional seat, Michael Huffington declared his candidacy for the Senate. (Characteristically, he didn't even tell his Washington office where he was going on the day he flew to California to announce.) A few people saw it coming. A campaign worker says Huffington altered a statement pledging that he would serve three terms in Congress to say that he would serve no more than three terms in the House. By last July, it had escalated to his becoming Phil Gramm's running mate for the presidency. Since then, Huffington's supporters are talking openly about the White House, and Arianna has gotten herself to be seen in some journals as "Hillary's opposite." Blankenship says, "She's bought an election and she's won. Why should she not be measuring drapes in the White House?"

Before April of this year, while Feinstein was off television and in Washington, Huffington spent more than $3 million on TV to narrow his opponent's huge, 26-point lead in the polls to only 8 points, and to double her negative numbings. By Labor Day, Huffington had spent $10.5 million on his campaign. His resources are such that he can almost instantly counter any Feinstein attack by buying the time to counterattack. He reportedly had plans to spend another $5 million in a huge direct-mail effort, and had purchased $5 million more in TV time between October 10 and Election Day, which would give the average California viewer 40 opportunities to see the TV spots. The race is too close to call.

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(Continued from page 181) decorating their chins with wispy growths of hair to prove they'd reached puberty, Altman had been wondering if his goatee wasn't really kind of a silly adornment. For several weeks, he told me, working millimeter by millimeter, he gradually trimmed it down to something that looked like a big white eyebrow stranded at the wrong end of a face. But after 30 years of beard, he confided, "I couldn't shave it off. I'm afraid of my chin."

He'd also lost 50 pounds in the previous five months, since finishing *Short Cuts.* In October, he walked into the Paris production office wearing a Cerruti suit, a heavy, wheat-colored single-breasted work of art that hung stylishly on his newly svelte frame. The trousers were pleated and cuffed and broke grandly over his brown Italian oxfords.

"You know, since you started working on this movie, your wardrobe has improved about 1,000 percent," I said to him.

"Fuck you," he replied.

I plunged insensitively ahead. "I just want to know: when you made *M*A*S*H,* did you learn about medicine?"

"No," he said, sniffing loudly, "but I learned how to operate."

"Stay in character," he told the actors that first day. "If the photographers call you by your real names, don't respond. Don't worry about making a mistake. We'll cut all the mistakes out. We'll make you look good. Just go out and be gutsy. We'll protect you. I don't know what I'm doing, but I trust that you all do."

The actors barely knew their own characters' names, never mind the names of their fellow actors' characters. Sitting backstage waiting for the show to start, they twitched and paced, Thoroughbreds readying for a race.

"Sally is Sissy?" said Stephen Rea to no one in particular.

"Who is Rupert?" someone else asked.

"Milo would know everyone, but he would pretend not to know them," Rea speculated. "Right?"

After the actors had been led into the Christian Lacroix show, I took a seat in the audience a couple of rows behind Basinger, Loren, and Bacall and was blinded by the explosion of flashes from the cameras of a hundred overstimulated photographers, gaga at the high concentration of celebrities per square inch. A photo of Basinger, Bacall, and Loren, sitting together at the Lacroix show? Every magazine in the world would want that one. I put my sunglasses on to protect against the blaze, and instantly berated myself: The filming hasn't begun yet and already I've gone Hollywood.

In a room in the depths of the Louvre the production had set up costume, hair, and makeup departments. At one end of the space, a coffee urn and a few chairs had been arranged. Here Kellerman, Bacall, Tracey Ullman, Linda Hunt, Lyle Lovett, Chiara Mastroianni (Catherine Deneuve and Marcello's daughter), and others, some of who were accustomed to having trailers as large as the entire room completely to themselves. But then, they were also used to being paid about 20 times their current salaries.

Marcello Mastroianni is now 71 years old. The Fellini alter ego in *La Dolce Vita* and *8½* is, if anything, a more masterly actor today than he was 30 years ago, when his square-faced handsomeness made him

nternational icon of suave, Continen- sophistication. Waiting to be sum- ned, he chain-smoked and coughed, ng stories in prismatic English, shrug- ; while his audience laughed. His thick has turned grayish and his hands se, he is as dissipated-looking as hia Loren is an advertisement for lth and careful living. I remarked to nan one evening that Loren must real- ake care of herself. He looked at his ch. It was about 8:30. "By now," he , "she's gone home, had a little sup- and gone to bed."

Mastroianni and Loren often sat hud- l together in a little private dressing m set aside for them, a small, peaceful ncipality within a more disorderly fief- a. Loren's voice is a flat, low flush, a bassoon, a reed instrument; you can r the air vibrating through her ses. You wonder why such an l voice doesn't mar her attrac- ness, but the slight crack in her very adds to her allure, gives a thrilling expressive quality sounds especially good in duet h Mastroianni, who buzzes like moke-scraped vacuum cleaner. y are old friends who have de more than a dozen films to- ner. And after all these years y still seemed to amuse each er. Were they once in love? You ldn't help wondering when you erved their interaction. Loren ghed as she recounted one of stroianni's confessions to her. "He complained that the only ng that still goes up with him his toes," she said. Between icate honks of laughter she said, e must have holes in his socks." Mas- anni, hunched and shrugging as usual, nt along. "It's a good thing I have neone sewing for me," he said, and ntomimed darning socks.

Mastroianni loved working with Alt- n, whose freewheeling ways reminded of Federico Fellini. Like Fellini, man had told Mastroianni that he s open to all ideas. And so Mastroian- who plays Sergei, an Italian stranded 40 years in Russia, had himself an a: "I ask Robert, 'Should I say a few rds in Russian?' He says, 'Good! eat idea!'" Mastroianni laughed the gh of good-natured defeat. He knew t he had been humored by Altman. I say, 'So where should I say them?' doesn't answer. So," he said, shrug- g, "I don't ask him anything any- re."

The surprise was that Mastroianni wasn't put off by Altman's polite but nonspecific response. "I love to work like this," he explained. "You come in, you don't know what's going to happen next. Fet's wahnderfool! I don't like to know."

"Just like in life," I suggested.

"Also not so much. In life, whether you want to know or not, you don't know."

"So," I said, repeating a joke Altman had once told me, "do you know how to make God laugh?"

"No, how?"

"Tell him your plans."

I couldn't understand why someone who knew as much as Mastroianni did about filmmaking wouldn't want to direct.

"I tell you. Very simple. You have to have so much confidence. You have to believe in yourself so—what's the word?—strongly. Then you have a script. You have to show it to your wife. She tells you it's no good." He drew on his cigarette. "Then, maybe, in some circumstances, you have a mistress." He shrugged, as if such a thing had never happened to him personally, but if it had, he could just imagine how complicated it could be. "And she says, 'Maybe there's a part for me?' Then you have a producer." He paused again to smoke. "And he tells you what *he* thinks. Then *he* has a mistress. Maybe there's a part for her?" Mastroianni shrugged again. He has large round eyes shadowed by the overhang of a ledge-like, deeply lined brow. He closed his eyes and opened them widely. "You have to believe in yourself so much, and have so much confidence. I do have, just enough to be an actor, but not like that," he said, waving his cigarette vaguely toward where Altman was out in the darkness demonstrating directorly reserves of confidence.

> Bacall openly snorted her contempt for the acting ability of certain colleagues.

Ute Lemper lay backstage waiting for another show to begin. In October, when Altman asked the singer, then three months pregnant, if she would appear in the film nude as an eight-months-pregnant model, she considered the offer coolly, and agreed.

Altman couldn't tell her much about the role, because we hadn't done much more than conceive of it. He promised to work out the details later. But by the time the shoot began, her character, Albertine, who was originally invented as part of a Proustian subplot, was still a vague persona. Hardly anything she said in the film was scripted. A trained stage actress and chanteuse who likes to know the lyrics of her songs before going out to sing them, Lemper was unnerved by working this way.

"I don't like this," she said, stretched out on a couch. She had remained slender through her term and looked a bit like the Saint-Exupéry drawing of a snake that had swallowed an elephant. "I'm embarrassed to go into the shows and just hang around. I'm making a fool of myself. I'm a shy person. I can't do this. Why does Albertine hang around? A pregnant model doesn't have something better to do?"

Many of the actors were flustered. Kim Basinger came backstage after the shoot. "How did it go?" I asked.

"Don't know. I've never worked this way before. It's a frightmare. I'm mispronouncing names. It's awful."

Stephen Rea mentioned that had things worked out differently he might at that moment have been acting in Roman Polanski's *Death and the Maiden*, also being shot in Paris.

"It was on and off and on," he said, "and during a time that it was off, Bob asked me to do this film. I agonized and I asked myself, If someone has one day to live, would he want to see a film about torture in South America or about the French fashion world? Bob just said to me, 'You're better off doing this film. It would be better for you.' And there's no one whose judgment in cinema I respect more."

Rea's expressions carry in them something of the sharp but unthreatening awareness and sensitivity of a devoted spaniel. Even his wavy hair hangs along-

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side his face like silken floppy ears. And everything he says gives further proof of his empathy and intelligence. But he doesn't say much in *Prêt à Porter.* Mostly he sneers.

On the day of our rendezvous with Anouk Aimée at Sonia Rykiel's atelier on the Boulevard Saint Germain, I finally allowed myself to believe that the picture might actually get made. Aimée was playing Simone Lo, a designer whose character was originally inspired by Rykiel. Altman and I were at the atelier with some others to discuss Aimée's look in the film.

Aimée, at 62, is still beautiful, with a face that carries a bit of anguish for lost love around the mouth and girlish hope for what might come next around the eyes; it apparently remains untouched by surgical tools. The body is a bit broader than in her *La Dolce Vita* days, but the magnetism is undiminished. She tried on various trousers and skirts and jackets, holding her hair up and letting it fall at the suggestion of her rapt audience. Should she crop it short and curly like Colette or helmeted and sleek like Louise Brooks?

Rykiel said, "It's not important what she Wears. It's how she feels. I Hate the word 'Comfortable.' It's the way she Walks, and Eats—the way she does anything." Rykiel tends to talk in capital letters. I kept thinking, Yes, Sonia, but what is she going to *wear?*

Aimée finally asked, "Is Simone *une femme sensuelle?*" Yes, everyone agreed. "Ah, good. I think Simone has to look like an *artiste,* not like a well-dressed *bourgeoise,*" Aimée explained. "That's what this movie is about—the difference between a well-dressed *bourgeoise* and an *artiste.*"

Before we left, Altman gave Aimée an affectionate kiss and asked if she was depressed. Sheepishly she said yes.

Altman sniffed. "If you're depressed here with the total attention of six people focused on you, then that's not neurotic, that's psychotic."

"No, no," she said, "I'm just thinking."

"That's depressing," he said. "When actors start thinking, that's depressing."

Every time Altman shot a scene, he contended with a roomful of thinking actors.

Rupert Everett, the star of *Another Country* and *The Comfort of Strangers,* plays Simone Lo's son and business partner. Everett was lying on the floor backstage one day, waiting. Passing him by, Altman looked down and said, "How are you?"

"Freaked," Rupert replied.

Altman kept walking. "Me too."

The tight budgeting for which Bob and Harvey Weinstein, brothers and cofounders of Miramax, were famous had been driving Altman crazy. Altman wanted $20 million to make *Prêt à Porter.* Miramax proposed $17.5 million.

"Until yesterday, the deal was off," Altman told me on the telephone one day. "Then we set a deal on a conference call with Bob Weinstein, [Altman's agent, Johnnie] Planco, and that pip-squeak [Richard] Gladstein [head of production for Miramax]."

Talking to Bob Weinstein about the inadequate budget, Altman said, "I'm surprised at how little you know about this business. What happens if it goes over budget?"

"The completion-bond [the insurance company] people will take over," Weinstein said.

"The minute the completion-bond people take over my picture, I'm gone," Altman said. "I'm just trying to be realistic."

"Well," Weinstein said, and here Altman made Weinstein's reply sound huffy, "if that's your attitude, maybe we shouldn't make this picture."

Altman continued, relishing the story: "So I said, 'O.K., let's forget it,' and hung up." About five minutes later, he told me, Planco called and said, "What happened to you? Weinstein apologized for about 10 minutes and then we realized you weren't there." Altman sniffed loudly.

"They're totally inexperienced at this producing scene," he said of Miramax. "They spent their lives picking up little pictures [as distributors]." He paused. "There's going to be some unpleasantness."

Yet here in Paris, as pleasant as could be, was Harvey Weinstein, telling me that he was going to be a passive observer on this film. "I feel ridiculous about arguing over money with Bob just a couple of weeks ago," he said as we sat in the international terminal at Charles de Gaulle Airport, watching Altman shoot a complicated tracking shot. The actors, in character, were picking up their luggage from the baggage-claim conveyor belt.

"I come here," said Weinstein cheerfully, "and I see all these major movie stars who are used to having their d trailers and they're sitting in one big like summer camp. No one but could do this. I look around and I r ize that it's unbelievable that he's n ing this picture for this amount of m ey. It's the most complicated shoot ever seen."

A director making a movie is, by d nition, operating in a state of cr practicing cinematic triage. Whate can go wrong probably will go wr and the director will have to de what to do about it.

Danny Aiello wondered, loudly often, when he'd get to see some li for his scenes with Teri Garr. And w he wanted to know, did he have to in Paris for the full 10 weeks of shoot, doing nothing most of the ti Did he tell Altman how upset he w No—he knew Altman was in a state crisis.

Rea received new lines one night. next morning he coyly asked me if I written them. I told him no. His fa muscles relaxed and he said, "Tha God, they're awful. Do you have ideas for improving them?"

I asked him if he'd told Altman w he thought of the lines. "No," he said. don't want to bother him."

No one wanted to bother him.

Altman didn't want to bother *them,* ther. If an actor delivered a performa that was less than fabulous, you ne heard Altman say anything but "C Very good. Let's do it again," the sa comment he made after a superb perf mance. On movie sets throughout world, it is clear, no one tells anyone truth.

That's the way everyone likes it. March 31, when Aiello threatened punch Rupert Everett in the jaw, it wa refreshing surprise to hear someone c didly stating an intention on which seemed determined to make good.

The set was the Château de Ferrièr an expansive former Rothschild estate minutes from Paris. Richard Gra character, the designer Cort Romn was staging his show in an opulent b room there. Loren, in her role as Isab la, the fashion executive's widow, was quired to faint after the show. Aiello s he had asked Altman if his charact Major Hamilton, a buyer for Chicag Marshall Field's department store, co say something about giving Isabe mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Altm said fine. But, according to Aiello, wh they shot a take, Everett improvised a

onse to the line, saying that mouth-to-outh from Major Hamilton would ake Isabella sicker. Aiello, who had be-me sensitive about playing a character ho is an unlikable boor, took umbrage t what is reportedly a fairly common rn of events on movie sets, many of the st members were treating Aiello as if himself were an unlikable boor, rather an just playing one.

"I'm just doing what Bob tells me and ey treat me like I'm a jerk," he com-ained to me afterward. Exasperated, iello said, "I told Rupert if he tried that gain I'd break his fucking jaw. Stephen ea was holding me back. I said, 'Get our fucking hands off me'—excuse my nguage. Bob came over and I said, 'You ave to tell them that I'm just doing what ou say to do.'"

Aiello said the tension had begun earli- in the day when he and the other ac-rs were sitting in the audience waiting shoot the scene. Aiello was singing to mself and, he said, "Bacall turned ound and said, 'Shut up.' I said, 'Who e fuck do you think you are?' Rupert ame to her rescue. It's good that all the nsion is out," said Aiello about the inci-ent. "Now we all know that we hate ch other's guts."

From that point on, Aiello snidely re-rred to the British contingent of actors "the Shakespeareans" and refused din-r invitations that included Bacall. Ba-ll didn't hold back about her feelings r Aiello, either: "All that macho bull-it. I *know* those Italian guys. I've *been* rough *that* war."

Bacall rarely made a secret of her kes and dislikes. She openly snorted r contempt for the acting ability of rtain colleagues, particularly Aiello. he was especially well known on the set r publicly venting spleen, sometimes gainst workers who lacked the clout to efend themselves. On the last day of e shoot at the Bois de Boulogne, she d I got into a van with a driver and aited for some of the remaining six ats to be filled. The captain of the driv-s, Eric Duchene, was running around oking for other actors who might need ride.

Bacall said to the driver, "Let's go," ut he explained that he had to wait for uchene to dismiss him.

"Well, I can't wait," she said. "I want go now." The driver explained again at he couldn't leave.

Bacall, furious, opened her window d shouted, "Eh-reeeek! Eh-reek! Where that idiot? I want to go now. I'm not oing to wait for him to fill this car." After a few minutes, Aimee joined us. Bacall resumed her bitter derding of Duchene's intelligence and competence. Finally, Duchene gave the driver the O.K., and we rode into town.

Perhaps it is because he was on the set for only two days that Harry Belafonte seemed so enchanting. He is the most charming person I've ever met who is also intelligent and dazzlingly beautiful, and I suspect he would be so even longer than 48 hours. Just as something in Altman's paternalistic nature makes people seek his approval, something in Belafonte encourages sexual display. Even at 67, he is a habitual flirt.

Poor Kasia Figura, a Polish actress in her 30s, had told me she had a crush on Belafonte. When she spoke to him she giggled nervously and stood with her shoulders thrown back militarily, a posture that showed off two of her more outstanding aspects. Belafonte knew perfectly well the effect he had on her; a man of his experience had to recognize that he was shooting fish in a barrel. He stood close to Figura and told her how lovely she looked. I feared that she might faint, but moved away so that in case she did topple over, Belafonte would have to catch her and then Figura could at least say that Harry Belafonte once held her in his arms.

Belafonte's charm is all smoothness and grace. Mastroianni's is the charm of self-deprecation and puzzlement. Waiting to be called to the set, Mastroianni asked Belafonte, "What is your real last name?"

Belafonte said, "Schwartz."

"Ah, you're Jewish. Are you circumcised?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mastroianni offered one of his many theories. "It's a plot by women to get better sex. With a foreskin, the penis is very sensitive. In and out a few times and climax." Quite a bit of sawing in the air and something resembling diving into a swimming pool accompanied those last eight words. "Sneep off the foreskin," he continued, "and it takes longer, and the woman gets pleasure too." Here he closed his eyes, smiled, and uttered a satisfied, upper-register "Aaaah."

Perhaps Mastroianni's character, Sergei, suffered from a surplus of foreskin. Whatever the reason, in the film Sergei was unable to elicit the utterance of any upper-register "Aaaah"s. The target of his affection was Loren's Isabella. At the

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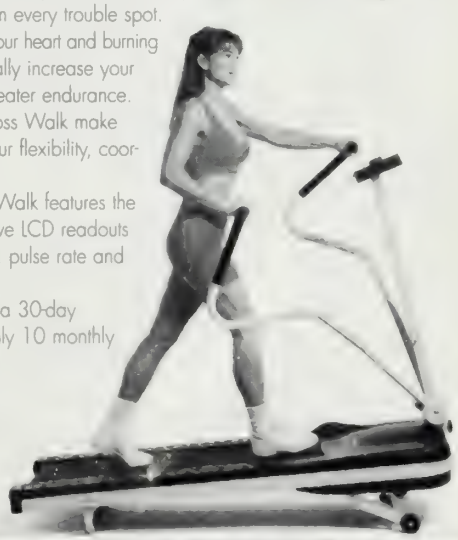
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PRÊT

Grand Hotel, Loren rehearsed getting into bed with Mastroianni. The scene was modeled after one they'd played together in *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow,* 32 years before.

"It has the same music as the old movie," Mastroianni explained. "She was a prostitute and I came to her. She does a striptease, but we don't fock. Because she is in love with a priest. And she promises if he go bock to chairch she no fock for a year. In the end of the scene, we pray." He held his hands together in front of him and looked toward the ceiling.

Loren sat out of the sun in a darkened garage in the Musée Rodin's garden. She was wearing one of the movie's many improbable Jean Barthet millinery fabrications that only someone with her unearthly symmetry could support, and a black, body-hugging, 1950s Dior frock reconstructed for the film. With her legs crossed and a napkin in her lap, she chewed on a huge baguette sandwich, now and then dodging tomato drippings, eating like a woman who gets too hungry for dinner at eight even though she is dressed for it.

The Musée Rodin is one of the film's emblematic Paris backdrops. Sergei, still in love with Isabella, has begged her to meet him in the Rodin garden in front of *The Thinker* so he can explain why he "disappeared" many years ago. Loren, as Isabella, walked straight up to her lovesick swain, steadied herself, hauled off with a right to the jaw, and marched on indignantly.

Between takes, Loren returned to Mastroianni and rested her powerful hand softly on his stricken cheek, smiling at him.

So many films, so many slaps.

"Yes," she said, "he's accustomed to my slap. He remembe[illegible] slap."

Did it hu[illegible]

"Noooo," he cooed, "she is an artist."

"Yes, it d[illegible] Loren contradicted. "He's crying ins[illegible]

Mastroianni co[illegible]ed to praise Loren's fine-tuned co[illegible]. "She makes a beeg gesture, then she [illegible]s to my face and it's—" And his ha[illegible]lted like a bumper just missing a bric[illegible]ll, to the accompaniment of sound e[illegible]

"It's like a cartoon," said Loren, delighted.

Danny Aiello has great legs. We saw them for the first time when he slipped into the pink Chanel-ish suit Major Hamilton wears to his favorite cross-dressing restaurant. Catherine Leterrier, the costume designer, was fussing with the chain belt, which didn't lie right against the nubby wool fabric: although Aiello, who is six feet three, has many lovely attributes, a pair of hips doesn't happen to be one of them. "My mom had the same problem," he explained.

Fully dressed, Aiello stepped back to examine himself in the mirror. A white silk shirt with a flouncy bow at the neck and a conservative shoulder bag completed the ensemble. With his left hand he gripped the strap of his shoulder bag as if it were the reins attached to a bucking bronco. Trying to relax, he opened his palm and spread it restfully on his left falsie.

"This hand is bugging the shit out of me," he said, jerking it from his breast. "Oh, my feet hurt. Oh, God in heaven, God bless you women. I don't know how you walk." Size 12E beige pumps with black toe caps had been made for him.

"You don't think the boobies are too big?" he asked as he stuck his chest out. "It looks like they're really out there." He fussed with the handbag. "I look like Margaret Thatcher."

Aiello had known since early March that he would have to try on his costume for size. He waited until April 28 for this fitting, and even then he refused to allow anyone but Leterrier and a few friends in to see him. Catherine Pouligny and Pascal Mourier, the video crew making a documentary about the film, begged to be allowed to record his transformation on camera, but in embarrassment he refused. Now, however, smiling at his high heels in the mirror, he asked that the crew be summoned. When he was ready to undress, he asked them to stay. "You have to see this bra," he said as he stripped.

Mourier and Pouligny were thrilled with the footage. Later I asked them whom they still had to interview. "We hope Marcello," said Pouligny, "and we fear Lauren Bacall."

Several hours before he was to shoot a long, complicated party scene staged at the old Parisian restaurant Ledoyen, Altman was sitting in his office, wishing the day were over. The jeweler Bulgari was sponsoring the party, and had sent out 250 invitations to prominent Parisians and fashion-world celebrities. A list of the actors' characters' names was included, and guests were asked to address all actors by their fictional names, or if memory failed, call them "Darling."

Altman was playing solitaire, which he does to relieve anxiety or boredom the way some people pick their cuticles or finger worry beads. He was telling me about the difficulty of coordinating actors and nonactors in the frenzied context he was about to create. He asked me if I wanted to come and look the set over. Just before we were to leave, Scott Bushnell ambushed me when I was alone in Altman's office.

Bushnell, Altman's longtime producer, right arm, and head cheerleader, did costumes for *Thieves Like Us* in 1974. Since then, her credits have included associate or executive producer on just about every film Altman has made. Somewhere near 60, she looks a bit like a dark-haired Leni Riefenstahl sucking on a sour candy. Bushnell is the only person I know over the age of 50 who interrupts her own speech with the verbal tic "like." Early on, she informed me that I should never meet with Altman unless she was present. She also told me I was barred from the set for the first few days of shooting, a edict I ignored.

The day of the Ledoyen shoot, she lectured me. "This is going to be a strenuous day. I'd appreciate it if you'd, like, keep your idle chatter to a minimum." I looked at her for a moment. Then I asked, "Do you plan to keep your idle chatter to a minimum?"

She peered directly at me for the first time. "Look, it's a rough day. He needs to concentrate." I remembered what Kathryn, Altman's wife, had said to me about Bushnell having no life other than Altman and his films, and I restrained myself. "I wasn't aware that I was off the topic," I said, and laughed. Then, as if I were in a movie myself, I uttered a tough-guy cliché exit line—"You're really some piece of work"—and walked out of the room, grateful that the right door was nearby.

When I told Kathryn the story, she said to me, "The real surprise is that people are complaining so early about Scott. Usually you hear about it at the end of the film."

Altman had more pressing personnel problems than Bushnell. "The crew has been unbelievable. I have to do everything myself." He interrupted himself as several crew members carried a mattress through the corridor of the Grand Hotel, shouting at one another.

"Why are they screaming?" he asked. "I'll never do this again. I'd rather be unemployed than do another French film. You could see him lost in a moment of self-examination, and then, as if admi

g a he, said, "This is my fourth French n." Amused by his own recidivist na- e, he sniffed, and then almost smiled. say that every time. Of course, if this a big hit . . . " He shrugged. For a hit d work with a crew that spoke Urdu.

ltman had asked the actors to take off their clothes in a scene featuring clothingless fashion show. At a picnic the grounds of the Château de Fer- res, the subject turned to the impend- nudity. The actors presumably had eed in principle to the possibility of earing nude when they signed on, but w, several weeks into the shoot, the ge to disrobe in public was abating.

"Forget it," said Tracey Ullman. "I east-fed two 10-pound babies." She re- ated, "Forget it."

Rupert Everett, his voice syrupy with ck artistic integrity, sang, "My charac- wouldn't take his clothes off."

"Have you shown your thing in movies ore?" Ullman asked.

"I've shown it in every movie," he lied. "I make a point of it."

Altman first described the nude fashion w to me in ecstatic terms: a tri- aphant Simone Lo sends her happy dels out on the runway wearing noth- but the flower petals raining down on m, and the audience approval is so fer- vent that people in the crowd tear off their clothes in gleeful, celebratory support. I couldn't imagine it. Altman told me he'd seen such a spontaneous gush of exuberance once. He served in the Pacific during World War II and when the soldiers learned that the war was over, everyone stripped in a display of bacchanalian joy. I didn't see how those sentiments could be translated into an aesthetic appreciation of Simone's anti-fashion statement, but wrote the scene as he described it.

I was ill the night he shot it at the Musée de Cluny in the Quartier Latin. But when I saw the dailies I was moved by what he had achieved. Unlike his descriptions to me, the actual scene was dirgelike, with the models marching gloomily to "Pretty," the Cranberries' eerie minor-key moan-chant. The tall, emaciated women, their mouths set in morbid pouts, trudged along the catwalk as if to their mortal ends. The echo of a death parade, of Auschwitz inmates slouching toward the gas chambers, was unmistakable. It was the kind of comment you might expect of a director at the end of his career and his art—which Altman certainly is not. But for him, and for Simone, mortality is no longer just a theoretical notion.

The dark tone contradicted his stated aim for the film. All through our writing sessions he kept telling me he wanted to make something "light." Whenever I said I couldn't fathom a film about the fashion world that didn't mention AIDS, he'd tell me this was going to be "light."

After the dailies Altman asked what I thought about the scene. I told him that I found it unusually beautiful but a complete surprise, given his earlier descriptions. "You always spoke of it in celebratory terms. Then you shot it as a funeral march."

He laughed. "I never know what I'm going to do until I get to the set."

Altman's joy in taking risks keeps him young. He's told me that he doesn't think he's very intelligent and so he has to rely on his other strengths—his intuition, his ability to spot fakery, and his willingness to gamble. An experienced risktaker is constantly replenished and exhilarated by all he learns from giving a chance to a new person, or following the logic of an unproven notion. Altman seems to know that he can handle the consequences when a risk he takes goes wrong. He isn't afraid of failure. He sees something noble in what other people call failure. He doesn't believe in the possibility of failure, that it can exist for a serious artist. He can bomb at the box office, but if he's worked hard, he can't really have failed. *Prêt à Porter* is still being edited as I write. But for Altman it is already a success. □

DISNEY

ontinued from page 172) warned Eisner at Davis would take the opportunity to miliate him and urged him not to go. sner went—but he went prepared for ttle.

On the day that Eisner was to learn s fate, he got a four A.M. call from Jef- y Katzenberg, then Paramount's head production. Katzenberg read aloud to sner from an early edition of *The Wall reet Journal*, which was already report- g that Eisner had been passed over for iller's job. Davis was apparently un- vare that Eisner's contract guaranteed m a shot at the post. Eisner showed up Davis's office that day armed with a ter drafted by his lawyer pointing out e breach, and demanding that the stu- o forgive certain loans and make pay- ents that were due him. Eisner sat in artin Davis's office, refusing to leave ntil he was given a check for the full nount—$1.55 million. He got it.

Eisner has another quality—hardly unknown in Hollywood—that is frustrating. Former associates say he has a way of appearing to say "yes" to those sitting across the table when he isn't quite as committed as he seems. One associate from Paramount days refers to it as "the elastic go." Later, Eisner's penchant for the elastic go may have contributed to the final rupture with Katzenberg.

After his Paramount payoff, Eisner and a fleet of his former subordinates were soon installed at Disney—a drifting company that was then encircled by takeover sharks. Frank Wells, his second-in-command, was, by some accounts, one of the few human beings who could command Eisner's respect. "Frank Wells was a Rhodes scholar," says a Disney insider. "He was the highest of the high goyim. He represented everything Michael wanted to be."

Wells could have won the top Disney job in 1984, when the company was forced to reorganize in the face of takeover threats. But he believed in Eisner and actually urged the board to hire him. Though he would have preferred to share the chief executive's job with Eisner, he deferred when Eisner insisted on taking the titles of chairman and chief executive for himself.

Wells was remarkable for his willingness to stand in the shadows while Eisner had the spotlight. "I've never known anyone like him—who could walk and talk in as many areas as gracefully and yet seemingly have no ego," said a wistful Disney division chief. "The man was so confident in himself that he didn't have to have these other things." Wells's influence made itself felt in every corner of the company's operations, he adds. "I don't think anyone can overestimate his impact," he says. "He wasn't behind the scenes. He was the scenery."

Obviously, the chemistry between Eisner and Wells worked beyond anyone's dreams. The company had one record-breaking quarter after another. And while Wells and Eisner had their fights, there was always an underpinning of respect.

Eisner courted the press well in those first few years, and the coverage was almost uniformly favorable. How could

DISNEY

anyone criticize a company with financial results that followed the trajectory of Apollo 11? When I had an appointment to interview Eisner in 1987, Disney's public-relations department called me ahead of time to ask about my hobbies and interests. I told them that I liked Jane Austen and the Washington Redskins. When I arrived at Eisner's office, he announced that he was rereading *Pride and Prejudice* and found it enchanting. A few days later, he sent me a small brochure with a handwritten note:

Dear "Janeite" Kim,

I thought you would enjoy The Jane Austen Map of England as I start my abandonment of Romanticism (goodby Hawthorne, Melville, Dumas and even good old Emily Bronte) toward realism and order and discipline. And I've already read 100 pages of *Pride and Prejudice*!

The letter was signed, "Neoclassically yours."

No one worked harder to whip Disney's filmed-entertainment division into shape than Katzenberg. It wasn't humanly possible to work harder. Katzenberg showed up at the crack of dawn and, according to legend, felt the hoods on cars that were already parked in the lot to see whether employees had just sneaked in ahead of him. He was renowned for making more than 100 phone calls, generally held to 60 seconds or less, every day. He was the relentlessly tough negotiator who argued with filmmakers about every detail and every dime. Most entertainment insiders viewed this as an extension of Eisner's style. But Katzenberg was so zealous in the execution that one high-profile producer thinks that now Katzenberg finally has gotten what he deserves. The producer recalls seeing Katzenberg cackle with glee after reducing one director to sputtering rage. "Here is a guy who would do everything his boss told him short of murder," the producer says. "He's now getting exactly what he gave."

A few years ago, cracks began to appear in the Disney façade. The company ventured into big-budget projects such as *Billy Bathgate* and *Dick Tracy* with disappointing results. This prompted Katzenberg to write his now famous memo, a critique of Disney's film division in which he said that the studio was spending too much on overblown films. The memo annoyed Eisner; he saw it as Katzenberg's mistimed declaration of independence. "I think his friends did a real disservice to him," says a source familiar with Eisner's thinking. "Somebody said, 'Jeff, you're being dominated by Michael Eisner . . . You have to do it yourself.' And he writes that memo. It was the beginning of the end."

According to Stanley Gold, Eisner had urged Katzenberg to tear it up. "But Katzenberg went to the Xerox machine and sent it out," Gold says. "That did not pass unnoticed by the board."

> "Frank Wells was the highest of the high goyim. He represented everything Michael wanted to be."

And Gold contends that Katzenberg kept it up. He cites the executive's attack in July of this year on rival studio MCA/Universal. The issue was MCA's deal to sell cheap videos, such as *An American Tail: Fievel Goes West,* through McDonald's. At a video-industry convention in Las Vegas, Katzenberg gave a speech urging his audience to fight these sales (presumably by stocking fewer MCA videos in protest). The McDonald's sales were "a Faustian bargain that threatens the future of the video business," Katzenberg said. Customers would be reluctant to pay regular prices for videos, he continued, if they could "just walk across the street for a Big Mac with *Fievel* and fries."

Not surprisingly, MCA chairman Lew Wasserman was said to be infuriated by these comments. Disney and MCA have had their feuds over the years, with MCA president and chief operating officer Sid Sheinberg once famously remarking t Disney was poised to become "one la ravenous rat." But, according to G Katzenberg had unilaterally decided fire this particular volley. "That is a h policy statement by the Disney Comp that Jeffrey never cleared with Micha Gold says. "And when questioned ab it, Katzenberg says, 'From now on, w I speak publicly, I have to speak on portant matters.' That's what got him trouble. . . . He had this need to be most important guy in Hollywood. At end of the day, he is the tragedy here."

Katzenberg acknowledges that he have offended MCA, which he now grets. But he points out that Eisner wa the hospital while this speech was be prepared and delivered, and therefore unavailable for c sultation. He stands his speech, which says was intended to fend "the most vital, come-generating" p of the Disney Studios. defy Stanley Gold anyone else to tell that what I did was singularly in the in est of the Walt Dis Company," he sa "But I guess Stan is right—and it is tragedy—that I was sensitive enough to issue of style in this ca But I only wanted what v best for the company."

Some Disney insiders say was David Geffen, Katzenberg's cl ally and confidant, who encouraged h to make these gestures of independen and to conduct an unofficial press ca paign. According to this argument, G fen not only misread Eisner but added his annoyance, since Eisner is not p ceived as a big Geffen fan. "I see the lain of the piece as David Geffen," say source at Disney who is not in either Eisner or Katzenberg camp. "He is Ia And he made a mistake."

"Jeffrey keeps his own counsel a does what he wants," Geffen responds. think he was unwilling to continue in t position." The problem lay not with h but with Eisner, he says. "Michael is a guy who likes to share. He is not a g erous person," he says. "Michael Eisn is a very tall little guy. And Jeffrey Ka enberg is a very short big guy."

To which Eisner replies, "I think G fen is one of the most talented reco entrepreneurs I know. And I don't

stand why he is so involved in our ness."

he Eisner-Katzenberg battle is viewed in two ways in Hollywood. One side trays Katzenberg as predatory and hy- nflated, lunging avariciously toward ls's still-warm seat. The other camp es that Michael Eisner was not so f-stricken after the death of Frank ls that he lost the chance to consoli- his power and ignore any pledge he have made to Jeff Katzenberg.

While Katzenberg's future was still un- olved, he began to hear from ner that he had "a Roy Disney blem." Disney is Walt's neph- and he and Gold had organ- the forces that assumed con- of Disney in 1984. Before , Roy had been on poor terms the family for some time, ac- ly quitting the company in 7 partly because he felt the studio—and his ideas—was be- neglected.

f Roy Disney felt that he had er gotten enough respect at his le's company, how sweet he st have found Disney's daz- g resurgence. As soon as Eis- and Katzenberg were in place, Disney began to lobby for re attention to animation. Eis- says he was interested from start, but others who were e say he and Katzenberg were particularly drawn to anima- at first. Roy Disney pushed m to buy updated equipment selected Peter Schneider to the division.

But before long Katzenberg be- e enthusiastic, and then infatu- d, with animation. Perhaps the ning point came when Disney ted making *Who Framed Rog- Rabbit,* probably the boldest ex- iment in filmmaking that Disney un- took in the Eisner-Katzenberg era. film's director, Robert Zemeckis, s he watched Katzenberg become in- asingly mesmerized by the animation cess. "It was Jeffrey who spotted the l talent on *Roger,* and he wouldn't let se guys go," Zemeckis says.

Katzenberg was immersed in the proj- , which required teams of animators to rk impossible hours for months in a ndon studio. Zemeckis remembers tzenberg phoning the film editor to en- rage him during the arduous cutting the film. "The fact that an editor was de to feel that the chairman of a stu- dio was interested in his well-being creat- ed enormous goodwill," Zemeckis says. "I've never seen anyone work as hard. We'd have these crises where we'd be in Jeffrey's office at four in the afternoon and he'd say, 'Everyone call your wives and I'm sending messengers for your passports, because we're going to London right now. You can buy a shirt there.' . . . It was very dramatic and everyone under- stood how important the film was and how serious Jeffrey was."

But as animation took off, Katzenberg began to hear that Roy Disney was feel-



ing slighted, that he thought Katzen- berg was grabbing the glory. In some cases, at least, Katzenberg de- served the credit. During *Roger Rab- bit,* for example, Zemeckis says, he nev- er saw Roy Disney until the film was es- sentially finished. Katzenberg, by con- trast, performed a role that Zemeckis compares to that of Walt Disney himself, fine-tuning and editing down to the last detail. (Roy Disney was unavailable for comment for this article.)

Don Hahn, who produced *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Lion King,* compares Katzenberg's departure to the Dallas Cowboys' losing their coach: the team will survive—after a painful adjustment. "Jeffrey has seen animation as his pas- sion, his baby, his life, and his breath. That's what's so sad," Hahn says. "I feel like I lost a friend just when I was having fun." Hahn says Roy Disney "has a pas- sion for animation—he's just not in the trenches every day. . . . I don't think he has the time, day to day, to get involved the way Jeffrey has."

In 1991, I wrote a long feature about *Beauty and the Beast,* and during the research Katzenberg showed unusual re- straint by allowing me to wander at will through the studio and talk to the animators as they drew. Ani- mators are notoriously gossipy and outspoken. Some were an- noyed with Katzenberg for get- ting too involved and demanding changes that seemed arbitrary, but most appreciated his obvious love for the medium—and some even conceded that the dumb jokes that he had put into the film actually worked.

Before I finished writing my article, Katzenberg called me to make a request. He all but plead- ed with me to mention Roy Dis- ney in the story. But I had never seen Disney, nor had I heard any of the animators mention his name. I refused.

With the success of *The Lion King,* Roy Disney apparently was more displeased than ever over the perception that Katzenberg was the genius behind Dis- ney animation. "I think he treated Roy badly," says an Eisner sympathizer. "Roy for 20 years was treated like crap by the family. They thought he was the idiot neph- ew and that's the way Jeffrey treat- ed him. Jeffrey did not have time for peo- ple who could not help him that minute."

MOUSE TRAPPERS *Clockwise from top left:* **Disney chairman and C.E.O. Michael Eisner; his former colleague Jeffrey Katzenberg; mogul David Geffen, Katzenberg's confidant; and the late Frank Wells, whose death helped ignite the Disney succession battle.**

Disney was frequently out of the coun- try, staying in his refurbished castle in County Cork, Ireland. He wasn't avail- able for the extensive publicity blitzes that the studio planned around the open- ing of the animated film. But Katzenberg tried to focus the spotlight on him. Roy Disney was visible, for example, in the El- ton John television special created for *The Lion King.*

Clearly the effort was in vain. When

Lion King opened, Katzenberg called Disney to congratulate him on the film's success. He later told friends that he was stunned when Disney replied, "Thank you," without a word of appreciation for Katzenberg's efforts. Meanwhile, Katzenberg spent three weeks telephoning 600 individuals who had worked on the film, thanking them for their efforts.

"To this day, I still don't understand what I did to offend Roy," Katzenberg says. "Nor have I ever heard from him about what more or less he wanted of me. If I am guilty of anything, it is misjudgment. Because I honestly believed that I was doing exactly what Roy wanted, which was to put my heart and soul into the cornerstone of the company's heritage."

After Wells died, according to Stanley Gold, the Disney board discussed the issue of succession. Perhaps Disney's grievances colored the impressions of the board, but, according to Gold, no [illegible] believed Katzenberg was right for [illegible] job. "Everybody who spoke that [illegible] said, 'He's not the guy you want in [illegible] job. He's not collegial. He's not a [illegible] who can foster the teamwork we [illegible] around here.' There was an acknowl[illegible]ment that Jeffrey was a talented guy [illegible] this was the wrong role for h[illegible] Nonetheless, everyone hoped that K[illegible]enberg could be accommodated.

If Katzenberg made one fatal erro[illegible] was neglecting to court Disney's bo[illegible] Perhaps he could never have won t[illegible] over, but when the time came, it see[illegible] Katzenberg didn't have an advocat[illegible] the group.

Eisner's nostalgia for having Kat[illegible]berg as a junior partner was apparen[illegible] an interview that he gave the *Los A[illegible]les Times* before his heart surgery. In[illegible] article exploring the succession quest[illegible] Eisner seemed to say that he wan[illegible] Katzenberg to stay put in the filmed[illegible]tertainment division. "He is still the [illegible] golden retriever I ever met," Eisner s[illegible] Katzenberg sympathizers viewed it a[illegible] slap: after Katzenberg had put in 10 [illegible] cessful years running the Disney Stud[illegible] Eisner was still referring to him as i[illegible] were the underling he had been in [illegible] Paramount days.

Caught up in the press of busin[illegible] Eisner and Katzenberg decided to [illegible] solve Katzenberg's fate in Aug[illegible] Katzenberg continued to weigh chan[illegible] that might reinvigorate the comp[illegible] while wondering whether Eisner mi[illegible] actually give him a chance to put [illegible] plans into practice.

Then came Eisner's surgery.

Eisner's illness was the first shock [illegible] Katzenberg. The second was discover[illegible] that no one had called him to tell h[illegible] that Eisner was in the hospital. Wh[illegible] many others had been informed, Katz[illegible]berg found out about the surgery o[illegible] coincidentally when he called Eisn[illegible] house on Saturday morning to tell h[illegible] how *Angels in the Outfield* had oper[illegible] that weekend. In Disney's inner cir[illegible] Katzenberg was the last to know. At t[illegible] moment, Katzenberg knew his days [illegible] Disney were probably over.

After Eisner went home to recupera[illegible] the Katzenberg question came into fo[illegible] more clearly than ever. As the specu[illegible]tion mounted, Katzenberg retreated [illegible] his new multimillion-dollar Char[illegible] Gwathmey beach house in Malibu. [illegible]nally, on a weekend afternoon in A[illegible]gust, Katzenberg headed over to E[illegible]ner's house for a meeting. Katzenb[illegible] realized that no matter what he thou[illegible]

Credits

Fashion

Page 139: Shirt, $220, from Giorgio Armani, and jacket, $740, from Emporio Armani, both in Beverly Hills; stylist and groomer for Cloutier.

Page 140: Bottom, dress by Ghost for Showroom Seven, $360, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; styled by Cannon; hair by Robert Sammut for Bumble & Bumble; makeup by Robin Schoen

Page 141: Hair and makeup by Victoria Wanberg.

Page 144: Top, blouse by CK Calvin Klein, $190, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; skirt by CK Calvin Klein, $170, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; boots, $670, Robert Clergerie, N.Y.C. and L.A.; styled by Kelly Leighton Ackerman; hair and makeup by Genevieve for Oz New York.

Page 147: Shoes from Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, N.Y.C.; earrings from Ciro, N.Y.C.; hairstylist for Cloutier; makeup artist for Lorac.

Beauty and Grooming

Page 139: Hair styled with Aramis Lab Series Nutriplexx Hair Spray; on his face, Aramis Lab Series for Men Lift Off! Advanced Moisture Formula.

Page 147: On her face, Bienfait Total Day Fluide Moisturizer and Oil-Free Dual Finish in [illegible]tte Bisque; on her eyebrows, Le Crayon [illegible] Definer in Ebéné; on her eyes, Artliner in [illegible] and Carecils Excellence in Black; on her lips, Rouge Absolu TipColour in Rose Sa[illegible]

Pages 174–79: Hair styled with Details Conditioning Styling Complex, Quick Dry Shaping Mist, and Framework Design Spray, all by Redken. Christian Dior sticks: on Leon, Style #736; on Lemper, Tres Très Dio #832; on Bacall, Fiery Red #641; on de Palma, Warm Red Rouge Accent #998; on Figura, Fruitees in Tile Red #338; on Grant, [illegible] #846; on Taylor, Pink Rouge Accent #[illegible]; on Ullman, Rubyglass #984; on Kelleman, Holiday Red #863; on Hunt, Pop Art Rose #[illegible]; on Loren, Gilded Red #835.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 8: Top to bottom, by John Barr/Gamma Liaison, Thierry Le Gouès, from Culver Pictures.

Page 12: Top to bottom, from the Kobal Collection, by Helmut Newton, Ed Kashi.

Page 56: Top, from *The Independent;* bottom, from Sygma.

Page 58: Top, from U.P.I./Bettmann; bottom, from Irish Echo Archives.

Page 74: Top, from Photopress/Sipa Press; bottom, from Rex U.S.A.

Page 84: Courtesy of CNN.

Page 96: From Contact.

Page 100: From Saba.

Page 118: Large photograph from U.P.I./Bettmann; inset from Photofest.

Page 120: Top to bottom, from the Kobal Collection, from Archive Photos, from *Winchell Gossip, Power and the Culture of Celebrity,* by Neal Gabler, published by Knopf.

Page 122: Paintings, top to bottom, from the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., Samuel H. Kress Collection; from the Galleria dell'Accademia, Venice; from the Szepmuveszeti Museum, Budapest; from the Ca'Rezzonico Museum, Venice. Transparencies of the paintings courtesy of the Royal Academy of Arts, London.

Page 124: Bottom, from Star File.

Page 130: Top, from Fotos International/Archive Photos; bottom, from Twentieth Century Fox.

Page 140: Top left, from the Bettmann Archive; top right, © 1946 (renewed 1974) by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.

Page 144: Bottom left, by Steve Eichner/Retna Ltd.; bottom right, by Marc Gantier/Rapho.

Page 160: Huffington photographed from a videotape.

Pages 170–71: From U.P.I./Bettmann.

Page 207: Clockwise from top left, by Kevin Winter/DMI, Steve Granitz/Retna Ltd., Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo Agency, Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos.

Editor's note: In the October issue, the beauty credit for page 232 contained a misspelling; hair was by Soonie Paik.

ıd been promised, Eisner clearly did ot want to give him the job. Katzen- erg had decided to resign. He declared s intentions to Eisner, but the meeting ıded inconclusively. According to Katz- ıberg, Eisner asked him to prepare his roposals for the company. He decided o write a four-page memo outlining his eas.

On August 24, Eisner called Katzen- erg into his office. Katzenberg was ady to present his memo, but instead isner told him that he was about to re- ase a four-page announcement on the ıture of Disney. It briefly discussed the eparture of Jeffrey Katzenberg.

Katzenberg was ejected from the com- pany with a vehemence that aston- hed observers. The announcement wasn't smoothly orchestrated exchange of mu- ıal respect and regrets; instead, it was pparent that Katzenberg had learned of is own demise only a couple of hours efore the rest of the world.

It was a simple story, in a way. Yet here was something unnerving in watch- ıg a man work so hard and achieve so ıuch and then come to such an uncere- ıonious end. "It's so clearly about ego ıther than accomplishments," says a top xecutive at another studio. "All Jeffrey anted is what a son wants from his fa- ıer. The father was not prepared to give to him. And then he said he didn't de- erve it anyway."

Reactions inside and outside the com- any were powerful. Some felt Katzen- erg had finally gotten a spoonful of his wn medicine. Others thought Eisner had evealed his own coldness and selfishness. . few thought Disney's live-action mov- es might finally improve after Katzen- erg's departure, but many feared that he company, on balance, would suffer. om Pollock, chairman of rival Universal, as been critical of Disney's high-volume rategy, but he calls Katzenberg's dis- ıissal a mistake. "Strategies can change. ood executives to implement them are ard to find," he says. "The company is oorer without Jeffrey."

Katzenberg had devoted himself to he studio with such unalloyed passion is identity was so enmeshed with the studio's that many in the entertainment community could not imagine Disney without Katzenberg. "Basically, Jeffrey was Disney to me," director Zemeckis says. And Ray Stark, the *Tyrannosaurus rex* of movie producers, says Katzenberg's success at Disney exceeded the visions of Walt himself, adding with typical archness, "I have a great deal of respect for Mike Eisner and I hope his next move is not to give the gate to Mickey Mouse."

Barry Diller dismisses the hand-wringing over the Katzenberg saga. "There are no casualties here," he insists. "This is only about the eventual unfortunate disintegration of a relationship."

But in some sense both men are casualties. "For Michael and Jeffrey, it is a very traumatic event," says Gold. "These are people who are trying to find some magic answer to a problem that doesn't have a magic answer. This is a series of events that unfolded."

Once the rupture came, Jeffrey Katzenberg, a man once reviled by some filmmakers as a tightfisted megalomaniac, garnered substantial support from that quarter. Most notable was Steven Spielberg, who told the *Los Angeles Times* that Katzenberg's departure was Eisner's "Machiavellian loss."

The day after those words appeared in print, Eisner summoned Katzenberg to his office. He was convinced that Katzenberg was generating a maelstrom of bad press that exceeded anything that Eisner expected. He was surprised to find that the episode merited a cover story in *Newsweek* that depicted Katzenberg's departure as one of the worst of Disney's problems. He was appalled to read in that article a description of himself, sobbing in the hospital in the aftermath of his surgery. Eisner denies that this ever happened.

Not all the coverage cut Katzenberg's way: Eisner's homeboys on the Disney board sent the message that they didn't think Katzenberg was right for the number-two job. A *Wall Street Journal* piece called Katzenberg "creative but unpolished." But Katzenberg was scoring enough points that a furious Eisner now demanded a cease-fire. Katzenberg told a friend that this meeting with Eisner was the worst in their years together and quickly asked his supporters to decline further interview requests. But he also consulted Bert Fields, one of the toughest lawyers in the entertainment business, about his severance from Disney. The battle of words may have subsided, but those weren't the only weapons in the arsenal.

Michael Eisner has his work cut out for him. He has appointed Joe Roth, former chairman of the Twentieth Century Fox studios, to replace Katzenberg. Roth is capable and affable, but the four movies he has produced at Disney under his Caravan Pictures banner were not unmixed successes. *The Three Musketeers* was a break-even proposition, but *Angie* and *I Love Trouble*, a vehicle for Julia Roberts, were bombs. His only win has been *Angels in the Outfield*—a solid hit but hardly a blockbuster. Considering Roth's spotty record, Eisner undoubtedly will want to keep an eye on his new protégé.

Then there are the theme parks. Disney's America. Euro Disney. And the record division and the new theater enterprise, which do not seem to report to anyone just now. And there seems to be a little confusion about animation: Eisner told me he will take Katzenberg's place in nurturing the films; he told *The New York Times* that Katzenberg's shoes would be filled by Roy Disney.

In the wake of quadruple-bypass surgery, Eisner seemed to be asking a great deal of himself. Katzenberg is eager to give him a vote of confidence. "There is no question that Michael Eisner's plate is full and he has extraordinary challenges ahead," he says. "But no one should be so foolish as to bet against him winning. He always has and he always will. I for one will bet on him every time."

An executive who used to work for Katzenberg says he would make the same bet about his former boss. "Jeffrey is not self-pitying," he says. "And once he gets through this, he will be so angry that it will give him an energy that he hasn't felt in years. I see a day, 25 years from now, when I'll be attending the opening of Katzenberg-land."

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Venus retrograde in your sign until November 23 is just the sort of thing that gets "nice girls" in trouble and makes "good boys" go bad. By all means be a healer, but if you devote your life to protecting another person's fragile ego, you could badly damage your own. Stay on your path and you'll be able to cope with the needy and the nutty. Beware, however, of becoming entangled with someone who regularly puts you down, although in this screwy world you could probably find plenty of muzzy self-help books that would justify that kind of terrible relationship.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Your gullibility has led you into one dilemma after another, web after emotional web. Maybe that's because you're so often compelled to step into the abyss of belief, no matter how strongly your mother always warned you against it. Even if you're that rare Sadge science nerd, and would not accept anything as true unless it had 15 government stamps on it, with many planets in your 12th house you must surrender and believe. You'll probably tell yourself you're not trapped at all and still have plenty of options. Someday soon you will have, but right now don't move.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Many people think you get your jollies by piling up the stones for your own pyramid while humming "Ol' Man River." At times you certainly have felt like a tired old horse doomed to pull tourists around the park in a fancy wagon. What about passion and love, though? With Uranus and Neptune going forward in your sign, Mars in your 8th house, and Scorpio planets in your 11th, you know that beneath that elephant skin of yours beats the heart of a human being, complete with glands puffing and singing as happily as a calliope in an old Mickey Mouse cartoon.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

To win the eternal battle for supremacy, you need some guidance and direction now. Remember that it can be great fun to splash around in the puddle with all the big muck-a-mucks, but it helps to realize that in their own way they, too, are wackos. Despite the solitude and isolation (some call it intimacy) you've needed to help you heal after recent blows, step out and try to make a fresh comeback. Throw cold water on your face, wipe the blood from above your eye, and strut, don't stagger, back into the arena. Mustn't keep the crowd or the lions waiting.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

You're doing a bang-up job playing the efficient employee, competent professional, or responsible parent, but in reality every day the Force is blowing you farther and farther away from the mainstream. This can manifest itself positively or negatively, depending on how fed up you are becoming. Seeing the end of the world is imminent, you could simply dedicate yourself to stuffing yourself with sugar and pudding. But if you have a genuine wish to help save humanity, do so. That doesn't mean you have to join the homeless. Begin by just recycling your garbage properly.

ARIES *March [illegible]–April 19*

If the party of the first part is hot to trot, but the party of the second part complains of an awful headache and then feels guilty and decides to snuggle up and smooch anyway, the party of the first part could feel controlled, get annoyed, and turn off completely. With Venus retrograde, Arians are experiencing such scenarios from Hollywood to Hartford. The withholding business can get really problematic and start affecting absolutely everything, right down to who picks up the tab for dinner. Meanwhile, the old career is in turmoil. However do you manage?

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You may be caught now between joyful, trusting companionship and a rifying fear of being obliterated. The passage of Venus from Jupite Pluto could have you buoyed up by the hope one can get only from ing lovingly-supported, and then plunged into the despair which co from feeling you're being devilishly manipulated. If you feel like a ball ing bounced back and forth between desire and rejection, remember th like everything in life—it's temporary. Emotionally speaking, your cur position lies somewhere between Limbo Avenue and Purgatory Lane.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

All you need to hear is that your health may be a little delicate and yo off and running to the chiropractor, dentist, and 11 psychic healers. course, if you treated your body like a temple instead of a drive-in m you wouldn't have any problems at all. That body of yours is g through some natural transformations that don't necessarily have to be threatening. With Uranus and Neptune going direct in your solar house and Mercury and Venus retro in your 6th, that could mean thing from a minor rash to a great nose job.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Consider the new storm brewing along the horizon of your 7th house just another sign for you to do what every Cancer must do to survive frenzied free-for-all called society: go deep into the spiritual center lies within you and don't come out until you're sure the coast is cle not that you can escape from responsibility, of course, because you ca Comfort yourself with the notion that every single person in the worl a little crazy. That includes both the loving sweetie pie beside you in and the S.O.B. across the desk who is out to nail you.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

You can go for just so long, watching your life as if it were a rerun TV. After a while, the passive, wait-and-see martyr role really does get Though friends and advisers may label your current behavior as acting against intimacy, it's possible that Mars in Leo is just a normal, heal way of handling a situation that is becoming more stagnant and intole ble minute by minute. Sooner or later somebody has to make the f move. It's actually analogous to the birth process. At a certain point b leaves mommy and heads down the birth canal. Here you go.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

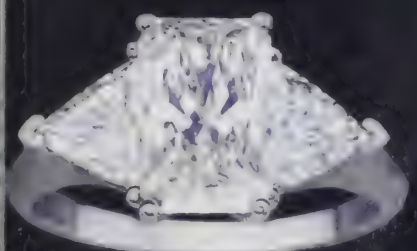
Well, your neat little world has certainly been messed up with Chiron Virgo, Mars in your 12th house, Uranus and Neptune going direct in y 5th, Saturn in your 7th, and Mercury and Venus retrograde in your 3 Knowing how poorly you cope with emotional chaos, a nicer astrolog might simply say, "Personal life is now in strong focus." The comme here is that this is an excellent time to sign up for volunteer charity w at the nearest home for the disturbed. While you're there doing Go work, though, don't go and get yourself mistaken for a patient.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Just when you think it's safe to lay out your grandmother's tea servic *kaboom!*—another earthquake. And being told that it's your fault does help at all. You know what they say: if a person insists on living close the edge, what can he or she expect? But think a minute. Is it your fau Isn't your way the secure way? Didn't you live safely at one time? May you found it cloying. Maybe you wanted some excitement. But surely y can't be blamed for all the havoc wrought by Uranus and Neptune squa ing Libra. And what's to become of Grandma's teacups?

"The first time I gave her a diamond ring my hands trembled. This time, hers will."

I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
celebrate that love, again, with a
diamond as exceptional as our love.



Exceptional woman. Exceptional diamond.

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.05-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-241-9444.

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Social Study

Fran Lebowitz



Beau jester of New York's smart set, Fran Lebowitz has taken a break from her writer's block to produce *Mr. Chas and Lisa Sue Meet the Pandas*. That's for kids. For the adults in her life, she's taken up pen to answer *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

---

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Silence.

What is your greatest fear?
Noise.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Sloth.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Industry.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Thrift.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Abstinence.

On what occasion do you lie?
Before.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
After.

What is your current state of mind?
Warranted.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Passover.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Restraint.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Thing.

What is your most treasured possession?
English.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
French.

What is your favorite occupation?
Pope.

Where would you like to live?
Rome.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Optimism.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Height.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Depth.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Truth.

Who is your hero in real life?
Consequence.

What is your favorite name?
Driver.

What do you most value in your friends?
Typing.

How would you like to die?
Vindicated.


HERE IS NO SLIMMER WAY TO SMOKE.
capri
MODERN
SUPER SLIMS
thol 100's, 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's, 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg.
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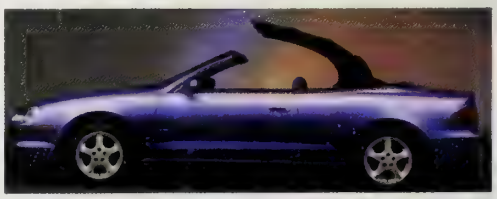
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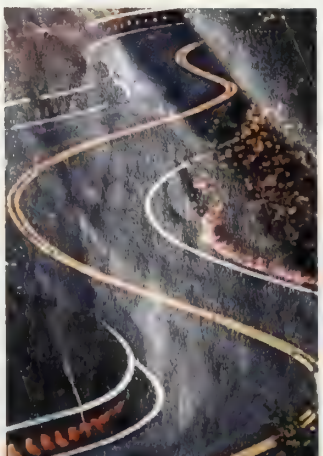


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VANITY FAIR

December 199



Features

The 1994 Hall of Fame: This year, illusions seemed real and reality seemed illusory. Annie Leibovitz catches the shifting images—including Jimmy Carter, Robert Shapiro, and Hollywood's new power troika—while Richard Brookhiser figures out who's live and who's Memorex 181

The Liam King: In the spotlight of his post-*Schindler* stardom, Liam Neeson reveals what love has altered and what fame has not. As his new movie, *Nell,* hits the screen, Johanna Schneller visits the Highlands set of his work in progress, *Rob Roy,* where Hollywood's Irish loner takes a turn as a noble Scot, and does anything *but* brood about his new wife, Natasha Richardson. Photographs by Herb Ritts 196

The Whittle of Oz: Chris Whittle, the charismatic publisher and visionary behind Channel One educational TV, is known for spending binges, trophy executives, and the luxurious style—palatial homes in the Dakota and the Hamptons—in which he keeps his aristocratic bride. Now he has lost the media empire he created. Jennet Conant explores whether Chairman Whittle's capitalist dream is doomed, or whether he can rise again by reinventing his Edison Project. Photographs by Jonathan Becker. 204

Our Miss Brooke: In between her Calvins and her Agassi, America's pretty baby seemed destined for total celebrity eclipse. But after cheering Andre to the championship as U.S. Open spectator No. 1, she will debut on Broadway this month. Leslie Bennetts uncovers the inner resolve that kept Brooke Shields going and has finally allowed her to leave the maternal nest. Photographs by Walter Chin 212

End of the Jackal: The most notorious terrorist of the 1970s, Carlos the Jackal, is finally behind bars, a helpless pawn in the cynical game of French politics. In Paris, T. D. Allman disentangles the means and motives behind the caging of the Jackal and exposes the nature of the evil that led Carlos on a rampage of personal vendettas and bungled murders 216

Pina Collider: Dieter Blum spotlights revolutionary postmodern-dance diva Pina Bausch as her latest concoction of eroticism and surrealism opens at the Brooklyn Academy of Music 226

Decorating's Great Dames: From Fergie to Jackie to Mrs. Astor, decorating doyennes Nancy Lancaster and Sister Parish festooned countless lives and living rooms with their blue-blooded sense of style. Amy Fine Collins recounts the triumphs and genteel scuffles of the Confederate and the Yankee who together wove the fabric of 20th-century haut décor 228

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After he kissed us goodnight, Dad said Sartre was fond of saying, "Man is condemned to be free." We told him he was free to keep us up as long as he wanted with stories about Sartre. He chuckled, turned out the lights, and said, "I think you two have had enough existentialism for one night."

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"AND WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT," my son further noted, "Federico's cautionary images of depravity are no match for Cecil B.'s juicy vision of Nero as a voluptuous connoisseur of agonies."

I promptly asked him who taught him such language? He told me he learned it all from noted film critic Pauline Kael who was now residing in his personal computer thanks to the Microsoft® Cinemania® program.

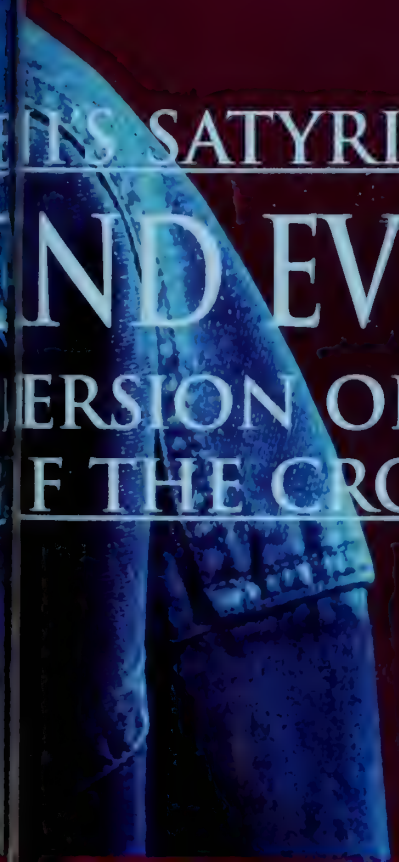
He explained the thing was an interactive movie guide with over 20,000 film reviews from the likes of Leonard Maltin, Roger Ebert, and his personal favorite, Kael. It helps him pick out which movies to rent and which ones to stay as far away as possible from. It also had "bitchin" features like video clips from some of the most popular movies of all time, theme songs from 100 movies, 900 movie stills and 4,000 bios of bigwigs in the movies.

Then he asked me if I knew Fellini held jobs as a crime reporter and a caricature artist before he broke into the film business as a gag writer for actor Aldo Fabrizi? "Who doesn't?," I replied as I headed to his room to look for this Cinemania thing.

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VANITY FAIR

Volume 57 Number 12

(Continued from page 8)

December 1994



Columns

Cultural Elite: Vanessa Redgrave is reclaiming center stage with renewed political passions and a planned directorial debut. As her new play, *Vita and Virginia,* opens in New York, Christopher Hitchens focuses on the legendary actress and the genesis of her steely determination 76

The Ghosts of November: Three haunting decades after the death of J.F.K., conspiracy theorists still point fingers at the Mafia and the C.I.A. Now, amid startling new evidence of agency cover-ups and with the help of a dying man's confession, Anthony and Robbyn Summers move to dismiss the case that Oswald was a lone assassin 86

Flashback: Matthew Tyrnauer revisits Miguel Covarrubias, whose satirical illustrations lit up Jazz Age New York, and Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair* 140

God and Man in Rwanda: During his recent travels to Africa's most ravaged country with photographer Annie Leibovitz, David Rieff found that the moral conundrum surrounding its genocide is grimmer and deeper than many had imagined 142

Houghton Revisited: Houghton Hall, one of Britain's grandest historical homes, will spill forth its treasures this month at a $23 million Christie's sale that may be the decade's most gilded auction. As the heirlooms head toward the block, John Richardson chronicles the efforts of David Rocksavage—seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley, sometime filmmaker, and Lord Great Chamberlain—to save this enchanted place 144

Vanities

Precious Julia Ormond; Henry Alford tracks a little gold chair on the party circuit; Kevyn Aucoin, the muse of maquillage; Irène Jacob sees *Red;* George Wayne receives Howie Long 159

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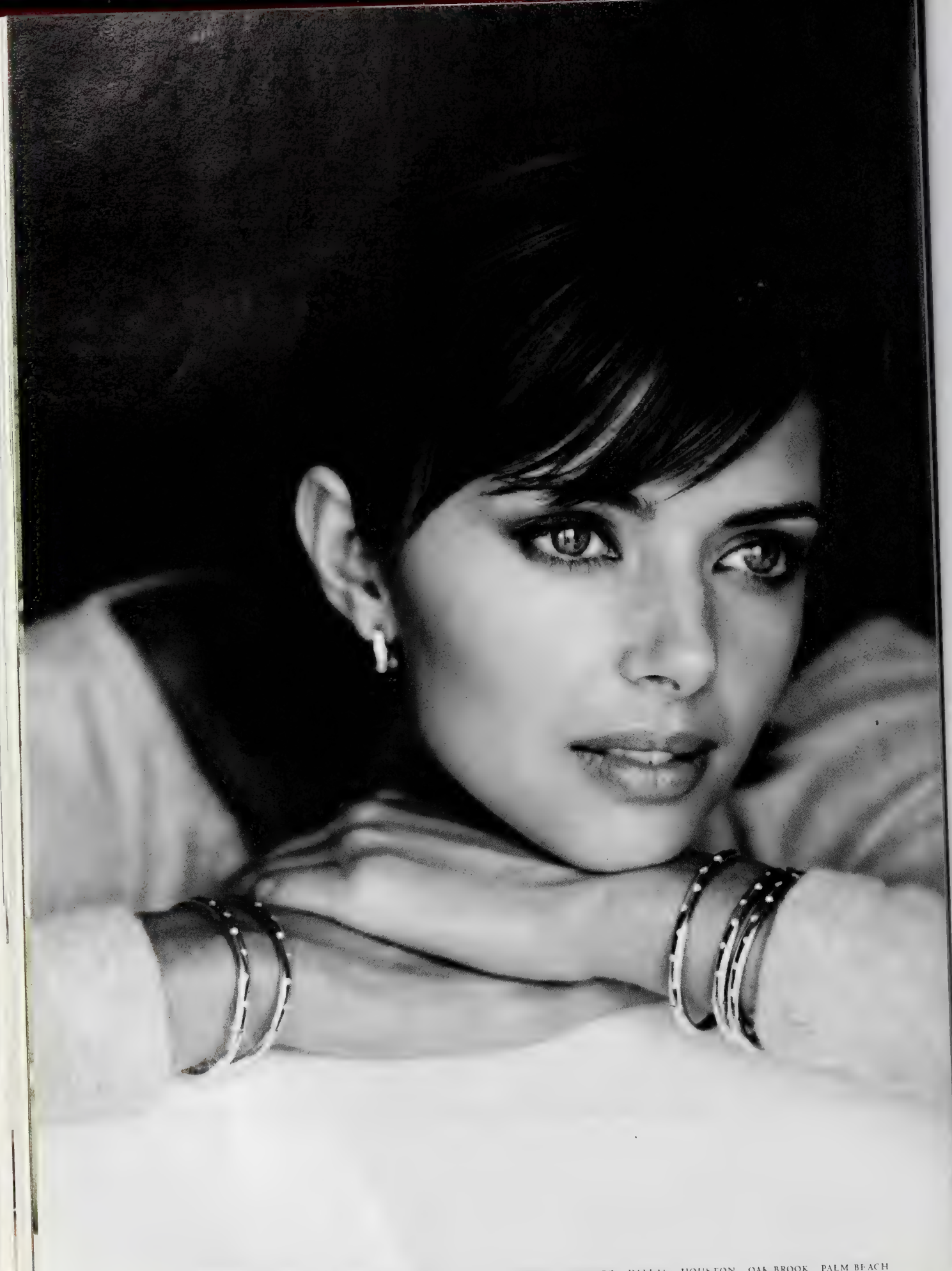
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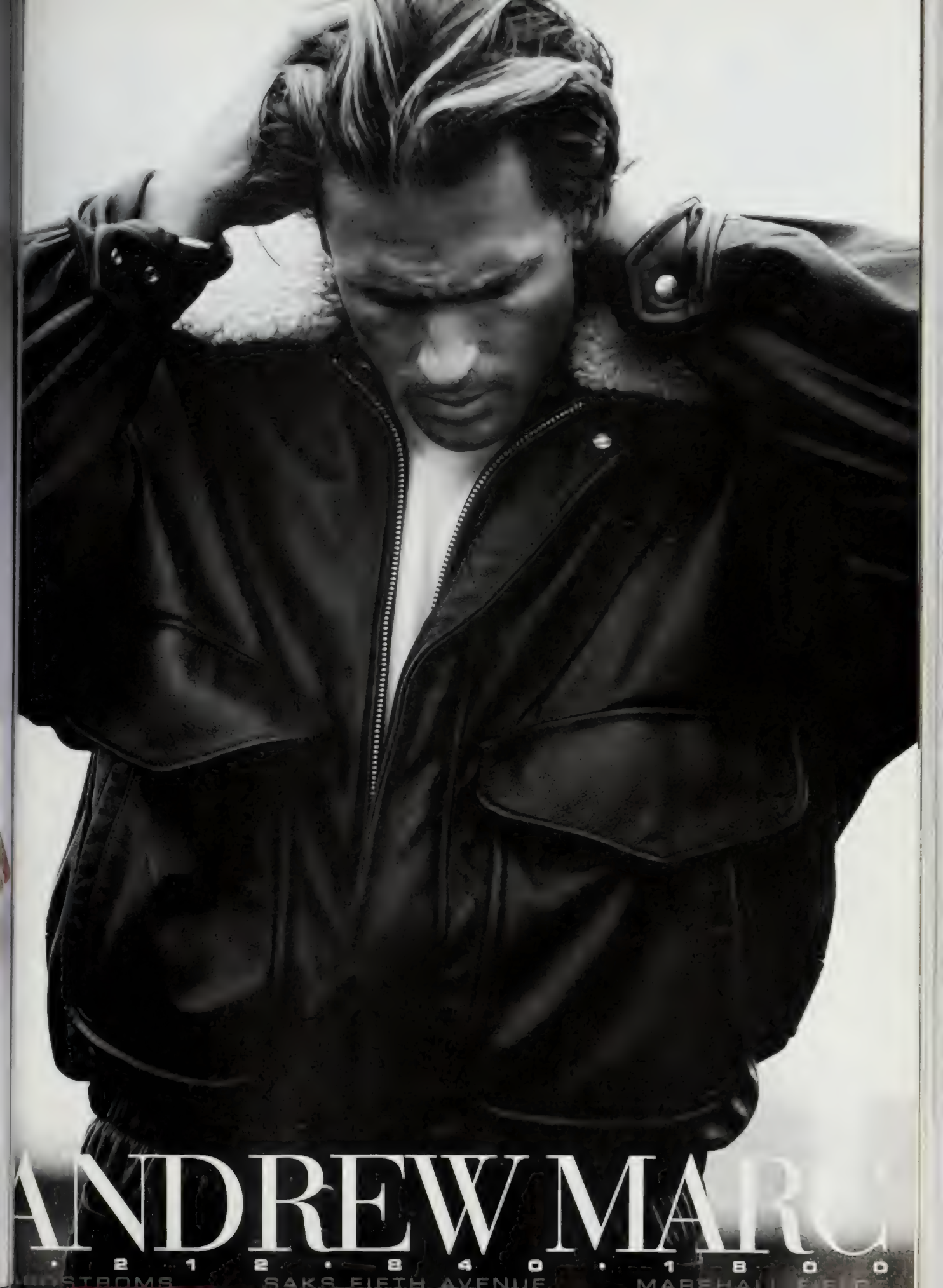
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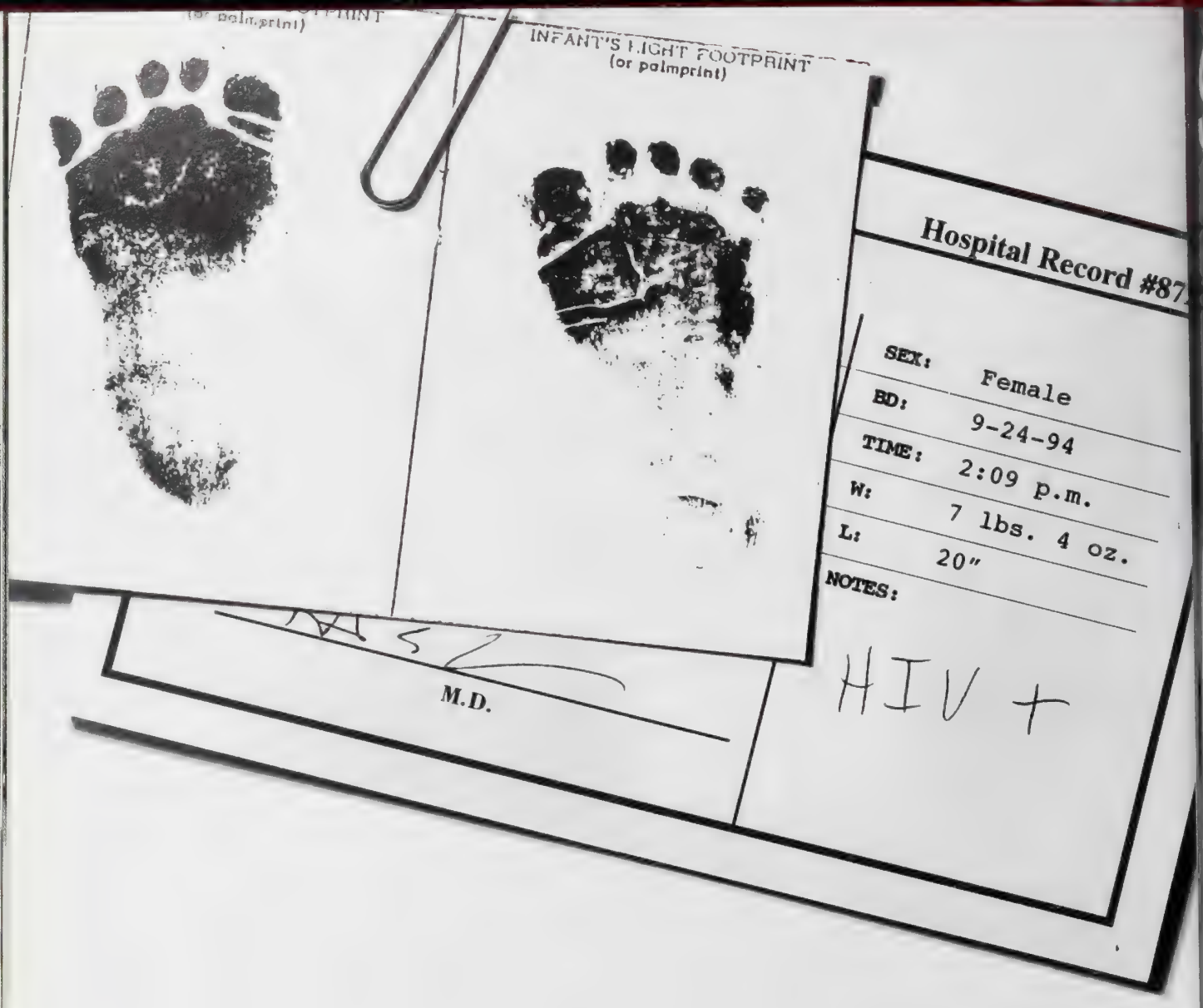
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Editor's Letter

The Carlos Affair



Vanity Fair's foreign correspondent, T. D. Allman, can be trusted to find the hidden drama behind the surface drama, no matter what country he's in. His most recent reports have been from obvious geopolitical hot spots: the former Yugoslavia, Russia, and the Middle East. His story this month ("End of the Jackal," on page 216) is from France, where Allman makes his home for much of the year—and where a man who was once the living symbol of terrorism is now awaiting trial.

"Carlos the Jackal" has been the subject of every kind of myth and exaggeration. When the Venezuelan-born terrorist was finally captured in the Sudan, late last summer, and flown to Paris, Allman started delving into the story behind the caging of the Jackal. Carlos had been "retired" for at least a decade, and was living in alcoholic oblivion in Khartoum. Why seize Carlos now? Allman wondered. Who benefits?

Allman's investigation took him into the cynical world of French politics, where the question of the moment is who will succeed the dying preside François Mitterrand. "Virtually everyo I met had been bitten by the media bu he says. "This is a classic French affair volving sex, violence, politics, fame, a most important, intellectual pretensi Yet perhaps the strangest revelation of t story is how American the French have become—tryi the Carlos case on TV talk shows while everyone scra bles for money."

Allman also traced the bizarre pattern of Carlos's li the killing and maiming of innocent people throughout E rope and the Middle East in the 70s and 80s. Though t Jackal claimed to be acting on behalf of the Palestini people, Allman concludes that his motives were chilling their simplicity: ultimately, he used terrorism "to regula the problems of his personal life the way other people u credit cards or psychotherapists."

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

1994 Neeson



Below, at Airlie Estates, near the Scottish town of Dundee, Lord Liam strikes a regal pose in a Paul Smith jacket and pants by Jean Paul Gaultier. The subjects supporting him are *V.F.* photographer Herb Ritts and style director Kate Harrington.



MARK McKENNA

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Looking as though he were to the *Männer Vogue* born, Liam Neeson commands attention in a [illegible] eater by John Macarthur for Purl Harbour and pants by Gianni Versace. Grooming products by [illegible] by Ralph Lauren. [illegible] by Max Pinnell for Bumble & Bumble. [illegible] Harrington. [illegible] sively for *V.F.* by [illegible] Herb Ritts.

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Behind the Scenes

Vanity Fair's 1994 Hall of Fame

A typical week in the life of Annie Leibovitz: fly to Philadelphia for a session with the Stones; then out to L.A. to shoot Robert Shapiro; then on to photograph Martina Navratilova in Dallas—all the while popping malaria pills because she's just gotten back from Rwanda. She can't get sick, because David Copperfield and Claudia Schiffer are expecting her in Paris the day after she leaves Dallas. It's this kind of stamina and creative versatility that makes her work such an integral part of *Vanity Fair,* and Annie the most celebrated photographer of her generation. This year—as for the last 11 years—she gave the magazine an extraordinary array of images, starting with a hoot of a controversial Roseanne Arnold cover, followed by portraits of George Stephanopoulos, Swifty Lazar, Yasser Arafat, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Jerry Seinfeld, among others. She covered the Tom-Tom beat (Hanks and Cruise), and caught Barbra Streisand in all her power and glory.

After a certified tour de force like hers in the October *Vanity Fair*—an unprecedented 19-image portfolio of the New Establishment—most photographers might have rested for a moment on their laurels. Not Annie. She to off for Rwanda, where with a single, wrenching image ("G and Man in Rwanda," with text by David Rieff, on pa 142) she plumbed the full horror of that genocide.

Finally, she embarked on the Hall of Fame. The fac of 1994 posed for Annie's camera, including Shapiro, Ji my Carter, Simba the Lion King, and the girls of *Melr Place.* She made a last-minute dash to L.A., to shoot t triumphant new triumvirate of Jeffrey Katzenberg, Dav Geffen, and Steven Spielberg—all of whom she'd ph tographed just months earlier for the New Establishme Special Report. (You just *knew* those guys were going get up to something big.)

Command Central at *Vanity Fair* for these many cove and portfolios is the office of features editor Jane Sark whose desk is piled with intricate schedules and calenda and who somehow manages to bring order from chaos.

The theme of this year's Hall of Fame is illusion vers reality. Annie herself is a shining exa ple. The reality is a backbreaking pa and a perfectionist's preparation. T illusion? Beginning on page 181, ni superb portraits that cut through t smoke and mirrors of 1994. □



As Leibovitz's 16-mm. camera rolls, Steven Spielberg gets up from the table at the Hollywood Canteen, where he has just dined with David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg. He begins to leave the restaurant, then, on second thought, decides to take the tip with him. The photographer applauds his budgetary skills.

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Contributors



Jennet Conant sees the Whittle saga, on page 204, as one of the final episodes in the rise-and-fall soap opera of the 1980s financial elite: "Chris Whittle's tragic flaw was perpetuating the feeling that the gravy train would never stop." Conant lives in New York with her husband, 60 Minutes *correspondent Steve Kroft, and their son, John Conant Kroft.*

Contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts** catches up with Brooke Shields, who is riding yet another wave of celebrity. Bennetts profiled Debbie Reynolds in the October issue.



TIM SHEAFFER

T. D. Allman has been covering terrorist-related stories since the Black September guerrilla attack at the 1972 Olympics in Munich. His investigation of Carlos the Jackal on page 216 is as much about France as it is about the mythology and capture of a killer: "Carlos is the Jerry Lewis of terrorism," says Allman. "He's the kind of bozo only French intellectuals would take seriously."

Richard Brookhiser is writing a book about the character of George Washington. A senior editor at the *National Review,* he has been happily married to a liberal Democrat for the past 14 years.

Amy Fine Collins salutes the late interior designers Sister Parish and Nancy Lancaster as underrated artists whose canvases happened to have been houses: "Lancaster and Parish were so secure about their social positions, they could bend and break decorating rules as they pleased." Collins believes that "your house should bring you beauty, peace, and comfort, regardless of whether anyone sees it besides you—rather like good underwear."

Christopher Hitchens recently completed *Hell's Angel,* a documentary about "the unmasking and exposure of Mother Teresa," for Britain's Channel Four.

Jamie James covers the New York art world for *The Times* of London. This month, he flies to Laos to research the Plain of Jars, a bizarre subterranean tomb system left by a vanished Paleolithic civilization.

(Continued on page 50)

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Bunny Bunny



Gilda Radner:
A Sort of Love Story



by Alan Zweibel

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—Billy Crystal



All of Mr. Zweibel's proceeds are being donated to Gilda's Club

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Contributors

(Continued from page 44)



CLAIRE CUSACK

Anthony and Robbyn Summers, whose groundbreaking article on the investigation of President John F. Kennedy's assassination begins on page 86, are no strangers to the 1963 tragedy: Conspiracy, *Anthony's 1980 book about the case, won critical acclaim, and he and his wife, a contributor to* Life *and the London* Independent, *both worked on the 1993* Frontline *program about Lee Harvey Oswald. The couple combed through myriad recently released documents and conducted 140 interviews for their report.*

Michael Lutin never reveals his astrological sign: "Only my mother knows and you need a Ouija board to contact her."

Michael Musto has recently decorated his apartment with fountains, palm trees, and other items from catalogues that furnish Chinese and Polynesian restaurants. He has no pets.

John Richardson, who this month e amines the treasures of Hought Hall, is completing the second volu of his biography of Picasso, due o next year from Random House. H was recently named Slade Professor Art History at Oxford Universi where he will be in residence for 199

Michael Sragow has written abo film for *The New Yorker, The Atlan Monthly,* and *Rolling Stone.*



EDWARD LEE JR.

Johanna Schneller, who was based in Los Angeles for GQ, *has just move to Toronto. Her profile of Liam Neeson, on page 196, is "the first assignment of my new life." Schneller found the actor (who swears th will be his last in-depth magazine interview) to be a real challenge. "It woul be agonizing for Liam to look too closely at himself," Schneller says. "I asked him to recall specific events and stories, which ended up being just as revealing as going into a big psychiatric session."*

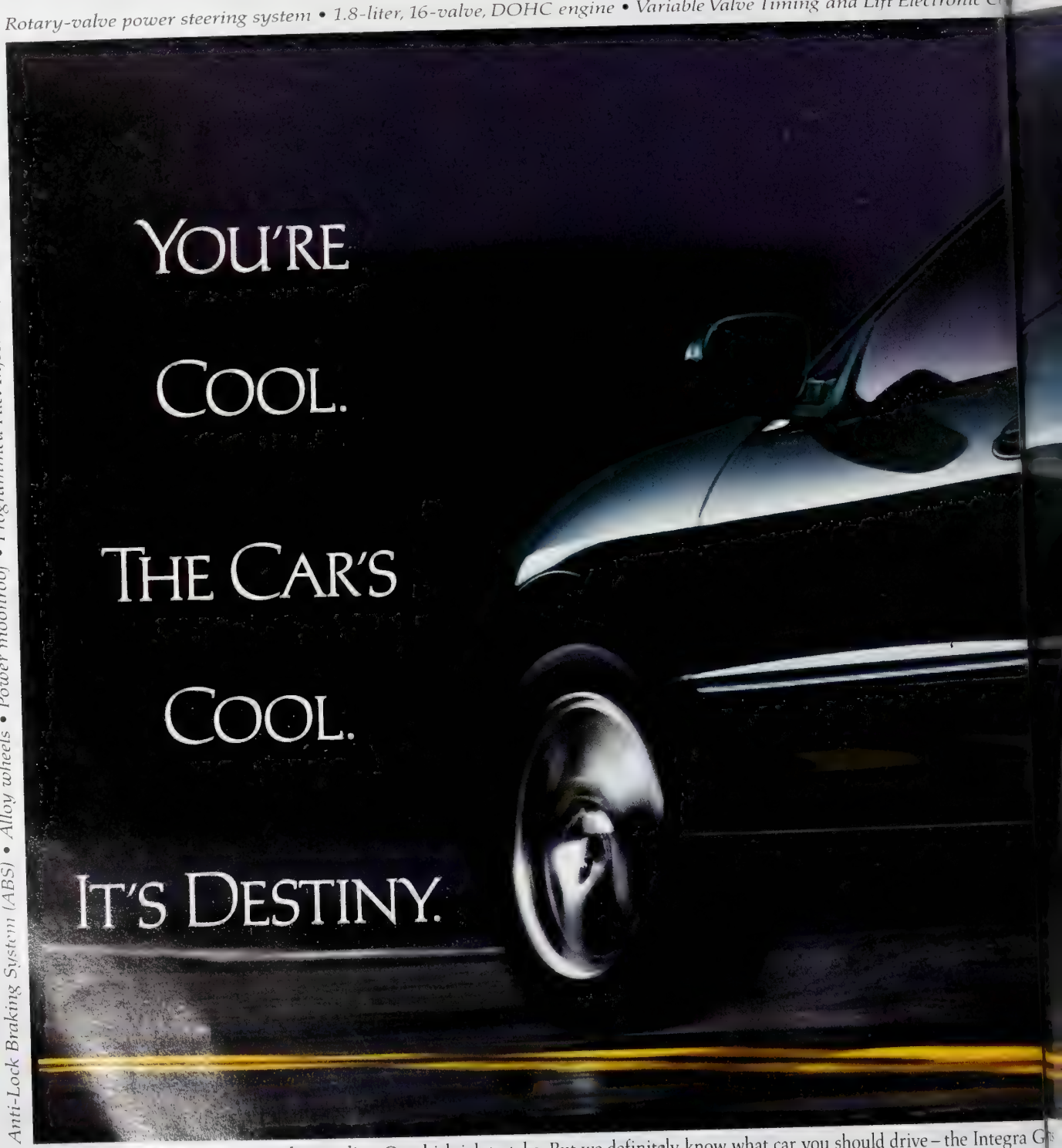


David Rieff has spent the better part of three years in Bosnia researching his forthcoming book, Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West *(Simon & Schuster). He went to Rwanda with Annie Leibovitz for his article on page 142.*


TOMMY
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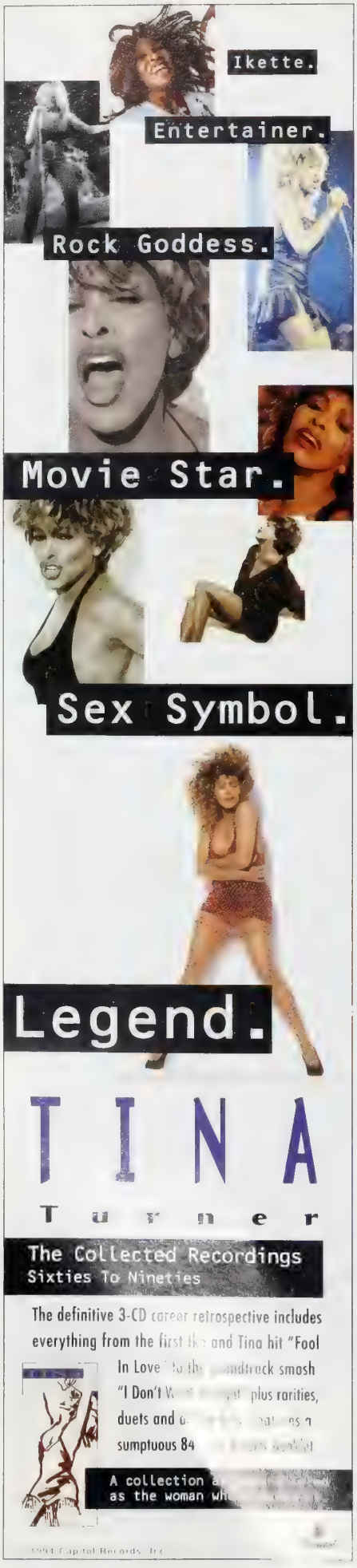
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s Coupe. Wind it up. Blaze down some highway. The rest of that stuff will take care of itself. SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE

ACURA



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Letters



NEW WORLD ORDER

Establishment Types

I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed reading "The New Establishment" [by David Halberstam, Nicholas Lemann, and Elise O'Shaughnessy, October]—and not just because I was in it.

In an innovative way, you actually did capture a lot of what is going on in the world in which I and the others live. I thought the story was one of the most interesting that I have read on the entertainment world.

SUMNER M. REDSTONE
New York, New York

The October issue of *Vanity Fair* is a must-read for any student of American history. The Special Report on the New Establishment is a mind-opening examination of what is driving the engine of today's world train. It's brilliant, incisive, clear, and full of the microscopic data we seem to plow through at warp speed in contemporary American society! Kudos and bravos to O'Shaughnessy, Lemann, and Halberstam as well as a brilliant *V.F.* staff.

GEORGE DiCENZO
Marina del Rey, California

The October *Vanity Fair* is a powerful issue. Congratulations!

JOHN WEITZ
New York, New York

Whoever conceived the idea of the New Establishment Special Report, please tell him or her it was brilliant! In all the years I have been reading *Vanity Fair,* this is the most interesting and informative piece I have ever read. Congratulations to you and your magazine for a job well done.

PAUL BLOCH
Los Angeles, California

(Continued on page 62)

The McCooeys



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Letters

(Continued from page 58)

Regarding your article on the New Establishment: Just because these people fly in their own Gulfstream jets 45,000 feet above the Grand Canyon does not mean they are closer to God. It is a principle of physics.

ANTHONY F. PROVENZANO, M.D.
Bronxville, New York

I took exception to all of the negativity on Henry Kissinger. Our paths crossed once, during a private tour of the White House. I said, "Gosh, I've always admired you." Kissinger's response: "You have good taste." So he does, at least, have a quick sense of humor!

VIRGINIA KATIMS
Seattle, Washington

Annie Leibovitz "catches the faces of change" in her "Portfolio of Power," but unfortunately for women some things will never change. The serious expression on Barbra Streisand's face is not in sync with her chosen attire. I wish someone would tell Barbra, "It's not about your chest, it's about your brains and talent." Even if her office is at home, I doubt she works out deals in her slip.

LIZA COLEMAN
New York, New York

I find it completely disheartening but not at all surprising that some 24 years after the rebirth of feminism there are only two women who wield power in the New Establishment and only one nonwhite person. Oh yeah, she's one of the women. How about a no-boys network?

LISA ANN ROBERTSON
Columbus, Ohio

The most exciting event around here is the day my *Vanity Fair* arrives.

I especially enjoyed your Special Report, "The New Establishment." The men in the photo on pages 212 and 213 must be doing *something* right: our family ditched cable TV two years ago, in favor of books and classic videos, yet even *I* recognized 13 of the 16 faces! Their reach far exceeds the "information superhighway."

PATRICIA M. ARNOLD
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

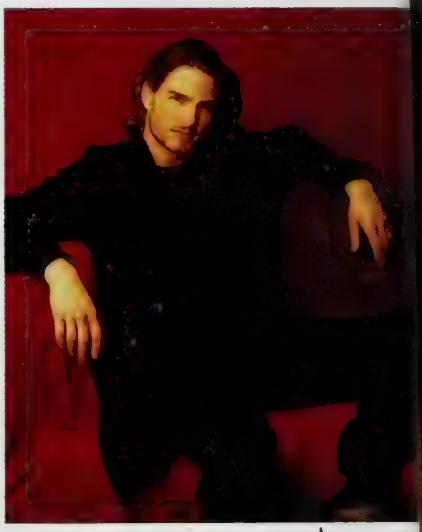
I see the members of the New Establishment as certainly no more powerful than the original Hearst or Luce was in his day. The individuals *V.F.* singled out have influence, but only indirectly in the areas that really count: geopolitical/socioeconomic-policy development. I think that each is interested more in making mone than in anything else.

NED BROW
New York, New Yo

Cruise Missiles

Your article on Tom Cruise ["Cruis Speed," by Kevin Sessums, October tops all articles from the past abou him. I have finally read something tha goes beyond his acting career. He genuine and uninhibited and I feel tha makes him shine the way he does.

KELLI SCHWAB
Warrington, Pennsylvani



Pleasure Cruise: The normally enigmatic Tom Cruise opened up to Kevin Sessums in the October issue. This month he stars in the title role of Interview with the Vampire.

So Tom Cruise has a good head on his shoulders—like any other good little hypnotoid in Scientology. After my brush with Scientology, I think I'd have been better off with vampires.

KATHLEEN RAINE
Ithaca, New York

Many people just see Tom Cruise as a pretty face with an outrageous body, but Kevin Sessums's article brings out the real Tom. He's a great guy and I have always loved him. The pictures are some of the best I've seen.

CHRISTIE ORDOYNE
Thibodaux, Louisiana

I have watched Tom Cruise grow up on the silver screen and I've been a fan from the beginning. Thanks to Kevin Sessums's article I now know that I was right all along; there's so much more to this man than a beautiful face and sexy body. Tom Cruise is a kid at heart with a

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Letters

very old soul. He seems to have found peace in the chaotic and often crazy world of movie stardom he's chosen to live in. I wish him all the best in the brilliant future I know he's going to have.

MARY CALI
Syracuse, New York

To set Tom Cruise's mind at rest, no one is saying that Scientologists are not "decent, good individuals." Surely, Cruise is free to worship at the altar of whatever church he wishes. However, if he chooses to use such loaded statements as "read a book about it" in a highly regarded, nationally distributed magazine (we all know what book you're talking about, Tom), then the forum becomes open, one hopes.

What does seem unfathomable to some of us is that, for all his looks, fame, power, money, and intelligence, Cruise should depend on a psychological life-support system that emanated from the pen of a well-known sci-fi writer, the late L. Ron Hubbard.

PETER MILLINGTON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Tom Cruise spent this past spring in Toronto while his wife, Nicole, was filming a movie there. He enrolled their daughter, Isabella, in a "Parent Tot" gymnastic program. Fortunately for my two-year-old son and me, we enrolled in the same class, an experience I shall never forget. He participated with great enthusiasm as we did the "Hokey Pokey" dance and sang Barney songs with our children. As your article suggests, he truly is unaffected, and his normality was not what us common folk would expect from a big star.

KAREN TRESHAM
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

I was really moved by your article about Tom Cruise because it is so nice, but rare, to see someone (especially a celebrity) who has so much perspective that he can appreciate life itself, can stand up for what he believes in regardless of the consequences, can refrain from placing strong judgments upon others, and who knows what is most important—family. It gives me hope to know that there are still good, genuine people out there.

VONNY Y. ICHIHO
Torrance, California

Reynolds Rap

Thank you for interviewing Debbie Reynolds ["Debbie in the Desert," by Leslie Bennetts, October]. In my opinion, she's the best thing in Las Vegas. I became one of her most ardent fans after seeing her show on New Year's Day 1994. By the way, not all of Debbie's fans are gray-haired. Those, like myself, who belong to Carrie's generation are just as wowed by this generous, gorgeous, and supremely talented lady. Get 'em, Debbie!

REBECCA MERLIC
Hutchins, Texas

One of my first movie recollections is of Debbie Reynolds's duet with Carleton Carpenter—"Aba Daba Honeymoon." How in the world could a community of high-paid stars let Miss Reynolds sink? Doesn't anyone have that friendly feeling everybody sang about in *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*? My goodness, Merv Griffin alone could bail the lady out. I for one want to see those costumes and lose a few quarters.

LINDA SCHWARTZ
Portland, Oregon

"Debbie in the Desert" left a bitter taste in my mouth, and it wasn't cheap wine. It's not only the silver foxes that love Debbie, you know. I'm 38 years old and I'm planning a trip to Vegas to see Debbie perform. She has handed down her chutzpah and sense of humor to Carrie and Todd. Give her a standing ovation.

HOWARD SHAPIRO
New York, New York

Smoking Bullets

Regarding Christopher Hitchens's "Smoke and Mirrors" [October]: Please advise of time and date of rebellion. Count me in.

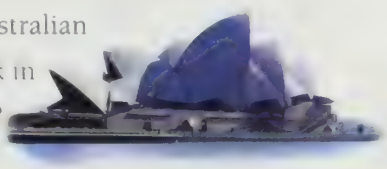
PATT B. HART
La Quinta, California

I once pointed out to a nonsmoking colleague that in World War II all the victorious leaders used tobacco. Roosevelt smoked cigarettes, Churchill, cigars, and Stalin, a pipe. In addition, Patton puffed on cigars, MacArthur had his corncob pipe, and, it is reported, Eisenhower smoked 80 cigarettes on D-day. The vanquished Hitler, as Mr. Hitchens pointed out, was a notorious nonsmoker. Without a moment's hesitation my friend replied that all the Allied leaders are dead but Hitler is still alive and living in Brazil. To dis-



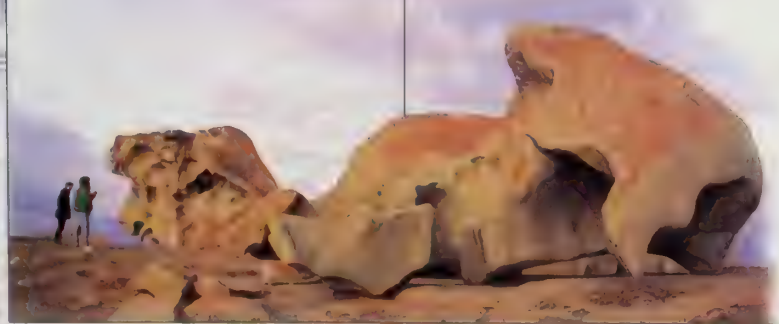
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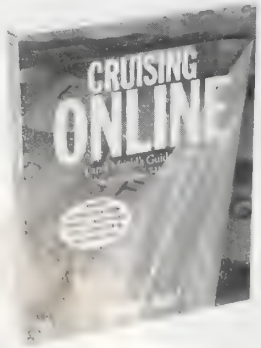
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Letters

cuss any aspect of tobacco with anti-smokers is to pee into the wind.

ROBERT TERMUENDE
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Mr. Hitchens defends smoking by using the rather touching argument that it allowed Kenneth Tynan to write. Brendan Behan and countless others made the same claim for alcohol. But leaving all other comparisons between these two gentlemen aside for a moment, I would much rather have occupied a barstool next to Mr. Behan—whose alcohol intake would have been his own business and certainly different from mine—than sat next to Mr. Tynan under the same circumstances, since his intake of tobacco smoke would have regrettably become my business.

KATHLEEN CAIN
Seattle, Washington

I'm quite sure that if you put a poor rat in an unventilated jar and pump smoke into it 24 hours a day it will probably develop health problems. However, I have yet to see a shred of evidence that if Representative Waxman leaves his smoke-free home in his smoke-free car to spend eight hours in his smoke-free office he is in any danger of expiring prematurely from spending a couple of hours in a restaurant or bar where a few patrons are smoking.

SARA HART
San Jose, California

The "glamour" previously attached to smoking has long since disappeared. If Mr. Hitchens wants proof, let him follow me as I visit patients devastated by the myriad of smoking-related diseases, and ask those patients just how glamorous they feel when they can't breathe.

I have heard all the arguments made by smokers in their own defense. They say, "I have to die somehow." Yes, but you *never* want to die from the horror that is smoking-induced lung disease—you *don't* die right away, but instead suffer through months or years of breathlessness and wasting away, more often than not begging to be allowed to die. And "I know lots of people who smoke and have never gotten lung cancer or emphysema." Sure, but do you really want to take that chance? I know people who practice unsafe sex and haven't gotten AIDS, but I'm not sure I'd try it.

Those of us in the private practice of medicine only run the risk of hurting our business by stopping the smoking epidemic, since it produces so many o the patients we treat.

WARREN BOTNICK, M.I
Los Angeles, Califor

All I can ever say when confronted by rude nonsmoker is "Butt the hell out Now I will carry copies of Christophe Hitchens's article to give them.

I reside in a suburb of Cleveland. Th city built a new stadium this year. The st dium was partially funded by a so called sin tax on cigarettes and alcoho And now, of course, it's a nonsmokin stadium.

ROBIN WYAT
Macedonia, Ohi

Listening to Congressman Waxman a hearings brought back memories of Sen ator Joseph McCarthy's statements a the HUAC hearings of long ago. The sub ject may have been different, but th rhetoric was the same.

GLORIA K. DUGGAN
Jensen Beach, Florid

While Waxman et al. may be willing even eager, to see my "right to be le alone" go down the drain, I wonde if they ever stop to think that theirs might be the next to go. Get ready t kiss your pre-dinner cocktail(s) good bye as well as that tender, marbled, rar roast beef. A baked potato with butte *and* sour cream? You've got to be kid ding! And just one more thing: Don't even think about wearing shoes made out of leather.

NORMA J. MELILL
Temecula, California

As a resident of San Francisco, I am painfully familiar with the fascism of the anti-smoking movement. Thanks to Angela Alioto, our caring Board of Supervisors president, S.F. will be smoke-free in 1995.

One thing Christopher forgot to mention: though smoking-caused lung cancer is a drain on Medicare, surely it is a boon to Social Security. Think of the money Social Security saves when someone dies of lung cancer at or near retirement.

Christopher: If you are in San Francisco in or after 1995 and need a place to stay, you are welcome at my apartment. We'll pull my blackout curtains and smoke away!

GINA FALDETTA
San Francisco, California

Christopher Hitchens makes a logical case for smokers' rights until he men-


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tions Melina Mercouri and how cigarettes were part of her "style." Didn't she die from lung cancer? He neglected to give out that bit of information.

J. NEILSON
Boca Raton, Florida

I would like to share Christopher Hitchens's article with my co-workers, but your magazine is not allowed in my workplace, thanks to a ban on perfume in the halls. Maybe I could fax it in, while on my cigarette break.

CARLA HAMILTON
Medford, Oregon

Fads and trends are known to be short-lived in the U.S. Is Mr. Hitchens's refreshing piece an indication that the backlash against anti-smoking is finally here? I always enjoy your magazine.

MARIE-HELENE FALCK
Zumikon, Switzerland



Contributing editor Christopher Hitchens's polemic on anti-smoking laws attracted a torrent of reader mail—most of it in support of his pro-puffing stance.

I've got a deal for these "We're so concerned about the health of our employees" corporations that ban smoking in the workplace: When they stop poisoning our waterways with the tons of contaminants they dump into our rivers and streams every minute, when they stop polluting the atmosphere with deadly chemicals spewed from their round-the-clock smokestacks, when they manufacture vehicles that don't emit noxious fumes. I put my Winstons down with nar[illegible] mutter.

MARY ELLEN THOMAS
Bardwell, Kentu[illegible]

Having been invited to Christop[illegible] Hitchens's home and enjoyed his con[illegible] erable hospitality, I can attest that a[illegible] trays are available. I can also confi[illegible] that he asks before smoking, and that[illegible] a nonsmoker it is a pleasure to g[illegible] permission.

I'm sure that Hitchens finds it as o[illegible] ous as I do to agree with Senator Je[illegible] Helms about anything, but surrenderi[illegible] the right to smoke with the permissi[illegible] of others would be a defeat for civil l[illegible] erty as well as civility. I might pre[illegible] that Hitchens not smoke, for his sak[illegible] just as he might prefer that I drive mo[illegible] slowly or eat and drink differently. W[illegible] would *both* prefer to stay out of b[illegible] with Helms. Damn Waxman for havi[illegible] sent us there!

WILLIAM E. RA[illegible]
West Palm Beach, Flori[illegible]

Christopher Hitchens's implication th[illegible] nonsmokers are boring and smoke[illegible] are risktakers is obviously flawe[illegible] Smokers are less risktakers than a[illegible] dicts. If you want to do something rea[illegible] ly risky, try to write after 24 hours *sa[illegible]* cigarettes.

DONNA HOUSMA[illegible]
Arlington, Washingto[illegible]

What I fail to understand is a basic fac[illegible] of human nature: people need someon[illegible] to persecute. Who will be next afte[illegible] smokers?

PAMELA C. ADA[illegible]
South Hamilton, Massachusett[illegible]

I really don't care about Christophe[illegible] Hitchens's health, but I do care abou[illegible] mine. That's why I don't inhale second[illegible] hand smoke, his or anyone else's. And[illegible] I'm in the majority.

THELMA L. PIERCE
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Below the Beltway?

Whether or not people in Washington knew that Richard Holbrooke's distant relatives practiced Judaism was an irrelevant tangent in an otherwise fine profile ["Mr. Holbrooke Builds His Dream Job," by Marjorie Williams, October]. I can't help but wonder, had Mr. Holbrooke's *(Continued on page 72)*

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Letters

(Continued from page 70) nonpracticing forebears been Luth ans rather than Jews, would your author have noted that " side Washington, almost no one had known that Holbroo was . . . " Lutheran? I think not.

HALLEY BLA
New York, New Yo

I met Richard Ho!brooke only once after he was appoint ambassador to Germany. I was impressed with the manner which he expressed his personal feelings on being appoint ambassador to the country that under the Nazi regime was r sponsible for the Holocaust. When he assumed his position, clearly identified himself as a proud American Jew conscio of the terrible past.

JACQUES TORCZYNE
New York, New Yo

Culture Vultures

I particularly like the piece on Culture Victims in your Octobe issue ["Hype & Glory," by Henry Alford]. It's the attitude o *that* piece that will keep me as a subscriber.

CHRISTINE GODIN
Overland Park, Kansa

Please ask Henry Alford for what reason we, whom he sneer ingly calls "Culture Victims," should be living our lives if no for *culture*. After all, what else is there separating us from dumb beasts?

WILLIAM R. GILL JR.
Roanoke, Virginia

Model Citizen

I got very angry when people were trashing Cindy Crawford in the October "Letters" column. It is a shame when people are so critical of someone who has made it to the top, like Cindy, and admits that money alone does not solve all your problems or necessarily make a person immune to conflicts in his or her life. I have only one thing to say about Cindy Crawford: she has a heart of gold! My son was almost killed in an accidental shooting last year, when one of his friends didn't think a shotgun was loaded and pointed it at his face point-blank. He came close to dying many times and is a living miracle.

I personally wrote to Cindy Crawford at her modeling agency and told her about my son Chris, and what a fan he was of hers, and how it would really cheer him up if she could do something for him. Three weeks later she mailed him a Cindy Crawford calendar and wrote a few words and signed it. It was so thrilling to see a smile on his face again! Then, about a month later she sent him *another* autographed picture. When a supermodel takes time out of a hectic schedule to do something like this for someone she doesn't know she must be a very special person! My family thinks Cindy Crawford is wonderful!

JONNIE CALTON
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.



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A REDGRAVE IN CLOVER
Vanessa on the grounds of Charleston House, on the coast of Sussex, May 1994

VINTAGE VANESSA

Vanessa Redgrave is still on her radical soapbox, but—with a new play in New York and a shot at the director's chair—she's holding center stage as well

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In a patchy career as a stage-door Johnny, I have had to sit and swing my feet while listening to the views of a number of opinionated actresses. One of these, whom I won't name, because she's too well known already as one of the heroines of *Shampoo,* made me listen to two whole sides of a long-playing record (those were the days) that emitted only the songs of distressed whales. Another, who shall be nameless if only because of *her* part in—oddly enough—*Shampoo,* told me that she decided all political questions by asking Don Henley. And there was the goddess who confided that her dream was to feature—and she meant this in a very *real* sense—with Fidel. I'm sure there must be bombshells and starlets who hate animals, despise the poor look down on the Third World [illegible] fer their aerosols to [illegible] But, somehow, their agen[illegible] *et.*

In the popular mu[illegible]d-grave is probably the ar[illegible]s-one-minute-and-Nicar[illegible]t, Oscar-ceremony-grandstanding, petition-signing Hecuba and banshee of all time. Groupie of the Palestinians; sob sister for this and that; daughter of privilege; can't be content with unpublicized opinions. Very much disliked even on the left for her membership in the Workers Revolutionary Party, a lugubrious and puritanical sect which kept on purging and cleansing itself in the ongoing effort—superfluous to most bystanders—to give Leninism a bad name. Yet I really wanted to meet this woman, who is the daughter and the mother of serious talent, and I really wanted to talk politics with her. I desired this because of *Second Serve.*

Have you seen *Second Serve*? You must. In it, Vanessa Redgrave plays Dick Raskind as he undergoes the grisly, draining operations that will transform him from a leading male eye surgeon into Renée Richards, a leading female tennis player. At one point, gaping at the screen, I had to tell myself, "Hold on. Reality check. Here is a woman playing a man who is turning into a woman. And it is utterly, engrossingly believable." Noël Coward once told Redgrave, "Your work is completely truthful. There is not

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one false moment in it." As well as being an elitist old thing and a sentimental imperialist, Coward was a man who would far rather give a bitchy backhander than a compliment of any kind. So does genius transcend politics or are the two by any chance related?

If so, the relationship seemed inverse until recently. Only a few years ago, Vanessa Redgrave was trapped in every kind of boredom and embarrassment. Up to the hilt in litigation with those who had boycotted or canceled her as anti-Semitic, and up to the neck in rancorous property battles with former comrades in yet another sectarian split (this time involving the assets of her minuscule party), she was losing work, and also losing face. In addition, that span of years between 50 and 60 was beginning to contract, in the disagreeable way it does.



Viva Vanessa: The young actress starred in *A Quiet Place in the Country*, an Italian gothic-horror movie, in 1967.

As she paced across a hotel lobby in Toronto, I almost drew back. The Toronto film festival was *en fête,* and the hotel was heaving with the Beautiful People, which perhaps made the contrast more intense. But, my dear, *haggard.* Bonethin, and gaunt about the eyes, with a shock of cropped white hair, and clad in drab black jeans and shirt, she seemed ghostly and lost and forbidding. Yet, as I was about to learn, she had recently carried off the palm for best supporting actress at Venice for her part in *Little Odessa.* This month, she will open in New York with a two-woman show called *Vita and Virginia,* where she will play Vita Sackville-West to Eileen Atkins's Virginia Woolf in a reconstruction from letters of the notorious sapphic and aesthetic duo. She is about to try her hand as a director. And, most surprising of all, she has relaunched her political persona in such a way as to become almost respectable.

The key to understanding Redgrave, and her amazing resilience, lies in the steely coils of the English class system. Daughters, in this scheme, are raised in a spartan and unsentimental fashion, with no-nonsense nannies, lots of fresh air, and some arduous if basic schooling. She evokes the world rather well in her just-published autobiography.

I get the whole thing in one take as we ride out in her car to the movie set where she is rehearsing *Down Came a Blackbird.* Asking a slightly null warm-up question, of the sort that invites an easy "yes" answer, I receive a slow turn of an impeccable and rather equine profile, a gradual and determined exhalation of blue cigarette smoke, and the distant word "Absolutely." In my experience, women who say "absolutely" in this offhand way are not to be trifled with. If trifled with, they will go straight to the top.

Here, for example, is what Redgrave did when she ran out of money in her lawsuit against the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had rashly scratched her contract to narrate *Oedipus Rex* because of purported threats of violence from the thuglike Jewish Defense League: "I needed $150,000 to carry on and I had $20,000 in the bank," she recalls in her memoir. "I telephoned the Washington embassy of the Royal Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and asked for Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's secretary. The ambassador came on the phone and invited me to see him and his family in Virginia. I flew down from Boston and we sat and talked, and I explained that without his help I would be forced to withdraw my case from the court for lack of money. I flew back to Boston with a check for $150,000 in my shoulder bag."

On the night in January 1937 when Vanessa Redgrave was born, her father was playing Laertes to Laurence Olivier's Hamlet at the Old Vic, and at the curtain call Olivier came forward to announce that a great actress had been delivered to his dueling partner. There's just no point in being launched by luck and privilege unless you know how to make the most of it, and thus did the House of Saud find itself, more than four decades later, forking over to the world's most celebrated acolyte of the Jewish atheist Leon Davidovitch Trotsky.

A family backdrop like hers is insurance of a dearly bought kind. Sir Michael Redgrave, who married the captivating actress Rachel Kempson, was one of that small group of men who personified the stoic English "type" to the generation of the Second World War. He was so much beloved that he managed successfully to defy a nasty bit of BBC blacklisting for his own Marxist sympathies. But he was an absent father and by all reports a bit of an absent husband also, and his three children were left to bring one another up. Corin and Vanessa bonded well enough—it was Corin who later talked Vanessa into joining the Workers Revolutionary Party—but little Lynn was, as the autobiography makes plain, the orphan and afterthought of the arrangement. Who knows whether this had anything to do with her loud cry of exasperation, during the Gulf War, at the last straw of her big sister's political delinquency. ("Vanessa's actions are suddenly pissing me off. Driving me crazy.")

Some women might have reacted to such an upbringing by smothering or overprotecting their own young. Not Vanessa. She admits, with a mixture of rue and pride, that she has shortchanged her three children, Natasha, Joely, and Carlo, in order to pursue her career as artist-revolutionary. The rewards, she strongly implies, compensate for this deferred gratification. A great moment came when, at the close of his life, Sir Michael Redgrave was taken by her to see his granddaughter Natasha play


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Ophelia at the Young Vic. From one *Hamlet* to another. After a long and silent drive home from the theater, he announced, "She's a true actress."

As Redgrave's driver takes us through the outskirts of Toronto, we cross Fenelon Drive, which is eerily suitable, given that Vanessa's most controversial role was her portrayal of Fania Fénelon, the virtuoso of the Auschwitz women's orchestra, in *Playing for Time.* This was the performance that took Arthur Miller's breath away with its authenticity, and the breath of others with what they saw as its hypocrisy. (Arafat's chum plays a Holocaust heroine? *Please.*)

On the set which I am visiting, she plays another Holocaust survivor, a woman who devotes her life to the rehabilitation of torture victims. I gradually come to realize that her emaciated and castaway look, including the whitened and shortened hair, is adopted for character. Bit by bit, the famously mesmerizing blue eyes and the exceedingly rare but ravishing smile reassert themselves.

Then rehearsal begins and she is back in character again. She has to introduce a young Haitian torture victim to a young American one played by Laura Dern. And she has to convince both of them, and us, that she knows what they have been through. Anyone who has been on a set and watched repeated stagings of the same micro-scene will tell you the experience is one of thunderous tedium. I can say only that, with each and every wearisome repetition, Vanessa Redgrave completely convinced me that she was what she was playing. She has this uncanny ability to register, and to transmit, the idea of pain and suffering. What we have here, it seems, is someone with at least one less skin than the rest of us—someone whose exposed nerves twitch and jangle at the lightest brush with reality.

The subject matter of the movie makes a natural bridge to the topic that is now at the front and center of Redgrave's mind. The unremitting horror in Bosnia, and the ineffaceable shame of the Western democracies in "response" to it, has remobilized and rekindled all her passions and instincts as a campaigner. And this time, as she points out, she is shoulder to shoulder with most of the organized Jewish community. At a rally in Manchester, England, last year, she was able to introduce Anita Lasker, another real-life heroine of that Auschwitz women's orchestra, who spoke stirringly about the revival of ethnic Fascism in modern Europe. At gatherings in the synagogues of Sarajevo, and in solidarity meetings most especially in Germany, slogans about brotherhood and internationalism that once seemed trite or dated are filled with a fresh content.



Dynastic drama: Left to right, Vanessa, Sir Michael Redgrave, Lynn, and Corin, photographed in the late 1960s.

The key to understanding Redgrave lies in the steely coils of the English class system.

Politically, it is a new lease on life for Redgrave. It has brought her the mandate of UNICEF, the United Nations organization for children, to be a special envoy in the former Yugoslavia. It has given her platforms and audiences far greater and larger than any she could command as a member of any Marxist sect. But even as she relates these exciting details her tone and pitch never rise much above the bleakly matter-of-fact.

I'll tell you what I think, which is that she is afraid of being thought an emotional and reactive woman. Rather than seem to follow her generous and (dread word) compassionate side, she represents herself as shaped and molded by a conscious, objective theory of history. It's a way of avoiding burnout, and of adding some extra thickness where the missing skin ought to be. The same ferocious discipline is brought to her stagecraft, where she dislikes nothing more than to be thought of as spontaneous.

James Ivory, her sternest critic and warmest admirer, has an excellent reminiscence about this. While directing her as Olive Chancellor in *The Bostonians,* he suspected her of politicizing and coarsening Olive's personality, perhaps in order to sharpen the class contradictions. She refused to take his direction, and for the first time in his life, he says, he walked off the set. But he was then struck by a happy thought. At lunchtime he told her that there was something ever so slightly "common" about her performance. This appeal to noblesse oblige was enough to bring her right back into character.

You have to imagine, then, someone who is held in place by the strict promptings of class, and reinforced by an adamantly dogmatic and chilly political credo. In her memoirs she writes approvingly of her guru, the Irish Trotskyist Gerry Healy, as having led a life that was "a single piece of steel," and I still recall Mr. Healy once saying in my presence, with the utmost *froideur,* "We are opposed, of course, to *humanitarianism.*"

On the set with me is another journalist, who wants to conduct an interview with Vanessa in between my first and second chats with her. He's a man of generous liberal impulses, and volunteers the thought that he and she will get on well because "in many ways I see eye to eye with her politically."

"Look," I tell him, "take my advice. Do *not* say that to her. Do not, indeed, ask any political questions until the very end, if at all. She will not accept you as a co-thinker. She believes that if you were a co-thinker she would already know who you are. You have not completed the necessary course of study and sacrifice. Don't even think about it." I fear my words are wasted, because an hour or so later I see him

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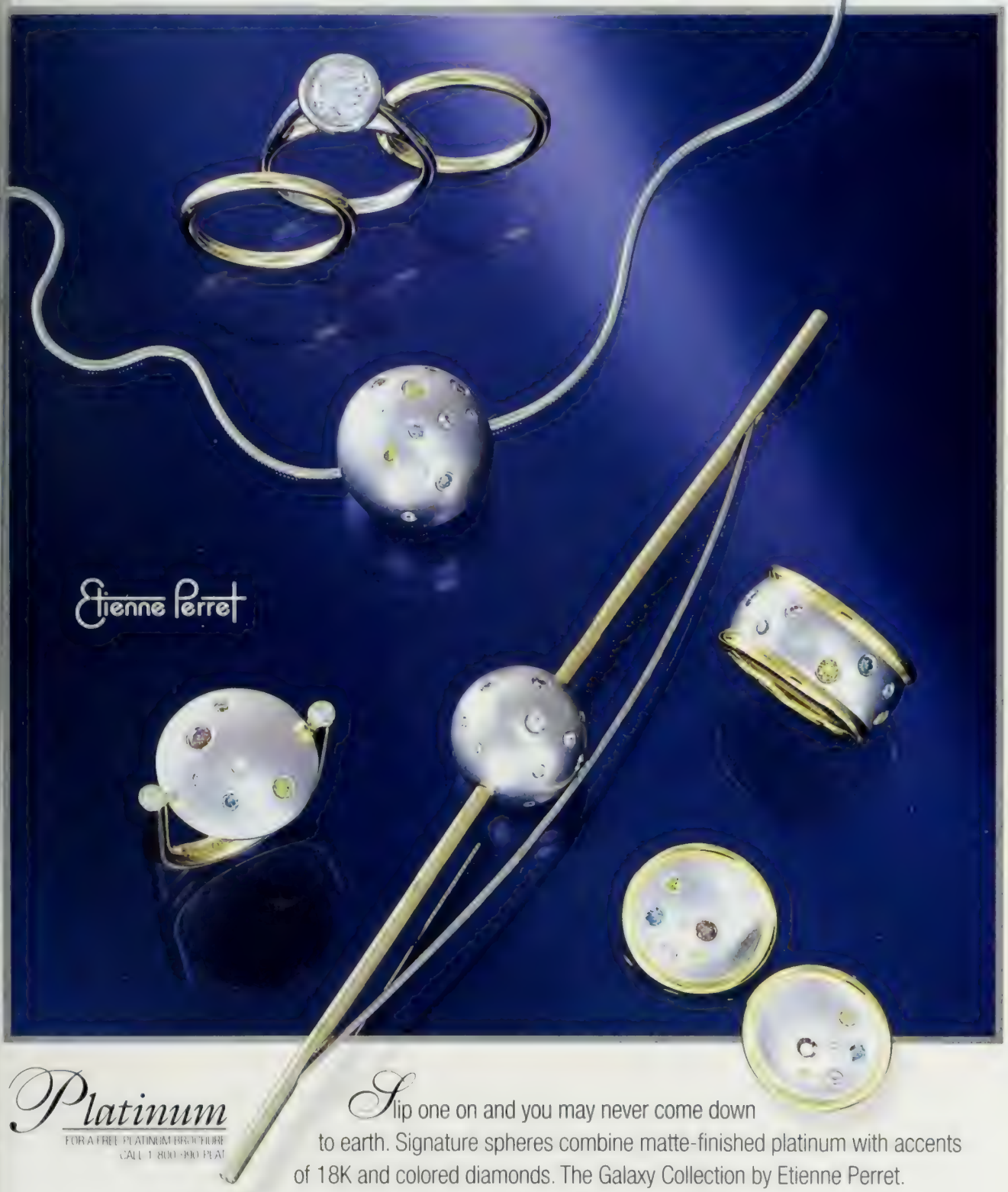
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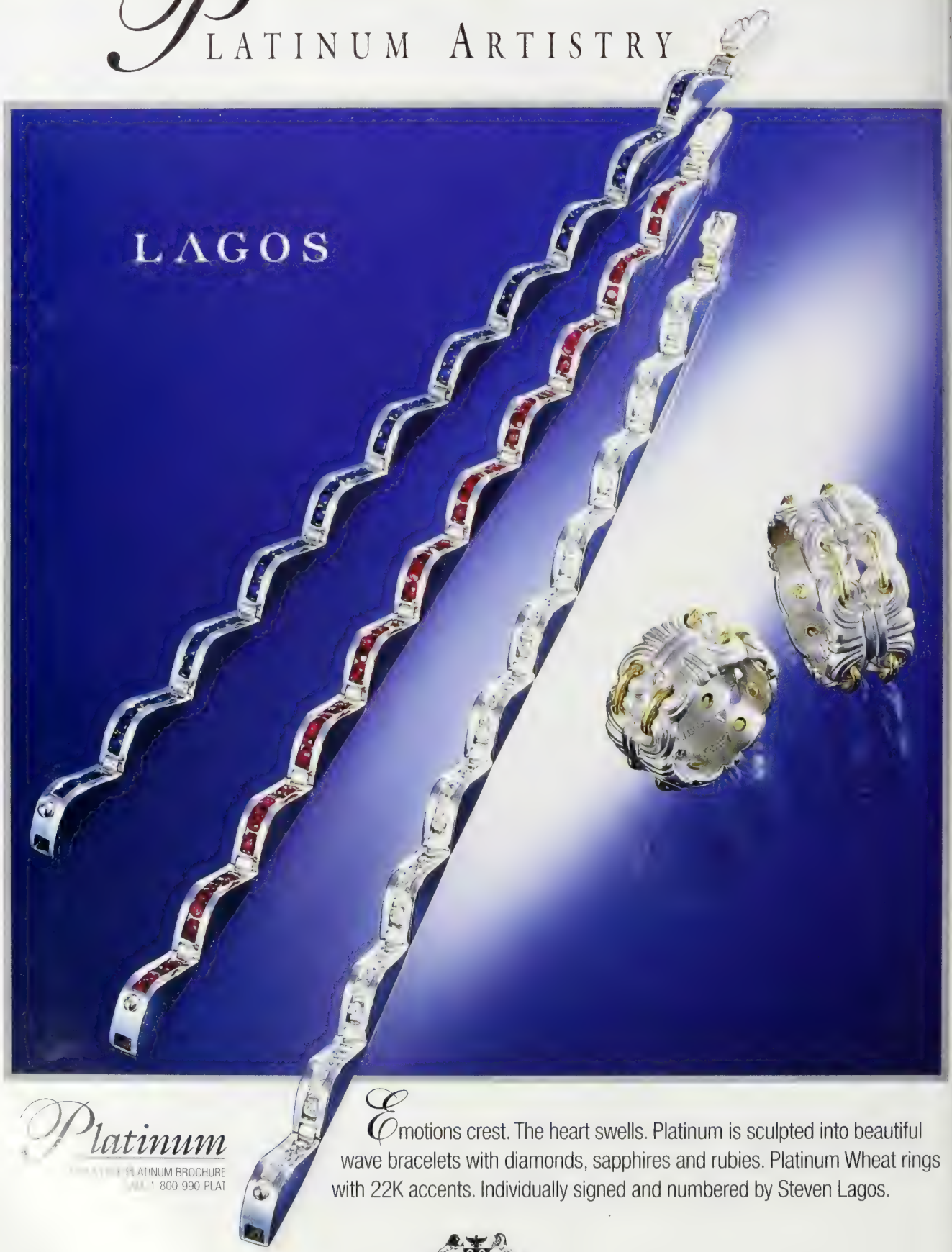
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erging from the garden greenhouse where they had met king for all the world as if a titanic cigar had just blown in his face. "Boy, talk about humorless left," he observes a hurt fashion.

"Humorless left" is of course a cliché, and the world is a ious place and life a serious business. Vanessa Redgrave, ve all, wants to be taken seriously. I must allow, however, it it makes Part Two of our interview a little bit constrained I say I admire her work on Bosnia, which I do, she shrugs lf to say she expects no less. In the case of another actress I uld ask if she had an all-time favorite role, but somehow s question seems pathetic. (I ask it anyway. No, she does t.) She does, however, volunteer that she thinks the F.B.I. d C.I.A. and other secret services are out to get Bill Clin-, as indeed "they" were out to get her and her party, and it the state doesn't care about AIDS because it is reducing ie artistic community," which it views as the foe.

There is a kind of intensity which marks the exquisitely fine ie between idealism and fanaticism. The only thing to do in ese cases is to try and go for the lucid interval. It is very no-eable that in matters of the theater she is entirely free of nt, an excellent critic, and—least predictable of all—quite an timist. "Over the last few years there has been a tremendous newal among creative actors, comparable to the period after *ok Back in Anger*." She instances *Uncle Vanya* at 42nd reet. And she praises Al Pacino's *Richard III* and Peter rook's *The Man Who*, as well as Tony Kushner's *Angels in merica*. For a few moments, she seems almost animated.

Best of all, she knows that political theater can be the cheap-t form of politics. Only artistry and authenticity really count. ie offers the example of her friend Tennessee Williams, and doing so comes perilously close to mere humanitarianism. The thing about the writing of Tennessee Williams is that it isplayed, from the very first, this incomparably deep revulsion gainst suffering. . . . But he was never political, unlike, say, lifford Odets and the other didactic writers whose work is so nferior to his. He just had this passionate simplicity."

There's no self-pity when I ask if she has any—you know egrets. Does she regret that her daughter Natasha Richard-on, for example, doesn't show any sign of wanting to share lummy's politics? "The girls have been working on publish-ng and publicizing their father's book [*Long Distance Runner*, y Tony Richardson]. And they've been very active on AIDS." What about regrets for herself: has she given up too much for ier art and her politics? (In her book, the breakup with Tim-othy Dalton over her commitment to revolution, and the be-eeching from her children for more of her time, is condensed nto a single stoic page.) "I don't think *I* have lost anything hough I have lost a lot of work—but anyway it's not the ef-ect on me but on others that counts. It's been very difficult or the children, who often didn't see me for a long time. But 'm really glad that I stayed really close to the men that I've oved and the men who've loved me. I think it was rather wonderful of them to put up with me."

For the immediate future, there is *Vita and Virginia*. How did Atkins and Redgrave decide which would be which? "Easy. Eileen *is* Virginia, and she's already done a one-woman show about her. I've never wanted to be Virginia, though I have been told I should. It's a great exchange between two historical women, one of them a really, really great artist and the other a quite good artist. *The New York Times* said something like, Oh dear, not sedate genteel Bloomsbury again. I can promise you it won't be either sedate or genteel." I can believe this.



THE GHOSTS OF NOVEMBER

In the wake of Oliver Stone's *JFK*, more than two million classified documents on the assassination have been released, providing fresh evidence of C.I.A. and F.B.I. cover-ups and even of a second gun. Add the confession of a dying man and it seems clear that Lee Harvey Oswald was no loner: he was caught in a web of frustrated Cuban exiles, vengeful mobsters, and U.S. intelligence operatives

BY ANTHONY AND ROBBYN SUMMERS

Last month in Washington, five carefully selected citizens began a mammoth task. Three historians and an archivist, led by the chief deputy attorney general of Minnesota, John Tunheim, must decide which government records on the assassination of President Kennedy may still be kept secret. They are the members of the Assassination Records Review Board, appointed by President Clinton and confirmed by the Senate under a special law passed in 1992.

It is a prestigious lineup: Anna Nelson of the American University, Kermit Hall of Ohio State, Henry Graff of Columbia, and William Joyce, a senior librarian at Princeton. The executive director is David Marwell, formerly head of research for the Justice Department unit investigating Nazi war criminals in the U.S.

Here we go again, 31 years after Dal- [illegible] 30 since the Warren Commis- [illegible] d us Lee Harvey Oswald did it o[illegible]wn. An attorney named Mark Lane fanned the flames of controversy with his 1966 book, *Rush to Judgment.* In 196[illegible] case was muddied by the follies of New Orleans district attorney Jim Garris[illegible] who claimed to have uncovered a plot hatched by "the military and intelligence power elite." Twelve years later, reporting to Congress after a



CARL MYDANS

A nation in mourning: New York commuters on a Friday-evening train to Stamford, Connecticut, November 22, 1963.


New York World-Telegram
Sports
PRESIDENT
SHOT DEAD

long and costly inquiry, the House Select Committee on Assassinations concluded that there had "probably" been two gunmen in Dealey Plaza—one of them Oswald—and thus "probably" a conspiracy. The committee hinted that the Mafia was responsible, then passed the buck to the Justice Department, which just sat on its hands.

Last year's book *Case Closed,* by New York lawyer Gerald Posner, was as loaded a brief for the prosecution of the "Oswald lone assassin" theory as Lane's book had been for Oswald's defense. A veteran assassination scholar, former Senate investigator Harold Weisberg, has already replied with *Case Open.*

In 1963, two weeks after the assassination, a Gallup poll found that 52 percent of the American people thought there had been a conspiracy. Last November, a CBS News poll reported that 89 percent of the population now believe that, and 81 percent think there has been an official cover-up.

Oliver Stone's 1991 movie *JFK* was a dubious piece of scaremongering, yet it was in response to the concern aroused by the movie that Congress passed the John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Collection Act. Since then, well in excess of two million pages of documents have been released into the National Archives, largely by the C.I.A. and the F.B.I.

The job of the Records Review Board is to rule on the massive withholdings that remain. While its powers are limited to enforcing the release of official records, the board has the right to subpoena witnesses and hold public hearings. It is expected to spend $2.4 million in the coming year. "I see our primary responsibility," says John Tunheim, "as . . . assuring the Congress and the American people that information about the Kennedy assassination is not being hidden by any branch or agency of the federal government."

Asked in 1964 whether his Commission's documents would be made public, Chief Justice Earl Warren replied, "Yes, there will come a time. But it might not [illegible] in your lifetime. I am not referring to [illegible] especially, but there may be [illegible] that would involve security. This would [illegible] preserved but not made public." To [illegible] according to figures supplied by the [illegible] Assassination Archives and Research [illegible] in Washington, between one and [illegible] million pages of relevant documents are still being withheld by federal agencies. Why?

Our investigation establishes that skepticism about assassination orthodoxy is by no means limited to eccentric "buffs." The man who inherited the presidency, Lyndon Johnson, juggled conspiracy theories and did not believe in the analysis of the shooting on which the lone-assassin verdict is founded. Nor did several members of the Commission that endorsed it. And while the predominant conspiracy theory proposes that the Mafia killed Kennedy, the nature of the mysteries surrounding the case points to a more complex scenario.

Clues proliferate, some brand-new: leads indicating that we have not been told the truth about U.S. contacts with Oswald during and after his defection to the Soviet Union; the discovery that a journalist who features large in the case is listed in C.I.A. files as an Agency "collaborator"; credible evidence that the C.I.A. has concealed or destroyed its surveillance tapes of an Oswald visit to Mexico City; and the damning findings of the first professional intelligence analyst to work full-time on the case.

"Subject to being elected [president]," Bobby said, "I would like to reopen the Warren Commission."

All this, and more, boosts suspicion that, even if U.S. intelligence operatives played no part in the assassination, their agencies have long hidden a relationship with Oswald. In the course of that subterfuge, they may have blocked exposure of a darker truth: our work led us to a man with links to both the Mafia and U.S. intelligence, a man who confessed before dying that he himself had been involved in the conspiracy which, he claimed, killed the president.

The truth according to the Warren Commission—its 888-page report—was delivered to President Johnson on September 24, 1964, by Chief Justice Warren and his Commission members: Senators John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Richard Russell of Georgia, Representatives Gerald Ford of Michigan and Hale Boggs of Louisiana, former C.I.A. director Allen Dulles, and U.S. disarmament coordinator John J. McCloy. The Commission said Lee Harvey Oswald, aged 24, former Marine and onetime defector to the Soviet Union, had acted alone. He killed John Kennedy on November 22, 1963, with three shots from a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, firing at the president's motorcade from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository, where he worked as a laborer. Two days later, in police custody, Oswald himself was shot dead by a local nightclub operator, Jack Ruby. Both men had been driven to kill by some inner compulsion. There was no evidence of conspiracy.

"The monumental record of the President's Commission will stand like a Gibraltar of factual literature through the ages to come," said Gerald Ford. Yet a stream of prominent Americans have remained skeptics, including members of the Commission itself. Senator Richard Russell, for instance, later said of Oswald, "I'm not completely satisfied in my own mind that he did plan and commit this act altogether on his own." "I no longer feel we simply had no credible evidence or reliable evidence in proof of a conspiracy . . . ," said John McCloy in 1978. The F.B.I.'s domestic-intelligence chief, William Sullivan, remained a doubter: "There were huge gaps in the case, gaps we never did close." The Dallas police chief at the time of the assassination, Jesse Curry, believed two gunmen were involved.

The Secret Service agents who guarded President Kennedy have never spoken out on the record. But we now know what the agent who sat with Kennedy in the limousine thought: Roy Kellerman's widow, June, says he "accepted that there was a conspiracy." Kennedy's close aide Kenneth O'Donnell rode in the car immediately behind the president's. O'Donnell told the late Tip O'Neill that he was pressured by the F.B.I. not to say what he firmly believed, that gunfire had come from in front of the motorcade.

Although C.I.A. director John McCone told the president's brother Robert early on that he thought two gunmen had fired, Robert is not known to have expressed his own doubt until years later. In 1966, he told former White House aide Richard Goodwin,

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"If anyone was involved, it was organized crime. But there's nothing I can do about it. Not now." With publisher William Attwood, he spoke of "reasons of national security" for keeping a lid on the case. Campaign aide Richard Lubic, now a director of DDD Cablevision, still has his note of what Bobby said several days before he in turn was killed. "Subject to being elected [president]," Bobby said, "I would like to reopen the Warren Commission."

Faith in the Warren Commission has also been shaken by congressional investigations. Probes by the Intelligence Committee in the Senate and by the Constitutional Rights Sub-committee in the House left many convinced that the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. had something to hide. Richard Schweiker, the senator who spearheaded the Intelligence Committee probe, said he believed "the Warren Commission was set up at the time to feed pabulum to the American people for reasons not yet known, and that one of the biggest cover-ups in the history of our country occurred at that time."

Not so, insist Judge Earl Warren Jr. and Jeff Warren, son and grandson, respectively, of the Californian who gave the Commission its name. "He had no doubts," says the grandson. "I remember one time he said to my mother, 'I can assure you, Margaret, Lee Harvey Oswald shot the president.' There was no question in Papa Warren's mind."

William T. Coleman Jr. was a senior Commission counsel, with special responsibility for Area IV, "Possible Conspiratorial Relationships." Now 74, after a career that included a post as secretary of transportation under another Commission alumnus, President Ford, he lounges in his Washington law office and affirms, "I've always felt, and feel even more strongly today, that I'm sure, as sure as human beings can be sure, that we got it right."

In the past year, the Lyndon B. Johnson Library has released a string of recordings of phone conversations. They [illegible] Kennedy's successor wheedling, [illegible] and browbeating people as he struggled to form an acceptable Commission. Senator Richard Russell pleaded in [illegible] of desperation that he did not have the time. "The hell . . . we'll just make the time," Johnson growled. "There's not going to be any time to begin with. All you have to do is evaluate a Hoover report he [illegible]."

F.B.I. director Hoover's report had not even been completed when that call took place, a week after the assassination, but it is clear what he and Johnson wanted. "The thing I am most concerned about," Hoover said in a call to the White House two hours after Oswald's murder, "is having something issued so we can convince the public that Oswald is the real assassin." The new president appointed the Warren Commission to head off pressure for congressional investigation and to stop rumors of an international Communist conspiracy.

Barely two hours after Oswald's arrest, according to Assistant Attorney General Norbert Schlei, Hoover was declaring himself "quite convinced they have found the right party." The next day, though, he told Johnson in a private call, "The evidence that they have at the present time is not very, very strong. . . . The case as it stands now isn't strong enough to be able to get a conviction."

Two hours after Oswald's arrest, Hoover was "quite convinced they have found the right party."

The details of Dealey Plaza can seem mind-bogglingly tedious. It is folly to form an opinion, however, without taking a hard look at the facts. How does the evidence stand in 1994?

Several shots rang out in rapid succession at 12:30 P.M. on November 22, 1963, as President Kennedy rode through central Dallas in his limousine. He and Texas governor John Connally, riding in front of the president, both suffered multiple gunshot wounds. They were rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital, but Kennedy died without recovering consciousness. Connally survived.

The Dallas coroner, accompanied by a justice of the peace, wanted to perform an autopsy, as Texas law required. Presidential aide Kenneth O'Donnell, emotionally overwrought, told the judge to go screw himself. Secret Service agents, guns displayed, shoved past the coroner and rushed the president's body to the airport. Not one of the doctors at the autopsy, performed that night at the Bethesda naval hospital, near Washington, was a practicing forensic pathologist. They were further handicapped by instructions relayed by phone from Kennedy's brother Robert, huddled with the widow in a V.I.P. suite upstairs. A 1992 report in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* confirmed that the family, concerned that the world would learn Kennedy suffered from a progressive disease of the adrenal glands, wanted to prevent several routine procedures. The organs of the neck were not dissected.

We still do not know the precise nature of Kennedy's injuries. The autopsy doctors described four wounds: a small wound at the back of the skull, a massive defect in the right side of the skull, a small hole near the rear base of the neck, slightly to the right of the spine, and a hole in the throat.

The throat wound had been obscured by the Dallas doctors when they inserted an airway to try to save the president's life. Unnecessary confusion, however, reigns over the injury supposedly located near the back of the neck. The Autopsy Descriptive Sheet placed it five and a half inches below the tip of the right mastoid process, a bump at the base of the skull. The autopsists' working sketch, the death certificate, a report by F.B.I. agents present at the autopsy, the statements of several Secret Service agents, and the holes in Kennedy's jacket and shirt are consistent with a wound some *six inches* lower than reported.

The doctors failed to dissect this wound, an elementary procedure that might have established the path of the bullet. The hole was merely probed, not opened up and tracked to its destination. Newly released documents indicate that photographs and X-rays were taken during the probing attempt, but their current location remains unknown.

The exact nature of that wound is a crucial issue. It brings us to the "magic bullet," the virtually intact slug found at Parkland hospital. Why does it matter so much? The amateur movie of the assassination made by bystander Abraham Zapruder gave investigators a time frame for the shooting. It appears to show that a single gunman could not have had time to fire again between the moment Kennedy was first seen to be hit and the moment Connally appeared to react to being shot. Rather than allow for the alternative, that two gunmen had fired almost simultaneously, Warren Commission lawyer Arlen Specter—today the Republican senator



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Above, Lee Harvey Oswald in the pandemonium of the Dallas police station between interrogations. *Right,* Chief Justice Earl Warren delivers his 888-page report to President Johnson in September 1964 (with, from left, Commission members Senator Richard Russell, Representative Gerald Ford, and former C.I.A. director Allen Dulles).

from Pennsylvania—credited the magic bullet with having hit both the president and Connally. It had, he proposed, entered Kennedy's back, exited through his throat, then whizzed on to cause Connally's multiple wounds. Thus was the single-bullet theory born, and you must accept it if you want to believe there was only one assassin.

Yet, in a later interview, Specter himself had no good answers to questions raised about his theory. At the time, doubters included members of the Commission itself and the president to whom they reported. John McCloy had difficulty accepting it. Hale Boggs had "strong doubts," and John Sherman Cooper remained "unconvinced." On one of the newly released White House tapes, Richard Russell is heard telling the president, "I don't believe it." And Johnson responds, "I don't either."

Those who don't buy the theory cannot accept that the magic bullet could have caused multiple injuries to Kennedy and Connally, smashing bones in the governor, without losing more of its metal content. Recent tests, the latest reported in the *Journal of the American College of Surgeons* last May, suggest that such a phenomenon can occur. There are other problems, however, with the magic bullet.

There is doubt as to whether the bullet was found on Connally's stretcher, as the Commission claimed, and about the number of bullet fragments recovered. Nurse Audrey Bell, the operating-room supervisor, told us that she later saw and handled "four or five bullet fragments" after their removal from Connally's arm. The smallest, she recalled, was as big as the striking end of a match, the largest twice that size. "I have seen the picture of the magic bullet," she said. "I can't see how it could be the bullet from which the fragments I saw came." Nor could Dr. Pierre Finck, one of the autopsists. "There are," he testified, "too many fragments."

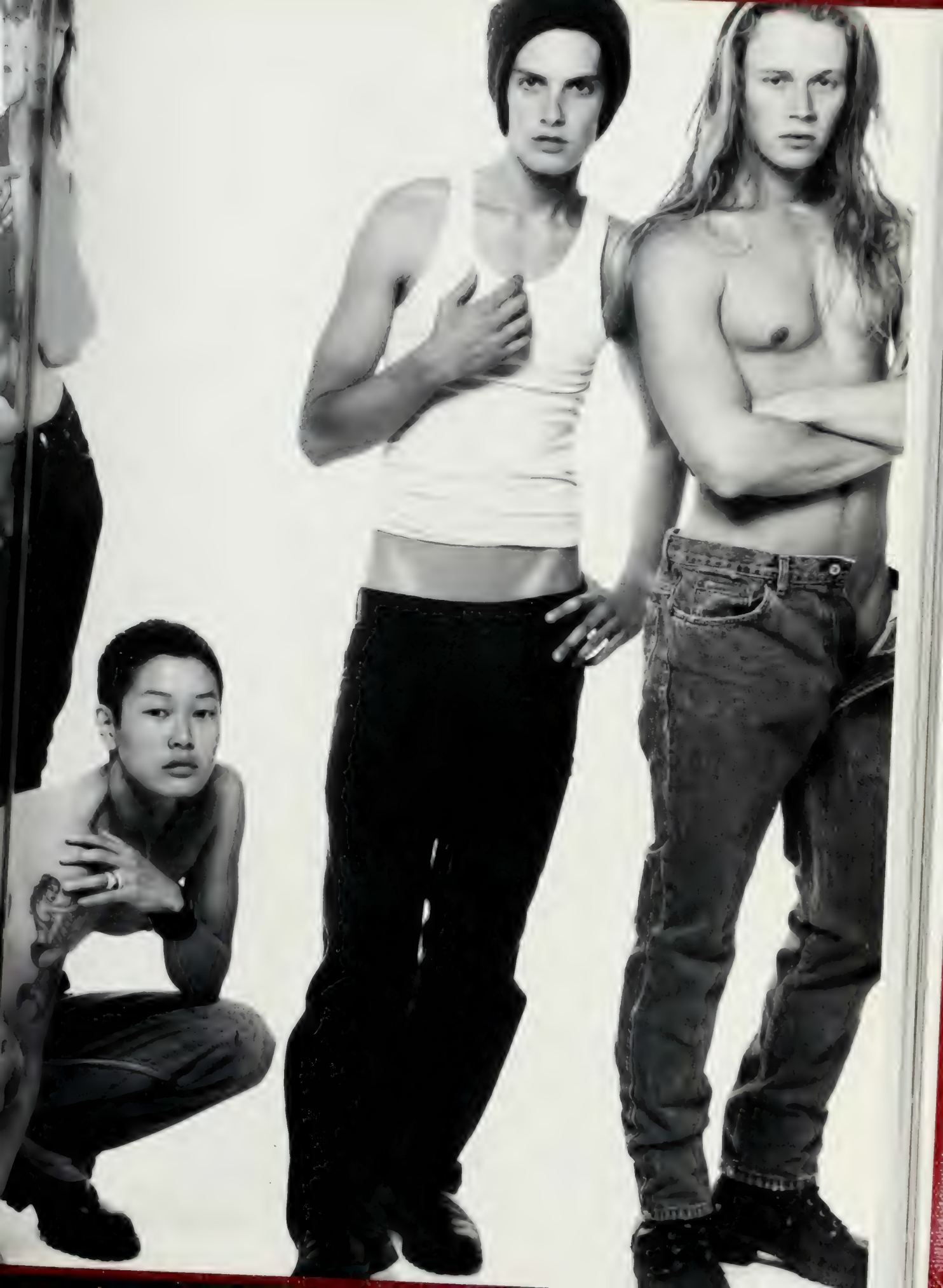
Three days after the assassination,



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one of the Parkland medical staff handed "more than three" other fragments to a patrolman guarding Connally's room. X-rays, moreover, show that one fragment remained buried in Connally's thigh. The doctors chose to leave it there, and it was still in his body when he died in 1993. Did *all* those fragments really come from the magic bullet? If not, there was more than one assassin in Dealey Plaza.

There is also confusion about the fatal injuries to Kennedy's head. The autopsy doctors identified a small hole in the skull as the entry point for a bullet that blasted a crater in the right side of the head. Other medical panels, working years later from the X-rays and photographs, decided the small wound was four inches higher than originally described. Meanwhile, 17 of the medical staff who observed the president in Dallas, including the attending neurosurgeon, along with three Secret Service agents and four Bethesda medical-support personnel, have described the massive defect as having been more at the *back* of the head than at the side.

These doubts need never have arisen. The autopsy doctors failed to shave the president's head, apparently because Kennedy's family wanted him to look good should the casket be left open. The president's brain was not sectioned—another essential procedure. It later vanished. So did bone fragments, tissue slides of the skin that surrounded the president's wounds, and, reportedly, photographs of the interior of his chest.

There is no consensus among those who have seen the photographs and X-rays. Some believe, contrary to the opinion of congressional consultants, that they have been tampered with. "These are fake X-rays," claimed Jerrol Custer, a technician who made some of the autopsy X-rays in 1963. The photographs are "phony and not the photographs we took," said Floyd Reibe, who took some of the pictures. One of the surgeons who worked on the president in Dallas, Dr. Robert McClelland, has also examined the X-rays. "There is an inconsistency," he said in 1989. "Some of the skull X-rays show only the back part of the head missing. . . . [Others] show what appears to be the entire right side of the skull gone. . . . I don't understand that, unless there has been some attempt to cover up the nature of the wound."

A physicist and radiation therapist at the Eisenhower Medical Center, Dr. David Mantik, recently submitted the X-rays to a technique called optical densitometry. "This data," he told us, "provides powerful and quantitative evidence of alteration to some of the skull X-rays. They appear to me to be composites."

Last May, the Assassination Records Review Board announced that a second set of autopsy photographs may have survived, photographs apparently made from the original negatives and thus presumably authentic. Medical researchers cannot wait to see them.

The hoo-ha over forensics is about one central issue. Was just one gunman at work in 1963,

Dr. David Mantik believes X-ray fakery was designed to cover up evidence of a frontal shot.

or were other marksmen involved? The House Assassinations Committee, relying on the testimony of acoustics experts and witness accounts, concluded in 1979 that a second gunman did fire from in front of the president, but missed. Other studies, however, soon claimed that the purported acoustics evidence, an old Dictabelt of police radio transmissions, was probably just static, not—as believed by the committee's consultants—a recording of the gunfire.

The lone dissenter on the committee's medical panel, Dr. Cyril Wecht—a former president of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences—suspected there had been two virtually simultaneous shots to the president's head, one from the rear and one from somewhere else. He is no longer the only medical expert to suggest that. Dr. Mantik told us he is confident that Kennedy was hit in the head by two gunmen, one firing from behind and one from in front. He believes the alleged X-ray fakery was designed to cover up evidence for the frontal shot.

Dr. Randolph Robertson, the only radiologist not attached to a government inquiry to have examined the X-rays, does not think they were tampered with. Yet he too believes, on the basis of a pattern of intersecting fracture lines, that the president was hit in the head from both behind and in front. While other doctors have disagreed, a colleague, Dr. Patrick Barnett, has written to us supporting Robertson's interpretation. Dr. Joseph Riley, an expert in neuroanatomy, has concentrated on two key X-rays. He says they are authentic, but have been misinterpreted. "The autopsy evidence," says Riley, "demonstrates conclusively that John Kennedy was struck in the head by two bullets, one from the rear and one from the right front."

Gerald Posner claimed in his book that computer enhancement "settles the question" of the timing of the shots, and that test-firing "provided the final physical evidence necessary to prove the single-bullet theory." Posner failed to tell readers in the first edition of his book that the computer work had been done for the prosecution side in a mock trial of Oswald conducted by the American Bar Association. There was also a case for the defense, and—after a brief trial covering only limited areas of the evidence—the "jury" split, seven members favoring conviction, five favoring acquittal.

A member of the Dallas medical team that treated President Kennedy, Dr. Charles Crenshaw, drew criticism for his book, *JFK, Conspiracy of Silence,* which claimed that Kennedy's wounds indicated shots from the front. The defamation suit he has brought against *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* Warren Commission lawyer David Belin, and others is expected to oblige key medical witnesses to testify under adversarial conditions for the first time.

When John Connally died last year, the F.B.I. supported calls for postmortem removal of the bullet fragment lodged in his thigh. Modern tests might go far to resolve doubts about the magic bullet, but Connally's family refused permission. The burial went ahead.

X-ray evidence, meanwhile, suggests that one large fragment, like dozens of tiny ones, was never removed from the head of the president. "The final truth concerning the location of the wound in the back of the President's head," radiologist Robertson told a congressional committee last year, "is lying in a cemetery in Arlington with an eternal flame flickering over it." For the foreseeable future, any proposal to disturb the grave of John F. Kennedy seems likely to be greeted with revulsion. Thanks to the initial mishandling of the evidence, we inherit only one certainty. Theories

about the meaning of the physical evidence are just that—theory and speculation, an evidentiary quicksand that compels belief in neither a lone assassin nor a conspiracy.

Where does the evidence leave Oswald? Here are the key facts. Oswald did have a rifle in the spring of 1963. Handwriting evidence suggests that he bought it, by mail order, using the name Hidell, and his widow said she took the famous photographs of him holding a rifle in their backyard. That rifle appears to be the 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano found after the assassination, dumped among cartons on an upstairs floor of the Depository. One live round remained in the breech, and three used cartridge cases were found near a sixth-floor window. Experts say the cartridges had been fired in the Carcano, as had the magic bullet reportedly found at Parkland hospital. They add that fragments retrieved from the president's and Connally's wounds, and from the limousine, were almost certainly from just two bullets fired from the Carcano.

Oswald was carrying a package when he went to work on November 22. A palm print allegedly found on the underside of the gun was Oswald's. Three prints on cartons found near the suspect window were his. Oswald left the Depository soon after the assassination, and was arrested less than an hour and a half later, close to where a policeman had been shot dead in a hail of revolver fire. Although the ballistic evidence in the policeman's murder is less convincing, Oswald was carrying a revolver when arrested. Meanwhile, persuasive testimony and evidence suggest that, one night seven months earlier, Oswald had fired a shot through the window of an ultraconservative retired general, Edwin Walker, but missed.

Oswald steadfastly denied having shot anyone on November 22, and there were some weaknesses in the prosecution case. It was not established that it was he who had picked up the mail-order rifle at the post office. Also, to the horror of congressional staff, it was discovered in the 70s that the chain of possession and storage of the fragments of bullets allegedly fired from the Carcano had been hopelessly inadequate. A fragment from the limousine had vanished, and one fragment container was found to be empty. If some of the ballistic evidence is missing and some remains in the bodies, the shooting cannot be blamed conclusively on one man with one gun.

The evidence that the rifle was stored in the garage of the house where Oswald's wife was staying, and where he slept the night before the assassination, is thin. "The fact is," wrote Commission lawyer Wesley Liebeler in a memo requesting changes to the draft of the Warren Report, "that not one person alive today ever saw that rifle in the . . . garage in such a way that it could be identified as that rifle." He was ignored.

Three of Oswald's prints were found on cartons near the suspect window, but Oswald's job had involved working on the sixth floor. Prints belonging to others were also found on the cartons, one an identifiable palm print never linked to any Depository employee, nor to any law-enforcement official known to have handled the boxes.

The public has had to wait 30 years to learn that a second gun was found at the scene.

Most agree that to have fired the Carcano three times—twice accurately—in the 4.8 to 5.6 seconds the Warren Commission established as the minimum timespan would have been a remarkable feat. No professional marksman was able to achieve that in subsequent tests. At most, the timespan was about eight seconds. The record shows that, years earlier in the Marines, Oswald was at best a competent marksman. And there is scant evidence that he practiced with a rifle in the remaining four years of his life. Suggestions to the contrary were published in the Warren Report, again in spite of protests from Commission counsel Liebeler about "the level of reaching that is going on."

The attempt to kill General Walker occurred when Walker was seated in a well-lit room, opposite an uncurtained window. If Oswald was such a good shot, how come he missed Walker but hit the president in a moving car twice in the space of a few seconds?

It is not true, as suggested last year, that a new analysis of the fingerprint evidence ties Oswald more closely to the crime. Experts disagree as to whether the marks in question—partial prints found near the Carcano's trigger guard—are identifiable as Oswald's. The Oswald palm print, said to have been lifted by the police but not to have been detectable when it reached the F.B.I. laboratory, was on a part of the gun accessible only when the weapon was disassembled. "I would say," says former police lieutenant Carl Day, who handled the fingerprint evidence in Dallas, "that this print had been on the gun several weeks or months." If the print was authentic, it indicated only that Oswald had handled the weapon at some time, not necessarily on November 22. No prints were found on the spent shells, nor on the live round remaining in the chamber.

"We don't have any proof that Oswald fired the rifle," former Dallas police chief Curry said in 1969. "No one has been able to put him in that building with a gun in his hand."

Under arrest, Oswald would claim he had been eating in the first-floor lunchroom at the time the president was shot. He said—accurately as it turned out—that two specific fellow workers had walked through the room at one point. If Oswald was not in that room, it is remarkable that he correctly described two men out of a staff of 75. Another witness has placed Oswald in the second-floor lunchroom at 12:15 P.M., or a few minutes later. That is where he was seen right after the assassination by the first policeman to enter the building.

The president was shot at 12:30 P.M., but, according to the published schedule, had been *due* to pass the Depository at 12:25. Would a killer planning to shoot the president have been sitting around downstairs at 12:15 P.M., or later, if he expected to open fire within minutes? No official inquiry has pursued this question.

Once the mind is open to such issues, the questions come tumbling. Witnesses to the murder of policeman J. D. Tippit and the attempt to kill General Walker spoke of not one but two suspects near each crime scene. Witnesses to the assassination spoke of seeing two men with a gun on a high floor of the Depository. Two policemen encountered men behaving suspiciously on the infamous "grassy knoll."


GIORGIO ARMANI
OCCHIALI

Just when you think the story holds no more factual surprises, it tends to produce one. We now have an F.B.I. report revealing that, at 7:30 on the morning after the assassination, "A SNUB NOSE THIRTY EIGHT CALIBER SMITH AND WESSON, SERIAL NUMBER EIGHT NINE THREE TWO SIX FIVE, WITH THE WORD QUOTE ENGLAND UNQUOTE ON THE CYLINDER WAS FOUND . . . IN A BROWN PAPER SACK IN THE GENERAL AREA OF WHERE THE ASSASSINATION TOOK PLACE." So a revolver was found near the Book Depository—"IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY," according to other F.B.I. reports. In spite of repeated Freedom of Information requests by California researcher Bill Adams, the F.B.I. has not revealed how its investigation of the gun was concluded. Whether or not the weapon has any significance, it is a scandal that the public had to wait 30 years to learn that a second gun was found at the scene of the crime.

In the summer of 1964, when the Warren Report was being drafted, Oswald's elder brother Robert received a call from a Commission lawyer holed up in a cabin in Vermont, working on the chapter that would deal with *why* Oswald had killed President Kennedy. Robert Oswald was "flabbergasted," he told us, that the Commission had yet to find a motive for the man it had pegged as the lone assassin.

It is clear from a dozen witnesses that Oswald repeatedly spoke about John F. Kennedy in terms of admiration. He "showed in his manner of speaking that he liked the president," said a policeman who talked with him in August 1963. In a conversation about civil rights a month before the assassination, Oswald said he thought Kennedy was doing "a real fine job, a real good job."

The writers of the Warren Report fell back on painting Oswald as having "an overriding hostility to his environment." "We ducked the question of motive," Commission counsel Burt Griffin admitted years later.

"I'm just a patsy," Oswald insisted to reporters in the police station. Yet if Oswald was framed, his actions and words made him look guilty as hell—of something. He carried false ID, used phony names, lied repeatedly. Was Oswald, whether lone assassin or accomplice in an ambush, a witting participant? Was he manipulated by others into committing the crime? Was he munching his lunch down while others fired, only to realize afterward that he had been made the fall guy?

Shortly after 6:15 P.M. on November 22, as a helicopter bore Lyndon Johnson to the capital from Andrews Air Force Base, the new president discussed the terrifying prospect that Kennedy's murder might be the prelude to a nuclear attack by the Soviet Union. In the hours that followed, troubling information reached Washington. From the C.I.A. in Mexico came reports that Oswald had visited the Soviet and Cuban Embassies there seven weeks earlier. While his ostensible purpose had been to apply for visas, he had talked with Consul Valeriy Kostikov, a K.G.B. officer believed by the C.I.A. to be a specialist in murder and sabotage. Then came fresh cables from Mexico. A "professed Castroite Nicaraguan" was claiming that he "saw Lee Oswald receive $6,500 in a meeting inside the Cuban Embassy."

A mounting body of testimony suggests that the Kennedy brothers approved the plots to murder Castro.

Less than three months earlier, Fidel Castro had fulminated about American efforts to kill him. "U.S. leaders should think," he warned, "that if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders, they themselves will not be safe."

Since 1960, the United States had been running what Johnson was to recall as "a damned Murder Inc. in the Caribbean." As the public learned only in the mid-70s, senior C.I.A. officers connived with Mafia leaders and anti-Castro Cubans in a series of plans to have Castro assassinated.

A mounting body of testimony suggests that the Kennedy brothers approved these plots. Before his death this year, a former C.I.A. deputy director, Richard Bissell, went further than previously toward saying as much. George Smathers, former U.S. senator from Florida and the president's close friend, told us flatly, "Jack would be all the time, 'If somebody knocks this guy off, O.K., that'd be fine.' . . . But Kennedy obviously had to say he could not be a party to that sort of thing with the damn Mafia." Did Bobby Kennedy know? "Sure," said Smathers.

On the day Kennedy was assassinated, C.I.A. officer Nestor Sanchez was in Paris, passing an assassination device—according to C.I.A. sources, a Paper Mate pen modified to serve as a poison syringe—to Rolando Cubela, one of Castro's close associates. The new head of the Agency's Cuba operations, Desmond FitzGerald, had met with Cubela three weeks earlier, claiming to be Robert Kennedy's personal representative. He promised that the U.S. government would back any anti-Communist group that "neutralized" the Cuban leadership.

Manuel Artime, a Cuban exile leader much favored by the Kennedys, told a congressional investigator that the president personally was behind the Cubela plot. "Artime stated he had direct contact with J.F.K. and R.F.K.," the investigator noted. "They in turn contacted the C.I.A. . . . AM/LASH [the C.I.A. cryptonym for the Cubela operation] was proposed by J.F.K."

On the morning of Kennedy's death, according to new research, FitzGerald attended a meeting to put the finishing touches to another murderous scheme, one promoted by Robert Kennedy. Those present allegedly included future Watergate villains E. Howard Hunt and James McCord—although Hunt, whose movements that day have long been a contentious issue, claims he attended no such meeting and was not handling Cuban matters at the time. (McCord did not respond when we attempted to reach him.) One who admits he was present is Harry Ruiz-Williams, a Cuban exile whom the president's brother had taken into his confidence. Robert Kennedy had made favorites of a handful of exiles, invited them to his home, and plotted mayhem with them. One of these Cubans, who insists on anonymity, has told how in 1963 another senior Castro official, not Cubela, agreed that—for a large cash payment—he would organize the violent overthrow of Castro and key colleagues. Robert Kennedy arranged for a deposit to be paid into a foreign bank, and by November 22 the operation was imminent. Had the president's assassination not intervened, the exile go-between would have set off on a secret mission to Havana. The coup,

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to be followed by American support was expected to occur within 10 days.

Lamar Waldron and Thom Hartmann, two Atlanta researchers preparing a book on the operation, have obtained corroboration of its existence from U.S. military and government sources. Former secretary of state Dean Rusk says he learned of the coup operation after the president's death.

Even so, in the weeks before Dallas, U.N. delegate William Attwood was talking with his Cuban counterpart and a Castro aide about a possible *peace* initiative. The last call to Havana occurred at two A.M. on November 18, with Castro listening in on an extension. All this was done with the approval of President Kennedy, whose brother was overseeing current plans for Castro's removal. The height of duplicity? "Oh, there's no particular contradiction there," Dean Rusk told us. "It was just an either/or situation. That went on frequently." All the same, Rusk admits that the Kennedys were "playing with fire."

Did Kennedy die in Dallas because a nonentity named Oswald read about Castro's retaliation threat in the newspaper and took matters into his own hands? Or did Castro learn that the Kennedys themselves were behind the plots and hit back just as he had said he would? Was Oswald, willingly or unwittingly, manipulated by Havana?

There is nothing in the Warren Report about plots to kill Castro. Years later, when their existence was revealed, some former Commission members were outraged, saying the C.I.A. had kept them in the dark. According to Earl Warren's son and grandson, however, the chief justice did know about the plots. The notion that Castro was behind the assassination was taken seriously, so seriously that Warren dispatched staff counsel William Coleman on a secret mission. Coleman, who has spoken of the trip privately, was closemouthed when we asked about it. "I can't talk," he said. "It was top-secret." Asked to confirm or deny that he had met Castro, he said only, "No comment."

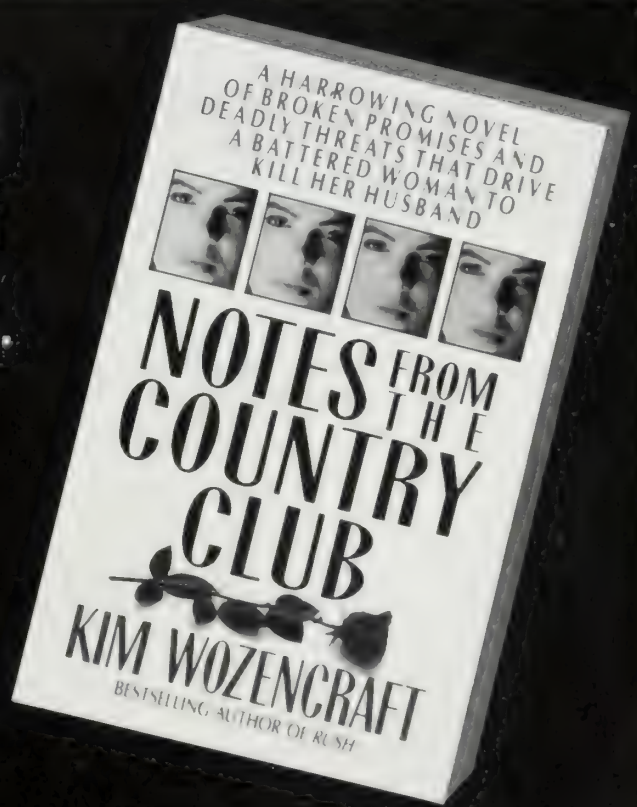
What Coleman will say is that his mission helped convince him that Castro had nothing to do with the president's death. The Warren Report, and that of the House Assassinations Committee, took the same view. It would have been suicidal folly for Castro to risk provoking a devastating American revenge attack. It would have been even greater insanity to use a known pro-Castro activist like Oswald, whose involvement would point straight to Havana.

Nor does any serious observer suspect the Soviets were involved. In 1993 we talked in Moscow with Vladimir Semichastny, who headed the K.G.B. while the alleged assassin lived in the Soviet Union. "I can say, from what I saw in the file," he told us, "that neither we nor the military ended up interested in Oswald. Obviously he was questioned on behalf of the K.G.B., though probably not directly. There was also the possibility of him being an American agent, and of course we had to watch him. If he had seemed of potential use to us, we might have tried to use him. But he didn't, and we didn't."

There is no evidence worth a damn to link Moscow to Kennedy's murder.

The most durable conspiracy theory is that the Mafia killed the president. Believable memories tell us that the shiny Kennedy political machine was oiled with dirty grease. Kennedy dollars, in a rich man's briefcase, handed by the candidate to his mistress to carry on the night train to Sam Giancana, the Mafia

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boss in Chicago; a million in Mob dollars in a satchel, stashed in a Las Vegas hotel suite by the candidate's brother-in-law; the stench of corruption over the razor-thin vote margin that gave Kennedy victory over Richard Nixon; then, once Kennedy was in office, the continued use of Giancana and Florida Mafia boss Santo Trafficante in the plots to kill Castro.

The Mafia thought they had a deal, their help in exchange for a complaisant Justice Department. But Attorney General Robert Kennedy, "full of piss and vinegar," as F.B.I. agents who admired him used to say, moved to crush the very men who thought they had earned an easy ride.

"He'll get what he wants out of you," an F.B.I. bug overheard Giancana say of the president, "but you won't get anything out of him." The Kennedys, Trafficante told an associate in late 1962, were "not honest. They took graft and they did not keep a bargain."

"The Mob typically doesn't hit prosecutors or politicians," said former Assassinations Committee chief counsel Robert Blakey. "You are all right . . . just as long as you do not 'sleep with them,' that is, you do not take favors, either money or sex. Once the public official crosses the line, he invites violent retribution." Blakey believes that is what happened. While his committee merely identified Trafficante and New Orleans mobster Carlos Marcello as suspects, Blakey went further. "The Mob did it," he said. "It is a historical truth."

It seemed that this truth was being hammered into place last spring, with the publication of *Mob Lawyer,* the autobiography of Frank Ragano, an attorney who long represented Trafficante, Marcello, and crooked teamsters leader Jimmy Hoffa. "Santo, Carlos, and Jimmy" often spoke of their wish to see both Kennedy brothers dead, writes Ragano. In July 1963, he claims, Hoffa dispatched him to New Orleans to ask Trafficante and Marcello to kill the president. The mobsters' reaction, when he passed on the message, led Ragano to think the idea "had already seriously crossed their minds." After the assassination a gleeful Hoffa allegedly exclaimed, "I told you they could do it. I'll never forget what Carlos and Santo did for me." Marcello supposedly said, "When you see Jimmy, you tell him he owes me and he owes me big."

According to Ragano, Santo Trafficante phoned on March 13, 1987, four days before his death, to request a meeting. When the lawyer arrived to take him for a drive, the ailing 72-year-old shuffled to the car in pajamas and a terry-cloth robe. Then, slumped in Ragano's Mercedes-Benz, he talked in Sicilian of the old days, old murders, and the Kennedys.

"That Bobby," Ragano quotes the dying mobster as saying, "made life miserable for me and my friends. . . . Goddamn Bobby. *Carlos é futtutu. Nôn duvevamu ammazzari a Giovanni. Duvevamu ammazzari a Bobby.*" ("Carlos [Marcello] fucked up. We shouldn't have killed John. We should have killed Bobby.") Trafficante did not elaborate, and the lawyer says he did not ask him to. He worried for a while after the mobster died, then confided in his wife, and eventually went public. "I went over it with Ragano pretty carefully," chief counsel Blakey told us, "and my judgment was that this was him simply remembering what happened."

"We shouldn't have killed John," said Trafficante. "We should have killed Bobby."

Trafficante's widow, his two daughters, and several friends and neighbors, however, say the March 13, 1987, meeting never happened. Ragano claims it occurred in Tampa, the family's traditional base and his own hometown. But Trafficante had long since made his principal residence in North Miami Beach, and the family says he had not visited Tampa since the Christmas holidays. He was so ill, they insist, what with heart disease, thrice-weekly hospital visits to have kidney dialysis, and a permanent colostomy bag, that travel had become a major undertaking.

Ragano writes in his book that he met Trafficante on the afternoon of March 13. The time, he told us, was about 1:30. Yet Jean Amato, the widow of one of Trafficante's close associates, says she visited the Trafficantes at home in North Miami Beach between noon and two P.M. Jack Hodus, a pharmacist, says he was there by about six P.M., and other accounts place the mobster in Miami for dinner. Even if only Jean Amato is telling the truth, Trafficante could not possibly have been in Tampa, as Ragano claims, at 1:30 P.M.

Ragano says he can respond with three witnesses of his own, but declines to produce them unless the Trafficantes take him to court for libel. Meanwhile, there is the medical evidence. The records of Miami's Mercy Hospital indicate the mobster was being treated in the dialysis unit until 7:15 P.M. the previous day, and was back in the unit by the afternoon of March 14. Dr. Felix Locicero, Trafficante's Tampa nephrologist, says he knew of no visit on March 13, and thinks it "unlikely" the mobster was in town.

Unless Ragano can produce stronger evidence, his Trafficante confession story cannot be relied upon. Yet exposing Ragano as a liar would not dispose of the "Mob dunnit" theory, nor of the notion that Trafficante and Carlos Marcello played some part in Kennedy's murder. "Mark my word," Trafficante is reported to have said to a close associate in September 1962, "this man Kennedy is in trouble, and he will get what is coming to him. . . . He's not going to make it to the election. He is going to be hit."

That same month, Trafficante's friend Marcello was burning with hatred, and had a special, personal reason to wish the Kennedys removed from power. He was not a U.S. citizen, and the president's brother had used the fact to boot him out of the country the previous year. Although now back in New Orleans, Marcello remained under constant threat of deportation.

According to Ed Becker, a California entrepreneur, Marcello became enraged during a business meeting. As the whiskey flowed, he "clearly stated he was going to arrange to have President Kennedy murdered." As "insurance" for the assassination, he spoke of "setting up a nut to take the blame."

Was Oswald that nut? Congress's Assassinations Committee noted that the alleged assassin's childhood and youth had been spent in New Orleans. Oswald's mother's friends included a corrupt lawyer linked to Marcello's crime operation and a man who served Marcello as bodyguard and chauffeur. One of Oswald's uncles, John "Moose" Murret, had been seen by police in Marcello's company. Another, Charles "Dutz" Murret, a bookie in the Marcello gam-

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bling network, was a father figure for Oswald—whose natural father had died before he was born. In the spring and summer of 1963, when Oswald went back to New Orleans, he at first stayed with the Murrets. When he got arrested, after getting into a brawl with Cuban exiles while passing out pro-Castro leaflets, it was the Murrets who organized bail. The man they asked to arrange it was close to one of Marcello's oldest friends, Nofio Pecora. Pecora's New Orleans office number, phone records show, was called three weeks before the assassination by Jack Ruby.

The Warren Commission misled the American public by describing Ruby as a "moody and unstable" character with no significant link to organized crime. The later congressional probe established that he did have multiple underworld connections. His bosom pal, Lewis McWillie, had worked in Trafficante's Cuban gambling operation in the Batista days, and Ruby reportedly visited Trafficante when he was detained in Havana after the revolution.

Provocative stuff, but it does not prove the Mafia killed Kennedy. Another strand of evidence, one that at first appears to point to the Mob, may lead to a more complex truth. Right after the assassination, acting on a tip, New Orleans law-enforcement authorities took a brief interest in David Ferrie, then employed by the legal team working to thwart the renewed Kennedy effort to deport Carlos Marcello. He was released after cursory questioning, and his name does not even appear in the Warren Report. It should.

Last year, after decades of debate as to whether Ferrie ever met Oswald, *Frontline* discovered an old photograph that seems to settle the matter. Apparently taken in 1955, when the alleged assassin was a teenage member of the Civil Air Patrol, it shows C.A.P. cadets at a cookout. Former cadets, one of whom is himself in the picture, told *Frontline* they recognized both Oswald and Ferrie, who was a C.A.P. instructor, in the photograph. Jerry Paradis, also a former instructor, told us, "They were undoubtedly in that unit together. I was a lieutenant coinciding with the months Oswald was a recruit. . . . I recall him as a very quiet, serious young man. . . . David Ferrie was sort of the [illegible]"

Ferrie, then a 37-year-old pilot for Eastern Air Lines, was a right-wing zealot and a homosexual with a predilection for teenage boys. Some fellow Marines wondered about the sexuality of Oswald himself. He reportedly took friends to the Flamingo, a gay bar on the Mexican border that he appeared to have visited before. In Japan, he seemed comfortable in a "queer bar."

According to his mother, Oswald was encouraged to join the Marines by a "recruiting officer" in uniform who had "influenced [him] while he was with the Civil Air Cadets [*sic*]." She said the man came to the Oswald apartment to try to persuade her to let the boy join up while still under-age. It seems unlikely that a genuine Marine recruiting officer would have tried to persuade a cadet's mother to break the law. Ferrie, on the other hand, regularly urged his charges to join the armed forces. He was also no stranger to the fakery of personal documents, including his own application form to join Eastern Air Lines and, years later, a phony birth certificate for mobster Carlos Marcello.

As "insurance" for the assassination, Marcello spoke of "setting up a nut to take the blame."

Although the Marines spotted the forgery, and did not allow Oswald to join up until he turned 17, a fake birth certificate had been created for him, apparently with some help from a lawyer linked to Marcello. In 1960, after Oswald's defection to the Soviet Union, there was such a flap at the F.B.I. over the whereabouts of Oswald's genuine birth certificate that J. Edgar Hoover alerted the State Department to the "possibility that an impostor is using Oswald's birth certificate."

The F.B.I., the State Department, and the Office of Naval Intelligence resumed exchanging reports referring to the certificate when Oswald returned from Russia without it, and it never did turn up. "I don't know where the impostor notion would have led us," former Warren Commission counsel W. David Slawson has said, "but the point is, we didn't know about it, and why not? . . . It conceivably could have been something related to the C.I.A."

The *C.I.A.?* From here on we tiptoe from stepping-stone to stepping-stone across a quagmire, and the trail does not lead only to the Mafia.

In 1955 and '56, the teenage Oswald worked as a messenger for Gerard Tujague's Forwarding Company. In 1961, a few months after Hoover wrote his "impostor" memo, an American and a Cuban exile negotiated to buy 10 Ford pickup trucks from a dealer in New Orleans. The dealer remembered the incident after the assassination, dug out the sales slip, and found that his memory was not playing tricks.

One of the prospective truck purchasers named on the form was "Oswald," listed as representing the Friends of Democratic Cuba. This was an anti-Castro group, and the truck negotiation occurred during the buildup to the C.I.A.-backed Bay of Pigs invasion. While the real, apparently pro-Communist Oswald was far away in the Soviet Union, someone of the opposite political persuasion may have been using his name in the United States. A leading member of the Friends of Democratic Cuba was Oswald's onetime employer, Gerard Tujague.

Another luminary of the group was Guy Banister, a former senior F.B.I. agent who had retired, suffering from a serious brain disorder. He was a member of the paramilitary Minutemen organization and a disciple of myriad extreme right-wing causes. In 1963 Banister headed a New Orleans detective agency, in offices that served as a crossroads for anti-Castro exiles. Recent tenants of the building had included the Cuban Revolutionary Council, the umbrella group created by the C.I.A.

Some of the *pro*-Castro literature in Oswald's possession that summer, produced by the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, was stamped with the address of the premises that housed Banister's operation—"544 Camp St." Three people who worked there have said they saw Oswald in Banister's offices. Banister's secretary and lover, Delphine Roberts, has made detailed allegations, most recently last year. She says that her boss and Oswald appeared to know each other, and that she had the impression Oswald was working for Banister "undercover." "Don't worry," Banister told her when she voiced amazement at Oswald, with his pro-Castro propaganda, being in such

improbable company. "He's with us."

One of Banister's closest associates in 1963, was Oswald's old C.A.P. acquaintance David Ferrie, also an anti-Castro activist. Both men helped Mafia boss Marcello in his fight against deportation. After the assassination, one of Marcello's lawyers went to Ferrie's home to say Oswald had been carrying Ferrie's library card when he was arrested. Nothing in the record confirms that such a card was found on Oswald. Yet Oswald's former New Orleans landlady and a neighbor said Ferrie visited them, too, asking about a library card. The landlady told us he seemed frantic. He also asked one of his former Civil Air Patrol cadets whether Oswald featured in old photographs of his C.A.P. unit.

Ferrie, Banister, and the Camp Street connection draw us away from suspicion of the Mafia alone, first to the notion that anti-Castro exiles may have been involved, then to the abhorrent possibility that some of their mentors in American intelligence conspired with them.

For many of the quarter of a million dispossessed exiles and their supporters, the name Kennedy was synonymous with betrayal. Betrayal in failing to provide more American backup at the Bay of Pigs invasion, betrayal in resolving the missile crisis with a settlement that left Castro more entrenched than ever. Such critics did not believe the president's promise that he would one day celebrate victory with them in a free Havana. They were furious when, in the spring of 1963, Kennedy ruled out the use of U.S. troops and clamped down on unauthorized commando raids.

Ferrie had made an anti-Kennedy speech after the Bay of Pigs, a speech so vitriolic that he was asked to leave the podium. He had also been heard to say, "The president ought to be shot." Congress's Assassinations Committee was troubled by something a Cuban exile, Homer Echevarria, was reported to have said while negotiating an arms purchase in Chicago. The money for the guns would come through shortly, he promised, "as soon as we take care of Kennedy." The date was November 21, 1963.

The following afternoon in Washington, probably about two hours after hearing that his brother was dead, Robert Kennedy placed a call to the Ebbitt Hotel on H Street NW, a nondescript place the C.I.A. used to lodge visiting exiles. He apparently spoke first with his Cuban protégé Harry Ruiz-Williams, just back from the meeting with C.I.A. officials he was to recall as "the most important I ever had on the problem of Cuba." Then he asked Williams to pass the phone to the man with him in the room, the journalist Haynes Johnson. Johnson, Kennedy knew, was close to the leading C.I.A.-backed exiles. "Robert Kennedy was utterly in control of his emotions when he came on the line," Johnson recalled, "and sounded almost studiedly brisk as he said, 'One of your guys did it.'"

Kennedy was later to voice the suspicion that an element in the C.I.A. was responsible. "At the time," he was to tell his aide Walter Sheridan, "I asked [C.I.A. director] McCone . . . if they had killed my brother, and I asked him in a way that he couldn't lie to me, and they hadn't."

But McCone was a Kennedy appointee, and he had been kept out of the loop by some of those handling the dark side of anti-Castro operations. In pursuit of the Kennedys' own goal, the overthrow of Castro, some C.I.A. officers had been rubbing shoulders with mobsters and passionately committed exiles for too long, and had



come to share the resentment toward the Kennedys. Several had been downright insubordinate.

There had been Gerry Droller, the C.I.A. director of operations at the Bay of Pigs, inciting exile leaders to pretend to imprison him and his colleagues and then "go ahead with the program" if the administration tried to block the invasion. There had been William Harvey, the gun-toting operations coordinator, once introduced to President Kennedy as a real-life 007. He was infuriated by Robert Kennedy's attempts to micromanage the secret war from Washington. Harvey referred to the attorney general as "that fucker," and to the Kennedy brothers as "fags."

Things came to a head during the most perilous moment of the missile crisis, when Bobby learned Harvey had sent several commando teams into Cuba. Harvey was removed from his Cuba job soon after, then sidelined to a posting in Rome. Congressional investigators have reeled off a string of possible reasons to suspect Harvey in the Kennedy assassination: He hated the Kennedys. He created the C.I.A.'s contingency plan for assassination. He selected criminals qualified for such work, and paid them out of C.I.A. funds. In the course of plotting to murder Castro, he had become close to the mobster Johnny Roselli, who in turn ran with Santo Trafficante, a primary suspect.

A torrent of prejudicial information about Oswald started to flow within hours of the assassination. Its purpose was to link Castro's Cuba with the alleged assassin, and it seems to track back time and again to U.S. intelligence or the exiles. Shortly after the wire services identified Oswald as the suspect, a Florida reporter named Hal Hendrix offered colleagues a detailed brief on Oswald the pro-Castro leftist. He said recently he did not recall doing so, but a reporter's contemporaneous notes indicate that he did. Hendrix, known to his colleagues as "the Spook," worked closely with the C.I.A. station in Miami.

Around the same time, in New Orleans, a Cuban exile named Alberto Fowler reportedly phoned Washington with similar details. He asked that NBC be advised that Oswald had been filmed passing out pro-Castro leaflets. Fowler would shortly join the board of a right-wing propaganda outfit called INCA, the Information Council of the Americas. INCA's director, Edward Butler, had that summer debated Oswald on the radio, drawing attention to his Communist leanings. "Butler," says a 1970 C.I.A. document, "has always welcomed an opportunity to assist the C.I.A." INCA's chairman, Alton Ochsner, funded a newsletter edited by a longtime C.I.A. operative, William Gaudet. Gaudet's name appears next to Oswald's on the list of permit numbers relating to his trip to Mexico.

According to the late Clare Boothe Luce, wife of the founder of *Time* magazine and an ardent supporter of the exile cause, she too received a call late on the 22nd. It was one of her "Cuban boys," ringing with more background on Oswald, "the hired gun of a Cuban Communist assassination team." The caller referred to Oswald's recent travel to Mexico—a fact that did not become public knowledge until 48 hours later, but that was already known to U.S. intelligence. Was this merely exploitation after the fact? Perhaps not.

"Flo, they're going to kill him. They're going to kill him when he gets to Texas."

A prominent anti-Castro propagandist in Mexico, Eduardo Borrell, spread word that Oswald, during his visit to Mexico City, had had a lengthy private meeting with the Cuban ambassador. Borrell told us last year that his main source for the lead, an exile with links to U.S. intelligence, gave him the information several weeks *before* the assassination.

A number of these yarns had a common thread, that Oswald had boasted he was a marksman with a yen to shoot either Castro or Kennedy. That allegation had first been seeded in Dallas, on the eve of the Mexico trip, when two Latins and an American paid an impromptu visit to the apartment of a young exile named Silvia Odio. Two months later, when Odio and her sister saw the television pictures of Oswald, they at once recognized him as the American in the group. Odio says she has never forgotten the phone call she received after the visit from one of the two Latins. He had told her, with heavy emphasis, that "Leon Oswald" was an ex-Marine, an expert marksman who said President Kennedy should be shot.

It looked then, Odio says, as though the incident was part of "some kind of scheme or plot." Her story troubled the Warren Commission chief counsel enough for him to press the F.B.I. to prove or disprove her veracity. J. Edgar Hoover obliged, just three days before the report was delivered to the White House, saying his agents had found a man who admitted to having visited Odio, along with two companions, one of whom resembled Oswald, at the relevant time.

On that basis, the Warren Report included a last-minute note implying that the Odio episode was a case of mistaken identity. Yet the F.B.I. at first withheld from the Commission the fact that, faced with denials by his companions that they had ever met Silvia Odio, the convenient witness had recanted his story. And after the F.B.I. had belatedly come clean—when the Warren Report had gone to press—the Commission in turn failed to publish the information in its volumes of evidence. Years later, the House Assassinations Committee would describe the problem witness's story as having been "an admitted fabrication." A closer look at that witness takes us down a disquieting trail.

He was Loran Hall, alias Lorenzo Pascillo, a 33-year-old former army sergeant who had reportedly been trained in counterintelligence. In 1959, Hall had gone to Havana to work in the casino of the Capri Hotel, controlled by Mafia boss Trafficante. According to Hall, he shared a Quonset hut with Trafficante when they were confined in a Castro detention camp. Notes of Hall's interviews with congressional investigators, released last year, indicate that the C.I.A. contacted him the day after his release and repatriation. A C.I.A. document says Hall was of interest only "for debriefing." In 1989, however, his son said in court testimony that his father remained a C.I.A. operative for many years.

In 1963, Hall was embroiled in the secret war against Fidel Castro, training commandos and running guns. He has said he encountered Santo Trafficante again, at a meeting in Miami that spring, and was asked to take part in one of the C.I.A.-Mafia operations against Castro. While the true purpose of the mission remains in doubt, the record shows that it


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was launched with C.I.A. support, and had a C.I.A. code name, Operation Tilt. Hall did not in the end take part in the operation, which was lucky for him. Of the 10 commandos who were landed on the Cuban coast, not one returned alive.

In 1977, during the House Assassinations Committee inquiry, Hall testified only with reluctance, and on condition of immunity from prosecution. "As it stands right now," he explained in a taped interview that year, "there's only two of us left alive—that's me and Santo Trafficante. And as far as I am concerned we're both going to stay alive—because I ain't gonna say shit."

In a sense, though, Hall spoke volumes. What we now know about Operation Tilt not only indicates a link between Hall and the machinations of the C.I.A. and Santo Trafficante. It brings into focus another player, a man who—we learned from four witnesses—claimed to have personal knowledge of what happened in Dallas.

The man who took him to meet Trafficante in 1963, Hall told the committee, was an electronics expert named John Martino. Martino, then 52, came on like a gangster without ever quite being identified as one. In 1959, after decades in the slot-machine rackets and a spell running surveillance at a Trafficante casino in Havana, Martino had been imprisoned by Castro. Although the Cubans charged him with trying to smuggle out a counterrevolutionary, Martino said that his principal mission had been to liberate gambling cash left behind by Trafficante. When he emerged from jail in 1962, white-haired and emaciated, he threw himself into the fight against Castro.

An early F.B.I. report tags Martino as Trafficante's "close friend," and the mobster was seen at his home in the mid-60s. It is also clear, from C.I.A. documents and from interviews with his widow and son, that Martino had contacts with the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. William "Rip" Robertson, a C.I.A. agent who had defied presidential orders by going ashore at the Bay of Pigs, was a familiar face at his home. Martino was in touch with former U.S. ambassador William Pawley, a champion of the exiles, whose C.I.A. file shows he was hand in glove with the Agency's highest officials. Martino worked closely with Trafficante's liaison with the C.I.A., John Roselli, and took part in at least one of the plots to kill Castro. And reportedly, by his own account, in a successful plot to kill the president of the United States.

After the assassination, Martino would be one of the noisiest of those alleging that Castro had had Kennedy killed. Reminded of that in private years later, however, he would chuckle and say that that had been just a propaganda line—Kennedy had been killed by murderers of a different hue.

We found John Martino's widow, Florence, aged 80, living in the Miami Beach home she and her husband bought in the 50s. Her eldest surviving child, Edward, was using an adjoining apartment. Both had vivid memories of November 22, 1963. "John insisted he wanted to paint the breakfast room," Florence recalled. "We were supposed to go out to the Americana for lunch. . . . But it was on the radio about [the visit to] Dallas. . . . We were talking about President Kennedy. And he said, 'Flo, they're going to kill him. They're going to kill him when he gets to Texas.'" Florence questioned her husband briefly, got no meaningful response, and went out for a while. She was home again by the time Edward, 17 at the time, heard the news of the assassination on television. "When I called them in," he remembered, "my father went white as a sheet. But it wasn't like 'Gee whiz'; it was more like confirmation." "Then John was on the phone . . . ," Florence remembered. "He got I don't know how many calls from Texas. I don't know who called him, but he was on the phone, on the phone, on the phone . . . "

To Newman, it looks as though the C.I.A. has been lying about Oswald for more than 30 years.

In the course of the publicity that accompanied his release from jail in Cuba, Martino had met several times with a young *Newsday* reporter, John Cummings. After the assassination, Cummings began calling his contacts in the anti-Castro movement, including Martino. "He said then," Cummings told us, "that there had been two guns, two people involved. . . . Later, when I asked if anti-Castro Cubans were involved, he said, 'That's right.' But very often with Martino, you knew there wasn't any point in asking more."

Cummings went on to become an award-winning reporter, and stayed in occasional touch with Martino until his death in 1975. "I called him in the spring," Cummings says, "and he told me he was ailing, and I went to see him. And he came out with a *mea culpa* about J.F.K. He told me he'd been part of the assassination of Kennedy. He wasn't in Dallas pulling a trigger, but he was involved. He implied that his role was delivering money, facilitating things. . . . He asked me not to write it while he was alive."

That same year, Martino talked with a business partner named Fred Claasen. "Martino said Oswald wasn't the hit man," Claasen said. "He told me, 'The anti-Castro types put Oswald together. . . . Oswald didn't know who he was working for. . . . He was to meet his contact at the Texas Theatre [the movie house where he was arrested]. . . . They were to meet Oswald in the theater and get him out of the country, then eliminate him. Oswald made a mistake. There was no way we could get to him. They had Ruby kill him.'"

Martino let drop two things to his wife after the assassination. He told her, "When they went to the theater and got Oswald, they blew it. . . . There was a Cuban in there. They let him come out." He said, "They let the guy go, the other trigger."

Some two months before the assassination, Florence Martino said, a "man from Washington, tall and large . . . in a dark suit, like from the State Department," had brought a young Cuban to the house. Later, her husband would ask her, "Flo, do you remember that good-looking kid that was sitting on the couch? He was involved. . . . He was one of them." A month after we taped Florence Martino's interview, she died.

The last time he met reporter Cummings, John Martino made an astonishing claim. "It came out of the blue," Cummings recalls. "John told me he had himself met Oswald several weeks before the assassination, in Miami. He said an F.B.I. agent named Connors asked him to come to a boat docked in Biscayne Bay, and introduced him to Oswald by name. The impression John got was that Oswald didn't know his ass from his elbow, didn't know what he was involved in. He thought the agent wanted him to meet Oswald because

John was involved in anti-Communist activity, and Oswald was someone this agent was running."

We have not been able to trace a Miami agent called Connors answering the description provided by Cummings. F.B.I. files show Martino did have contacts *after* the assassination with an agent named James J. O'Connor, whom we tracked down in retirement. "John Martino?" he said. "I'm afraid all I could tell you is, yes, the name rings a bell. . . . I don't recall that he was a regular contact." O'Connor said he cannot recall whether he was in touch with Martino before the assassination. He said he never met Oswald at any time.

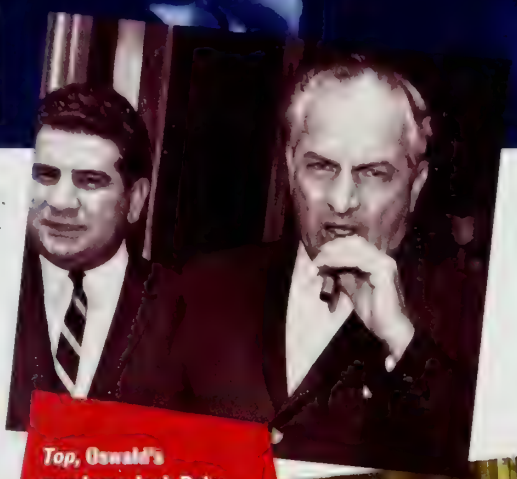
Cummings, an investigative reporter for more than 30 years, does not think the Martino allegation was just a crook's slur against a law-enforcement officer. "I believed Martino," he says. "It came across, just before he died, like a confessional. I was told that Connors, the agent he named, was in Counter-Intelligence."

Several pages that refer to Martino have been withdrawn from the Kennedy-assassination collection at the National Archives, at the insistence of the C.I.A. and the F.B.I.

The Martino episode raises grave questions about the F.B.I., as does the Sylvia Odio story—one that strongly suggested Oswald was being set up. Why did the Bureau tell the Warren Commission that Odio's testimony had an innocuous explanation, when it knew the sole witness statement to that effect—Loran Hall's—was a fabrication?

Former agent Harry Whidbee, whose reports on the case included the news that Hall had retracted, says the Kennedy investigation was "a hurry-up job . . . We were effectively told, 'They're only going to prove [Oswald] was the guy who did it. There were no co-conspirators, and there was no international conspiracy.' . . . I had conducted a couple of interviews, and those records were sent back again and were rewritten according to Washington's requirements."







***Top,* Oswald's murderer, Jack Ruby (center), with his lawyer Melvin Belli (right) a month after Kennedy's assassination. *Above,* Mafia boss Carlos Marcello (with cigar) and his attorney in New Orleans two years before the assassination. *Right,* mobster Santo Trafficante appeared with Marcello at a Queens, New York, courthouse in 1966.**

"Within days," says former F.B.I. supervisor Laurence Keenan, "we could say the investigation was over. 'Conspiracy' was a word which was *verboten*. . . . The idea that Oswald had a confederate or was part of a group or a conspiracy was definitely enough to place a man's career in jeopardy . . . Looking back, I feel a certain amount of shame. This one investigation disgraced a great organization."

According to an aide, Warren Commission member Hale Boggs thought F.B.I. director Hoover himself "lied his eyes out to the Commission—on Oswald, on Ruby, on their friends, the bullets, the gun, you name it." Since the Mafia may have had a hand in the assassination—and knowing as we now do how Hoover long failed to pursue organized crime, hobnobbed with Mob associates, and feuded with the Kennedy brothers—some suspect the F.B.I. chief of personal complicity. Yet Hoover's watchword, for half a century, was "Don't Embarrass the Bureau," and Oswald may simply have been the ultimate embarrassment.

"There's not much question," said Congressman Don Edwards, after chairing House committee hearings in 1975, "that both the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. are somewhere behind this cover-up. I hate to think what it is they are covering up or who they are covering for." Edwards is himself a former F.B.I. agent. Long



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after his work on the Commission was done. Senator Richard Russell said simply, "We have not been told the truth about Oswald."

The C.I.A. gave the Warren Commission a solemn assurance that Oswald had never been its agent or informant. Internal correspondence, however, shows that officials wanted the denial to be *carefully phrased*. Former C.I.A. director Allen Dulles, who served on the Commission, told his colleagues an Agency official might well not admit that someone had been an agent, even under oath.

Some wonder whether U.S. intelligence was able to pressure Oswald into service because he had committed some crime during his Marine service, or because he had homosexual leanings. Was his defection to the Soviet Union, following service on a top-secret U-2 spy base, a genuine defection? Or was Oswald a low-level tool in a Cold War intelligence operation? Why was there no "damage assessment" conducted by the navy, and why did the Passport Office post no "look-out card" following Oswald's defection in 1959? How come his estimated expenditures en route to Moscow exceeded his known funds? And there's a new oddity, discovered by us this year.

The official story has it that when Oswald defected he went to the American Embassy in Moscow only once, visiting only the consular office on the ground floor. Yet the widow of the assistant naval attaché, Joan Hallett, who worked as a receptionist at the embassy, says Consul Richard Snyder and the security officer "took him upstairs to the working floors, a secure area where the Ambassador and the political, economic, and military officers were. A visitor would never ever get up there unless he was on official business. *I* was never up there." According to Hallett, Oswald came to the embassy "several times" in 1959.

Congress's Assassinations Committee was "extremely troubled" by the fact that the C.I.A., which had previously employed Consul Snyder, was "unable to explain" a reference in his Agency file to "cover."

While in Moscow, Oswald was interviewed by Priscilla Johnson McMillan, a reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance, who had been asked by one of Snyder's colleagues to "help us in communicating with him. . . ." After the assassination, in the United States, McMillan had early access to Oswald's widow and later wrote a book pinning the crime on Oswald. The House committee concluded that McMillan had "no clandestine relationship" with the C.I.A. In a batch of C.I.A. documents released since then, she is listed as a "Witting Collaborator OF code AL" in 1975, not long before her Oswald book was published.

"My bottom line," McMillan told us this year, "is that I never worked for the C.I.A. . . . I don't know what was in the mind of the person who put me down as a Witting Collaborator. . . . [In Moscow] I had no way of knowing who in the American Embassy, say, worked for the C.I.A. and who didn't." Other documents show that the Agency saw McMillan as "a promising source" in 1956, and made repeated contact with her in the years that followed. A high-level F.B.I. document, dated the day after the assassination, cites a State Department security officer as saying McMillan's contact with Oswald had been "official business."

For three decades, as the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. reluctantly disgorged first a trickle and then—last year—a flood of documents on Oswald, researchers have stared at code numbers, cryptonyms, and marginalia with untrained eyes. Now an unlikely champion has arrived to lead them by the hand. Until his retirement in August, John Newman was a major in U.S. Army Intelligence. At 43, he cannot discuss precisely what he has been doing for the past two decades, except to say that it involved intelligence analysis and a stint at the highest levels of the National Security Agency. Newman is also a trained historian, author of a study of American policy in Vietnam, and he is now writing an exposé of the relationship between the C.I.A. and Lee Harvey Oswald.

"In a sense," Newman says, "it doesn't matter to me who killed Kennedy. What matters now is whether we're told the truth about it today. If you study recent American history, the lies about Vietnam, Watergate, and on and on, and see the level of cynicism and malaise that's grown up, it's frightening." Newman works in the cluttered basement of his suburban home, moving between his computer and rows of boxes containing thousands of once secret government documents. "What I can do that people without my background never could," he says, "is to interpret these things, work out how many people saw a report, how often, when, and why. I can peer into the minds of the people who handled Oswald's files."

To Newman, it looks as though the

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Intelligence analyst John Newman surrounded by declassified government documents in his Maryland office. On the rear wall, a blown-up photo linking Oswald to Marcello associate David Ferrie, who claimed they had never met. *Inset*, from left, members of the Assassination Records Review Board at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., 1994: Henry Graff, Kermit Lansner, William Joyce, John Tunheim, and Anna Nelson.

John Martino claimed "there had been two guns, two people involved."

C.I.A. has been lying about Oswald for more than 30 years. The cable that flashed from Moscow to Washington immediately after Oswald's defection said he had told embassy officials that he had "OFFERED SOVIETS ANY INFORMATION HE HAS ACQUIRED AS ENLISTED RADAR OPERATOR." The Oswald who worked on a spy-plane base had admitted he was a traitor. Yet we are asked to believe that the C.I.A. did not open a 201 file—a file in its central records system—on Oswald until more than a year later.

"It doesn't take a rocket scientist," Newman says, "to understand that the Agency's attempts to explain this do not wash. I have found hard documentary evidence that other files were opened on Oswald immediately, files that were very, very sensitive. The alarm bells were ringing, but then somebody pulled the switch. I have senior Agency personnel on the record on this one. This is a configuration consistent either with Oswald being the object of a sensitive intelligence investigation or with Oswald as an intelligence asset."

Newman believes he has exploded the C.I.A.'s assurance to the Warren Commission that it never interviewed Oswald or communicated with him "directly or in any other manner." He points to a memo written three days after the assassination by an officer identified only as "T.B.C.," the chief of SR6 in the Soviet Russia Division, in which he recalled having discussed "the laying on of interview[s] through the [Domestic Contacts Division] or other suitable channels."

Last year, while poring over records at the National Archives, Newman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHEIM

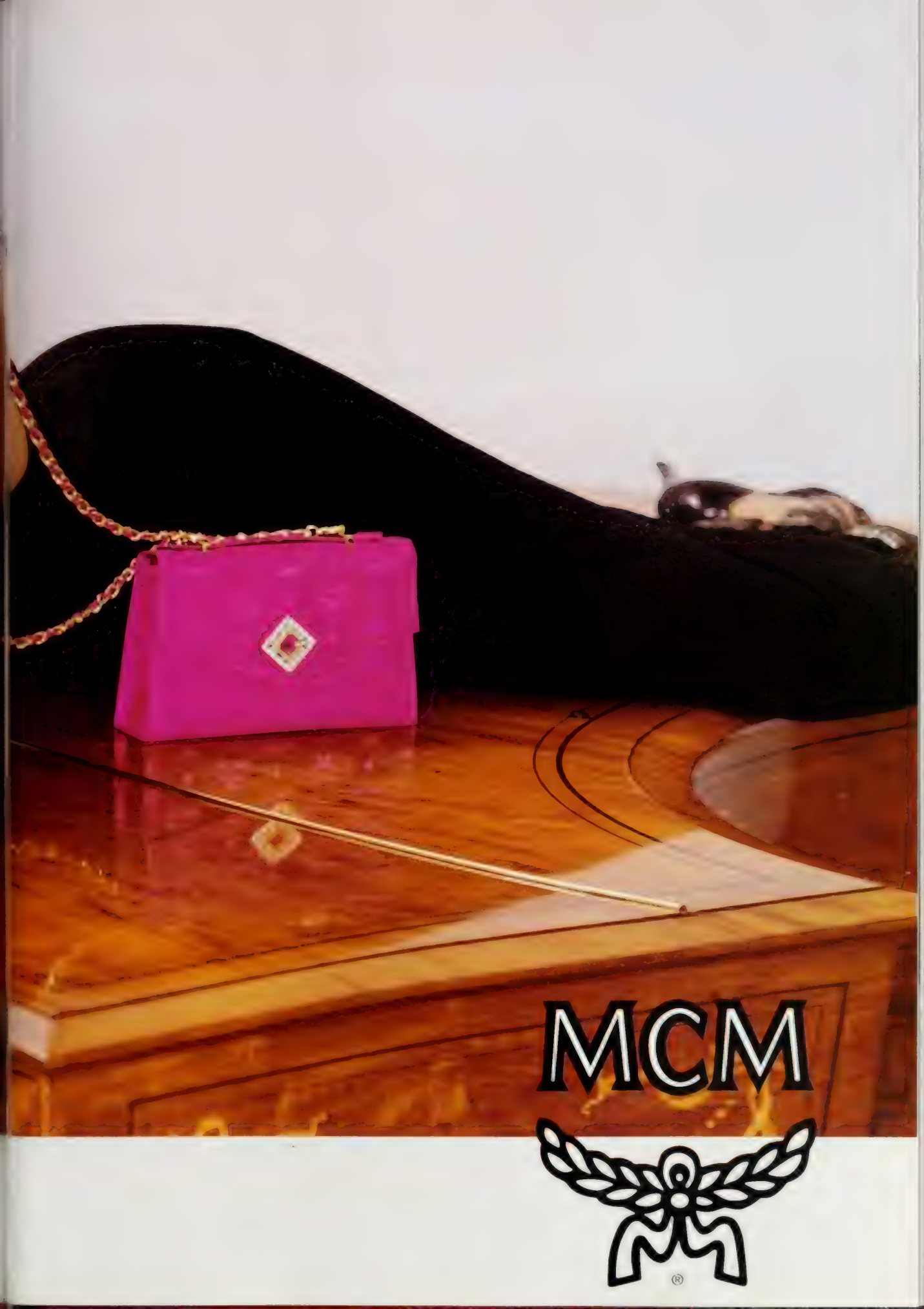


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found a scrawled note on a C.I.A. document that read, "Andy Anderson OO on Oswald." "OO" was the office symbol for the C.I.A.'s Domestic Contacts Division, and would seem to refer to a debriefing of Oswald, on his return from the Soviet Union, by a D.C.D. officer called Andy Anderson. The former deputy chief of the division says that the C.I.A. did debrief Oswald. A former D.C.D. officer, Donald Deneselya, recalls reading such a debriefing report "four to five pages in length."

Newman notes that the SR6, the department headed by "T.B.C.," was also known as the Soviet Realities Branch, which among other things was responsible for "painting"—spy jargon for creating "legends" for—"sleeper" agents in the Soviet Union. The document bearing the scribble about the Oswald debriefing is a memorandum from CI/SIG, the mole-hunting unit in C.I.A. Counter-Intelligence.

It is not the debriefing itself, though, that concerns Newman. "That was their job. It's something they had every right to do. The Agency would not lie to cover for something that wouldn't get them in trouble anyway. The denial that they had any interest in Oswald is a big billboard saying there's something else. The denial is part of a broader lie. . . . There's an unexplained anomaly, and among the questions it poses is whether or not the Agency had an association with Oswald."

In the shadows of Oswald's life back in the United States flicker hints of a relationship with the C.I.A. Oswald's friend and mentor until the spring of 1963 was a Russian émigré named George de Mohrenschildt. He later claimed he was cleared to associate with Oswald by a D.C.D. agent. A senior C.I.A. officer, Frank Hand, told a colleague that the Agency had placed a "control agent"—not de Mohrenschildt—close to Oswald and his wife to monitor their activities. Hand, the files show, was involved in a high-level discussion of the plots to kill Castro.

A prominent Cuban exile leader, Antonio Veciana, says he encountered Oswald in the company of the exile's U.S. case officer—whom he believed to be C.I.A.—in late summer of 1963. According to Veciana, the case officer was deeply involved in anti-Castro operations and fiercely critical of President Kennedy.

When Oswald went to Mexico, seven weeks before the assassination, his visits to the Soviet and Cuban Embassies were picked up by C.I.A. surveillance. A recently released congressional report quotes several former Agency officers, including the 1963 Mexico station chief, Winston Scott, as saying that C.I.A. cameras got pictures of Oswald during these visits. Why, then, has the Agency never produced such photographs, not even for the Warren Commission?

The C.I.A. has acknowledged that tape recordings, the harvest of telephone taps, were made of conversations Oswald apparently had with employees at the Communist embassies. They claim these tapes were routinely destroyed before the assassination. Yet a senior officer who served in Mexico at the time told us they existed after November 22. Former Warren Commission lawyers William Coleman and David Slawson tell us they heard such tapes, courtesy of the C.I.A., months after the assassination. If so, where are the tapes now?

John Newman has found buried treasure in the files on the Mexico visit. He has discovered a sin of omission, a gap in the record where it should chronicle the central theme of Oswald's life before the assassination—the Cuba connection. "This is one of the more sensitive

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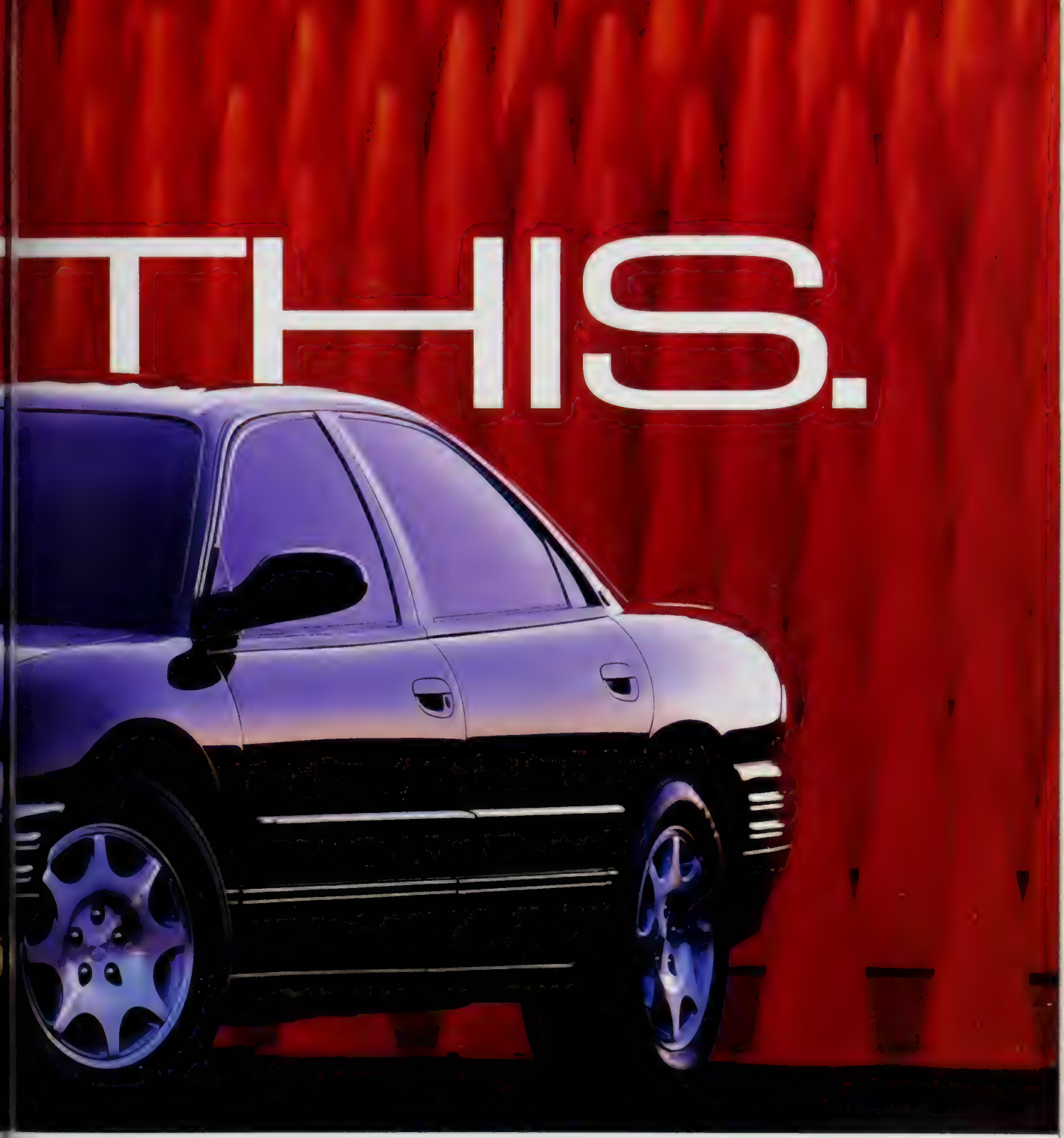
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pieces," Newman says, "an enormous internal lie by the Agency about Oswald. Mexico is part of a larger pattern, the withholding of information within the C.I.A. itself. It's premeditated, not accidental, and I can prove it. Some of the C.I.A. employees involved are alive. We have a presidentially appointed panel in place, the Records Review Board, empowered to subpoena people and ask them hard questions. What we have here is a major problem for the C.I.A. I'm now certain," says Newman, "that Oswald was the center of attention of many people in the C.I.A.—he was either part of an operation or an operation was built around him."

In the C.I.A. releases, we found a revealing batch of papers dated two years before the assassination. They reflect liaison between the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. on penetration of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, the pro-Castro group to which Oswald would proclaim an affiliation in 1963. And they reveal that the C.I.A. side of the operation was directed by a Western Hemisphere Division officer, "Dave Phillips" of "C/WH/4/Propaganda."

David Phillips, who rose to become head of the division, has long been a controversial figure in the assassination story. He was in charge of anti-Castro operations in Mexico in late 1963, and would one day run into trouble with Congress's Assassinations Committee. Chief counsel Blakey later said dryly that the committee had been "less than satisfied with his candor."

A former C.I.A. Clandestine Services officer who worked with Phillips, Joseph Smith, told us that the Agency's attitude toward the Fair Play for Cuba Committee—the F.P.C.C.—was "one of great hostility. . . . We did everything we could to make sure it was not successful—to smear it and I think to penetrate it. I think Oswald may have been part of a penetration attempt."

Members of the F.P.C.C. wondered constantly whether their colleagues were government stool pigeons. One former New Jersey member, Hal Verb, says that suspicion even fell on one of the group's founding directors, a CBS Radio journalist named Richard T. Gibson. While Gibson staunchly denies any disloyalty, recently released C.I.A. documents include a letter in which—more than a decade later—the Agency formally asked a commercial company "to assist C.I.A. by placing on retainer Mr. Richard T. Gibson." "How would that have come out? . . . ," said Gibson when we told him about the document. "I'm amazed. It sounds a little bit like disinformation to me." He suggested that the letter might be about a different man with the same name and middle initial.

The C.I.A. and the F.B.I. were turning the screws on the F.P.C.C. in the weeks before the assassination. The group's New York office had been burgled in April 1963, and again in October. Oswald wrote a string of letters to the F.P.C.C. that year, and the files show the F.B.I. read or copied at least two of them. Oswald was busily involved in Fair Play for Cuba activity in 1963.

On September 16, 1963, the C.I.A. advised the F.B.I. that it was "giving some consideration to countering the activities of [the F.P.C.C.] in foreign countries," and to "planting deceptive information which might embarrass the Committee." The day after the message went to the Bureau, Oswald applied for a tourist card to visit Mexico—there to flaunt his F.P.C.C. membership at the Cuban Embassy.

F.B.I. agent Hosty flushed Oswald's note down the toilet hours after Ruby shot Oswald.

Like the C.I.A., the F.B.I. solemnly assured the Warren Commission that Oswald had never acted for the Bureau "in any capacity." J. Edgar Hoover said every agent who would have had knowledge of a recruitment attempt had signed an affidavit saying it never happened. Two agents who had been involved in pre-assassination inquiries into Oswald's activity in New Orleans, however, signed no such affidavit. One of them, Milton Kaack, became apoplectic when we contacted him in retirement years later. He cried, "No. No. . . . You won't get anything out of me," and hung up.

As with the C.I.A., rumors of an Oswald link have hung around the F.B.I. like smoke on a windless day. A story that the alleged assassin was a paid informant, with a payroll number, was one of the first problems faced by the Warren Commission. We tracked down a former F.B.I. informant who says he learned Oswald was indeed used by the F.B.I. in New Orleans. Joseph Burton, now running a modest locksmith's business in Plant City, Florida, says he was employed for two years in the early 70s to pose as a Marxist and infiltrate radical groups. Sometimes he was accompanied by a woman from New Orleans, also an F.B.I. asset. The Bureau has admitted that Burton was "a valuable and reliable source" and was paid for his services. A senior official confirmed to *The New York Times* that the woman, whose name was not revealed, performed missions abroad for the F.B.I.

"I did several trips with her," Burton told us, "and she said she and her husband—they were both working for the Bureau—knew Oswald had been connected with the F.B.I., in the New Orleans office. Her Bureau contact, she said, told her Oswald had been an informant. . . . I talked about Oswald with the agent I usually met with in New Orleans. And he said, 'Oh, we owned him,' or something to that effect. They always used that statement if they were paying someone to cooperate with them."

Researchers will confront the Assassination Records Review Board with a new twist in the case, one that may prove revelatory about Oswald and the F.B.I. Fresh information, gathered by Dallas journalists Ray and Mary La Fontaine, suggests an astonishing scenario. Drawing on interviews and previously hidden records, the La Fontaines present evidence which, if valid, indicates that Oswald knew Jack Ruby before the assassination. Shortly after his arrest on November 22—*before* Ruby's name was linked to the assassination story in any way—Oswald reportedly told a cellmate he and Ruby had been present a few days earlier at a meeting in a motel. The discussion at the meeting had been about guns and money.

The new research reveals that in November 1963 F.B.I. agents and agents of the I.R.S.'s Division of Alcohol and Tobacco Tax were indeed involved—though working on separate agendas—in investigating a weapons-trafficking network linked to impending exile operations against Castro's Cuba. Jack Ruby's auto mechanic, Donnell Whitter, was arrested in possession of stolen weapons just four days before the assassination.

The La *(Continued on page 139)*

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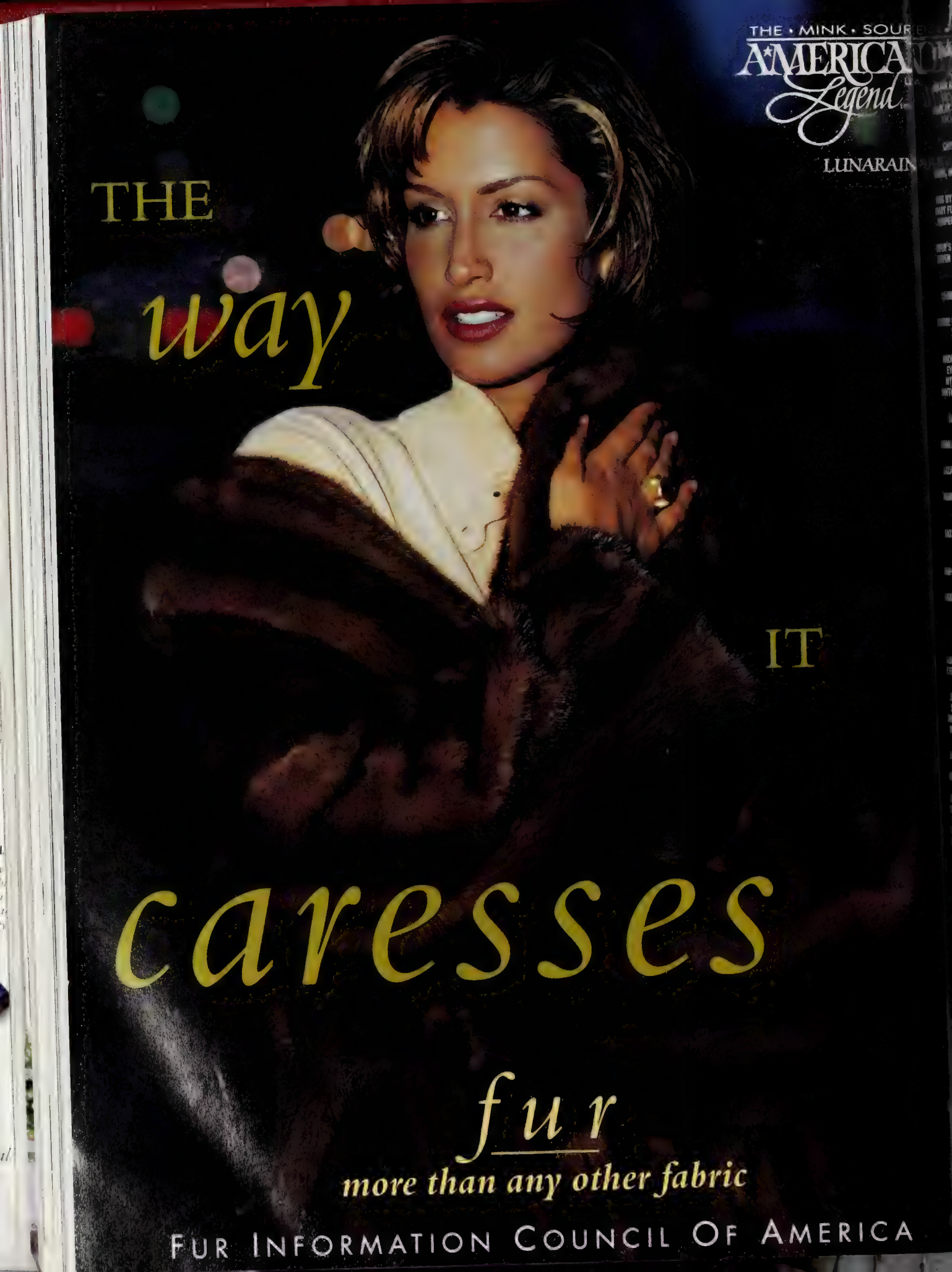


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Continued from page 132 Fontaines, whose book on the case is to be published next spring, suggest the F.B.I. has something significant to hide about the episode. They note that one of the agents on the gunrunning case, James Hosty, twice visited Oswald's wife, inquiring about him, in November 1963.

When the Bureau typed up the alleged assassin's handwritten address book and sent it to the Warren Commission, it omitted the name, address, and license number of James Hosty. And there was something else, something horrendous, which did not come to light until 1975. Two weeks before the assassination, Oswald had gone to the Dallas office of the F.B.I. and delivered a note, addressed to Hosty. We shall never know what it said, because probably acting on orders relayed from J. Edgar Hoover himself—Hosty flushed it down the toilet hours after Ruby shot Oswald.

Hosty testified that he never met Oswald. We obtained a copy of an affidavit given to the Senate Intelligence Committee by a former agent who once worked with Hosty, Carver Gayton. According to Gayton, Hosty told him he had "listed Oswald as a P.S.I. (Potential Security Informant)," although—Hosty said—he had never met him. The F.B.I. has admitted that another agent, Charles Flynn, tried to develop Jack Ruby as a P.C.I. (Potential Criminal Informant) four years before the assassination, and met with him nine times in a period during which Ruby made several visits to Cuba.

"Everyone will know who I am now," Lee Oswald is said to have remarked under interrogation. Yet, 30 years on, we still cannot be sure who he really was. Eight months after Dallas, J. Edgar Hoover was asked privately whether Oswald had really been the assassin. "If I told you what I really know," he replied, "it would be very dangerous to this country. Our whole political system could be disrupted."

David Phillips, the C.I.A. disinformation specialist in charge of Cuban operations in Mexico during the Oswald visit, left behind an unpublished manuscript for a novel when he died in 1988. It features a character apparently modeled on himself, a C.I.A. officer who served in Mexico City. "I was one of the two case officers who handled Lee Harvey Oswald," the fictional character writes in a letter. "We gave him the mission of killing Fidel Castro in Cuba. . . . I don't know *why* he killed Kennedy. But I do know he used precisely the plan we had devised against Castro. Thus the C.I.A. did not anticipate the president's assassination but it was responsible for it. I share that guilt."

Before Phillips died, he had several conversations with Kevin Walsh, a former Assassinations Committee staffer now working as a private detective in Washington, D.C. "My private opinion," he told Walsh in all apparent seriousness, "is that J.F.K. was done in by a conspiracy, likely including rogue American intelligence people."

The known suspects are all beyond questioning now. Oswald in a reinforced grave at Fort Worth's Rose Hill cemetery. Ruby in a Jewish cemetery in Chicago. Carlos Marcello in his tomb near New Orleans. Santo Trafficante behind bars at last, in a closed mausoleum at the Unione Italiana cemetery on the outskirts of Tampa.

"Consider the possible reality," former Warren Commission counsel Burt Griffin suggested to the Assassinations Committee, "that under the American system of civil liberties and the requirement of proof beyond a reasonable doubt, that it is virtually impossible to prosecute or uncover a well-conceived and well-executed conspiracy."

In Mexico last year we interviewed Stanley Watson, a former C.I.A. deputy chief of station. Though aged and retired, he deftly fended off our questions. Watson agreed, though, that there are still secrets about this case. "I don't think we'll ever know now," he murmured, "or at least not until after . . . " His voice trailed off, and then he added, "I was just about to commit an indiscretion."

"Most of us want to see full disclosure now," says John Newman. "Either there's secrecy because we're protecting legitimate secrets still, or somebody's engaged in efforts to cover their tracks because there's something criminal there. And I think the American people say, 'It's time we knew.'

"We had the Warren Commission, and we had the House Committee, and now we have these five individuals of the Assassination Records Review Board. It's an unprecedented moment in a modern democracy, when a law has to be passed by the Congress to say we're going to tell the truth about something. I don't think there'll ever again be a chance to convince the public that we're getting the truth on this thing."

In the months to come, the Review Board may take us closer to the elusive truth. If it does not, the mysteries of the Kennedy assassination may remain forever in limbo. ☐





CARICATURE STUDY

From Garbo to Gable to the Prince of Wales, Miguel Covarrubias's caricatures in *V.F.* set the tone for the Jazz Age

In what Fitzgerald called the Age of Satire, Miguel Covarrubias wielded a sharp lance. A rich kid from Mexico City who flung himself into the Jazz Age whirl of Manhattan's 20s, Covarrubias worked as an elevator boy while he edged his way into the city's artistic and social circles. Compulsively generous and protean in his charms, he befriended *everybody,* from Langston Hughes to Mrs. Payne Whitney, and in 1924 *Vanity Fair* editor Frank Crowninshield secured his talents as an illustrator for the magazine. Among his earliest contributions were pictorial dispatches from the cabarets of the Harlem Renaissance; these were followed by the well-remembered "Impossible Interviews," imagined encounters between ill-matched duos, including Mahatma Gandhi and Aimee Semple McPherson, and Clark Gable and the Prince of Wales.

As a man of the arts, Covarrubias cut a wide swath. In fact, he was a veritable Mexican Michelangelo—accomplished as a writer, anthropologist, museologist, and dance administrator. With his wife, Rosa, he presided over Mexico's greatest artistic salon. After his death in 1957 she continued the tradition. Much of this remarkable industry is not known outside of Mexico, but a new biography, *Covarrubias,* by Adriana Williams (University of Texas Press), seeks to correct that, and raise the dazzling oeuvre of the man Crowninshield dubbed *Vanity Fair*'s "brightest jewel."

—MATTHEW TYRNAUER





Clockwise from top left: **An "Impossible Interview" between Clark Gable and the Prince of Wales, 1932; Garbo, a *V.F.* cover in 1932; "Sunday in Harlem," *V.F.,* 1935; Covarrubias in a charro hat; and "High Hatters," from *V.F.,* 1926.**



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Late August 1994: A classroom at the Shangi Mission School complex near the Zaire border in southwestern Rwanda.

GOD AND MAN IN RWANDA

The heartbreaking scenes of refugees streaming out of Rwanda fail to show one thing: the reason they had to leave

BY DAVID RIEFF

The story goes that a French priest in Rwanda who had survived the massacres of the spring of 1994 was asked whether his experiences had shaken his faith in God. "Absolutely not," he replied. "But," he added matter-of-factly, "what happened in this country has destroyed my faith in mankind forever."

The tale may be apocryphal, but it is emblematic. For in Rwanda these days, even an atheist has a hard time pushing away the thought that God is a better bet than man. The atrocities unleashed after the mysterious crash of a plane carrying the country's president, Juvénal Habyarimana, defy even the most caustic imagination. In the Rwandan jails, one can find people who unblinkingly admit to having killed babies and old men with clubs or their bare hands, to setting fire to people as they huddled in church vestries, or to drowning pregnant women in streams.

The killing took place on an unimaginable scale. The low estimate is that 500,000 people were killed in less than three months. The high estimate, increasingly accepted as the true figure by the U.N. and the International Committee of the Red Cross, is that one million died. Even today, hardly a week goes by without the discovery of a new mass grave. But the killing was anything but random or unplanned. It was not an eruption of tribal violence or the expression of a particularly African savagery. To the contrary, when the militias of the hard-line Hutu nationalist parties set upon their Tutsi neighbors—Hutu and Tutsi, though usually described as distinct tribes, and sometimes as different races, are historically as much castes as ethnic groups—the genocide they carried out had been long planned by their leaders.

Even the brutal way the killing was done had a carefully conceived purpose. People are so predisposed to thinking of Africans as savages that few paused to ask themselves why much of the killing was done with machetes, clubs, and iron bars. After all, the Rwandan army, which the authors of the genocide controlled, could simply have used the modern weapons the French, the South Africans, and the Egyptians had sup-



Traces of the early-summer massacre of Tutsi schoolchildren and villagers on a mission-school bathroom wall.

plied them to exterminate the Tutsi far more quickly and efficiently. But they wanted to do more than kill. Unlike Nazi Germany, where, for all the talk of collective guilt, the killing was done by a small group in death camps set out of sight of the general population, the Hutu leadership wanted to implicate as many citizens as possible. The "artisanal" nature of the violence was a way of creating a nation of accomplices in genocide.

That, rather than any manipulation by militant radio broadcasts, was why so many Rwandans fled to Tanzania and Zaire when the Tutsi-led guerrillas of the Rwandan Patriotic Front (R.P.F.) reconquered the country. Too many people had been willing or forced to participate in the killings—at least 100,000, by many estimates—for guilt to be fobbed off on neighbors or a few cadres of the old regime.

The average size of a Rwandan family is nine; the average size of an extended family is much larger. If more than two million fled Rwanda after the R.P.F.'s victory, it was because the majority had a close relative who had killed between April and July. But in the minds of North Americans and Western Europeans, the genocide segued directly into the refugee crisis, as if both were manifestations of the same phenomenon. When Tipper Gore, to her credit, helped bathe and feed sick and hungry children at a refugee camp in Zaire, none of the aid workers pointed out what they knew perfectly well: chances were that these children were suffering because their fathers, or uncles, or elder brothers, had murdered other babies, equally innocent, in the beautiful, conical landscape of Rwanda.

The aid workers' silence was understandable. People don't give money when the cause of a crisis is morally ambiguous. And governments, which are the only entities that can provide the aid needed to feed a million or two refugees, are even more addicted to simple morality plays. And yet, after the distinguished visitors left, or out of earshot of their superiors, the aid workers often questioned what they were doing, though there seemed to be no good alternative.

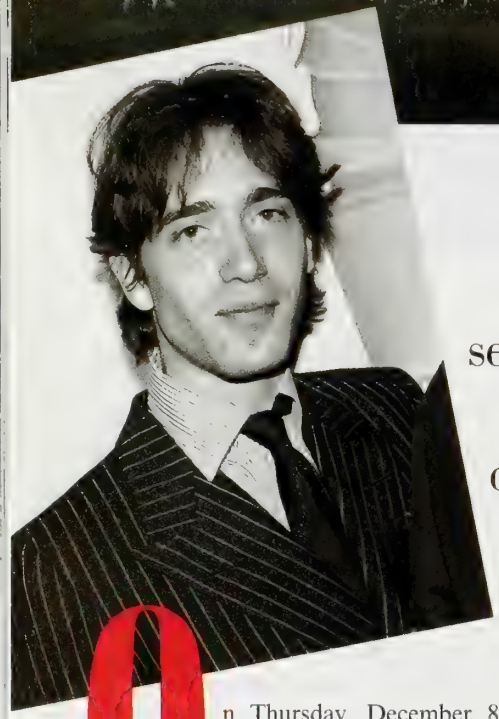
It was while the genocide was going on that action was needed. But instead the great powers decided to pull most of the peacekeeping forces out of Rwanda, and left the Tutsi to their fate. By the time the C-130s began landing in Kigali again, the slaughter was over. It had ended because the R.P.F. had been victorious on the battlefield, not because the world was any better at stopping genocide in 1994 than it had been in 1944. What remained for the outside world was to minister to victim and victimizer alike. Inevitably, the distinction between the two began to blur, particularly as the news leaked out of killings of Hutu civilians and returning refugees by R.P.F. soldiers. But more predictable than the foreigners' indignation over this was the certainty that they would soon leave. Disasters are compelling for only so long. The CNN effect has a short shelf life.

When they do leave, they will quit a country that has become an eerie shell. Rwanda, once so overpopulated, is now dotted with deserted villages. Though the bodies have been removed, almost every mission and parish church in a country that had been among the most Catholic in Africa still bears the traces of the massacres that have occurred within their walls. The blood was hard enough to wash away. The memories of what people had done to one another were far more indelible.

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



Rare white deer grazing before the east façade of Houghton Hall. Inset, the seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley, filmmaker David Rocksavage.



HOUGHTON REVISITED

In the sale of several lifetimes, David, seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley, is putting some $23 million worth of art and heirlooms on the block at Christie's this month—all to ensure there will always be a Houghton Hall

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

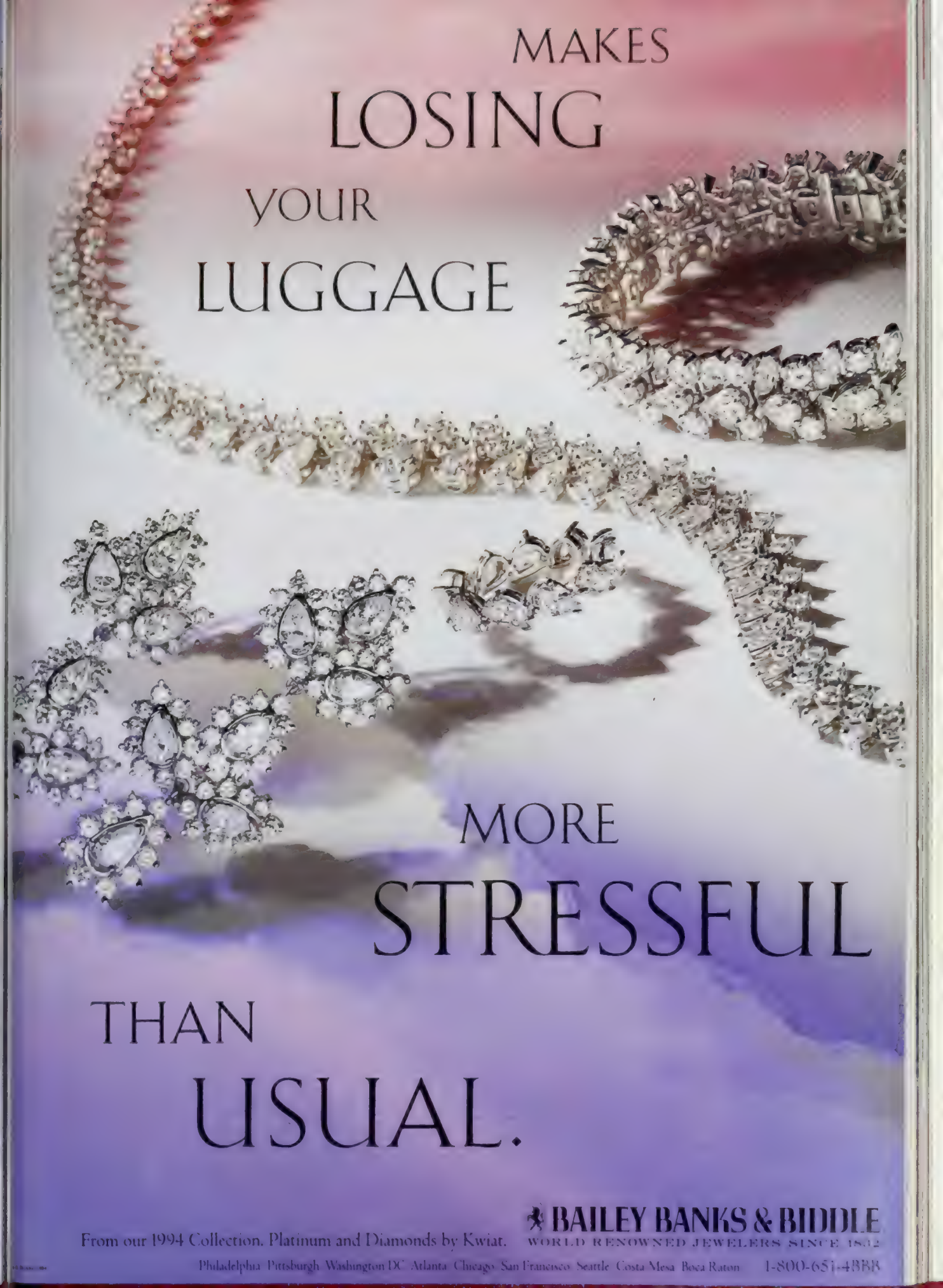
On Thursday, December 8, Christie's, the London auction house, is holding a spectacular sale: the most valuable group of pictures, furniture, silver, and *objets d'art* to have emerged from a great English house in the last 10 years. Such is the rarity, quality, condition, and provenance of everything that it is expected to fetch $23 million or more. For once, Lloyd's, whose losses have wiped out much of England's landed gentry, is not responsible. In this case, the villain is the British tax collector.

The source of all this splendor is Houghton Hall in Norfolk, thought by many to be the quintessential and best-preserved Palladian house in England. Houghton is the seat of a clever and charming, yet modest, young man, David, seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley), who is also Earl of Rocksavage, Viscount Malpas, and Baron Newborough.

Besides being a landowner, David Cholmondeley is Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, one of the oldest and grandest of royal offices. Traditionally, the Lord Great Chamberlain has charge of the Palace of Westminster (the House of Lords in particular) and is responsible for the maintenance and administration of the building. Nowadays, however, most of these tedious responsibilities are left to deputies, and David's duties are largely ceremonial; for instance, he dons an elaborate, gold-braided uniform, takes up his white wand of office, and walks backward in front of the Queen at the annual opening of Parliament. The two lesser thrones used on this occasion (by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh) belong to David. They were given to an ancestor as perquisites of the office and have to be brought up from Houghton every year for the ceremony. (No, they are not included in the sale.)

When he is not supervising the upkeep of his magnificent possessions—a job as arduous as a museum cura-

PHOTOGRAPHS, TOP, BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES; INSET, BY DAFYDD JONES


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tor's—or attending to his duties as Lord Great Chamberlain, David makes movies, but not under his own name. He chooses to use the resonant name of Rocksavage, which he bore before inheriting from his father. In his last year at Eton, he started a 50-minute documentary film about the school on a budget of less than $20,000. BBC television snapped it up. Since then David has made other TV documentaries: a humorous yet poignant profile for French television of the celebrated, trendsetting *antiquaire* Madeleine Castaing, who died two years ago at age 97; also one about Houghton, visualizing the house through the eyes of another charismatic old lady, his 95-year-old grandmother. The marriage of his sister Margot to a son of John Huston gave David access to the advice and support of a great director. Huston wanted him to work on one of his films, but plans fell through. David has just finished shooting a feature film of Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms* on location in Charleston, South Carolina. Besides directing, he collaborated on the script with the southern novelist Sara Flanigan, author of *Alice,* recently made into a film starring and directed by Diane Keaton. The tenderness and sharpness, the humor faintly tinged with melancholy that illuminate David's films are perfectly attuned to Capote's little masterpiece. The star is Lothaire Bluteau, who was widely acclaimed for his performance in *Jesus of Montreal.*

Like his sister Rose, who is a professional pianist, David studied piano at the Rachmaninoff Conservatory in Paris, but he tries to keep his creative, Rocksavage side separate from his responsibilities as a landowner, which is how, for the purposes of this article, we are obliged to see him. Houghton came to the Cholmondeleys through the marriage of an ancestor to the daughter of the man who finished building it in 1735: Sir Robert Walpole, Britain's first and probably most effective prime minister. Since Walpole was a past master at profiting from public office, he was able to amass a substantial fortune and a superb collection of paintings and sculpture. For all his bluffness and toughness, Walpole was a discriminating connoisseur. He pulled down the unpretentious "Hall" of his forebears and, after moving a village out of the way, replaced it with the stateliest of stately homes, built in the height of Palladian taste and set in a deer park of Arcadian serenity, a monument to the power he would wield for more than 30 years. Unfortunately, Walpole's grandson and eventual heir was dissolute and more than a bit mad. To pay his debts, he sold the collection of old masters to Catherine the Great in 1779 for £40,000, the equivalent of many millions today; it is now one of the glories of the Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg.

In the course of the 19th century, the Cholmondeleys tried to unload the costly house they had inherited on at least three occasions (once to the Duke of Wellington, shortly after Waterloo). They were unsuccessful. To cut down on expenditures, they lived mostly at their other property, Cholmondeley Castle in Cheshire, which still boasts 40 tenant farmers and is self-supporting. Meanwhile, Houghton was left under dust sheets. Benign neglect proved the best possible preservative. After the old masters went, nothing more was sold, and the house was spared the usual Victorian "improvements." That is why Houghton still looks much the way it did at the end of the 18th century—sumptuous yet restrained within, noble yet romantic without. It was not until after World War I that the Cholmondeleys moved back to Houghton. The fifth marquess, David's grandfather, had recently married a great heiress, Sybil Sassoon, and they were able to restore the house to its former glory. However, to maintain everything in impeccable condition, as the last three generations of the family have been doing, is ruinously expensive, especially given the huge bites that recent inheritance taxes have taken out of their fortune. Hence the 1992 sale by private treaty of Holbein's *Lady with a Squirrel* for $15 million to London's National Gallery.

Houghton still looks much the way it did at the end of the 18th century—sumptuous yet restrained within, noble yet romantic without.

Hence, too, the upcoming auction. David and his trustees hope that it will generate enough of an endowment to enable Houghton to remain in the possession of the Cholmondeleys and survive well into the next millennium. Since the preservation of Houghton is the primary objective of the auction, very little of the furniture that the great 18th-century architect and designer William Kent made for the house is included in it. Exceptions are two pairs of chairs that have been in storage for some 200 years, so their absence will not be noticed. Another pair (gilt gesso frames, upholstered in the original crimson-and-gold Genoese velvet), estimated at between $600,000 and $900,000, belongs to a set that turns out to have been made for another house. Most of the other items in the sale have a different, though no less prestigious, source: David's grandmother Sybil, Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and her brother, the celebrated connoisseur Sir Philip Sassoon. Sir Philip died young in 1939, leaving most of his collection and fortune to his sister, who died, aged 96, in 1990. In death as in life, Sybil Cholmondeley has proved to be the savior of the house, with which, as her grandson's movie reveals, she identified so very closely.

These days, the Sassoon name is apt to connote hairdressing. (In fact, Vidal Sassoon is no relation of David's.) In the 19th and early 20th centuries, it connoted Oriental mystery and splendor, and vast, vast fortunes. The Sassoons were often known as the Rothschilds of the East, which did not necessarily please them. Centuries before the Rothschilds emerged from the Frankfurt ghetto, the Sassoons had established themselves as the most powerful Jewish dynasty in Baghdad. One after another of them had been appointed Nasi, Prince of the Captivity; crowds in the street would bow their heads as the family patriarch, dressed in cloth of gold, and his retinue rode by on the way to the palace of the pasha. The family's vast fortune came from trading: gold and silver vessels, jewels, hides, wool, cotton, spices—you name it. But by the end of the 18th century, Baghdad's prosperity—likewise the Sassoons'—had begun to dwindle, while anti-Semitism, from which Baghdad had been traditionally free, was on the rise. The Sassoons found themselves at the mercy of Turkish racketeers. In 1829, David


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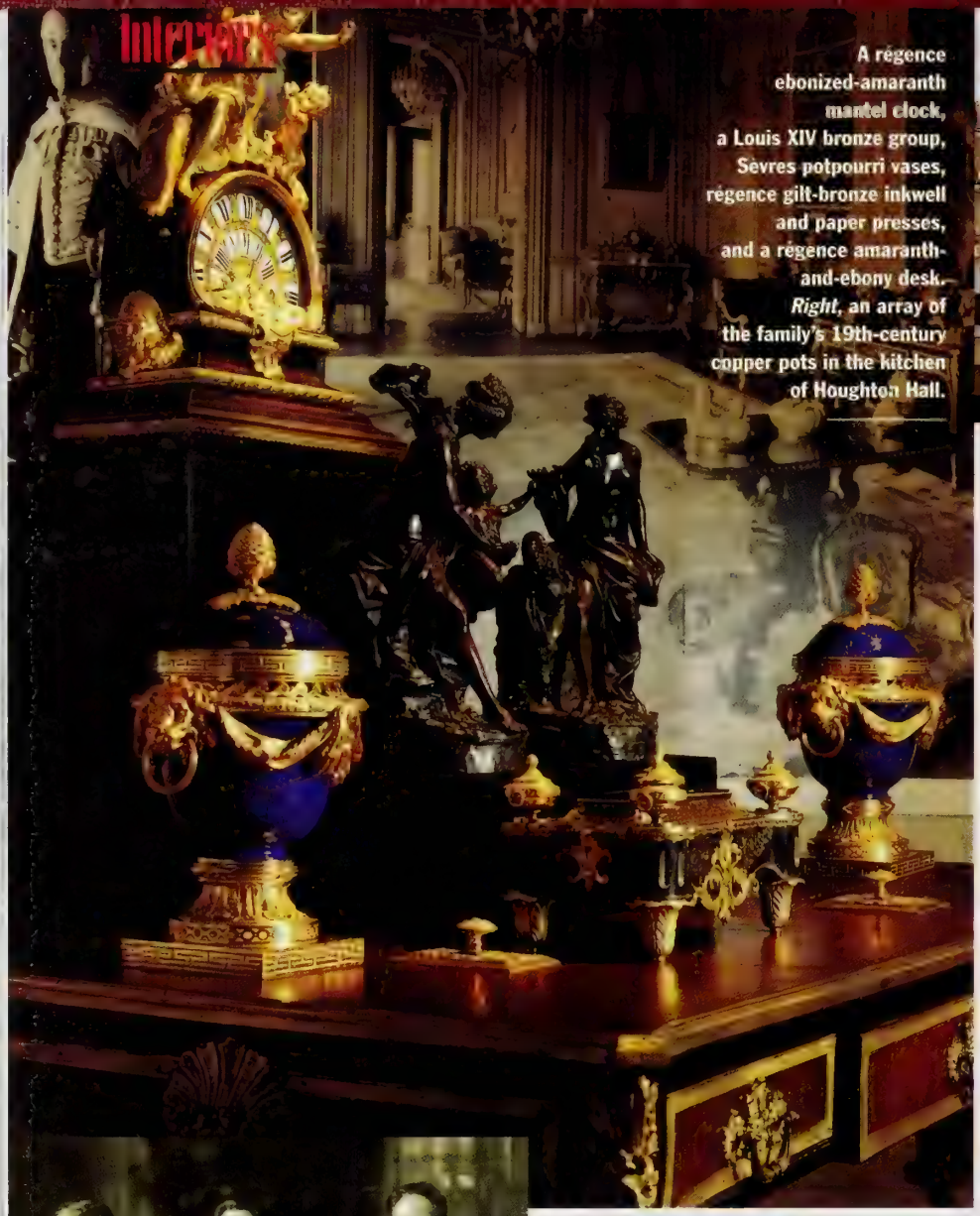
FORD DESIGNERS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
SUSAN K. WESTFALL, DAVID HILTON, GARY BRADDOCK, SOO KANG, PAUL ARNONE, AARON WALKER

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A régence ebonized-amaranth mantel clock, a Louis XIV bronze group, Sèvres potpourri vases, régence gilt-bronze inkwell and paper presses, and a régence amaranth-and-ebony desk.—*Right*, an array of the family's 19th-century copper pots in the kitchen of Houghton Hall.



Cholmondeley's great-great-great-grand father—another David—fled Baghdad and set up shop in Bombay. In a very few years he had become as powerful as such old-time Parsi merchants as Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, India's canniest.

David Sassoon and his five sons traded principally in cotton and opium, but they were always ready to diversify into nankeen or pearls or tea. When the opium wars opened China to foreign traders, the family established branches up and down the China coast. They were famously cautious, secretive, and reliable, and wherever they settled, they invested heavily in real estate for offices and warehouses, not to mention residences for themselves. On the banks of the yellow Huangpu or in the hills back of Bombay or Poona, their colonnaded "bungalows"—with staffs that included rabbis, kosher butchers and cooks, Chinese and Indian retainers, and Arab slaves—were nothing if not grandiose.

By 1858 the Sassoons were ready to open up in England. Since they virtually controlled the Indian cotton market, they settled in Manchester as well as in London. Their prosperity was proverbial. One after another, David's sons acquired mansions in London as well as vast houses in the country, shoots in Scotland, studs at Newmarket, and seaside places at Brighton, at all of which they entertained the heir to the throne, the gregarious and pleasure-loving Prince of Wales. Compared with most of the Prince's nouveau riche friends—the Cassels, Hirschs, Neumanns—the Sassoons were old money and more cultivated (David Sassoon's musical grandson had two Stradi-

(Continued on page 155)

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the Sassoon name connoted Oriental mystery and splendor, and vast, vast fortunes.





Charlie Chaplin visiting with Sybil Cholmondeley and her brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, at Trent Park in the 1930s. *Right*, Jean-François de Troy's *La Lecture de Molière* (1728), which once belonged to Frederick the Great.

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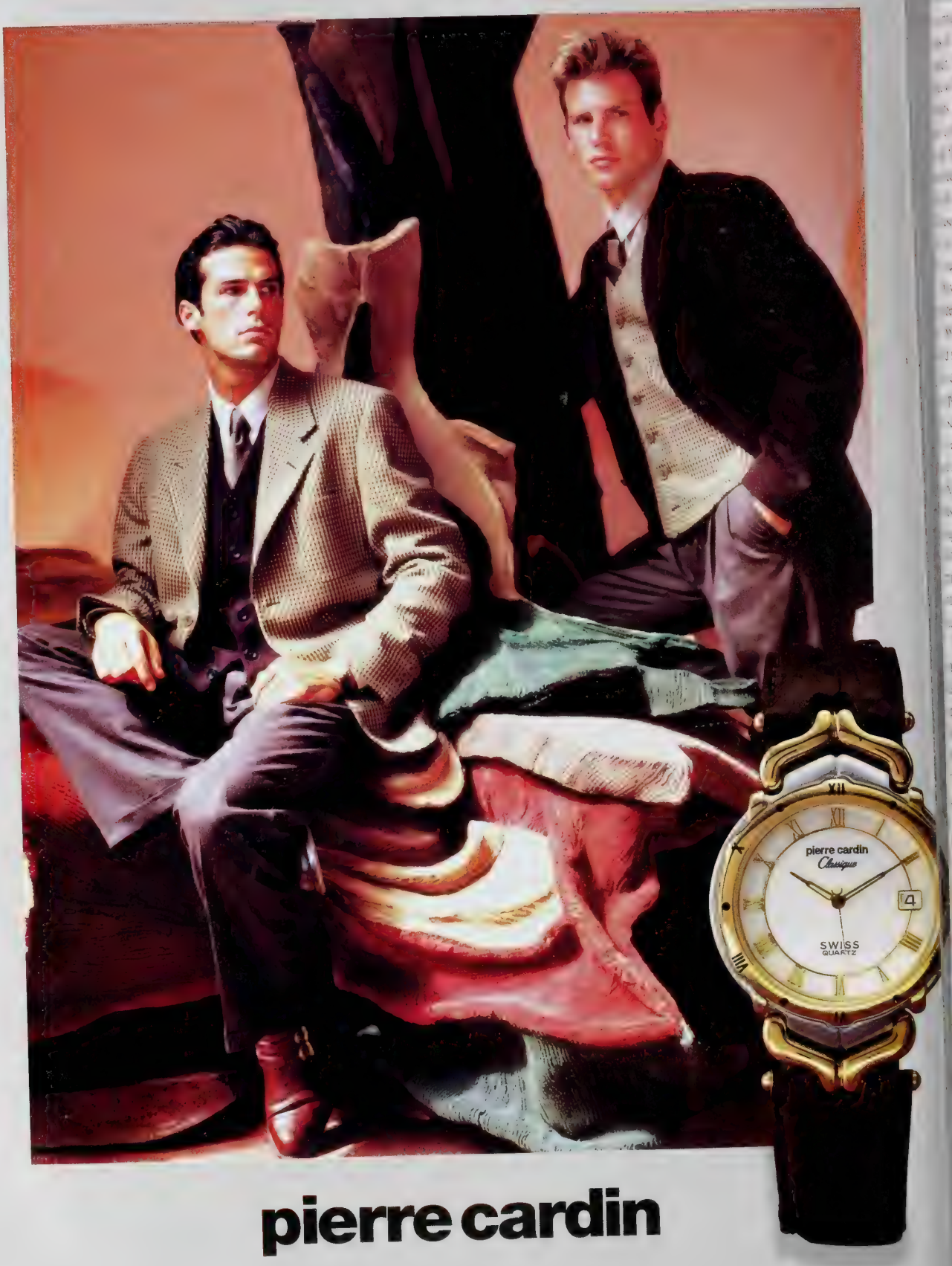
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Design ... e Pt...s de Pierre Cardin 1994 All jewelry enlarged to show detail

(Continued from page 150) varnus violins to practice on). And their hospitality was all the more attractive for being a touch exotic. Besides regaling the Prince with snipe stuffed with foie gras, ortolans galore, and the famous Sassoon coffee cake (soaked in cognac, served flambé with ice cream and hot brandied cherries), their chefs came up with all manner of kosher, Indian, and Chinese delicacies. The Prince of Wales saw to it that baronetcies came the family's way.

Only the Rothschilds lived on a grander scale, which is possibly why in 1887 David Sassoon's grandson Edward married one of them: Baron Gustave de Rothschild's attractive and accomplished daughter Aline, who painted, sculpted, and loved music. They had two exceptional children, alike in looks and intelligence, artistic perception and public spirit, alike, too, in enhancing the lives of everyone around them. The daughter, Sybil, would marry David Cholmondeley's famously handsome grandfather, the fifth marquess, an ardent sportsman and the most eligible bachelor around.

Philip Sassoon would develop into one of the most protean plutocrats of his era, but he never married. "I shall only marry when I find someone as lovely and perfect as my sister," he would say. As a boy at Eton, he was already the acme of elegance and sophistication, according to Osbert Sitwell, who "fagged" for him. At Oxford he would have seven-course dinners brought by train from London. Bored by the family business except insofar as it enabled him to live in outrageous splendor, he threw himself into public life and became something of a bird of paradise in the House of Commons. Though sometimes criticized for including too many royal personages and celebrities, his balls and banquets were legendary. (One Easter, a woman sent him a telegram saying, "Christ is risen. Why not ask Him to lunch?") The Sassoon entertainments would begin with a liveried majordomo parading around rooms filled with magnificent French furniture and the heavy scent of thousands of hyacinths, ritually lighting the candles in the huge chandeliers with a tall brass lighter.

Sir Philip's emblem was a coiled cobra, and it decorated the hoods of some of his cars—a collection that included several specially made sports cars as well as a fleet of Rolls-Royces, which he put at his guests' disposal at Trent Park and Port Lympne, his principal country houses. Gardens were a special passion: he is said to have used a set of different-colored Cartier cigarette cases to help work out floral color schemes with his head gardener, and to have been so fastidious that he once asked a footman to replace the Union Jack fluttering above the house with something less garish, something that wouldn't clash with the sunset. He also stocked his lakes with exotic waterfowl—flamingos, black swans, even a pair of king penguins—which he insisted on feeding himself.

Sir Philip was not as epicene as he seemed. He proved to be an effective private secretary to the prime minister, Lloyd George, and an energetic member of Parliament, celebrated for using social graces—sumptuous dinners and weekends at his country houses—to defuse contretemps between quarrelsome statesmen. To relax important guests, there would be not only Chaplin films but Chaplin himself at the dinner table, clowning so deftly that the footmen would double up with laughter and drop dishes. As his friend Winston Churchill observed when asked about Sassoon's governmental functions, when you are leaving for an unknown destination "it is a good plan to attach a restaurant car at the tail of the train."

After the old masters went, the house was spared the usual Victorian "improvements."

A passionate aviator—he became undersecretary of state for air—Sassoon was also an athlete who kept himself in top shape: a jogger long before people jogged; an early worshiper of sun and sea; a fervent polo player, like his great friend the Prince of Wales; a whirlwind golfer who had his own course and caddies and claimed he could do 18 holes in 90 minutes; a tennis player who employed a full-time coach and had his courts laid out in such a way that nobody ever had to play into the sun. Sassoon's passion for sports did not preclude a taste for literature, and he counted writers as diverse as Proust, Hilaire Belloc, H. G. Wells, and the Sitwells among his friends. He was also a judicious chairman of the National Gallery and a lavish, if somewhat conventional, patron of the arts, above all of his friends John Singer Sargent, who did numerous portraits of him and his sister, and José Maria Sert, who frescoed one of Sassoon's ceilings with an allegory of the recent war and mak emblematic of the Allies tearing the German eagle asunder.

As many of the marvels coming up at Christie's reveal, Sir Philip also had a discriminating eye for the 18th-century decorative arts. In the years following his death in 1939, his sister and principal heir, Sybil Cholmondeley, sold off part of the collection but kept the cream for Houghton. (Alas, the finest painting—Jean-Baptiste Oudry's celebrated white-on-white still life, *The White Duck*—was stolen from the house two years ago, along with some valuable clocks. Thieves of major works of art usually follow up with a ransom note; so far, nothing of the sort has materialized.) It is this *dix-huitième* treasure trove of Sir Philip's that forms the nucleus of the Houghton sale. One of the most attractive items is a Louis XV cabinet (estimate, $450,000 to $750,000) which originally housed a famous collection of shells—a unique piece in that the celebrated cabinetmaker Jean-François Leleu contrived it out of a much larger piece of furniture by another *ébéniste*. No less covetable is a pair of Louis XIV marriage chests by André-Charles Boulle (estimate, $600,000 to $900,000). And how about the exquisite pair of ormolu swans originally made for Madame de Pompadour (estimate, $300,000 to $450,000)? The pictures include a marvelous double-sided oil sketch by Rubens (estimate, $2.25 to $3.75 million) and a famous painting of an elegant reading group by Jean-François de Troy, *La Lecture de Molière*, which once belonged to Frederick the Great (estimate, $4.5 to $7.5 million). "The de Troy is a terrible wrench," David says. "It always hung in my grandmother's drawing room." Virtually all the other lots in the sale are of this caliber. Knowing Christie's, I suspect the estimates are on the low side. Works as rare and fine as these, which have spent the last 70 years or so in a famous private collection, tend to break records.

To part with things that have been in the family for generations is indeed "a wrench." But David has little choice: the fate of one of England's greatest houses is at stake. Houghton has always exacted a toll on those who have resided there, even on someone like David, who lives on a relatively modest scale in the





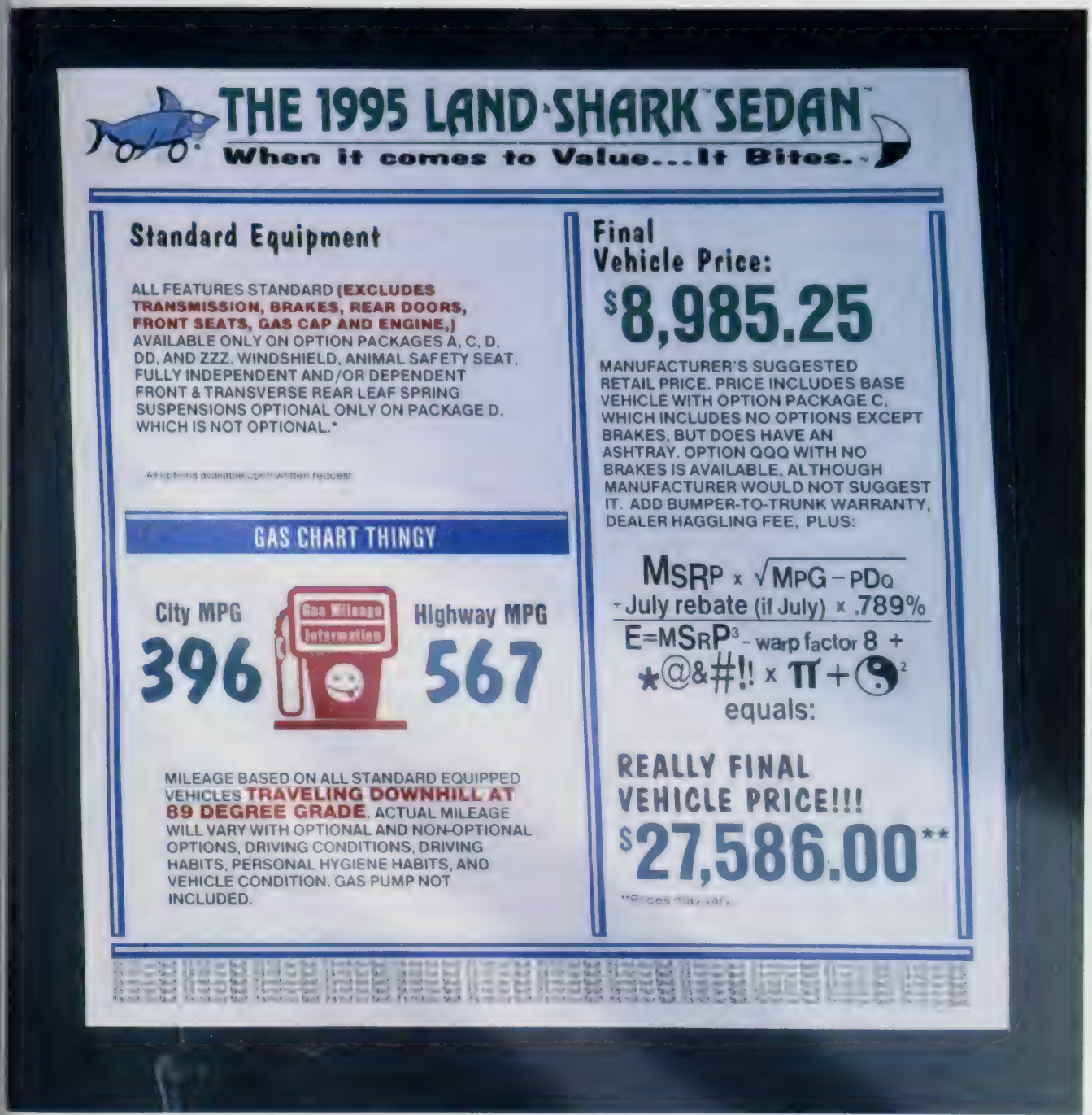


Lord and Lady Cholmondeley at Houghton Hall in 1913. *Left,* the Stone Hall, a perfect 40-foot cube with ceiling-frieze putti by Giuseppe Artari and décor by the famed William Kent. *Bottom left,* an 18th-century Sèvres vase with a Louis XV gilt-bronze swan and Chinese black-and-gold lacquer bombé commode.

relatively modest rooms that Sir Robert Walpole set aside for his personal needs. These rooms, which are on two floors with their own staircase, constitute a house within a house, and it is perfectly possible to live there without venturing onto the Grand Staircase or into the State apartments that lead off it. The house is usually open to the public. However, for the next year or so it is being replumbed, and the famous Saloon, Marble Parlor, Green Velvet Bedchamber, Tapestry Dressing Room, and Stone Hall—as handsome as any rooms in England—are temporarily closed.

Houghton transcends dust sheets. The monumental subtlety of William Kent's interior architecture still works its magic; so does the park outside the windows, with its peacocks and llamas, and above all its herds of white deer, dappling the avenues that radiate out from the house across the flatness of Norfolk, seemingly to infinity. When I asked Thaddeus Bruno, the expert in charge of them, whether these white deer are the result of genetic experimentation, he said, "Not at all. They are perfectly normal fallow deer. David's grandfather simply culled the ones that weren't white." On a moonlit night, the deer are a wondrous spectacle as they drift across the park, their young cavorting in their wake. Very early one morning, I wanted to take a closer look. Impossible. Since the theft of *The White Duck,* the great house has been equipped with an impregnable security system. Come midnight, Houghton is bolted and electronically barred. Sad that treasures have to be sold to protect the treasures that remain. □

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP LEFT, BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES; BOTTOM LEFT, BY MICHAEL MUNDY



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VERSACE

SIGNATURE

CHRISTMAS 1994



New York Beverly Hills San Francisco Washington Houston Atlanta San Diego Chicago Las Vegas Bal Harbour Honolulu Mexico City Vancouver To

Vanities



Precious Julia

...s of the Fall seems to have ...ady made **JULIA ORMOND** ...egend well through '95. The English ...uty stars in the film as a refined ...man torn between two brothers ...ad Pitt and Henry Thomas) in old ...ontana. "I had a fabulous time being ... rodeo boys how to wrangle, rope, ...ays Ormond, enthusiasm bursting ... ladylike veneer. She will also be seen ...mus and the romantic thriller *Captives* ...egend continues some more with ... Audrey Hepburn vehicle *Sabrina*. ... career resembling nothing so much as ...n the horizon, Ormond herself ...thinks of taking cover. "Sometimes ...ndle this," she notes, "and other times ... world, I want to get off. It's like ...o someone else." How does she ...ping into Audrey Hepburn's shoes? ...to," she says. —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by PATRIK ANDERSSON

Hype & Glory

By HENRY ALFORD

Seat of grandeur: the glamorous, intriguing life of one little gold chair in New York City

It is difficult to attend a society gala in New York City without encountering a certain kind of petite gilded rental chair. One begins to wonder: What folly and grandeur fill the lives of these seats? Eager to learn, I affixed a tag bearing the name of this publication to the underside of a chair owned by the party-supply company Something Different. Then, in the manner of a better-dressed Marlin Perkins, I tracked the chair over a period of 17 months—from charity benefit to corporate function to cocktail party—and carefully documented the behavior of those lured into it (23 in all) and near it (untold thousands). By day the chair—a handsome, ballroom-style affair—resides in Paterson, New Jersey, where it is indecorously stacked in a warehouse with thousands of others of its ilk, but by night it travels to the more rarefied climes of the metropolis, offering up its dull brilliance to both myrmidon and magistrate. This is its story.



On May 6, 1992, at three P.M., the chair was delivered to the vast atrium of the Equitable Center, where it, along with master of ceremonies Regis Philbin and 74 other chairs, was to inject the proceedings of the 50th Anniversary Obie Awards with elegance and comfort. Not to be confused with the more well-known Obie Awards (*The Village Voice*'s Off Broadway awards), these trophies honor those who create outdoor advertising—or, as they are referred to in the advertising industry, "outdoor creatives."

Standing in close proximity to the chair during the show's cocktail hour was the large, ursine Oliviero Toscani, the director of the controversial Benetton ad campaign that has featured a rainbow of condoms, a priest kissing a nun, and a man languishing from AIDS. "In England they almost put me in prison, but in New York and Holland they give me prizes," said a somewhat exasperated Toscani. During the subsequent awards presentation, Philbin told a joke of the Adorable Utterances of Children variety ("Look, Mommy—it's Jesus and Kathie Lee!"), and Toscani won an Obie for his "bus side" work, including the image of children wearing war paint. Children everywhere have been honored.

Six months later the chair turned up in the parlor of an elegant Fifth Avenue apartment that is said to have belonged to Barbara Hutton. It is now the home of Dr. Mona Ackerman, who was hosting a dinner party to celebrate the successful raising of $1 million for the American Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. The evening's highlight was a private recital, for the 70 assembled guests, by Itzhak Perlman and Samuel Sanders. During the guests' arrival, catalogue legend Lillian Vernon, radiating philanthropic warmth, brushed up against the chair. When asked if she was familiar with the variety of chair under surveillance, she became highly excitable ("Yes! Yes! Yes!"), explaining that to her the chairs represent "party time. Party time. Party. Joy."

The evening's guest of honor, a tuxedoed Zubin Mehta, sat on the chair during both the concert and the dinner. I asked the panda-like maestro if he found the chair comfortable; he opined, "For a short concert, yes. But I wouldn't want to hear *Parsifal* on it." His wife, Nancy, later joined us and explained that she owns 42 of the same kind of chair. "Yours are white," the maestro reminded her. She responded, "Yes. Because we're in California. We have gazebos and all that sort of stuff." Mehta then posited that "you can't have gold on the *(Continued on page 162)*

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

The History of Chocolate
France 1788

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Vanities

(Continued from page 160) lawn." His wife agreed, "We don't like gold in California. That's the way New York does it, but not us." After this exchange I inquired, "You're au naturel?" "Well," Mrs. Mehta said, hesitating, "we're not gold." Eventually, the maestro proudly announced, "We're white!" Mrs. Mehta looked at her husband indulgently and explained, "We have a lot of trees."

Five weeks later, on December 15, the chair arrived at 3 West 51st Street, where *The Sporting News* was sponsoring a symposium on the state of professional baseball. Empty for the first half-hour of the panel discussion, the chair later became the roost of Dick Ebersol, the president of NBC Sports, who is married to Susan Saint James. While seated, the restless Ebersol exhibited a variety of gestural nuances and activities, including lip massage, temple caressing, and earlobe appraisal. When asked for a chair appraisal, he confessed, "I'm much more of a couch kind of guy. My shoes stay off most of the day." Then, with a vague note of threat in his voice, "I even take my shoes off at other people's homes."

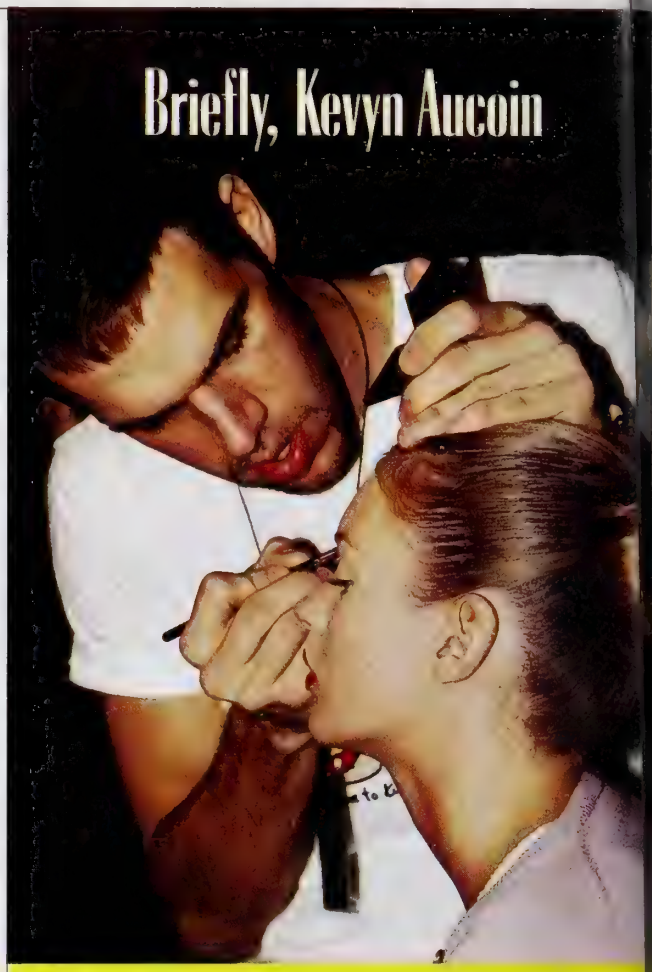
Some five months later, on May Day, the chair was surrounded by works by Rembrandt, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec in the Fifth Avenue apartment of investment banker Amnon Barness and his wife, Caren, who were renewing their wedding vows. "I get so tired standing up at these things," said the formidable lawyer William Goodstein shortly before sitting in the chair for a postceremony feeding. Currently listing among his clients Liz Smith, Reggie Jackson, and Georgette Mosbacher, Goodstein—who talks on the phone an average of 180 times a day—proved to be highly restive; during the meal he got up repeatedly for telephone mania, placing or returning calls to George Steinbrenner and Liz Smith, Willie Randolph, Steve Carlton, and Julie Newmar.

Eight months later, on January 9, it was no surprise to find the chair—and Mr. Goodstein—back in the Barness apartment. The chair, placed in the main hallway, provided an ideal vantage point from which to view the gathering's main event: a rabbi performing a circumcision, to usher the Barnesses' newborn grandson into the Jewish community. The tension that the circumcision ceremony created among the male guests in attendance was palpable; Mr. Goodstein launched into a frenzy of phone calls to Liz Smith, Reggie Jackson, Steve Carlton, restaurateur Buzzy O'Keeffe, and book editor Judith Regan.

But it was not the Barness grandson's entry into the Jewish faith that was the only source of good tidings that day. Also celebrated was talk of Mr. Barness's two sons' joining professional forces with Mr. Goodstein. Thus, I left the chair surrounded by images of progress and birth: A Jewish grandson. A newly configured law firm. A wealth of phone calls to baseball players. The chair its perpetual witness, Manhattan nightlife teems on.



Briefly, Kevyn Aucoin



Name: Kevyn Aucoin, 32 years old.

Occupation: Preferred makeup artist of single-named stars (Liza, Cindy, Nadja, et al.); author of *The Art of Makeup* (HarperCollins).

Provenance: Lafayette, Louisiana, in the heart of Cajun country.

Education: Dropped out in the 10th grade.

Conditions of Extremely Hypothetical Return to His Roots: "I'd have to be deported."

What Ever Kept Kevyn from Becoming Your Typical 4-H Farm Boy? A deep fondness for lime-green patent-leather penny loafers was an early, if not instant, disqualifier.

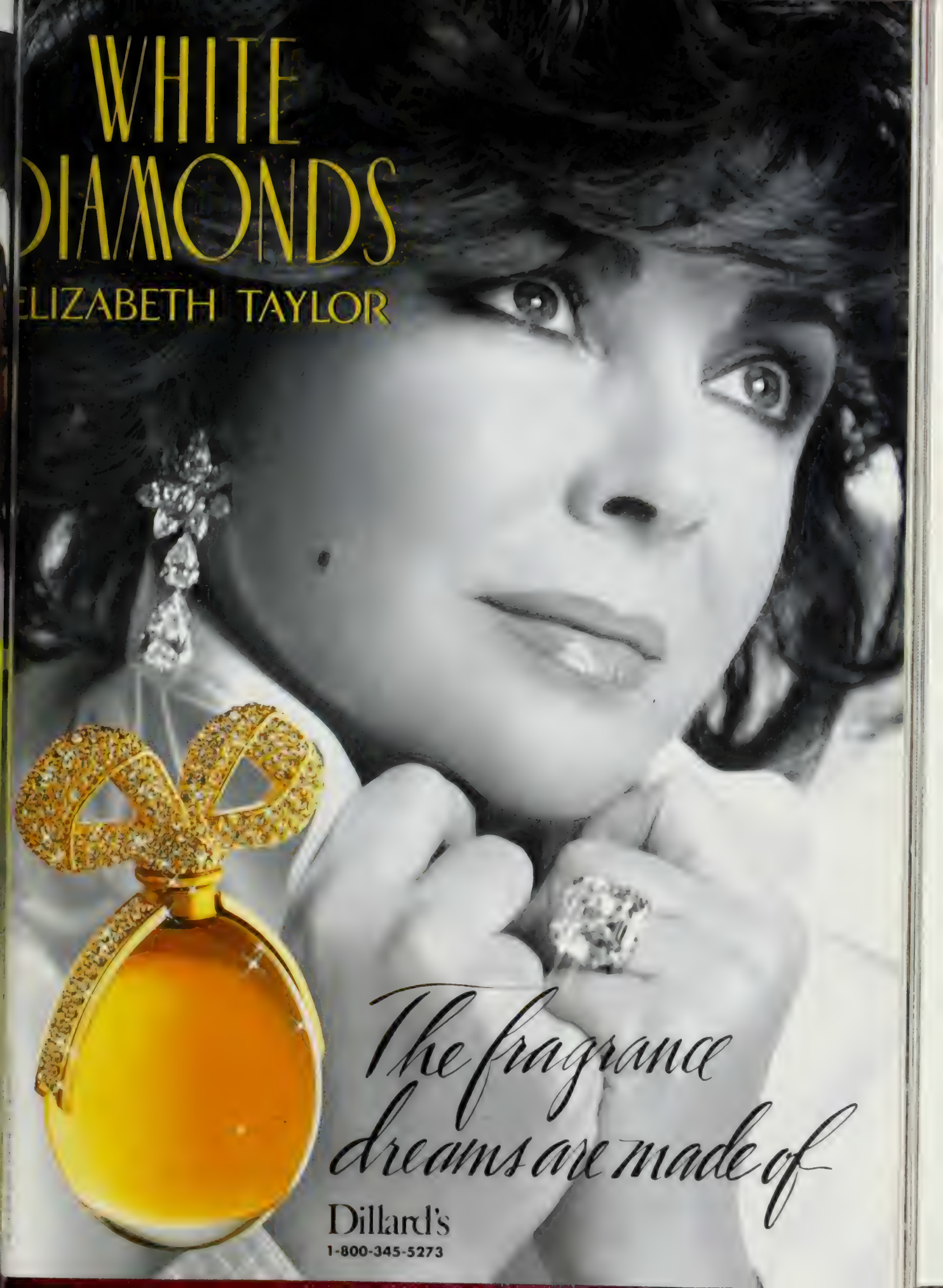
Who Was His Beacon in the Storm? Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl.*

Grand Philosophy of Beauty: "There are no hard-and-fast rules. The excitement of beauty lies in the ability to look different."

He's Done Barbra, Dolly, Whitney—Is There Anybody Left on His Wish List? Hillary.

Is There Anyone the Man Rumored to Be the Most Genuinely Nice Makeup Artist in the World Wouldn't Work His Magic On? "Republicans—but those women don't typically think of putting makeup on anyway."

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL


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Vanities

Wuhrer Games



Cash and Kari: Actress Kari Wuhrer stars in The Crossing Guard.

Only five years ago, Kari Wuhrer says, she was "filled with the Spirit, speaking in tongues"—a born-again Christian poring over a dusty Bible in the sanctity of a Manhattan girls' school. "Now," she says, "I'm dancing naked in movies with Jack Nicholson." In *The Crossing Guard,* out this month, Wuhrer plays a stripper, in Sean Penn's "family drama," starring Nicholson and Anjelica Huston. She prepared for the part De Niro–style, going to a Tampa Bay strip bar and Method-acting for a weekend. "Not many stars would do all that nudity, but what the hell! I got myself right with God before I went into that room," she squeals. A former MTV V.J. and *Remote Control* host, and the daughter of a Connecticut police officer, Kari says she yearns for Hollywood's Hayworth-and-Gardner era—a time of strong, independent women. "I'd get to have my nails done every day," she notes. "They weren't just somebody's girl. Those chicks were stoked." —DEVON JACKSON

Hot Type



Juarez and Friends, *by Ellen von Unwerth; Geoff Nicholson; Anna Pavlova by Baron de Meyer, from* Vanity Fair, *January 1921.*

The narrator of **GEOFF NICHOLSON'S** wickedly funny *Hunters & Gatherers* (Overlook) is a hack writer who cynically sets out to chronicle the lives of a clique of charming obsessives. As they amass automobiles, jokes, peculiar sounds, imaginary beer cans, and, of course, lovers, he soon finds himself consumed by collector fever.

Also this month: **MARGARET ATWOOD'S** *Good Bones and Simple Murders* (Doubleday) is a miscellany of subversive delights. **KATI MARTON'S** *A Death in Jerusalem* (Pantheon) takes an inside look at the history of the bloody Stern Gang, the forefathers of modern Israel's right wing. In *Philip Johnson, Life and Work* (Knopf), **FRANZ SCHULZE** tackles the complicated life of one of the 20th century's most famous architects. **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS** offers up *The Collected Stories* (Houghton Mifflin), a selection of his shorter works. Former model **ELLEN VON UNWERTH** makes good with *Snaps* (Twin Palms), a collection of her fashion photography. We give it two snaps. George Washington got weak in the knees over omelettes, according to **DOUGLAS G. MELDRUM'S** *The Night 2,000 Men Came to Dinner* (Scribner). *A Singular Elegance* (Chronicle) is a collection of **BARON ADOLPH DE MEYER'S** sophisticated portraits. Madonna, phone sex, and AZT are just a few of the topics in **DAVID B. FEINBERG'S** collection of hilarious and depressing essays, *Queer and Loathing* (Viking). And **CAROL** and **ANDREW SCHNEIDER'S** cookbook, *Midnight Snacks* (Crown), has a glow-in-the-dark cover that makes it easy to find in a late-night sugar-crash stupor. —E.S.







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Vanities

Le Gros's Point

For every *Point Break* tidal wave in James Le Gros's career, there is a *Drugstore Cowboy* and a *My New Gun.* For every Oscar-hyped *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle,* there is a little gem like *Floundering* (you can see both in theaters now). "When you're the crown prince of the independent-filmfest circuit, it's a never-ending movie escapade of all kinds, shapes, and sizes," says the 32-year-old Le Gros. In *Mrs. Parker,* he plays Round Table aesthete Deems Taylor; in *Floundering,* a comedy about life in post-riot L.A., the Minnesota native stars as John Boyz, a character Le Gros describes as "forever falling."

Married to an actress, Kristina Loggia (daughter of actor Robert Loggia), Le Gros works compulsively (he has six films in the can and two in production). And often he finds himself competing against established character stars for roles, rather than generic Gen X pretty boys. "Sometimes," he says, "it's just me, Ned Beatty, and Tom Waits." Still, there are the occasional pangs of semi-obscurity—despite all the work. And when people gaze at him with vaguely knowing eyes, he doesn't avoid them the way he used to. "When they ask me what I do I say, 'I'm in show business.'" And then when they ask, "'Really, what do you do?' my answer usually is 'What don't I do?'" —D.J.



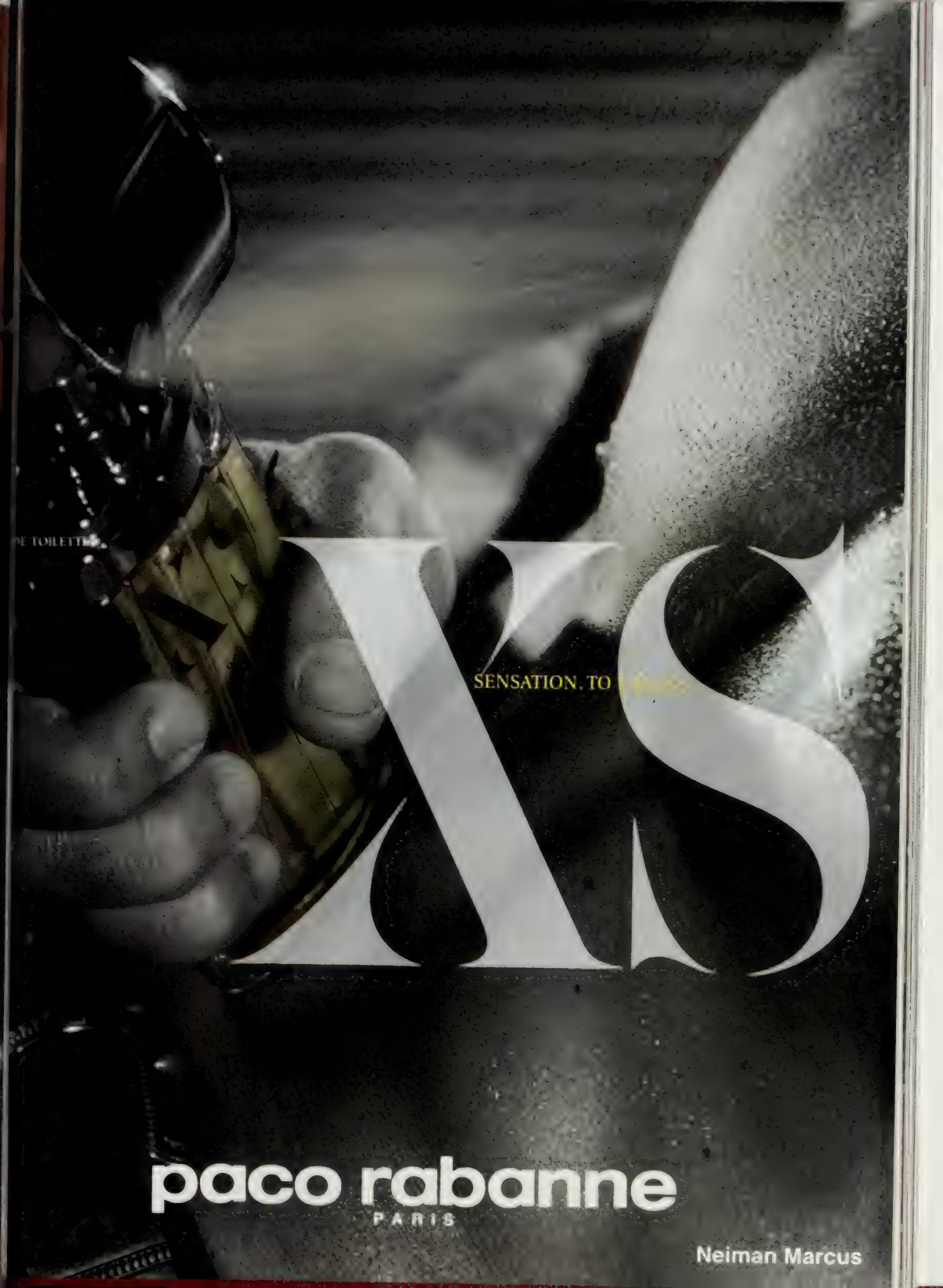
James-of-all-trades Actor James Le Gr



Laura Whitcomb and model Kyrie, wearing Whitcomb's version of the Playboy Bunny suit.

Rabbit Fest

"It's stagnating when everyone calls you 'the Adidas girl,'" proclaims Laura Whitcomb, the outspoken 24-year-old designer behind Label, the premier fashion house of the cutting edge. "I wanted to emerge with a different identity and do something really extreme." Whitcomb is familiar with extremities. With the men's mag's permission, she has appropriated the Playboy Bunny logo, emblazoning the familiar rabbit head on her fall collection, which includes angora bikini tops and Bunny ears. "The feminist movement got us nowhere. People see the Playboy logo as demeaning to women, so I took the rabbit head and twisted its association by putting it on strong, determined women," she says. Whitcomb first ran on fashion's inside track as a stylist in London, before moving back to her native Los Angeles. After making a name for herself vamping up hip-hop and rap videos, she abandoned styling for designing in 1991. Tommy Boy Music president Monica Lynch latched onto Whitcomb's Adidaswear early on and sponsored Label's first show; stars such as Madonna, Drew Barrymore, and Juliette Lewis embraced the look immediately. For her next act, Whitcomb is channeling the energy of the dangerously sexy Bond girls, and expanding her men's-wear line with a James Bond look. "I look at something and I want to distort it into something else," she says. "I like to make a parody of everything." —PETER DAVIS


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Jacob's Ladder

Irène Jacob—an art-house star is born



The woman in Red: *Irène Jacob.*

Irène Jacob made her movie debut as the piano teacher in Louis Malle's *Au Revoir les Enfants,* setting Catholic schoolboys agog while tripping off her bicycle and flashing thigh. Seven years later, Jacob is an art-house star—half Jiminy Cricket and half siren, with an alert conscience and an unself-conscious sexiness. She won the 1991 best-actress prize at Cannes for her dual role in Krzysztof Kieslowski's *The Double Life of Véronique,* as two unrelated women (one Polish and one French) experiencing a single life. Currently she's anchoring Kieslowski's *Red,* playing a model who accidentally injures the dog of a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant). In the course of making amends, she discovers that the man is a hard-core eavesdropper—a telephonic Peeping Tom. She inspires him to reconnect emotionally; he provokes her to face her submerged troubles.

While Kieslowski was preparing the script, he asked Jacob what name she'd wished for as a youngster; she answered, "Valentine," and that's what he called her character. Jacob now sees that he wanted her to embody a woman "with all the ideals and expectations of a child." Adult yearnings *and* girlishness are essential to Jacob's charm. She gives an impression of wholesome strength, yet her characters are fragile, and the physical signature they share is the act of stumbling. In a mishap caught on-camera, Véronique falls smack on her derrière in traffic—"I stumble quite easily, it's true," Jacob laughingly admits. As a model in *Red,* she mostly keeps her balance on the runway, but she's the least jaded mannequin imaginable. The main reason Kieslowski made her a model, says Jacob, is that "if she were a nurse, you'd think, Of course she would stop to help a dog." She did take the advice of a fashion professional: "You can't show everything all at one time; you have to *choose* what to show—O.K., here is my jacket and this is when I show my shoulder, and here are my shoes, and this is my ear with my earring." Still, something coltish and all her own breaks through her well-rehearsed glide.

Jacob is about to begin work on a movie version of Joseph Conrad's *Victory,* playing the tarnished heroine rescued from a seedy life in a traveling female orchestra by a mysterious Swede (Willem Dafoe). The role is a departure for the Paris-born actress, who moved to Switzerland at age two and dreaded shooting *Red* in Geneva, a city she left 10 years ago at age 18: "Some people love Switzerland because it's quiet," she says. "When you're a child, it's good because it's quiet, but when you're a teenager you want to stand for things, you want to be confronted with things." To her relief, filming *Red* gave her "a nice souvenir of the city." If you're as sane and talented as Jacob, you *can* go home again.

—MICHAEL SRAGOW



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Mad Malcolm



Malcolm McDowell takes to outer space in the next Star Trek.

Nearly 25 years after becoming our favorite cad with a codpiece, in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, Malcolm McDowell is having a busy year. In March, he plays the heavy in *Tank Girl*, a sort of feminist variation on *Mad Max*. And this Thanksgiving, he'll incur the wrath of every undersocialized adolescent when he murders Captain Kirk in *Star Trek: Generations*. "Mr. Shatner must have seen all those residual checks flashing before his eyes," says McDowell, reflecting on the cinematic euthanasia. "I said, 'Right. You've had a nice long run of 30 years, but it's time to go.'" McDowell says he plays "a variation on the mad-scientist theme. He's a man who's touched Shangri-la and wants to get back at any cost. It was a lovely part. I got to torture LeVar Burton."

After spending an awkward period hiding out in independent films such as 1992's *The Player*, McDowell has resolved to use the "little heat" his career has recently acquired to finance *Monster Butler*—a small film the late Lindsay Anderson (*If . . .*) had planned to direct before he died in September. This should serve only to embellish a roguish C.V. (see *Caligula* or *Royal Flash*). And McDowell has some advice for others faced with playing offbeat, fiendish parts: "Remember, they all have mothers," he confides. "And the good villain has to enjoy his work, because if he's having fun, the audience will like him."

—JOHN BRODIE

Night-table Reading



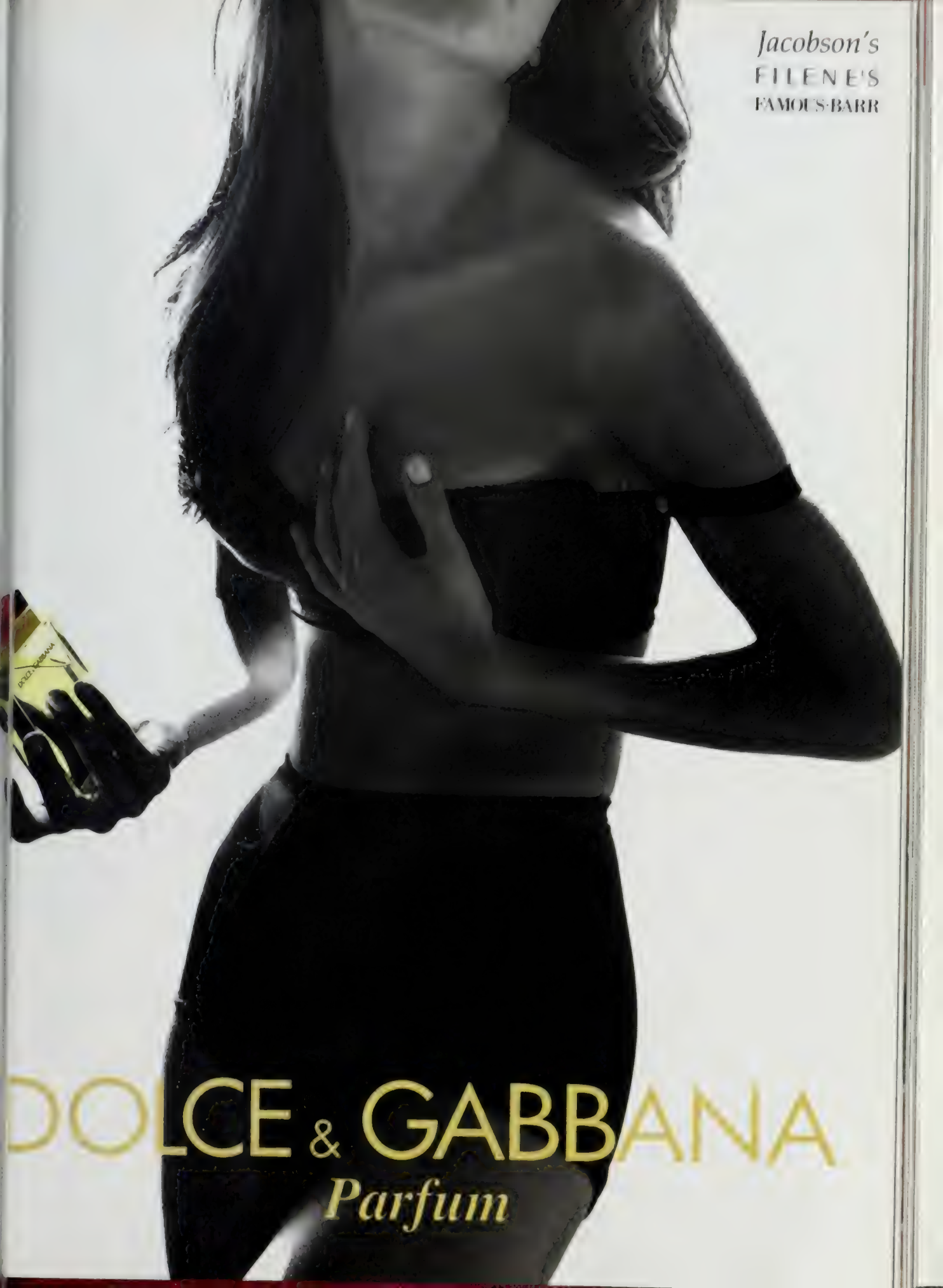
Manolo Blahnik, *designer:* Bagheria, *by Dacia Maraini (Rizzoli). "A wonderful, wonderful story about Palermo. Every page is full of color, taste, and delight."*

Janeane Garofalo, *comedienne:* Un-American Activities, *by Sally Belfrage (HarperCollins). "I am fascinated by all things 50s. Everyone was straitlaced, homogeneous, and kept in line. I could not have survived."*





Charles Gwathmey, *architect:* The Agenda, *by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster). "An incisive, revealing, and compelling portrayal of an unbelievable process."*


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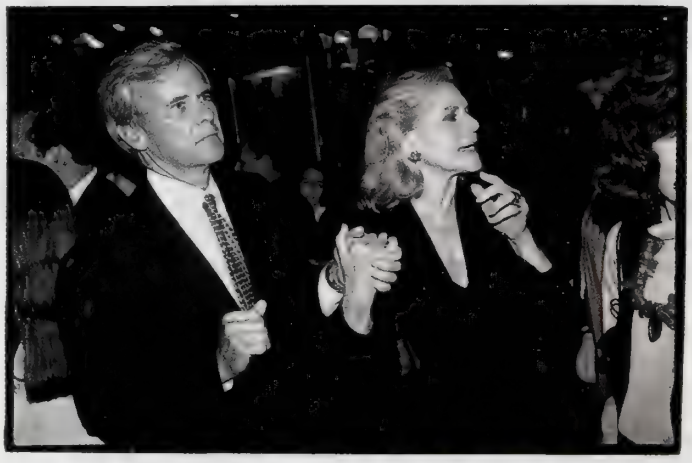
V.F. Diary

By DEBORAH MITCHELL

Stone's fortress; Clintons have time with the Torah; Peter Jennings's brush with the Dead

For more than six years, **Sharon Stone** had been perfectly content with her little one-bedroom, 1,200-square-foot house nestled in the Hollywood Hills off Mulholland Drive. Trading up wasn't on her agenda, even after stardom struck. Then Stone was plagued by a stalker. The property was deemed insufficiently secure, so she's moved into temporary quarters while looking for a more fortress-like residence. Her beloved home is now for sale, though prospective buyers are not being informed of its celebrity provenance.

Also in the market: **Jodie Foster.** While she searches for her dream house, she's renting Bette Davis's old apartment in Hollywood. It's in one of the few doorman buildings in L.A., built in the 20s by bandleader Paul Whiteman for Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley. Foster's rental is supposed to be temporary, but she seems in no hurry to move. She is such a Bette Davis fan that she took the time to host a TNT documentary, *All About Bette.* The apartment comes with its own set of Davis devotees. Recalling a time when fame was less dangerous, the fans leave an offering on Davis's old doorstep every Christmas: a pack of cigarettes with a ribbon and a note that reads, KEEP ON SMOKING, BETTE.



Brokaw and Bacall: The anchorman joins the star at her book party.

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

A recent issue of the Fifth Avenue Synagogue's bulletin inquires why *The New York Times* neglected to report that **Bill** and **Hillary Clinton** attended Rosh Hashanah services at the non-denominational Old Whaling Church on Martha's Vineyard with lawyer **Alan Dershowitz.** (Afterward the president wished everyone *L'shana tova,* "Happy holidays" in Hebrew.) Congregants at the Orthodox Fifth Avenue temple are talking about an unlikely worshiper of their own. On Kol Nidre (the eve of Yom Kippur), **Ron Perelman** and girlfriend **Patricia Duff** arrived in separate limos—presumably so that Duff, who has not converted to Judaism, could leave when she chose. Seated upstairs in the women's section, she surprised everyone by staying for the entire three-hour service. "She was kerplunked in the front row," says another worshiper, "which is a big deal in that synagogue."

AND . . .

. . . The almost divorced **Peter Jennings** may have accompanied **Barbra Streisand** to the White House, but when it comes to a hot date in his hometown, he brings along ABC producer **Katherine Freed.** Jennings and Freed, along with his 12-year-old son, **Christopher,** caught the first night of the Grateful Dead at Madison Square Garden.

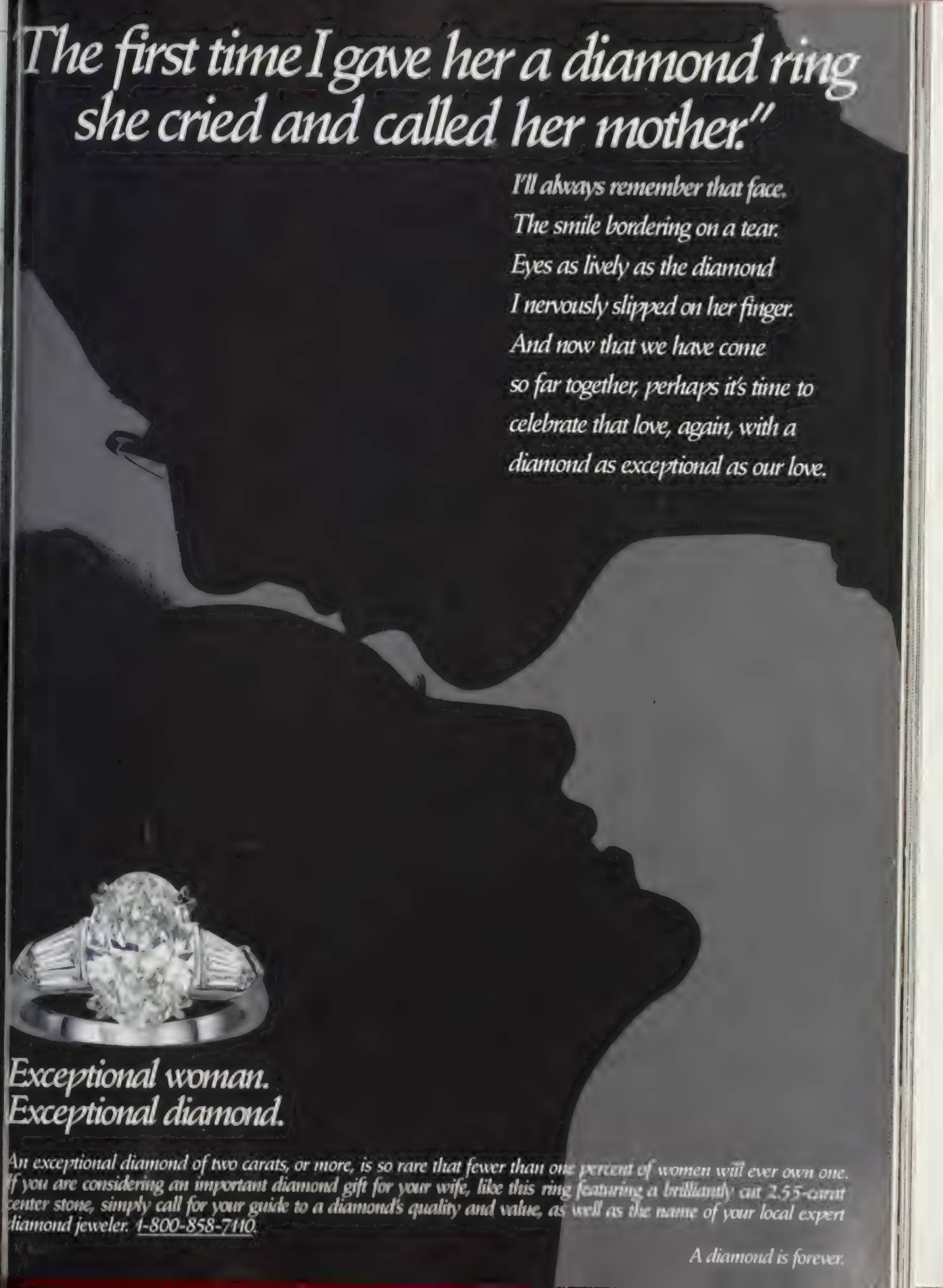
. . . **Paul Simon** was in the audience when his 22-year-old son, **Harper,** and his five-man band performed at an opening at Manhattan's Gallery Lok for Simon's Montauk neighbor photographer **Peter Beard.** Harper, the son of his father's first wife, **Peggy Harper,** is embarking on a career as a professional musician; on top of singing lead and playing guitar, he writes all the as-yet-unnamed band's songs.

. . . **Tom Brokaw** attended the Russian Tea Room celebration for his old friend **Lauren Bacall's** new book, *Now.* They met more than 20 years ago, at the L.A. home of the late financier Norton Simon and his wife, **Jennifer Jones.** "'Betty' is what I quickly learned she likes to be called, and Betty was all that I hoped she would be," says Brokaw. "She's a legend who's earned the title but doesn't dwell on it."

. . . At East Hampton's Della Femina restaurant, each menu is decorated with a caricature of a popular local celebrity, such as co-owner adman **Jerry Della Femina, Billy Joel, Peter Boyle,** or **Martha Stewart.** But let's imagine that when you sit down to dine you are handed a bill of fare emblazoned with an unappetizing drawing of superflack **Peggy Siegal.** What to do? You might hand the menu back with a shudder, asking for another. "That's so funny," the maître d' might tell you, as he did a friend of ours. "You're the sixth person tonight who's refused the Peggy Siegal cover."

The first time I gave her a diamond ring she cried and called her mother."

I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
celebrate that love, again, with a
diamond as exceptional as our love.

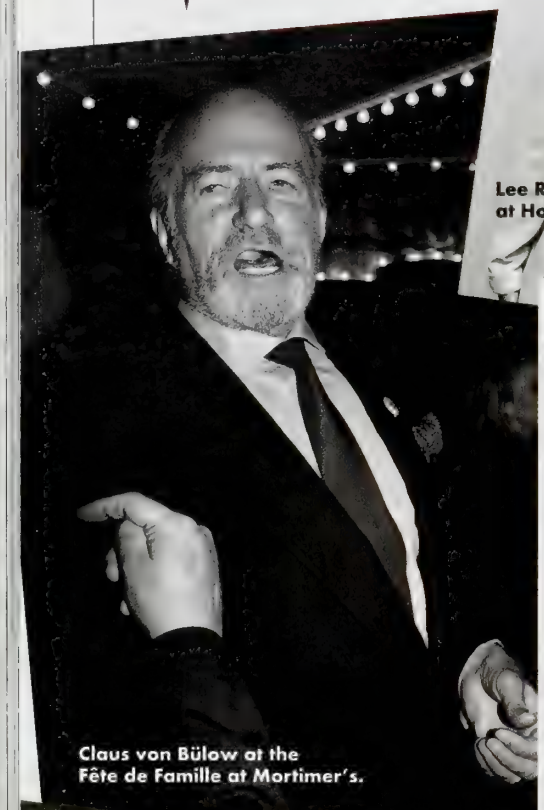


Exceptional woman. Exceptional diamond.

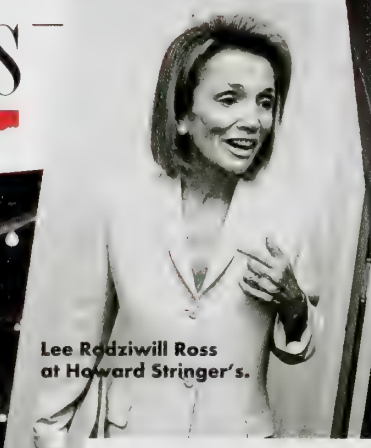
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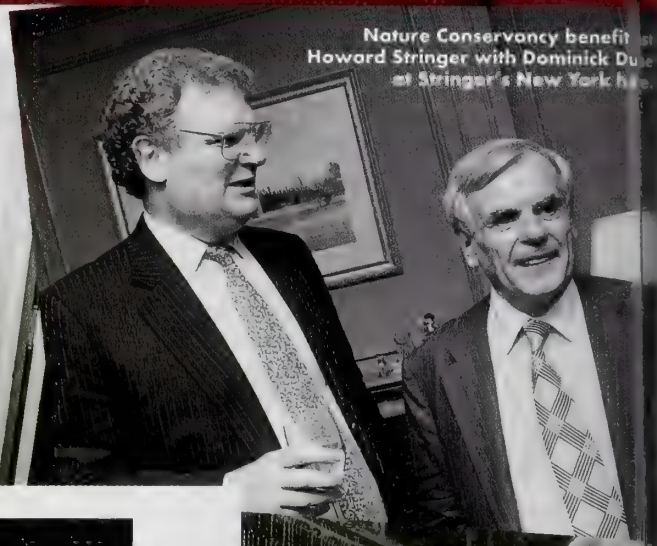
Vanities



Claus von Bülow at the Fête de Famille at Mortimer's.



Lee Radziwill Ross at Howard Stringer's.

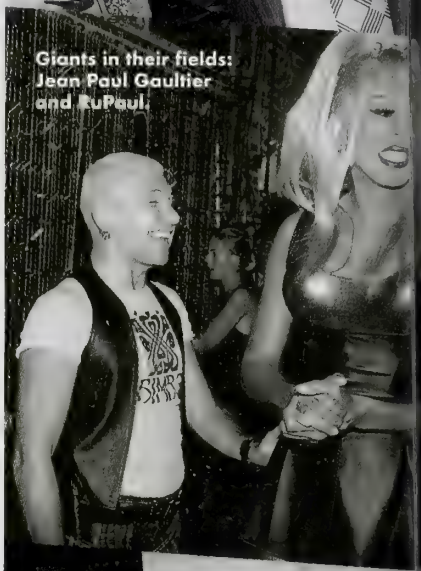


Nature Conservancy benefit ... Howard Stringer with Dominick Du... at Stringer's New York h...

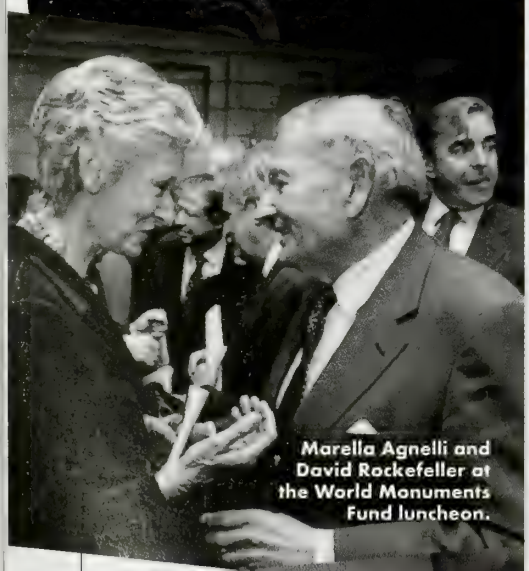
V.F. Camera

Seasonal thrills

Benefits, balls, and book parties are more common than parched leaves in a New York autumn. Among this fall's festivities: the kickoff cocktail party for the Nature Conservancy's "First Great Party to Save the Last Great Places," hosted by CBS president Howard Stringer at his Upper East Side home, heralding the foundation's big bash in Central Park; the lively launch for Jean Paul Gaultier's eponymous perfume, held at Industria, which was transformed into a French marketplace for the occasion; the premiere of a restored version of George Cukor's *My Fair Lady,* celebrated at the Plaza hotel, with proceeds going to the Audrey Hepburn Hollywood for Children Fund and the American Film Institute; the publication party for Joseph Heller's *Closing Time,* his sequel to *Catch-22,* at '21'; the World Monuments Fund luncheon at the Pierre, honoring David Rockefeller for his leadership in the preservation of art and architecture; and the annual Fête de Famille AIDS benefit under a tent at Mortimer's.



Giants in their fields: Jean Paul Gaultier and RuPaul.



Marella Agnelli and David Rockefeller at the World Monuments Fund luncheon.



Vendela defi... gravity ... *My Fair La...*



Patty Cisneros, Agnes Gund and Nan Kempner at the World Monuments Fund luncheon.

Simon & Schu... editor Mic... Korda... Joseph He...

Photographs by DAFYDD JONES



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Vanities

V.F. Camera

Hillary and Chelsea Clinton were headliners at the second annual "Kids for Kids" Pediatric AIDS Foundation benefit in New York. Co-hosted by Elizabeth Glaser, Donna Karan, Chris and Pat Riley, and *Harper's Bazaar* editor in chief Liz Tilberis, the event was teeming with celebrities, who, with their offspring, played carnival games organized by other celebrities. Diane Sawyer and Mike Nichols ran the Gone Fishin' booth, Johnny Depp manned the mini–hockey rink with Kate Moss, and Donna Hanover Giuliani, with son Andrew, worked the tick-tack-toe game. More than $1 million was raised for pediatric-AIDS research.



Photographs by DAFYDD JONES

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The Longest Yard

Howie Long is the Foxy face of the TV gridiron

The square-jawed star of *Fox NFL Sunday,* Howie Long would look right at home on Monday's *Melrose Place*—and many speculate a movie career is in the offing for the former Raider star. But as GEORGE WAYNE discovers, Howie's content to be famous for football, *and* his new line of silk underwear.

George Wayne: *So, Mr. Long is sports television's new kid on the block.*

Howie Long: I've gone from an old beat-up football player to new kid, which is great; it's like a recharge.

G.W. *Isn't your co-commentator Terry Bradshaw a bit envious of you? You're younger, hunkier, and you have more hair.*

H.L. I think we are two different types. It's like comparing Jeeps and Cadillacs . . .

G.W. *And you are the Cadillac.*

H.L. I'm probably more of a Jeep, only because I'm younger. I seem to be drawing in a different viewer than Terry.

G.W. *Like who?*

H.L. Younger, and they're trying to bring in a female audience, and from what I hear the numbers are up.

G.W. *Is Mr. Long a cocky individual?*

H.L. Oh no, not at all. I probably do as much self-evaluating on a daily basis as anyone. I don't think anyone has ever depicted me as being cocky. Perhaps hotheaded, impatient, forgetful, a perfectionist, anal-retentive—

G.W. *Anal-retentive?*

H.L. Sure. I mean, I can't go to bed without a room being clean. I don't know why that is. . . .

G.W. *You're 275 pounds, six feet five—enormous!*

H.L. Yeah, until you step into a locker room. When I got in the league I think I was one of the bigger guys; when I left I was one of the smallest.

G.W. *Yeah, it's the steroids.*

H.L. I've heard that. Fortunately for me my dad is six feet seven, 255 pounds. I've never had to worry about size.

G.W. *I'm sure for most of your life, Mr. Long, you've had women swooning at your feet.*

H.L. I really don't notice them, but I hear that a lot.

G.W. *You don't notice adulation?*

H.L. I don't notice the women.

G.W. *In college you weren't landing all the coeds?*

H.L. No, my wife and I have been together since my sophomore year of college.

G.W. *I hear you really want to be a movie star.*

H.L. Everyone wants me to be a movie star. I've been hearing that for years. If it works out, it works out.

G.W. *You have the most amazing calves I've ever seen.*

H.L. Yeah, they're implants.

G.W. *Really? What else is implanted?*

H.L. No, just kidding. This is God's work.

G.W. *Those are natural calves? A lot of guys would kill for those calves.*

H.L. Believe me, I know. I've been in the gym and that's all they talk about.

G.W. *Tell me about your new sportswear line.*

H.L. I'm involved with two different companies: one is for a Rugby line, and the other is for silk boxers. Boxer shorts are popular now—women like 'em.

G.W. *Do you wear boxers or briefs?*

H.L. I wear boxers around the house, but it's hard to get 'em in double-X.

G.W. *Do you think there are any homos playing pro football?*

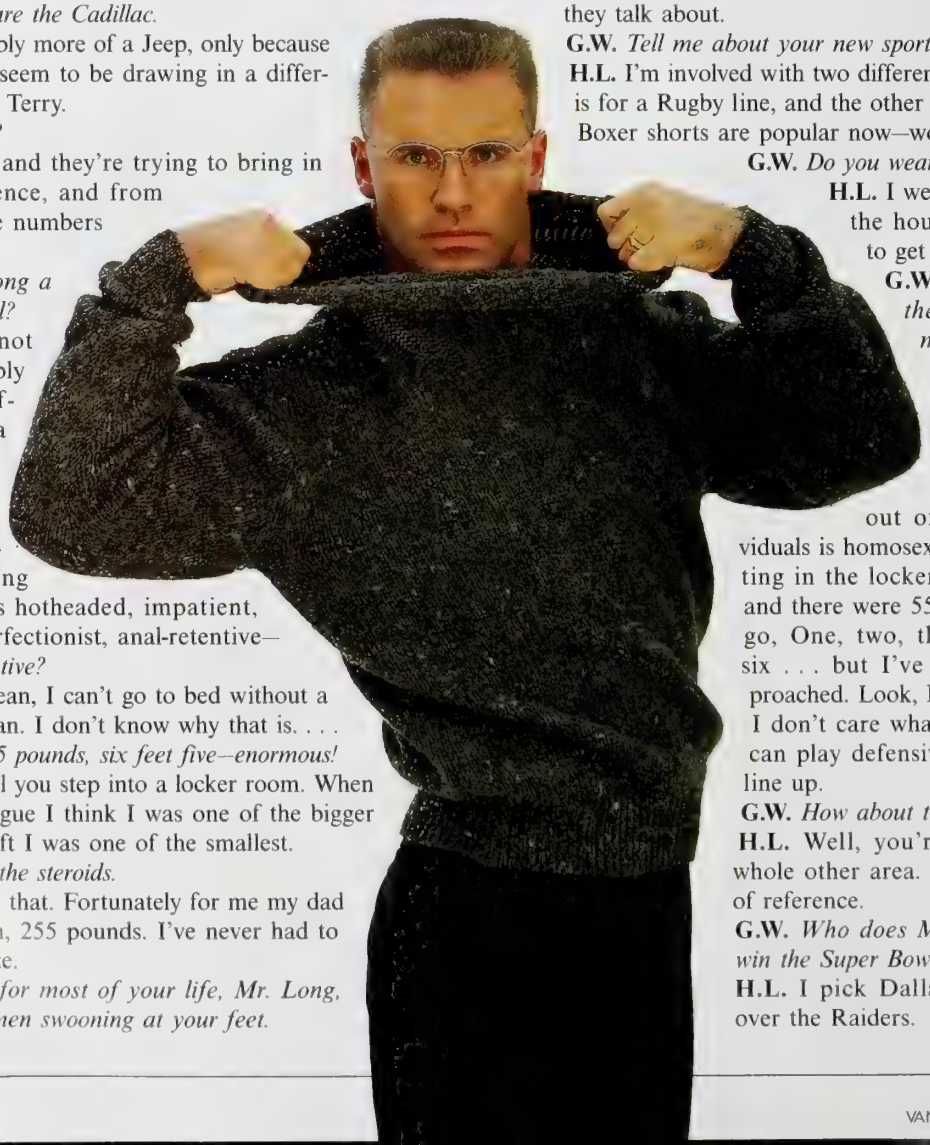
H.L. Well, I read an article once where they said one out of every 10 individuals is homosexual. So I was sitting in the locker room one day, and there were 55 guys there, so I go, One, two, three, four, five, six . . . but I've never been approached. Look, I told you before: I don't care what you do—if you can play defensive tackle, please line up.

G.W. *How about tight end?*

H.L. Well, you're diving into a whole other area. I have no frame of reference.

G.W. *Who does Mr. Long pick to win the Super Bowl?*

H.L. I pick Dallas to win again over the Raiders.







(E Adesso Vincenzo thought better of it and delivered the gifts himself. So you see, all was merry in Rome that Christmas.)

Frangelico® Translated directly from the Italian.


RALPH LAUREN
HOLIDAY AT THE POLO STORE

Vanity Fair's 1994

Hall of Fame

Photographs by Annie Leibovitz

"I am not what I am." —*Othello,* Act One, Scene One.

Tell us about it. This was the year when appearances and realities got shuffled like old Bicycle cards on a street hustler's box top. Sometimes we could follow the flow, and things and people were just what they seemed. More often, we got taken to the cleaners.

Los Angeles almost got taken into the La Brea tar pits when the *(Continued on page 182)*



Simba

Forget Eisner versus Katzenberg. Forget the Virginia theme park and Euro Disney. *The Lion King* was Disney doing what it does best: reaching into the well of archetypes—the good father we yearned for, the wicked uncle we feared, the power of love. Simba (here on Hollywood Boulevard with his co-stars, Timon and Pumbaa) has left his mark in more ways than one.



(Continued from page 181) earth itself proved to be unreliable. If you can't trust the crust, what can you rely on? While it might have been a fit ending for a city of illusionists, think of the consequences: If L.A. disappeared, what would become of the American legal system? Or the Nielsens? But the city survived, the Menendez brothers saw (in)justice done, and the O.J.-dämmerung began. The phrase "show trial" acquired a new meaning, as Court TV became the fifth network. *Judge Ito, Michael Ovitz on line two.*

When the shaking stopped, the bouncing began: Guber from Sony, Diller from QVC, Katzenberg from Disney. And then the rebounding, as a trio of lost boys—Katzenberg, Spielberg, and Geffen—founded their own Hollywood never-never land. The battle for Paramount was the trash-talking free-for-all that set the tone for a year of tsuris in the studios. Businessmen acted like bad sports, while whole sports acted like bankrupt businesses. Fox, the first people to base a show on a family named Simpson, snatched Sunday football from CBS. Maybe if Murdoch had shown an interest in baseball, we would have had a real pennant race. Instead, we had to watch Ken "Shoot the Bettmann Archive" Burns: Ty Cobb, athlete for the 90s. After the World Series that wasn't the hockey season didn't begin. It almost seemed natural to tune in to the Federated Department Stores Parade on Thanksgiving Day.

Whereas the digitocracy provided action, Washington was the city where nothing happened. The Clinton health plan, which once looked unstoppable, became untouchable. Hillary, queen of the career-obsessed *Über*-boomers, retired to lick her wounds, while her husband tried to find dictators he could discipline. We were so confused—is the crisis in Somalia or Cuba or North Korea or Haiti?—it was almost comforting to



The Rolling Stones

Charlie Watts, Ron Wood, Keith Richards, and Mick Jagger. If they were Yanks, they could belong to the A.A.R.P., and yet they're still strutting like 19-year-olds. What could be more fake? And yet two and a half million fans bought tickets for their 12th North American tour, which grossed more than it costs to make a Schwarzenegger film. What could be more consistent? They're not old—they just know their way around.

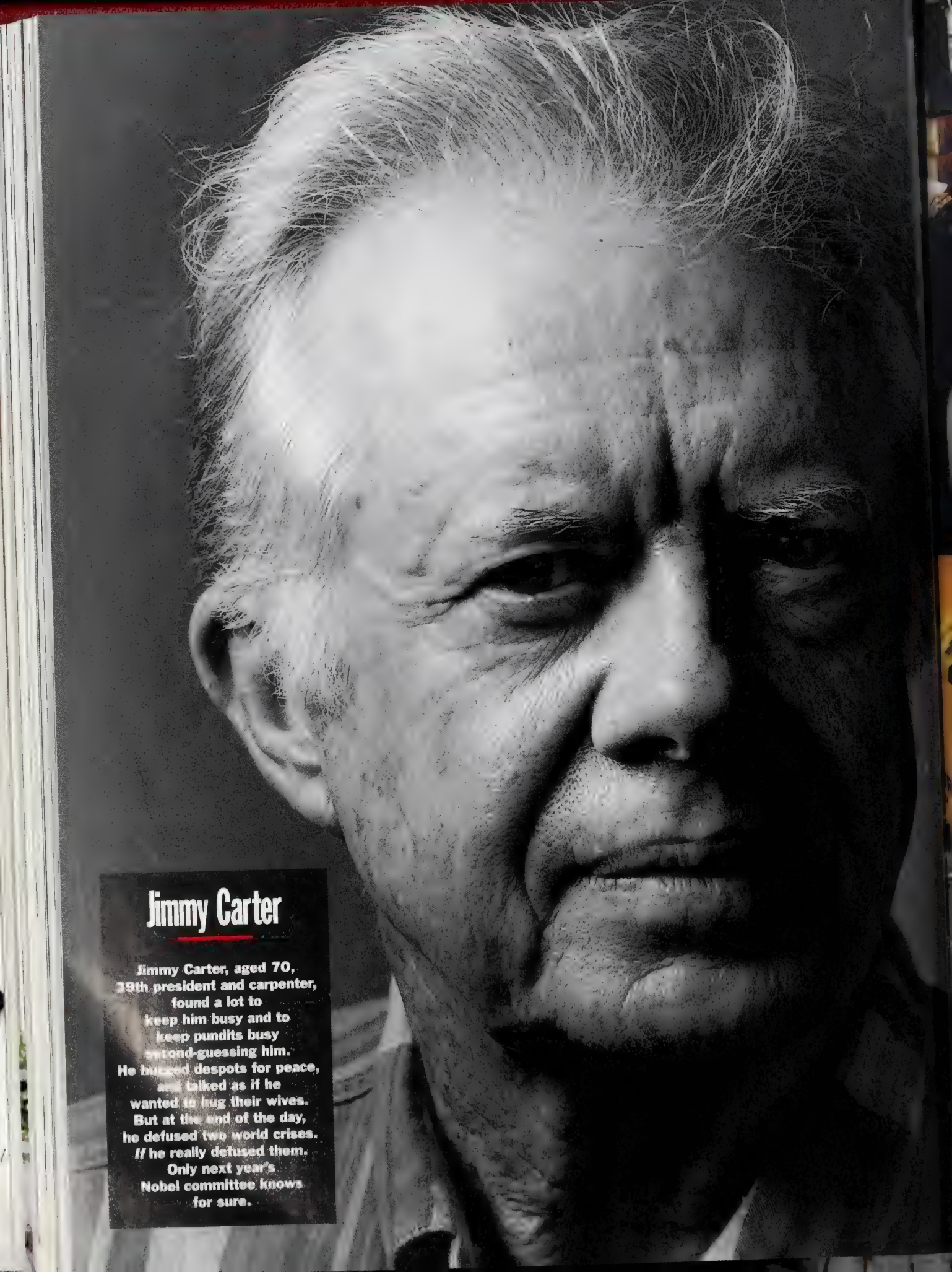
e a familiar face: *Hello, Saddam!* In Arkansas, hich only *seems* like a foreign country, congressman d sweater-set model Jim Leach tried to figure out hether Whitewater was really the crime of the mil-nium or just the way they do bidness down there. make up for these dead ends, the nation's capital ve us some double helpings: two secretaries of te, Jimmy Carter and the real one; the two lives C.I.A. turncoat Rick Ames; plus the second com-g of Marion Barry.

Some of the calls were hard. Forrest Gump looked e an idiot, but he was really wise. Unless he really is an idiot (Arthur Schlesinger Jr. called the movie North American magical realism"). The only things il about Woodstock II were the hype and the mud. it did that make it any different from Woodstock I? r. and Mrs. Donald Trump recovered from their dding, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jackson walked down the aisle. Soon-to-be Mr. and Mrs. Ivana Trump announced their marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. James Carville spun theirs. Never had the other options, from celibacy to adultery, looked so respectable.

Some calls were clear. Rwanda was a real horror, making us mindful of our limitations as a nation, and as a species. For distraction, we turned to *Four Weddings and a Funeral,* a real charmer, to *Quiz Show,* a real scandal, and to *Pulp Fiction,* really messy. Megalomodel Anna Nicole Smith got a real rock (not from QVC). Howard Stern and William Bennett had real best-sellers—though they turned out to be fake politicians.

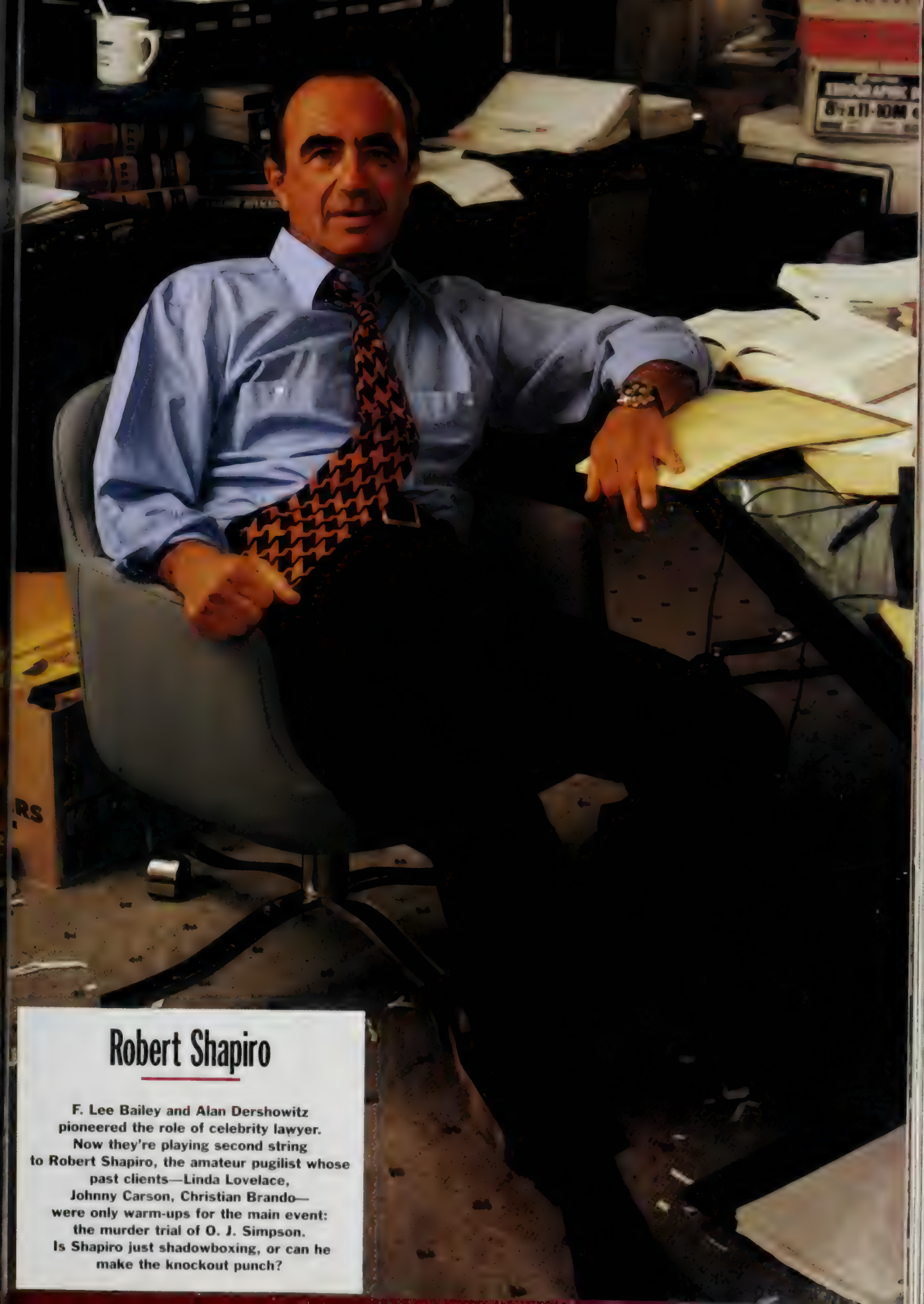
Cartoons that told the truth, saints who sold us a bill of goods, and, here and there, someone doing an honest day's work, living an honest day's life: real and surreal, they are the 1994 Hall of Fame.

RICHARD BROOKHISER



Jimmy Carter

Jimmy Carter, aged 70, 39th president and carpenter, found a lot to keep him busy and to keep pundits busy second-guessing him. He hugged despots for peace, and talked as if he wanted to hug their wives. But at the end of the day, he defused two world crises. *If* he really defused them. Only next year's Nobel committee knows for sure.



Robert Shapiro

F. Lee Bailey and Alan Dershowitz pioneered the role of celebrity lawyer. Now they're playing second string to Robert Shapiro, the amateur pugilist whose past clients—Linda Lovelace, Johnny Carson, Christian Brando—were only warm-ups for the main event: the murder trial of O. J. Simpson. Is Shapiro just shadowboxing, or can he make the knockout punch?





Martina Navratilova

Nowhere is the penalty for not facing reality harsher than on Centre Court at Wimbledon. A true champion can rise above a messy palimony suit, but when the legs are gone and the breath is short, the whole world sees it. Martina Navratilova left at the right time, in the right way, losing only in the finals—to an opponent who was one year old when Martina played her first Wimbledon. Way to go.

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

The Melrose Place Girls

During the winter of '94, snowbound northerners fell in love with the *Melrose Place* swimming pool and its attendant houris—clockwise from top left, Marcia Cross (Kimberly), Courtney Thorne-Smith (Alison), Laura Leighton (Sydney), Heather Locklear (Amanda), Daphne Zuniga (Jo), and Josie Bissett (Jane). Fans in the Sunbelt offered no excuses for their enthusiasms. Sure, this is a realistic show: don't the women in *your* building all look like this? The bitchery rang true; that was enough.



CROSS'S DRESS BY HELENA STUART FOR ONLY HEARTS; THORNE-SMITH'S DRESS BY BETSEY JOHNSON; LEIGHTON'S DRESS BY BADGLEY MISCHKA. PANTY HOSE BY DONNA KARAN. SHOES BY SUSAN BE[illegible]NIS WARREN EDWARDS; LOCKLEAR'S [illegible]; BISSETT'S DRESSES BY RIFAT OZBEK; ZUNIGA'S DRESS BY KALINKA; LEIGHTON'S [illegible] EARRINGS BY CATHY WATERMAN; [illegible] BISSETT'S NECKLACE AND ZUNIGA'S NECKLACE AND EARRINGS BY ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO., BISSETT'S [illegible]; LOCKLEAR'S NECKLACE AND EARRINGS BY ERICA COURTNEY; HAIR-CARE AND STYLING PRODUCTS BY PAUL MITCHELL SALON HAIRCARE. CROSS'S AND [illegible] MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY M.A.C. COSMETICS. OTHERS' BY LANCÔME. CROSS'S AND LOCKLEAR'S HAIR BY [illegible]; LOCKLEAR'S MANICURE BY [illegible]; THORNE-SMITH'S AND ZUNIGA'S HAIR BY [illegible]; BISSETT'S HAIR BY [illegible]; LEIGHTON'S MANICURE BY DIANNE GAIR; THORNE-SMITH'S AND ZUNIGA'S MANICURE BY [illegible]; BISSETT'S MANICURE BY [illegible]; LEIGHTON'S HAIR BY [illegible]; LEIGHTON'S MAKEUP BY [illegible]; THORNE-SMITH'S AND ZUNIGA'S MAKEUP BY [illegible]; BISSETT'S MAKEUP BY [illegible]; LOCKLEAR'S HAIR BY [illegible]; LOCKLEAR'S MAKEUP BY [illegible]; CROSS'S HAIR BY [illegible]; CROSS'S MAKEUP BY [illegible]; CROSS'S MANICURE BY [illegible]; LOCKLEAR'S MANICURE BY [illegible]; LEIGHTON'S MANICURE BY [illegible]







Hugh Grant

"Englishman"
and "heartthrob" haven't fit
in the same sentence
since the Fab Four.
Hugh Grant brought them
back together
in *Sirens* and *Bitter Moon*—
but mostly in
Four Weddings and a Funeral.
Next year,
An Awfully Big Adventure
is supposed to
show his dark side, but for now
you could put him on
a calendar in his clothes
and talk to him
the next morning.
Memo to Freud: Is this what
women really want?



David Copperfield and Claudia Schiffer

When the magician with the ridiculous name stole the supermodel's heart, millions of men wanted to make David Copperfield disappear, and no wonder. Since Claudia Schiffer put on her first pair of Guess? jeans, she had been fostering illusions: maybe she'll ride *my* bicycle . . . Suddenly, tragically, the visions vanished. (The couple's high-wire act, right, has them suspended above the Opéra de Paris—alone at last.)


BERLITZ







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23

Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and David Geffen

Put the world's most successful director, Hollywood's brightest unemployed studio head, and a billionaire record magnate together, and what do you get? Three Amigos or Three Big Egos? You definitely get the possibility of the first new major studio since Twentieth Century Fox was created in 1935. Spielberg, Katzenberg, and Geffen roughed out their script after a White House state dinner for Boris Yeltsin. Yeltsin rules only a former superpower; their turf is a superpower culture, with boundary markers at *E.T.*, *The Lion King*, and Nirvana. "We want to be the owners of our own dreams," said Spielberg. Why not? They already own ours.





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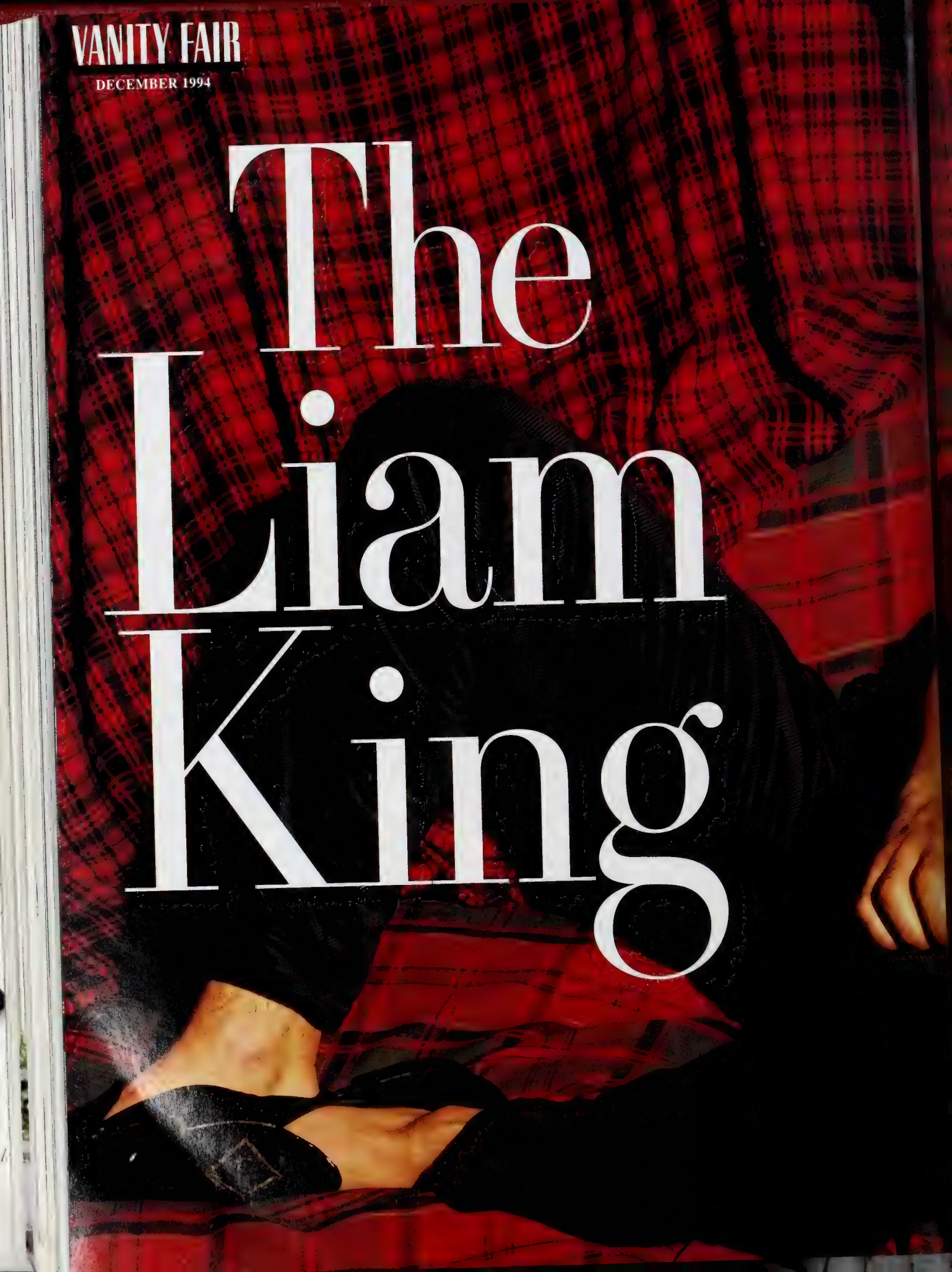





Calvin Klein

VANITY FAIR
DECEMBER 1994

The Liam King





THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING LIAM

"Liam has a deep romanticism, mixed with a real hardness of being," says Michael Caton-Jones, director of *Rob Roy*, in which Neeson stars as an 18th-century Scottish hero.

Liam Neeson entered the realm of Hollywood's hottest with his starring role in *Schindler's List*. His sexy, smoldering power is box-office gold, drawing leading ladies such as Jessica Lange, Meryl Streep, Jodie Foster— and Neeson's new wife, Natasha Richardson. On the set of the upcoming $25 million *Rob Roy*, JOHANNA SCHNELLER gets to know the nice Irish boyo and his alter ego, Lord Liam

Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by KATE HARRINGTON

At the foot of a bonny waterfall in the gorgeous green of the Scottish Highlands, Lord Liam sits in a curious chair of canvas and wood. He folds his kilt and shawl about him, and stares at his damp boots. A sorceress named Morag has painted his face and legs with blood and bruises, and the clouds on his forehead are more ominous than those in the sky.

All around him, dozens of serfs prepare for the next shot of the movie they are here to create, *Rob Roy,* the story of a swashbuckling 18th-century Scotsman. But Lord Liam is alone. His princess bride, Natasha Richardson—of the noble theatrical bloodlines of Redgrave and Richardson—is this morning exercising the horses near Inverlochy Castle, the stately five-star inn where the newly married couple entertain.

The shot is ready at last. Neeson rises to his full height of six feet four inches, and strides across the shallows to the spot where his stand-in, in a wondrous yellow wet suit, has been shivering for 20 minutes. A trusted servant pours hot water from an urn into Neeson's wet suit, which is the color of flesh.

"I don't envy him, going into that river," the production assistant says. "Mind you, for $3 million, I'd do it, too."

Neeson wades in until the icy water reaches his chest. With the camera rolling, he takes a deep breath, submerges, then shoots out of the water and glances wildly around for his British pursuers. He repeats this three or four times in the space of 10 minutes.

After the last take, the crew applauds most thunderously. Assistants gather to help the lord from the river. Stripping off his wet garments, they swaddle him in towels and blankets, revive him with a toddy of vitamin-C powder, sugar, and hot water, and whisk him into an uncanny metal structure called a trailer for a shower.

It was not ever thus for Liam Neeson, movie star. A short while ago, he too was a struggling serf, born of a Northern Irish clan once called McNeice. Talent he possessed, but the fame that fills theater seats eluded him until he captured the lead role in the Oscar-winning film *Schindler's List,* and won worldwide renown.

So it is that at the age of 42, after nearly 20 years of acting, Neeson finds himself at the forefront of this $25 million film, in which he co-stars with Jessica Lange. Quality scripts are plentiful now. His next picture, *Nell,* the much-anticipated first film from Jodie Foster's Egg Pictures, is to be released soon. Next year he begins shooting *Before and After,* the story of a couple facing their son's trial for murder, with Meryl Streep. Finally, he is poised to become one of the cinematic kings of his generation.

But the question remains: how to reconcile the fierce Irish boyo with the modern movie star? And here the clouds on Neeson's brow darken.

In the billiard room at Inverlochy Castle, under the stuffed heads of four Rocky Mountain elk and mounted horns from kudu, lesser kudu, gerenuk, sambar, and hartebeests, Liam Neeson swills tea and does a dandy Sean Connery impression.

"Connery did a film—*The Wind and the Lion* I think it was. He was playing a Moroccan, dressed in these robes and swords and stuff, a real romantic thing. He kidnaps Candice Bergen and says something like [Neeson breaks into a rich Scottish growl] 'I am Prince Afdad Muhammad Alfuz, and you are my prisoner.' You laugh, but then you think, Connery can do anything. You just accept it. I remember him saying once, 'I can't change my accent—I wouldn't know who I was if I did. Which I respect," Neeson says.

Of course Neeson can do Connery—he's the heir apparent to Connery's sweeping romantic grandeur. (Ironically, Connery turned down a role in *Rob Roy,* which would have shown us the torch passing on-screen.) And like Connery, he never looked down on movies.

"Liam's ambition wasn't to do all the classics at the Royal Shakespeare Company. He wanted big parts in big movies, and I always knew he would succeed," says English actor Richard Graham, Neeson's best friend.

After nearly 30 films, Neeson is finally finding parts to fit his size, flawed men who rise to heroism: Oskar Schindler, Ethan Frome, and Rob Roy, a man who practically invented blackmail yet still lived by an unassailable code of honor. In *Nell,* Neeson plays Dr. Jerome Lovell, a backwoodsy doctor who becomes the protector of a woman played by Jodie Foster, raised outside civilization. Natasha Richardson plays his rival, a psychologist who takes a more conventionally scientific view of Nell.

Neeson is a screen heartthrob for many reasons—gentleness, grace, masculinity without machismo—but *Nell* taps into what may be the most powerful part of his appeal. In the film, which contains moments of great, sad beauty and a healthy undercurrent of sexual force, Neeson stares into Foster's eyes, his own baby blues raging with love and kindness. He is a noble man whose strength and grace are mirrored in his every movement. It is the kind of performance that draws Oscar nominations and legions of fans. *Rob Roy,* its creators hope, will do the same.

"Liam has a deep romanticism, mixed with a real hardness of being," says Michael Caton-Jones, *Rob Roy*'s director. "You can't invent that stuff on people; he understands it in his bones. It's a million tiny little things: the bracing cold winds, the way the clouds go, what you get taught as a kid, the way the Scottish people or the Irish people talk to each other. You start off with 'Fuck you' and ge

"There's guys I boxed in my teens that I remember vividly, an

mer. To other people, that seems a very extreme way behaving. But Liam understands it innately."

ook at Neeson's *Rob Roy* getup: bloodied face, black s, his hair is a mess, he's wearing a skirt—but he's still y ("You immediately want to be the nurse," Natasha hardson says.) "There's an ordinariness about Liam ple like," says Michael Apted, *Nell*'s director. "There's hing frightening or elitist about him. We did a series test screenings for *Nell,* and the lower down the demaphics, the more people like Liam. The higher the iographics, the more people go for Jodie."

Liam and I come from a Britain that is not Shakeare or Merchant Ivory," Caton-Jones says. "We're king-class boys who kicked and scuffed our way up."

Small wonder that after Sean Connery, Neeson men- is Brando. "I just finished his autobiography, and to r him talk about *Apocalypse Now,* which was based on rad's *Heart of Darkness,* which is my favorite novel. emember seeing the film and thinking, God, Brando obviously gone so far into that book, this is such a ggering performance. And then I heard all this shit out how he never bothered to read the book. Or how n his agent told him he won an award for the film, said, 'Was that the one I was bald in?' Which I'm e was propagated by the Coppola camp. 'Cause, you w, these directors' egos are fucking ginormous, much re so than any actor. I really respect the hierarchy of ning . . . but I generally think directors are all fascists eart.

'But I think what makes Brando a real artist is that he a lightness to him," Neeson continues. "I think it nes from one side actually not giving a shit, and the er side being very, very committed. The side that's not ng a shit leads to his total relaxation in front of the era, which is 70 percent of performing, I think. Be- se only out of that state can the imagination range and ually create."

But, for a tough guy, Neeson looks pretty comfortable ining tea leaves in this posh 19th-century castle. essed in a lord's weekend wear (soft suede jacket over ick black turtleneck and jeans), he leans into a swimg-pool-size snooker table and fires off a shot that miss- every single ball.

'The cue is warped," I say consolingly.

'Eh, a professional doesn't blame his equipment," he says.

n Ballymena, a small town in Northern Ireland, Nee- 's sport was boxing. Father Darragh, his parish priest, ined two pairs of boxing gloves. So three times a week eson and seven or eight other lads cleared the bingo ds off the church-hall floor, arranged the chairs in a are, and paired off.

'I got so sort of into it, but it always scared the liv- daylights out of me," Neeson says. "Even smelling ves now, it's a real love fear thing. I loved and feared nakedness of it, the purity of it. There's nothing to e behind."

Father Darragh's boy was Northern Ireland champion three years running. He earned the knob on his nose in his third championship bout at age 15. At 16, he took a serious left jab to the head that rattled his brain and lost all heart for fighting—though he continued to train and spar for another year. "If I had children, even girls, I would push them toward boxing," Neeson says. "It's an extraordinary discipline, and a kind of poetry can develop with someone, a real communication. There's guys I boxed in my teens that I remember vividly, and I know that they vividly would remember me because we shared something on the edge—actual physical combat, albeit with rules and regulations, but you're still kind of a gladiator, a warrior."

Neeson still has a fighter's frame. At his *Rob Roy* fencing lesson, he whirls his broadsword around like a lariat and bashes into his opponent's rapier—*clang, clang, clang.* Nowadays when Neeson goes to the fights, it's to the big bouts in Las Vegas and Atlantic City. At the Holyfield-Foreman fight, he wore a tie and tails and sat ringside. "It's the closest thing we have to Roman times," he says. "There's pomp, ceremony, and, of course, showbiz. Americans are fantastic at organizing events. In the middle of a knockdown in some championship fight, the crowds are going wild, but if you ordered a drink 10 minutes before, *that girl will find you.* With your right change. Little things like that, it's like 'God, this is a great country.'"

Back at the stream where Rob Roy escapes the British, Neeson sits alone, holding another cup of steaming tea. He was up at five A.M., then spent two and a half hours in makeup. His face looks like a blood pudding. The lighting guys scramble around adjusting screens. Minutes pass. The steam ceases to rise from Neeson's cup. He dumps the tea into the stream and pours another from a thermos. He doesn't drink that one, either.

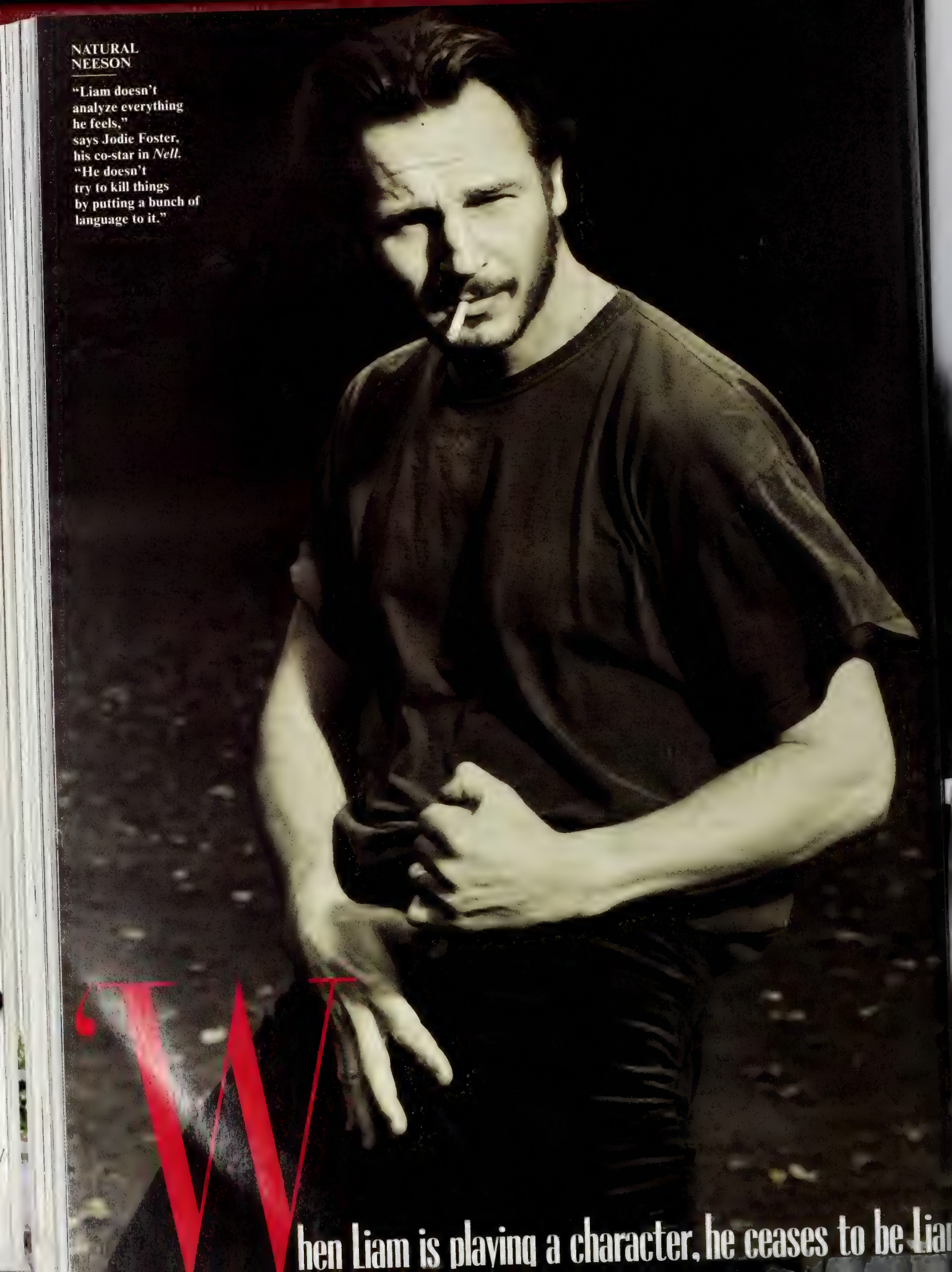
"God, Liam looks cold," a grip says. "Mind you, for $4 million, I wouldn't care."

When the crew is ready, Neeson sways on the platform, then drops to his knees. (In the film, Rob Roy will drop into the river.) Sway, drop. Sway, drop. "Liam, can you fall a little more heavily?" Caton-Jones asks. "I can do anything. I'm Rob Roy," Neeson says, and the crew laughs.

"When Liam is playing a character, he ceases to be Liam Neeson," says Steven Spielberg, who gave Neeson his biggest break with *Schindler's List.* "Behind the scenes, or coming out of the makeup trailer, he is completely disengaged from forward or reverse in his personality. When you say 'Action,' he lights up the world, and when you say 'Cut,' he goes back into the holding pattern. It's his process. It's not antisocial. He just doesn't spend his talent where nobody can appreciate it."

Ask Neeson about anything other than boxing and you'll find this out. He is less than thrilled to do this interview. He's gracious, and he keeps apologizing, but he's . . .

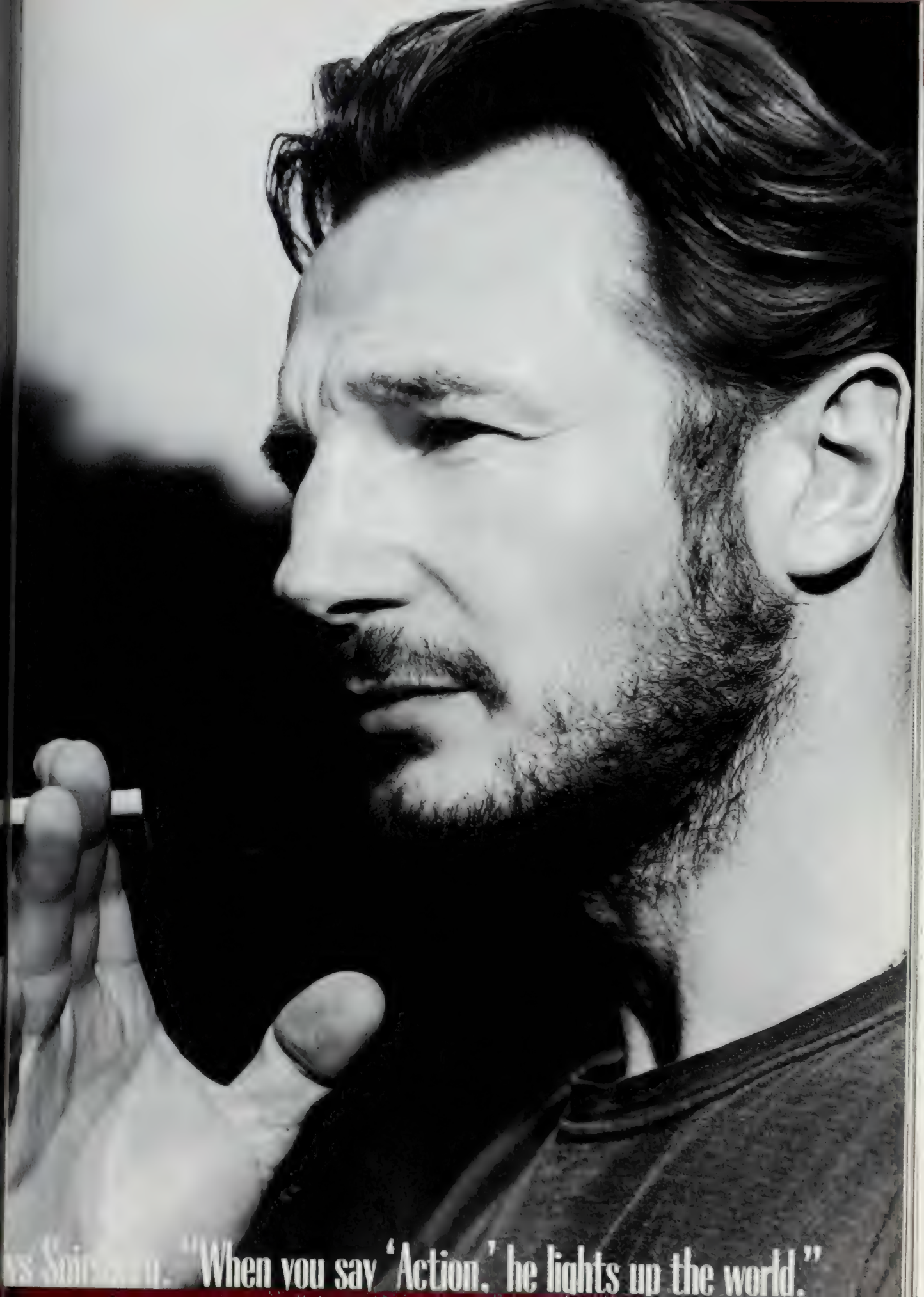
y would remember me because we shared something on the edge."



NATURAL NEESON

"Liam doesn't analyze everything he feels," says Jodie Foster, his co-star in *Nell*. "He doesn't try to kill things by putting a bunch of language to it."

When Liam is playing a character, he ceases to be Lia



"When you say 'Action,' he lights up the world."

cranky. Partly, it's the time that interviews siphon away from work. But a bigger part is something else, his desire not to examine anything too much.

"We live in such an information age, there are so many programs: 'How did Superman fly? Watch next Tuesday and we'll tell you.' Don't do that!" Neeson shakes his shaggy head. "It's like asking a magician how he takes a rabbit out of a hat. It's a trick. It's amazing. *I don't want to know.* Lord, there's no mystery left in life."

"Liam has always been a loner, always liked his own company," his friend Richard Graham says. "He has a very small circle of friends, and an even smaller number of close friends that he would tell anything intimate to. There's part of Liam nobody will ever know."

Neeson balks at questions about his family ("Oh God, are we gonna get into all this? It turns into a psychiatric session"), about his technique ("You ask me do I get into myself or out of myself? I wonder"), about his nature ("Am I selfish? I'd have to think about that"). He'll talk for several minutes about the heartbreaking father-son dynamic in Brian Friel's play *Philadelphia, Here I Come!,* in which he starred when he was younger. But of his own father, Barney, a school custodian who died several years ago, he says only, "He was a quiet fella. We didn't discuss too many things, but we kind of knew what each other was thinking."

"Liam is a big, strong guy, but able to be totally unintellectual and vulnerable," Jodie Foster says. "He doesn't analyze everything he feels, but he feels it, and admits it. He doesn't try to kill things by putting a bunch of language to it."

Hence Neeson's new obsession: fishing. In the middle of nowhere in North Carolina, during the filming of *Nell,* he would disappear for hours with the prop master, a woman named Ellen Freund, who had also served as prop master on Robert Redford's *A River Runs Through It.* She taught him to cast. Neeson spent night shoots on the back of a houseboat, sending his line out into the blackness. Now, there's a metaphor for moviemaking.

"I went out one Sunday with a couple of teamsters," Neeson says. "We'd got up at five in the morning, just stunning light, with mists. We stood on this boat putting little worms and lizards on the lines and chucking them out into the lake. Then it started to rain. For five hours, it never stopped. I never caught a thing. But I came back rejuvenated from it, and we maybe said 10 words to each other, the three of us, you know?"

"Liam was interested in doing *Nell* for the same reason his character, the doctor, is obsessed by Nell's case. It asks the question, Can you live alone and be O.K.?" Jodie Foster says. "Natasha and I are a lot alike, real talkers, while Liam would be off alone on some rock with a Walkman on. She's a cosmopolitan, socialized cynic like me, a brain. He lives in the messy world of instinct. He would tell us a story about being in some play and we would say, 'Why did you do it?' He'd say, 'I don't know.' She's aware of all her reasons, and he's like 'I caught a fish this big!' . . . But on this film, they learned to honor each other's rhythms, each other's way."

To be king, a man needs a queen, an equal w brings out the best in him. The rough-hewn Nees could not have chosen more wisely than the wi and elegant Richardson, granddaughter of Sir Mich Redgrave, daughter of the beautiful, rebellious Van sa. It's Tracy and Hepburn all over again: she gi him class; he gives her sex.

The publicity photo for *Anna Christie* (the couple m performing the play at the Roundabout Theatre in Ne York two years ago) practically vibrates. Shirtless and t tured-looking, Neeson wraps his arms around Richardso his huge hands don't just rest on her hips, but grab the as if to let go would mean drifting unmoored forever.

Before Richardson, Neeson's love life read like a seri of romance novels. His appeal to women is, let's say, w acknowledged. "You generally see women like this," sa actor Tim Roth, a good friend of Neeson's. He goes a blank and starry-eyed: "'Oh, he's so *sensitive.*' Whe you're with Liam, don't even think about being looked by a woman."

And then there's his voice: the gritty purr, the Irish li hard and soft. "The first time Liam phoned up, my mum who was in her 60s, answered," says Richard Grahar "She spoke to him for 20 seconds, and when she hande me the phone she said, 'Oh God, that's the first time m knees have trembled in 45 years.'" Before Graham marrie (Neeson was his best man), his wife lived in a nurse dormitory; her friends used to wait in line at the pa phone to call Neeson's answering machine, just to hea his voice.

Todd Haimes, artistic director of the Roundabout The atre, says, "When Liam looks at you, you become awar of how rare it is that someone really *looks at you.* Whe he listens, he really listens. Women love that about him and I think men do, too."

For a low-key guy, Neeson had a knack for dating high maintenance women: Barbra Streisand, Julia Roberts, Sinéa O'Connor, and the woman featured on page 212 of thi magazine. Helen Mirren, who starred as the gutsy in spector in television's *Prime Suspect* series, was Neeson' first high-profile girlfriend; she still speaks of him fondly

Women figure in all of Neeson's best stories. When ask, "What's the biggest thrill of being famous?" he tells me about meeting Muhammad Ali at a party: how Al came into the room and Neeson's knees started t shake; how he blurted out "Muhammad, I love you" when they were introduced; and how Ali turned to Nee son's girlfriend (always the gentleman, Neeson won't name names) and asked, "What are you doing with this white honky?" "And I'm thinking, Wow, Muhammad Al is flirting with my girlfriend! This is so great!," Neeson says, laughing. "If it was anybody else, you'd say, 'Fuck off.' But it was him, so it was O.K.! Take her!"

When I ask, "What's the best meal you ever had?" he tells me about going on holiday with an ex-girlfriend to Bordeaux, in southwestern France. "We decided we'd sleep rough, in this very basic tent, but bring good clothes and try and go to the best restaurants we could. And I mean, we'd get really dressed up, and then *(Continued on page 240)*



LADY-KILLER

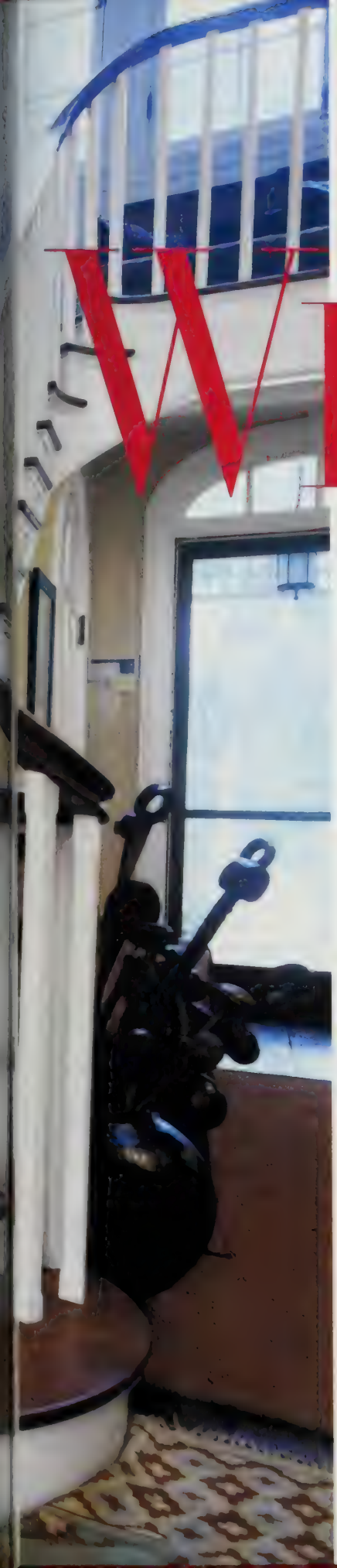
"The first time Liam phoned up, my mum, who was in her 60s, answered," recalls his friend Richard Graham. "When she handed me the phone she said, 'Oh God, that's the first time my knees have trembled in 45 years.'"

"I was warned of Liam's reputation every time I picked up a newspaper," says Natasha Richardson.



THE E... OF THE ...AR

Christopher ...ittle, the magnetic ...ate who built a $400 million empi... on ad space, at his Peter Marino–designed home in East Hampton. Whittle originally purchased the estate for a reported $8 million.



THE WHITTLE OF OZ

Chris Whittle had always lived as if he were a character out of a novel. He had grand homes in the Dakota, East Hampton, and Tennessee, and grand schemes, including television in the classroom and the Edison Project, a plan to run for-profit schools across America. He married an aristocratic beauty. Then it all fell apart. JENNET CONANT investigates just which character Whittle was playing: Jay Gatsby, the tragic romantic, or Willy Loman—the salesman trying to ride by on a shoeshine and a smile

It was one of those perfect summer evenings in East Hampton when the sun hangs low over the ocean and strains of music and laughter can be heard coming from the elegant, shingled homes that line the shore. There are never fewer than three parties on Saturday nights in high season, and even though it was barely six, a crowd had already gathered for cocktails at the Whittle estate. A double row of Range Rovers, Jeep Cherokees, and Mercedes wagons choked the narrow lane out front, testifying to the arrival of *Daily News* owner Mort Zuckerman, billionaire Ron Perelman, Bianca Jagger. It was that kind of crowd.

Few of the guests could have cared less about the $250-per-person fund-raiser for Representative George Hochbrueckner or even the glad-handing presence of Al Gore. All anyone wanted to do

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER

was take a last look around the house and talk about their host, Christopher Whittle, the charismatic and controversial entrepreneur who built a media empire based on advertising—and his own charm.

The Whittle mansion, a vast, 15-room showplace on Georgica Pond, is done to perfection inside, from the grand balconied living room to the last bit of wainscoting in the back stair. The dock where several sailboats are moored is private, the tennis court is hidden behind a thick wall of evergreens, and off to one side there is a guesthouse so beautifully decorated that it rivals many of the area's main residences.

The estate was renovated by Whittle's favorite architect, Peter Marino, who has been known to refer to his business as a "couture house," and whose other clients have included Yves Saint Laurent and Valentino. The Whittle home has been improved and expanded more times than anyone can remember—a second kitchen was installed so the Whittles could eat *en famille* without servants, and on another occasion the entire house was closed for months so the ceilings could be redone according to Whittle's precise requirements.

Whittle was just a kid from Etowah, Tennessee, the son of a small-town doctor, but he made it about as big and rich as it gets on the East Coast. At its peak, Whittle Communications L.P. was a $400 million business with 1,100 employees and more than 30 media "properties," a Whittlesque term for its advertiser-backed brochures, books, magazines, posters, and television programs. Whittle's particular innovation was to package information specifically as a vehicle for advertising, treating editorial content as strictly secondary. His particular genius was to endow his properties with a veneer of sophistication and success, which made him and his empire appear light-years ahead of the competition.

Everything he touched looked golden: he acquired *Esquire* and transformed it into the hippest read on college campuses in the early 80s; he started *Special Reports* and insisted that it be the only magazine available in the waiting rooms of the doctors who subscribed; he popularized magazines customized for advertisers—which have evolved into the now ubiquitous advertorial. He was the man with the new ideas.

He became a star on the New York social scene and undertook an epic search for the perfect wife. When he finally married four years ago at the age of 42, in an elegant, very private ceremony, he chose a princess of the Italian aristocracy, Priscilla Rattazzi, niece of Fiat chairman Gianni Agnelli, one of Europe's wealthiest industrialists. Cool and aloof, she never pretended any interest in the moguls of Manhattan or the matrons of the Hamptons. Her husband, however, never lost the out-of-towner's awe of the glitterati. When he took visitors out for a sail in his Georgica sloop, the boat made exclusively for residents of the Pond, he liked to point out his neighbors, waving to a figure in the distance and saying in a studiously casual voice, "Oh, that's Spielberg. And there, that's Calvin Klein's house. When Steve Ross was alive, he lived over there . . . "

But on that August evening, as Whittle's guests strolled through the airy public rooms downstairs, they whispered about his shaky finances, about how he had lost control of his company, which was on the verge of bankruptcy. The rumor was that the East Hampton property, along with many of Whittle's other assets, would have to be sold, and that socialite Anne Bass—who has said that Whittle's was the one house in the Hamptons she wanted—might be interested.

Out in the garden, 16 acres of rolling green lawn that descends right to the water, Whittle himself stood basking in the golden light, seemingly oblivious to all the speculation. He wore his customary shy smile, baggy pants, bow tie. At 46, he still had his mop of curly brown hair hanging past his collar, giving him the look of a college student—of eternal youth.

While he never let on, Whittle already knew the worst. His company had almost gone into default in June when it failed to make a major principal payment on approximately $100 million in bank loans. Desperate, he had been looking to the bond market for salvation when the top-drawer investment bank of Goldman Sachs & Co. offered to buy half of his only remaining successful business: Channel One. Whittle's hugely controversial student news service features current-events programs sandwiched between ads for Reeboks and Mars Bars a is currently offered in 12,000 scho across the country. A year ago, W tle projected that it would ultimat be a $1 billion business. Now he w being pressured to unload it for l than $220 million. To add insult injury, Goldman was demanding sever all ties to the company.

Then, on Sunday, July 31, Willi F. Reilly, chairman and C.E.O. K-III Communications Corp., Hen Kravis's media company, phoned in more compelling offer. By week end, Whittle had agreed on a deal which K-III would purchase Chan One for a reported $300 millio Whittle would stay on as a sort honorary chairman and would paid a consulting fee of approx mately $1 million a year for the ne several years. By the time K-III w finished reviewing the books, the pri it was willing to pay for the comp ny had fallen to $250 million. K-III money would go to repay Whitt Communications' debt, and placa his three principal partners: Time Wa ner, the Dutch company Philips Ele tronics, and, in England, Lor Rothermere's Associated Newspape Holdings, which owns the *Daily Ma* in London. To help retire the co pany's other liabilities, Whittle woul have to sell off his remaining assets a women's pro baseball team, the Si ver Bullets; Whittle Events, whic handled projects such as Coca-Cola TV blitz for this year's Super Bow and various other small companies.

Looking back, it is easy to see wh so many businessmen say Whittle is on of the greatest salesmen they hav ever met. A great salesman never waste time on reflection or regret. He is al ways focused on the next opportunity "Chris just doesn't deal with reality," explains Keith Bellows, who was pres ident of creative at Whittle Commu nications and a senior partner in the company. "His greatest strength is his ability to delude himself and those around him. That is his genius and his greatest flaw."

But Whittle has probably the best take on his own game. "I must be enthusiastic. I must be contagious. That's what entrepreneuring is all about. Otherwise, no one else would go on the adventure. It doesn't make me disingenuous. I do believe in each

oject. It also doesn't make me unethical. But it doesn't *always* work s the nature of the beast."

To all appearances, Chris Whittle has changed little since 1969, when he graduated from the University of Tennessee and started a campus guide called *Knoxville in a Nutshell* with his classmate illip Moffitt. For most of the past years, he has personified success adison Avenue–style, manifesting a ar-mystical talent for selling that s allowed him to sweet-talk big comnies into parting with hundreds of llions of dollars. His perfect pitch has rned him a string of sobriquets, from rophet" and "visionary" to "con man" d "the Devil." All the controversy has ly fueled the legend: nobody, it seems, uld say no to Chris Whittle.

Talking directly to Whittle, it is easy understand his appeal. "I can remember reading a morning paper d feeling like I'd been kicked in e stomach," he says, the soft brown es earnest, a small apologetic smile dling at the corner of his mouth, vealing a dimple. "But that was many ars ago," he sighs, shaking his head efully, recalling how his move to troduce advertising into schools as hailed as academic "junk food." He is sitting alone in his spartan w office, ready to take responsibili- Nothing if not a gentleman, Whitt won't engage in fourth-quarter nger-pointing, publicly or privately. e seems a trifle awkward, embarrassed much by the sorry surroundings as the occasion. He hasn't unpacked t, and the only personal mementos e the three photographs of his fam- on the bookshelf behind him. It is far cry from his former office in noxville, an enormous room with huge cture windows, 20-foot ceilings, tasteI oak paneling, and a private bath. ne visiting New York businessman calls the office, where Whittle sipped offee made with Evian, as more lav- than even the sumptuous executive ites at American Express.

Whittle totals his losses in the dissionate tone of a general surveying a battle scene after the smoke is cleared. "*Special Reports*," he begins, referring to the divisions which produced ad-supported quarterly magazines, "we just blew. . . Medical News Network," a news service for doctors sponsored by drug companies, "we lost the game, but I think we played a good game." He shrugs. *C'est la guerre.* He is fond of war metaphors and uses them liberally. "We're Marines, we do the work on the beach. Driving to Berlin," he notes with a touch of irony, "is not necessarily our specialty." He still feels the goals were worthy. "Someone else will do them," he says, shrugging. In the end, it was just a bridge too far.

Whittle is disarming, even in defeat. All the qualities that one hears about the courtly southern charm, the intelligence, the eloquence, the idealism, the utter sincerity—are on conspicuous display. Unassuming and sweet, he has a whimsical quality, and wears a bow tie of red polka dots from his collection of more than 50. Even when he seems disingenuous, you want to give him the benefit of the doubt. As a friend observed, it is almost impossible to dislike Whittle. "You find yourself wanting to give him a hug."

He fields questions patiently, but he is clearly eager to dispense with the past so he can focus on the Edison Project, originally an ambitious $3 billion plan to revolutionize the American education system by building new, high-tech schools to utilize the best Edison-designed curriculum, software, and textbooks. While that plan has been considerably scaled back, Whittle still maintains that he can tap into what he calls the $500 billion education market by creating for-profit schools that will be far better than anything in existence *and* ultimately an extremely lucrative business.

"It is, by order of magnitude, the most important idea I've ever had," he says solemnly, "and in many ways some of the issues that the company has faced are the prices of that. You have to realize over the last four years I spent a lot of time on Edison."

He pledges to make Edison the central focus of his energies for the rest of his career. "I have never been in business just to be in business," he explains. "There were times when economics was pretty central. But the motivation evolves, and a combination of doing well and doing good is very important to me. Even with my innovative capacity, it's real tough to come up with something that can get even close to Edison."

What he doesn't say is that he has only until January to raise the $50 million Edison needs to open its schools next September. A Christmas present that size is extremely unlikely.

But Whittle is still selling. And he is mesmerizing, in his understated way. But, for someone who has built a publishing career on putting profit before content, he has peculiar credentials as a reformer. The contradiction doesn't seem to trouble him, perhaps because he believes so completely in the power of his ideas. Or perhaps it is because Edison is the last Bible in his suitcase. He is reminiscent of a charismatic southern preacher, with Whittle, it's a bit like old-time religion. He sold himself and his converts on the idea that while they were doing good they were getting rich.

"I think he truly did invent himself, and came to believe that marketing creates demand, which creates gross national product, which cre-

"Chris Whittle's greatest strength is his ability to delude himself and those around him. That is his genius."

ates a better world," observes one Time Warner executive who has known Whittle for several years. "I don't think he was born with that idealism, but discovered it as a rationale."

In downtown Knoxville, the elaborate new $55 million Whittle headquarters stands mostly empty, the enormous wrought-iron gates with the monogrammed *W* opening onto a silent courtyard. Modeled after Thomas Jefferson's campus at the University of Virginia, the complex covers two city blocks, 240,000 square feet of the fanciest, costliest office space that the South has ever seen.

Like the Pied Piper, Whittle crossed the country in his Cessna, wooing bright young minds.

Whittle, who likes to build things, personally supervised every detail. Peter Marino set up model rooms in a nearby motel so Whittle could pore over fabric samples and furnishings when he was in town. No expense was spared: 50 tons of copper was used to plate the three domes and make the building's gutters and trim; 13 tons of polished marble went into the floor mosaic in the employee entryway; bricks were custom-made to reproduce the authentic Georgian style; and the parquet floor in the main rotunda echoes a design from the living room in Monticello. Full-grown magnolia trees and 40-foot pin oaks, imported from as far away as New Jersey, were brought in to help achieve that old-world ambience overnight. In winter, the maintenance staff worked to keep the wood-burning fireplaces continuously stoked. The national press immediately dubbed the complex "Historic Whittlesburg," but locals refer to it as just plain "Whittle."

Inside the main office building, the carpeting is a striking shade of green, "the exact color of money," according to a former employee. Of course, when Whittle began work on the new building, Whittle Communications was one of the fastest-growing media companies in the country. From the time he and Moffitt formed their publishing company, christened 13-30 after the baby-boom generation they intended to target, they knew they had a winning formula, and it made them a fortune over the next 15 years.

In 1979, when Whittle and Moffitt first arrived in New York and purchased *Esquire* magazine, they heralded their arrival with a big advertisement in *The New York Times,* explaining "Why We Bought *Esquire,*" and featuring a picture of the two shaggy-haired entrepreneurs. No one in New York publishing had ever heard of them, and the city's literary establishment regarded them as suspect, dubbing them "Whiffle and Moppet."

"New York was highly skeptical and very condescending to them when they arrived," recalls Lee Eisenberg, a former *Esquire* editor in chief. "But they turned the magazine into a remarkable success story. It was one of the two hottest magazines in the country at the time."

By 1986, Whittle had begun to bridle at Moffitt's more conservative approach to the business. "It was an incredibly intense business partnership," says Eisenberg. "They had different values and philosophies. Chris was more risk-driven and wanted to stand on his own two feet." The tension became impossible and Moffitt bought Whittle's share of the magazine. Whittle purchased Moffitt's share of the Knoxville-based business for $30 million and promptly renamed the 13-30 group after himself. Whittle made more than recouped his investment less than two years later when he sold half the company to Time Inc. for $185 million. His personal take was $40 million, and with a limitless future, he set his sights on building a $1 billion business.

When Whittle went to the local government in Knoxville for $8 million in tax-increment financing for his corporate castle, he went on about the city's future. "He told everyone it would be a boon for the local economy, and that he'd have 2,000 high-paid employees running around buying sushi and Volvos," recalls Bet Bean, a senior staff writer for *Met Pulse,* who is known as the Mol Ivins of Knoxville. "We were seduced."

When they broke ground on the new headquarters in 1989, Whittle threw a huge party to celebrate, capped by a laser light show. No one who was there has forgotten that for one fleeting moment a giant green bow tie flashed in the night sky above Knoxville.

"The whole thing was about image—it was a monument to himself," recalls Andrew Nelson, who worked for Whittle from 1988 to 1992. "He was a self-invented man, and this is what he thought success looked like. He reminded everyone of Gatsby. He had the same obsession with appearances, the same enigmatic quality. People took to calling him Gatsby behind his back."

But it was never just about owning the biggest house on the hill. Whittle was committed to creating Great Works and always played the good corporate citizen, erecting landmarks, endowing scholarships, and creating projects to improve schools. He wanted to be someone people would point to with respect—and one day vote for. Staffers say he mentioned running for governor, senator, or president, but could not decide on a party. He never wanted to limit his options. "I think he was on a mission," says Elise Nakhnikian, who edited several Whittle magazines and helped develop *Special Reports.* "It was never purely about money."

Like a modern-day Pied Piper, Whittle crisscrossed the country in a six-seater Cessna Citation, wooing bright young minds from the worlds of busi-



SURVIVORS

In 1990, Chris Whittle married Priscilla Rattazzi, a photographer and the niece of Fiat chairman Gianni Agnelli. Rattazzi is described by friends of the Whittles' as tough, aloof—and loyal.

s, journalism, and politics. He assembled his own executive dream team, ng them to Knoxville with huge igure salaries, lavish perks, and the ectation that their stock would one be worth a fortune. Whittle would take no for an answer, and sever- former executives describe him as ntless in pursuit. "He would turn beams on, and when he locks in you, that's it, you're gone," recalls former editor. "You know you're g sold, but you want to be sold." n the business press, Whittle touted his stars as "visionaries," but longtime staffers referred to his high-priced Pooh-Bahs as "trophy" hires: Hamilton Jordan, who had been Jimmy Carter's chief of staff; Tom Ingram, who had been chief of staff under former Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander; Gerald Hogan, Ted Turner's former TBS second-in-command; Nick Glover, a top executive at RJ Reynolds; Bill Connell, from Procter & Gamble; and William Rukeyser, a former editor of *Fortune*. Whittle loved media stars and almost persuaded Michael Kinsley, then of *The New Republic*, to come on board as editor in chief of his operation. Once in place, however, many of Whittle's celebrity hires seemed to wander aimlessly from one nebulous title or assignment to the next. "It was an art form, the way they did nothing," said one Whittle board member. When Whittle recruited the founding members of the Edison Project, he went after some of the most pedigreed professionals on the East Coast. His biggest coup was seducing Benno Schmidt away from the president's of-

fice at Yale. Others who made their way to Knoxville included Lee Eisenberg and Dominique Browning, who left a senior position at *Newsweek*.

"They were dazzled by Chris's salesmanship," says Jim Himler, who was president of one of the single-advertiser-magazine divisions. "The problem was he was so convincing to so many people that no one ever stopped him. . . . Chris was the music man. . . . The whole culture of the place was a dream."

Whittle was exceedingly generous, offering unlimited expense accounts, health insurance, bonuses, and stock options. He paid prestigious writers from William Greider of *Rolling Stone* and Michael (*Liar's Poker*) Lewis to David Halberstam to write quickie books that carried advertising. (When Halberstam and Whittle parted company over their project, entitled *The Next Century,* Halberstam took the book to William Morrow & Company, where it became a best-seller.)

In a tale reminiscent of Hillary Clinton's commodities-trading windfall, Lamar Alexander, who was Bush's secretary of education and whose proposed tuition vouchers would have helped Whittle with Edison, reaped a quick $320,000 profit on a $10,000 investment in Whittle Communications by purchasing stock right before a lucrative deal with Time Inc. was consummated. Alexander, who worked for Whittle briefly in 1987 and is currently a candidate for president, says he was a private citizen when he purchased the stock. At the time, Whittle simply told him, "It may be worth a lot, and it may be worth nothing." "It turned out to be worth a lot," says Alexander.

Spending was a compulsion with Whittle, and it was reflected in every aspect of his company. The mantra of the marketing division was always "Growth! Growth! Growth!" Company parties were always extravagant affairs. One year, he rented the Knoxville Zoo and printed up Whittle Republic T-shirts. Another year, he flew the entire staff of *Special Reports* to New York for a celebration at the Lone Star Cafe, costing the company a reported $100,000.

"It was an incredibly fun and exciting place to work for a while," says Elise Nakhnikian, who has fond memories of the company's sala' days. "There was a no-holds-barred attitude about money. Financially, everything was on a very exaggerated scale compared to normal publishing, both in terms of what we charged for advertising and what we spent on the editorial."

Whittle had an aura of success; people wanted to be like him. One by one, Whittle executives shed their button-down suits and began copying their leader's Ivy Leaguish attire: cashmere cardigan sweaters, preppy tortoiseshell glasses, flowing hair. Some even took to wearing bow ties, which had become an informal in-house logo. "A certain Moonie mentality prevailed," says Andrew Nelson, who was once amazed to see a senior division head jotting down Whittle's favorite battle slogans in a notebook, "like they were the sayings of Chairman Chris."

Whittle's top executives also began to aspire to his baronial lifestyle. Promptly at five every evening, a stream of expensive foreign cars would emerge from the Whittle parking lot and head for Sequoyah Hills, the most desirable residential section in Knoxville, where Whittle kept a large Georgian-style home. He had spent a fortune renovating the place in an effort to entice Rattazzi to spend more time in Knoxville. He even talked about building a huge plantation. But the effort failed, as his photographer wife, known for her portraits of celebrities and their dogs, was rarely seen.

Knoxville experienced a housing boom thanks to the influx of Whittle employees. Nick Glover, Whittle Communications vice-chairman, built a $1 million barn for his dressage horses—dubbed "Dressage Mahal" by locals—featuring an Olympic-size indoor arena, heating and air-conditioning, heated shower stalls for the horses, an audio-and-video system, and an outdoor arena with pure white sand shipped in from Mississippi. Glover is also remembered for an enormous oil portrait he commissioned for $10,000. The painting depicted Glover in traditional riding pink and his wife in a flowing green velvet sidesaddle habit, both atop their horses, hounds at their feet.

"Chris set the tone with his outlandish spending," recalls Charlie DeBevo who was the senior producer of Medical News Network. But the le of grandiosity seemed to spiral out control. In the late 80s, Whittle cided his Manhattan apartment in Dakota was too small for his grow household, which included Maxi, R tazzi's eight-year-old son from a p vious marriage to German banker Kl Moehlmann, and Andrea, Whittle a Rattazzi's four-year-old daughter. Whittle hired Marino, who had d over his first Dakota apartment, turn two larger apartments into magnificent late-Edwardian residen

Together, Whittle, Marino, and R tazzi filled the Dakota place with v vet and brocade sofas, period furnitu and Persian rugs from Doris Les Blau. The whole apartment resona with old-world splendor: the livi room looks like a wing of the Fri Collection, with enormous oil canv es filling every available inch of w space; the dining room boasts elab rate mahogany paneling brought in create a grand, masculine setting f entertaining; the master bedroom is o ulent, with its antique Italian bed, Po peian fresco—a birthday gift fro Whittle to his wife—and windo dressed in blue wool with undercu tains hand-embroidered with flowe Although the Dakota has a strict p icy of fining tenants $800 for eve day they are in violation of the thre month period allowed for renov tions, Whittle went over by two yea

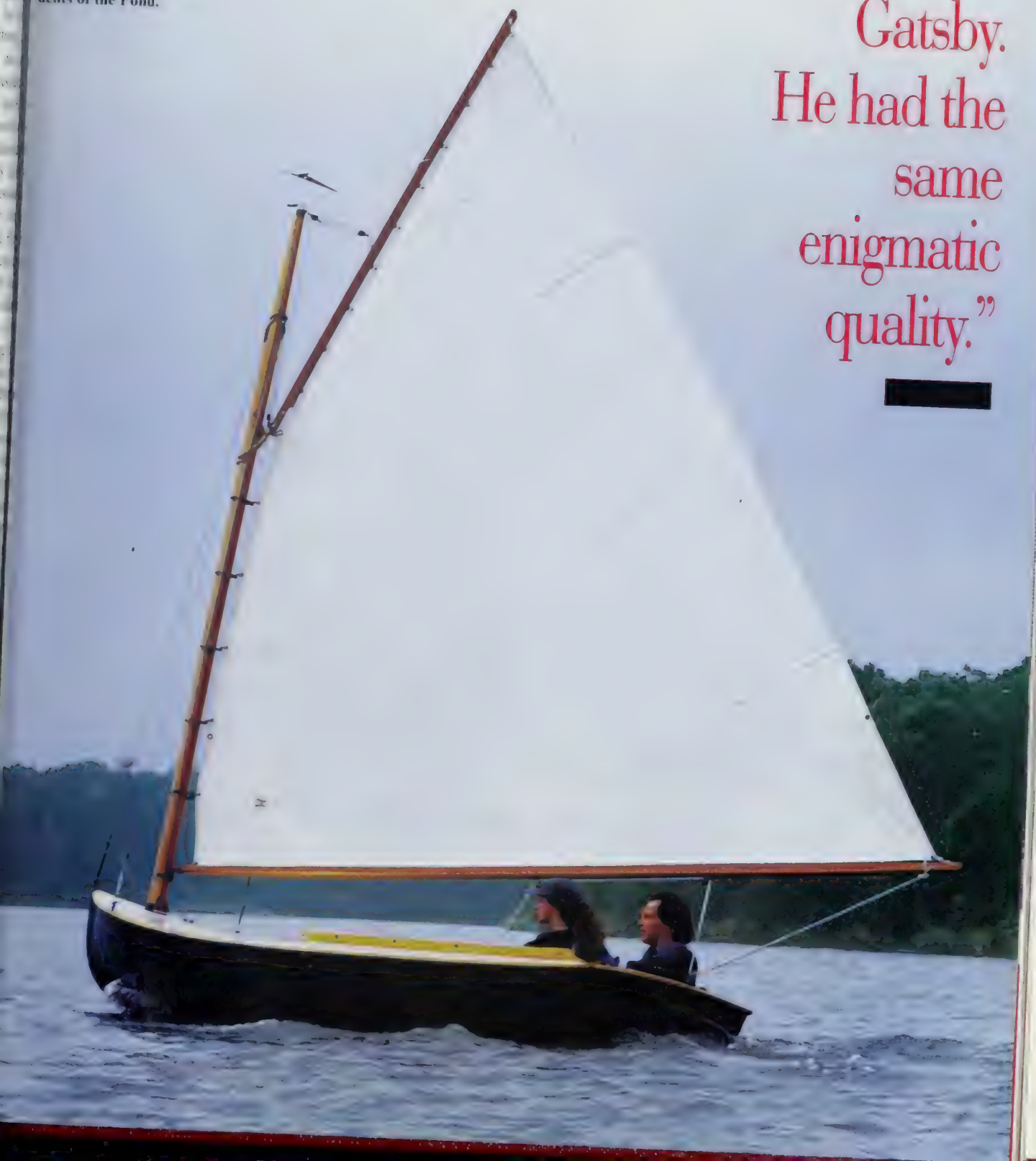
Whittle also began splurging m lions of dollars on art for his home He collaborated with Marino's cur tor, Lori Ciancaglini, and together th acquired hundreds of paintings, mos ly by 19th-century British and Ame ican painters, including portraits b John Singer Sargent, John Whi Alexander, and at least half a doze by Edward Burne-Jones. "He was wi ing to take the plunge financially," sa Ciancaglini. "He bought enough t fill a museum."

"It was hubris," says Charlie D Bevoise, who notes that the comp ny's heady growth ended in 1991. H recalls a meeting at which Bill Co nell, an executive from Procter & Gam ble who had been hired to help streamlin operations, was talking about th need to focus on the bottom line. "A the end, Chris *(Continued on page 24*

LSMAN

en Chris Whittle took visitors
sailing on Georgica Pond
ast Hampton, he loved
oint out the homes of neighbors
as Steven Spielberg, Calvin
in, and the late Steve Ross.
ittle's sailboat, a Georgica sloop,
designed especially for
dents of the Pond.

"Chris reminded everyone of Gatsby. He had the same enigmatic quality."





As a teenager, Brooke Shields was the knowing Lolita in Calvin Klein jeans, spending her nights with Halston and Andy at Studio 54; 10 years later, she was trading bad jokes on Bob Hope TV specials. Now, with U.S. Open champ Andre Agassi on her arm and a Broadway debut on her schedule, Shields shows LESLIE BENNETTS *her inner steel*

Our Miss



Brooke

OPEN BROOKE
"I deserve some opportunities, because I can deliver," says Shields on the eve of her Broadway debut as Rizzo in *Grease!*

Photographs by WALTER CHIN

For weeks the gossip columns have kept up a breathless drumbeat: Brooke Shields is going to marry Andre Agassi! Brooke was spotted at a bridal salon! They're having a secret wedding!

Back home in New York, Brooke is getting ready for her Broadway debut in the current revival of *Grease!* She swears the rumors aren't true. "We're in love with each other," she says solemnly. "We're boyfriend and girlfriend, but we're not engaged. When I am engaged, I will not hide it from anyone. I'm going to be proud and happy—and ready."

Two days later a tabloid claims that Brooke and Andre will marry that weekend. "Did she lie to me?" I ask a friend of hers. "Brooke isn't like that," her friend exclaims.

The next day there's a phone message from Brooke, assuring me there's no wedding in sight. "And I wanted to thank you for believing in my honesty," she adds earnestly.

Gosh. The airwaves are saturated with commercials for *Grease!,* with Brooke in black leather, blowing bubble gum. But despite the ad line—"You can't be a good girl *all* your life"—Brooke Shields still seems sweet enough to give you a toothache.

Could what you see actually be what you get? After all, she was spending her nights at Studio 54 with Calvin and Andy and Bianca before she even reached puberty. She played a child prostitute in *Pretty Baby* at 12 and caused a furor at 15 by purring that nothing came between her and her Calvins. Then, having achieved fame as a scandalously precocious child-woman, she promptly regressed, as soon as she reached adulthood, into an oddly immature woman-child. Proclaiming that she was still a virgin, she published a book with tips for avoiding sex, went everywhere with her mother, and "dated" people such as Michael Jackson. As a grown-up, Brooke has seemed about as naughty as milk, and approximately as interesting.

But apparently there's lots of angst behind that beautiful mask. After I sit in on a photo shoot with her, she confides over lunch that even a few minutes of posing as a strung-out junkie were enough to stir up powerful emotions.

"I started feeling, I'm spiraling into my sadness, I'm going to go over the edge—I'm not going to be able to com back!" she says, her voice still edgy with fear. "I like b ing a positive person. Just to keep myself from plumme ing too far, I maintain things like exercise or therapy, s I don't feel like I'm free-falling."

Brooke is a consummate professional, and it is hard t imagine someone so self-possessed sliding into free fal But the last few years have been difficult; when you're o the cover of *Time* at 15, adulthood can be quite a letdow The movie roles gradually gave way to lettuce ads and Jap anese shampoo commercials. But it was graduating fro Princeton that really plunged Brooke into the void. "I n longer had a point of departure," she explains. "That ha been school. All of a sudden my point of departure b came me—and I hadn't met me yet. The last two yea have been incredibly anxious. You all of a sudden realiz how alone you really are. It's so frightening to call thing like they really are. I used to panic when I was alone your voice starts to sound very loud in your head."

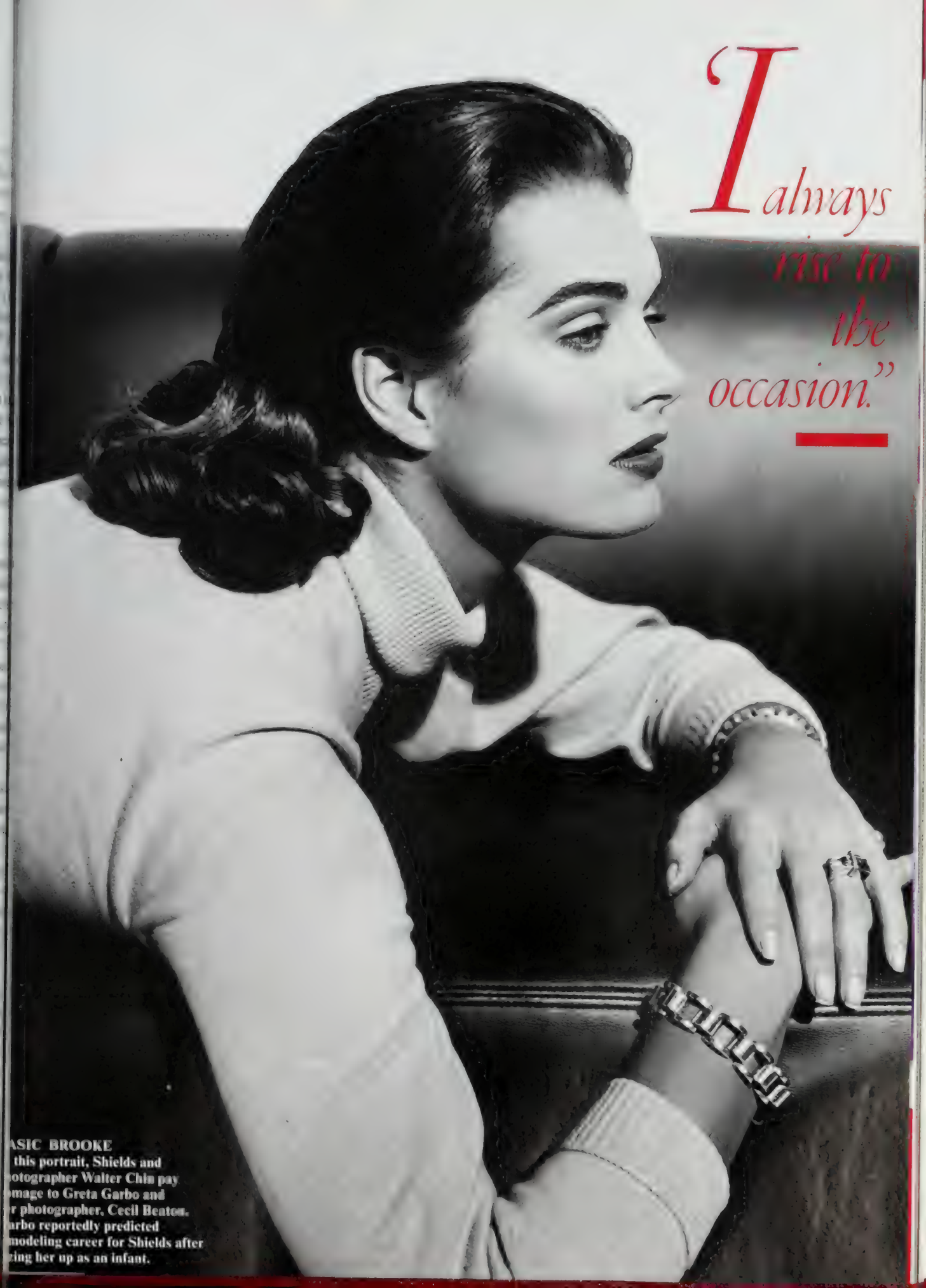
Going it alone represents a far more dramatic step fo Brooke than it would for most 29-year-old women; unti the last year or two, she and her mother were practicall joined at the hip. The quintessential stage mother, Teri Shield remained the dominant force long after Brooke grew up But in the last few years, Brooke has asserted herself. "I just happened gradually," she says, sounding embarrassed "It's been a long time since I really sat down with m mother. This is not about rebelling against somebody; it' about giving myself a chance to take a deep breath an ask myself what makes me happy. There's a ton of guil attached to that, but now that's my stuff to work on."

When I ask Brooke if her mother is angry, she look pained. "I don't think anger is what my mother feels s much as hurt," she says. Since Teri's alcoholism has long been a problem, I ask if she's drinking again. "I haven' been around her enough to know," Brooke replies softly. Brooke and Andre have been involved for more than a year, but Teri has met him only twice. "I'm better off in this period of my life fighting for my own perspective and that means not even hearing other people's opinions," Brooke says.

Brooke's perspective includes a fierce belief in her own potential. "I deserve some opportunities, because I can deliver. I have incredible faith in myself as an actress. I just watched *Endless Love* last Saturday, and I thought, I *am* a good actress! I'm believable. I'm honest in all the emotions."

The critics may savage her, but no one can tell Brooke Shields, who was smiling bravely for the cameras and working long hours at an age when most kids were still trying to eat their Play-Doh, what it means to be a pro.

"I've showed up and done 'it,' whatever it was, since I was a baby," she says evenly. "I always rise to the occasion. And I'm not going to let fear stop me." □



ASIC BROOKE
this portrait, Shields and
otographer Walter Chin pay
mage to Greta Garbo and
r photographer, Cecil Beaton.
arbo reportedly predicted
modeling career for Shields after
ing her up as an infant.



THREE FACES OF EVIL
Below and center, **pictures of Carlos circulated by French police in 1975;** ***right,*** **Carlos in 1979.**

End of the Jacka



"Carlos the Jackal" rampaged across Europe in the 70s and 80s, bombing and murdering innocent people, and becoming one of the world's most notorious terrorists. Now he's behind bars, the alcohol-ravaged pawn of a power-hungry French politician. As the Jackal awaits trial, T. D. ALLMAN reports from Paris on the banality of his evil and the drama behind his capture

The "Rue Toullier Affair" transformed Carlos overnight

Naked from his navel to his knees, Ilich Ramírez Sánchez—alias Carlos the Jackal—lay face up, unconscious, on the operating table. The man in the mask standing over him grasped the scalpel and cut into the groin of the world-famous terrorist, slicing toward his sexual organs.

"Pasqua could have had my client killed right there on that operating table in Khartoum," says Maître Mourad Oussedik, one of Carlos's two French lawyers, as he himself slices into some of the excellent foie gras de canard we're having for lunch. "He was under general anesthetic. He was sick. It would have been most easy for French intelligence and their Sudanese friends to dispose of Mr. Carlos right there and then.

"Instead, Pasqua took the risk of bringing Carlos to France. He calculated Carlos was more useful to him alive than dead." The "Pasqua" to whom Oussedik keeps referring is France's enormously powerful and increasingly popular right-wing minister of the interior. Still almost unknown in America, Charles Pasqua today dominates French politics. Partly as a result of having captured Carlos, he may also determine France's political direction as it enters the 21st century.

Our Paris restaurant looks across the Seine to the stately *hôtels particuliers* and cutesy tourist traps of the Île St.-Louis. We're nearly 3,000 miles from that operating room in Khartoum, where—just before his betrayal and capture—Carlos demonstrated the depth of his latest illusion, one of many illusions that have made up his life since he left his native Venezuela nearly 30 years ago.

This was his belief that in teetotaling, Islamic-fundamentalist Sudan this hard-drinking Marxist atheist finally had found sanctuary. As recklessly sure of himself as he had ever been back in his glory days, when taking Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani and the other OPEC oil ministers hostage was all in a day's work, Carlos checked into the Ibn Khaldun private hospital on the outskirts of the Sudanese capital.

There he took off his pants with no sense of premonition; he submitted without fear of future consequence to the anesthetist's ministrations. In that Khartoum operating theater, Carlos exposed himself to the masked surgeon, to the glittering scalpel—to the possibility of a revenge of which the widows of his terrorism had dreamed for years.

He was clearly unaware that his health, along with every other aspect of his life in Khartoum, from the long-distance calls he made from the Hotel Meridien to the crates of whiskey he kept in his apartment near the airport, was the subject of intimate observation by Sudanese spies. They had been awaiting only the propitious moment—and the right quid pro quo—to cage their quarry.

The operation, a minor surgical procedure, was merely to correct a condition that afflicts many men, not just middle-aged men who live as Carlos has lived for the last 20 years—drinking, smoking his beloved Havana cigars, engaging in little regular exercise other than fairly promiscuous sex. The erstwhile beau ideal of youthful revolution is now 45, though he looks much older.

Carlos's affliction, known in both English and French as "varicocele," is defined by my *Petit Larousse,* a French one-volume encyclopedia, as "varicose distension of the veins of the spermatic column and the scrotum." And, for all the melodrama potential in the situation, the operation to repair the varicose veins on Carlos's sex organs was conducted competently and without a hitch by a Sudanese civilian physician.

Only after Carlos left the hospital did the real melodrama, worthy of a spy novel, begin.

Armed men snatched him; another physician, this one a Sudanese military doctor, jabbed him full of drugs. Once again unconscious, Carlos was hustled onto an unmarked plane and flown to the Villacoublay military airport just outside Paris. At first Carlos had no idea who his captors were, or where they were taking him. His last memory was of nothing more than the sudden sting of the needle. But as the drugs wore off, Carlos awoke to find himself, as he often has in the course of his "revolutionary" struggle, in most elite surroundings—aboard the kind of executive jet normally reserved for the high-ranking members of the French government.

"Carlos was not flown to Paris in a French military plane," his lawyer emphasizes, "as many have reported. He was brought here in a special ministerial jet." He adds, "It's very revealing that GLAM should have sent a plane to pick him up. This proves the highest levels of the French government were directly implicated in the illegal kidnapping of my client."

Maître Oussedik now obligingly explains what GLAM is, just as he earlier told me how to spell *varicocèle* with an *accent grave.* GLAM stands for Groupement de Liaisons Aeriennes Ministerielles, the guys who normally fly bigwigs like Pasqua and French prime minister Édouard Balladur, not mass murderers like Carlos, to their destinations.

By nature obliging, Maître Oussedik nonetheless has another motive for providing me with this information. Carlos may not be O. J. Simpson. And Paris is by no stretch of the imagination L.A., merely the capital of a medium-size European ex–Great Power. Nonetheless, French defense attorneys these days fight for their celebrity clients as though the Rue de Rivoli were indeed Rodeo Drive—not just in court, but in magazine articles, on TV, and in the headlines.

"Carlos was kidnapped for internal French political reasons!" Carlos's defense attorney now proclaims. "Who kidnapped Carlos, and why? And who now, right now, after so many years of *not* going after Carlos? And what price did France pay to the Islamic regime in Khartoum for the privilege of kidnapping Mr. Carlos? What will this silly adventure really cost France in the long run?"

Having spent the main course developing his case, Oussedik now transforms himself from defense attorney into judge and jury before ordering

om anonymous grenade thrower into worldwide legend.

ssert. "My conclu-
n is that this kid-
pping was done by
e man: Pasqua."
After selecting the
ice au cassis, he adds,
Well, Pasqua may be
prised. I predict there
ll be a resurgence of
rorism in France as a
sult of his dumb move."
It's a classic defense tac-
, putting the prosecu-
on on trial. But what's
ly revealing is that his
egations are so uncon-
oversial—nothing more
an a case of stating the
vious, as far as most
ench are concerned.
Even inside Pasqua's own
terior Ministry, where I was
corted to my rendezvous
tall, muscular majordomos
earing black-tie and tails,
hich costumes, I suppose,
oncealed automatic weapons
ow J. Edgar Hoover would
ve adored such a security
stem at the F.B.I.!), this sad-
cynical attitude prevailed. *Of*
urse, people told me, this is
l about whether Charles Pas-
ua will be the 'next kingmak-
, or maybe even the next president,
France.
It's definitely not about this pathetic,
ashed-up Venezuelan with his shriv-
ed testicles, they would add, whose
obby (before his alcoholism got the
etter of his terrorist professional-
m) was annoying us, The French,
y launching bomb attacks on our rail-
oad stations, thus, to be sure, kill-
ng innocent people, but also sometimes
ven damaging our magnificent T.G.V.
igh-speed trains—which if you Amer-
cans had any wisdom, which of course
ou cannot have, since you have no
istory, you would purchase from us
rench for trillions and trillions of
ollars in order to enrich us and co-
ncidentally help civilize your vast,
romising, but primitive nation, where
ven in Orlando, Florida, in the very
hadow of Disney World, it is im-
ossible to find anyone who speaks
rench. No one!



CAGED JACKAL
Carlos is taken from Paris's La Santé prison to the Palais de Justice for a hearing on September 5, 1994.

In the course of investigating the Carlos Affair, I met the major protagonists on all sides of the case: Judge Jean-Louis Bruguière, Maître Francis Szpiner, who represents the French victims of Carlos's terrorism—and, of course, Carlos's *other* attorney, the notorious and deliberately mysterious Maître Jacques Vergès, who has also defended Klaus Barbie, the Butcher of Lyons.

All the various lawyers, spies, flics, undercover agents, "special consultants," and "security analysts" say the same thing, whether their job is to prosecute, defend, or judge Carlos, or just make a quick killing out of the Carlos Affair.

"His capture, or at the very least the timing of it," as a French cop friend of mine remarks, "was a political publicity stunt."

We've met in the American Bar of one of those discreet fancy hotels off the Avenue Montaigne where deals it is definitely not in your life-survival interest to know every detail of are done. This hotel has carpets as plush and deep as the floors of African rain forests; it is also rife with chandeliers, their crystals dripping like the diamonds on the wrists of successful dictators' mistresses. But there's no vast lobby, no ornate dining room with a couple of stars in the *Guide Michelin*. So there aren't too many people coming in and out of the hotel, people whom the regulars don't know but who might just might—stroll into the American Bar and shoot them in the face.

The checks in my cop friend's suit are so tiny you can hardly tell he's wearing a checked suit, just as his accent in French is so slight you can hardly tell he's Corsican. Naturally, he drinks Johnnie Walker Black La-

Carlos didn't know that every aspect of his life in Khartoum

bel, the preferred libation of terrorists like Carlos and of those who hunt them.

He's only a cop, but what a cop! He knows which skeletons are in which closets both in the Élysée Palace, President François Mitterrand's official residence, and in the Hôtel Matignon, headquarters of Mitterrand's political antagonist and possible presidential successor, Prime Minister Édouard Balladur. He knows, in large part, because he himself has helped stash so many of those skeletons in so many of those closets.

There is intense speculation about who will succeed Mitterrand, whose 14-year tenure as president, the longest in French history, is due to come to an end next May. Mitterrand is dying. The French president's cancer, having started in his reproductive organs, is now marching inexorably through his body. On TV, he looks like a death mask, except that his lips and eyelids move.

His physical catastrophe has coincided with the discovery of a moral cancer. According to a number of researchers, authors, and historians, Mitterrand was a willing collaborator of the pro-Nazi Vichy regime during World War II. More than that, he remained close to notorious collaborators long after the war, even after he became president.

"Things are coming to an end much faster than either the politicians or the doctors foresaw," my cop friend tells me. Then, speaking both literally and metaphorically: "Odor is now a big problem for the president and those around him."

As Mitterrand's life, along with the Mitterrand political era, draws rapidly to a close, the question now is: Who will name, and shape, the next epoch in France's national life?

Three of Mitterrand's most likely successors are rightist politicians: Jacques Chirac, currently mayor of Paris; Prime Minister Balladur—and Pasqua, who since capturing Carlos pops up in speculation about everything in France.

Once, it was hard to find anyone in French politics, Chirac least of all, who wasn't convinced that Jacques Chirac would someday be president. By 1982, in fact, Jacques Chirac seemed so much France's Man of Destiny that Carlos, according to many accounts, decided to kill him. On March 29, a bomb exploded on Le Capitole—the Paris–Toulouse express train Chirac often took—in the very car usually reserved for Chirac. But as was often the case with Carlos, only innocents were killed. Chirac had changed his plans at the last minute.

By 1986, Chirac was prime minister of France for the second time in his career. Even though Mitterrand, the Socialist, was already president, Chirac's Gaullist party, the R.P.R., and its right-wing allies had won control of the National Assembly in parliamentary elections. The resulting political gridlock—all too familiar in the United States—was historically unprecedented in France. French commentators gave this novel arrangement a particular name. They called it *cohabitation,* a word previously used to describe what happens when a man and woman who are not married nonetheless wind up sleeping in the same bed night after night.

Chirac, thanks to *cohabitation,* discovered what many a presidentially ambitious American politician has. Partial power can kneecap your career. While President Mitterrand opted for a Reaganesque abnegation of responsibility, Chirac, as prime minister, lost his oppositionist charisma. As far as average Frenchmen were concerned, Chirac was now to blame, not Mitterrand, when unemployment rose or the franc lost value.

For the take-charge Chirac, being prime minister did turn into a stepping-stone—to defeat in the next presidential election, which Mitterrand won handily. But even after that, Chirac still seemed the Man of Destiny. At least he did until early last year, when the right again won control of the National Assembly, and France's second period of *cohabitation* began.

At that point Chirac—still the right's uncontested leader—made what soon would be seen as a major miscalculation. Being a paradigmatic French political intellectual, he constructed a paradigmatic Cartesian false political syllogism: Being prime minister was not so good for me last time. Ergo, I will not be prime minister this time. Instead, I will find some poor chump to be the fall guy.

So Chirac caused Édouard Balladu— until then considered nothing more th a bland but competent technocrat—o be named prime minister. But Balladu unlike Chirac, showed real flair f the prime-ministership. Though h has since stumbled, last summer he w soaring in the polls; he seemed to b everywhere in France, all the tim including on TV, and the more th French saw of him, the more pre dential Balladur appeared.

This civics lesson in recent Frenc politics is necessary because, as the c points out as he nurses his third Joh nie Walker Black Label on the roc "you can't get to the truth of the Ca los Affair without wading up to yo *couilles* through all this Chirac-Ba ladur-Pasqua *merde.*"

Overweight and unphotogenic Interior Minister Charles Pas qua physically somewhat re sembles Chicago's late may Richard Daley. Politically h *is* the Mayor Daley of th French right. As such, Pasqu has never seen his goal a getting the top prize, the pre idency, for himself, though he wouldn hesitate to grab it if it came his wa Instead, Pasqua's objective has be to win the presidency, along with many other political prizes as pos ble, for the Gaullist political ma chine, the R.P.R.—which stands fo "Rally for the Republic."

Since in successful machine politi unity is all, just as principle is not ing, Balladur's sudden rise rang Pasqua alarm bells. If the vote of the Frenc right were divided among two or thre candidates—Balladur, Chirac, and e president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—t could allow some left-of-center candi date, probably Jacques Delors, th outgoing president of the Europea Union, to squeak home to victory.

Accordingly, the months leadin up to Carlos's dramatic capture—an nounced by Interior Minister Pasqua himself, at the Press Conference o the Year—saw Pasqua grabbing head lines, along with power, whenever and wherever he could.

By Pasqua's lights, his objective wa honorable. He aimed to make himsel

s the subject of intimate observation by Sudanese spies.

powerful that when push finally come to shove he would be the eat Unifier. When the moment came choose the right's presidential can- ate, Pasqua might choose Balladur; might choose Chirac. He might, just nceivably, choose himself. But to omsoever he threw his support, t one person would be The Can- ate. The right would stay united so, thanks to Charles Pasqua, fi- ly win back control of the Élysée ace after 14 long years.

Such was the strategy. As for Pas- 's tactics, they were those of the et fighter he has been ever since 1940s, when, as a teenager just af- World War II, he led Gaullist et gangs into combat with Com- nist street gangs on the proletari- waterfront of Marseilles, where his was a cop.

"People love me when I hit hard," qua is fond of saying. But like many nch politicians, Pasqua cannot be used of having treated terrorism as ch more than a matter of political ediency. French policy toward ter- ists, traditionally, has been a combi- ion of live-and-let-live and, when being mmy doesn't work, settling scores h sharp knives in back alleys.

Just last year, France let two Ira- ns charged with terrorism go scot- e. On Pasqua's say-so, reportedly part of a deal with Teheran, they ıply were allowed to fly home. e Iranians were wanted in neigh- ring Switzerland, not France itself. they were of no concern to Inte- r Minister Pasqua, who is, it must admitted, France's, and not Switzer- d's, top cop.

That was 1993, however—ancient his- y in politics. During the spring d summer of 1994, Pasqua changed tactics. Suddenly he was out to rrorize the terrorists," striking fear o the hearts of evildoers wherever y lurked. Chiefly, Pasqua's anti-ter- ist crusade took the form of cops inding up Algerians and other dark- nned persons, many of them French izens, on the Paris Metro and toss- them into jail if they'd left their cards at home before going out the night.

Since no terrorist worth his salt ever leaves home without pocketfuls of identity cards, whether real or faked, Pasqua's crusade had no effect on terrorism one way or the other. But it was a political smash hit, for a simple reason.

Millions and millions of white Frenchmen, however much they deny it, have exactly the same attitude toward Arabs and Africans that millions and millions of white Americans have toward Hispanics and blacks. However law-abiding his Arab or African neighbors may be, for many a Frenchman the mere existence of such people in his midst is profoundly subversive of his French idea of who he is and what France should be—it is a source of terror.

And finally—finally!—the police under Pasqua were responding to the threat.

When he wasn't rounding up dark-skinned dishwashers and auto mechanics, Pasqua was running what the French call a "parallel foreign policy" stealing turf from the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Ministry, in Algeria and the other French-speaking countries of Africa, and in the Arab world. Then, as Yves Bonnet—a member of parliament and former head of the D.S.T., the security branch of the Interior Ministry—told me, "Carlos the Jackal fell into the lap of Charles Pasqua like a gift from the gods."

As with France's contemporaneous intervention in Rwanda, which had not stopped the genocide, no one pretended that capturing Carlos would stop terrorism. It certainly didn't mark any change in Pasqua's politics-as-usual approach to terrorism. In October the persecuted Bangladeshi writer Taslima Nasrin was denied a visa to visit France for more than 24 hours. As Pasqua himself explained, the same macho Frenchmen who'd stalked Carlos just couldn't "ensure the security" of the country if the diminutive sari-clad poet and novelist were permitted on French soil for any longer than that.

Something else became clear after Carlos's arrival in Paris: Pasqua and the rest of the French government could not protect their own citizens in Algeria, where Islamic-fundamentalist terrorists—unlike Carlos, who had not committed a known terrorist act in a decade—went on killing French and other foreigners when and as they pleased.

But kidnapping Carlos proved France still was a force to be reckoned with in the world! The French media went wild when tough, gruff Pasqua announced this latest triumph for himself, and for French self-esteem. Following Carlos's capture, Pasqua soared even higher in the public-opinion polls.

"Poor Carlos," my cop friend continues as he prudently declines a fourth whiskey. "Once, he took hostages; now he is the hostage. Once, Carlos imagined he could overthrow bourgeois capitalist democracy. Now he's just a little toy in these bourgeois capitalist political games.

"Still," he points out, "Carlos now counts for something, which he didn't back in Khartoum." He adds, quite accurately, "A couple of months ago, writers like you weren't buying drinks for cops like me. What I knew about Carlos wasn't worth the price of a lemonade to you."

Now the cop laughs uproariously: "This is the true *cohabitation,* Pasqua and Carlos in bed together, making publicity together!"

He's chuckling, with that wonderful bonhomie only the French can summon in the face of depravity. He says, "Carlos was nothing; Carlos was the Gloria Swanson of terrorism; Carlos was forgotten, finished, drowning in his whiskey bottle in Khartoum! Then Pasqua rescued him from oblivion; he made him a star again."

Just like everyone else involved in the Carlos Affair, the cop in the checked suit has been watching too much TV. He wants to provide the ultimate sound bite. "Pasqua," he declares, "gave Carlos back his balls!"

Ilich Ramírez Sánchez was born in the remote Venezuelan provincial capital of San Cristóbal—or, then again, maybe he was born in the El Recreo district of Caracas. Anyway, his parents came from a village near San Cristóbal, and his father was a millionaire—or at least a successful lawyer. As a youth Ilich was either a hotheaded street fighter and student leader or a shy, unathletic boy educated by private tutors.

He was trained in terrorism in Cuba

"Carlos was the Gloria Swanson of terrorism—finis

and Moscow, according to many accounts. No! claim others, he first learned to shoot a gun at the Royal Kensington Rifle Club in London, where he was a fixture on the diplomatic social circuit.

The childhood and youth of the future Carlos the Jackal are as wrapped in myth and disinformation as his later notoriety as a terrorist would be. But however contradictory and disputed the particular facts, the overall *pattern* of his early life is very familiar. It fits the classic profile of the playboy terrorist, the revolutionary wanna-be. That is to say, he and his family were never exploited proletarians or repressed freedom fighters. They were rich by Latin-American and most other standards; from the very beginning of his life Carlos was free to do, and be, almost anything he wanted. We have here not a man pushed to political violence by the desperation of his life, but someone who opted to kill for the same reason he might select a tie: because he liked it.

Few who comment on Carlos's life fail to notice that it begins with a kind of poetic justice. He was born on October 12, 1949—that is, Columbus Day. Four hundred and fifty-seven years earlier, the European rape of the New World had begun; now, on that very same date, was born an American who would visit terror on the Old World.

The name given the newborn boy was even more prophetic. Ilich—as in Vladimir Ilich Lenin—is Carlos's real first name, which, when you stop to think about it, is most curious and, if you stop to think about it a little longer, reveals a lot.

Normally you'd expect the birth name of a Latin-American terrorist to be something like Carlos. And you wouldn't be surprised if, after embarking on his revolutionary career, he adopted a code name like Ilich. In this case, however, it's the exact reverse.

He was named Ilich by his father, José Altagracia Ramírez Navas, the kind of armchair radical and Trotsky of the tea table you find populating the works of Chekhov. A passionate admirer from afar of Marx and the Russian Revolution, he not only named his eldest son Ilich but named his other two sons Vladimir and Lenin.

Being a fervent theoretical Communist did not deter little Ilich's father from milking capitalism of every Venezuelan bolivar and American dollar he could lay his hands on during the Venezuelan oil-boom years. This proved fortunate because his wife—the mother of Vladimir, Ilich, and Lenin—was, just like her husband, a figure familiar from Penguin paperbacks. While the paterfamilias composed ideologically correct textbooks for his sons' private education and dreamed of the Coming Collapse of Capitalism, Mother's reveries were of escaping the provincialism of their liv— of seeing and enjoying the big-city li before darkness descended.

In the Penguin classics, such a wi an would have dreamed of St. 'e tersburg or Buenos Aires. T s however, was Venezuela in the t 50s. Señora Elba María Sánc de Ramírez had set her sights Miami. Miami, Jamaica, Me City: such were the kinds of plac punctuated by periodic trips h to Venezuela—where the future Ca the Jackal would form his idea of world, while being educated mostly various private tutors and in vari private schools.

In 1966, Ilich and his brother Le were admitted to the University of racas, though they would never st there—for a reason as revealing the names their father had chosen them. Seven years earlier, Castr guerrilla army had taken over Hava by 1966, the Vietnam War was ready in full flame. Two years la student demonstrators would brie seize control of the streets of Pa before a right-wing French political ganizer named Charles Pasqua hel reconquer the Champs-Élysées the petite bourgeoisie.

The whole world seemed to be cat ing on fire. All over Latin Amer countless ardent youngsters consider themselves urban guerrillas, even if th "revolutionary struggle" took a fo no more dramatic than fistfights f lowing endless heated arguments local cafés. The University of Carac in particular, was a cauldron.

And, fervent but theoretical Ma ist-Leninist that he was, José Altagra Ramírez certainly had no intenti of letting *his* sons get mixed up such adolescent shenanigans: aft all, they might get arrested, or ev hurt; their future professional prospe might be endangered.

So Mother and her boys set out another endless vacation, this time London. There Ilich, who would b come one of the most notorious t rorists of the 70s, would sit out t two most dramatic years of the 196 While Indochina and Latin America and even Berkeley and the Sorbonne

PASQUA'S PRIZE
The man behind the capture of Carlos, French interior minister Charles Pasqua, photographed at Place Beauvau in Paris, August 15, 1994.



rowning in whiskey! Pasqua made him a star again."

seethed with revolutionary tumult, Ilich Ramirez would begin to drink whiskey and fornicate in the West End, gradually perfecting two of the three great pastimes which, along with murder, would fill in the contours of his life.

Did Carlos, then, not receive revolutionary "training" in Cuba in 1966, as has been reported in countless newspaper articles? Did he not operate as "a guerrilla in Caracas" in the early 1960s, as was still being widely reported when he was captured this year?

In his unrivaled investigation of Carlos's career, *Tracking the Jackal,* the British journalist David Yallop establishes many important facts about his early life—and, much more important, disproves many others. He makes a convincing case that these tales of Ilich's early revolutionary activities are, like so much else in his life, nothing but hype.

In the early 60s, when myth presents him as a fully formed urban guerrilla, Ilich Ramírez was 13 or 14. By the summer of 1966, when he supposedly was undergoing "training" in Cuba, he was all of 16, and his mother, at his father's behest, was packing their bags for London in order to escape the revolutionary ferment of Caracas.

What neither the mythmakers nor his father apparently took into account was that, in 1966, living in London Swinging London, as it was then being called—was probably a much more mind-bending and subversive experience for a middle-class Latin-American teenager than any jaunt to Havana could have been.

Remember, this was the age of the Fab Four and Twiggy, as well as Che and Uncle Ho. It was the epoch when, briefly, the two most famous thoroughfares on earth were Carnaby Street and the Ho Chi Minh Trail. John Lennon was already a more revered revolutionary than Vladimir Ilich Lenin. And, it shouldn't be forgotten, London by then was already a terrorist capital—a magnet for all sorts of disaffected radicals, especially from the Middle East.

For almost two years Ilich and his brother took lessons at those London academies that specialize in helping young sojourners from the Third World pass their A- and O-level exams. Then, in 1968, Ilich Ramirez, accompanied by his kid brother Lenin (nickname: Lenny), checked into another of history's discotheques: Patrice Lumumba Peoples' Friendship University in Moscow.

Patrice Lumumba University was named after the Congolese leader whom, in a rare display of unity, the United States and its Western allies had overthrown and murdered—the better to protect the stupendous natural resources of the Congo, later known as Zaire, from the Communist Threat. Widely trumpeted at the time as a model of Free World cooperation, the assassination of Lumumba set the stage, directly or indirectly, for events that even today add a little extra bitterness to your coffee as the cheery anchors on *Good Morning America* spoon-feed you the latest headlines of African mayhem and murder.

Among those consequences: the establishment of the French-and-C.I.A.-backed Mobutu dictatorship in Zaire, under which one of Africa's most promising nations would descend to a level of political, economic, and moral depravity known neither in colonial nor in pre-colonial times. Also: the death of millions, through neglect or outright murder, in Zaire, as well as in Burundi and Rwanda, Belgium's two other former African colonies, which the French quickly incorporated into their sphere of influence after the Belgians cut and ran.

The Kremlin's response to the Lumumba assassination was to give his name to a university in Moscow where young Africans, Asians, and Latin Americans were to be trained in such subversive activities as building bridges and curing sick people. Of course, if these Moscow-trained Third World engineers and doctors later chose to keep in touch with the K.G.B., or even someday establish dictatorships of the proletariat in their own countries, no one in the politburo was going to weep into his vodka.

But this was already the Brezhnev era. In Moscow, thousands of young foreigners would encounter a degree of drabness, regimentation, corruption, and intellectual dishonesty that would turn them against Communism forever. For Ilich and his kid brother Lenin, studying at Lumumba University was particularly disillusioning. This was because, as Yallop remarks, the Ramírez brothers arrived "not from Third World poverty and backwardness but from swinging London."

Soon enough they were back in Swinging London. Ilich and his brother had been expelled from Lumumba University after less than two years.

Carlos's sojourn in Moscow would spawn extravagant myths: he had been recruited by the K.G.B. to go there; once in Moscow he was programmed—like some Venezuelan version of the Manchurian Candidate—to wreak havoc on the West.

The facts seem much more mundane. Yet again, Father had decided he knew best.

Through friends in Caracas, he had discovered that Lumumba University was offering scholarships to Venezuelan students; he also learned those scholarships would not be particularly difficult to get. For José Altagracia Ramírez, this must have seemed the ideal solution for his two sons. In Moscow, his boys could learn about Marx and Lenin in well-disciplined classrooms from professional instructors. They wouldn't be allowed to run wild like the kids in Caracas.

Ilich's admission to Lumumba University spawned the myth that he was a K.G.B. clone. His expulsion, the mythmakers therefore concluded, must have been a clever bit of disinformation on the part of the Soviets.

Ilich was expelled, though for reasons that had nothing to do with his future employment. In 1970, 20 of the young Venezuelans were dismissed from Lumumba University, for quite valid reasons from the Soviet perspective. Products of South America's richest and least disciplined national culture, these turbulent Latins were an academic apparatchik's nightmare.

Ilich took off for Jordan, where the atmosphere was more congenial. He spent a few months in a guerrilla training camp before heading home to London, where he continued to

France might never have heard of Carlos again, except f

live with Mother, on Father's money.

Two months after his 24th birthday, on December 30, 1973, Ilich Ramírez Sánchez at last did something noteworthy with his life. He shot Joseph Edward Sieff, a Jewish businessman, in the face.

Not only was Sieff president of that quintessentially British retail chain Marks & Spencer, he was also vice president of the Zionist Federation of Great Britain. At a single stroke, therefore, Ilich had struck a mighty blow against both Capitalism and Zionism! Or so it seemed.

But this was just the first of many illusions in the career of Carlos the Jackal. Even though he shot Sieff at point-blank range, Our Great Revolutionary Hero missed his mark.

He did not manage to kill the president of Marks & Spencer. He left him with a kind of gigantic healed hole, resembling a beauty mark, to the lower right of his right nostril, which surely enhanced, rather than eliminated, Sieff's fund-raising activities on behalf of the Zionist Federation of Great Britain. And everything Ilich/Carlos did or would do after this incident would contribute, however much he imagined otherwise, to the not-so-Discreet Triumph of the Bourgeoisie.

Or to put it another way, he was from the beginning a one-man Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—the Jerry Lewis of terrorism.

Thus he was destined, even then, to become a Big Deal in France.

The fatal flaw in Karl Marx's theory of class conflict is the assumption that human beings really do act in their own class interests. History refutes this notion again and again. The Tory party in Britain, for instance, would seldom, if ever, gain power if it weren't for the "deference vote" from working-class supporters.

By shooting the English bourgeois Edward Sieff in the face, the Venezuelan bourgeois Ilich Ramírez proved Marx wrong yet again. The fact that Sieff and Ramírez belonged to the same economic class proved less important than certain noncapitalist determinants: cultural, religious, psychological, and biological.

Perhaps the most important of all these noncapitalist determinants in Carlos's case is actually pre-feudal, maybe even DNA-based. I refer here to the interrelationship between his terrorist career and his mother and father.

No doubt The Family, contrary to what dialectical materialism initially supposed, will outlast socialism because, as Carlos's subsequent career demonstrated, parental affection does not alter as it alteration finds. Even when their spoiled, dropout, layabout son turned into a mass murderer, Mother and Father continued to stand by their firstborn child. In 1991, when Carlos flew into Libya, hoping Colonel Qaddafi would give him sanctuary, Mother was right beside him. And this year, after Carlos had been drugged and flown to Paris, Father—intercepted by journalists—said, "He is the greatest hero of the world."

Like his parents, Ilich/Carlos wound up conforming to a stereotype. Europe is full of wanderers from the New World, whose months in Paris or London stretch into years and, finally, decades. Scarcely realizing it, they dawdle their lives away, drinking in cafés that are no longer fashionable, thinking ideas that are no longer original—playing at being poets or painters.

"Carlos took the grand tour and never came home," a former Latin-American radical I met in Havana once told me. "The only difference with Carlos," he added, "is that he played at being a revolutionary instead of a poet."

Shortly after shooting and failing to kill the English target of his first supposedly professional "operation," Carlos did what many an itinerant young composer or poet does when London ignores his genius. He drifted on to Paris, next stop on the grand tour.

In the dog days of August 1974, it is generally accepted, Carlos conducted his first terrorist attack on French soil. Car bombs went off in front of three magazine and newspaper offices. No one was hurt and no one much noticed. However, a little more than a month later, Carlos began seriously resonating with the French and France's illusions of itself.

On September 15, 1974, he tossed one or two grenades into Le Drugstore, a restaurant and shopping complex on the Boulevard Saint-Germain in the heart of Paris's Left Bank, where if you search hard enough, you can indeed find aspirin as well as best-sellers, banana splits, the latest pop hits, and four-course French meals. Directly across the boulevard is the Café les Deux Magots, where, decades earlier, Jean-Paul Sartre had held court, creating the model for an entire generation of French intellectuals.

By the time Carlos tossed his grenades, Deux Magots had become an intellectual Burger King. Le Drugstore was also well past the days of its first renown, when, for example, in May 1970, while consuming a chocolate milk shake there, I discovered that the fellow American next to me consuming a vanilla milk shake was James Baldwin.

By 1974, no famous literati were likely to be at Le Drugstore—only schoolchildren and tourists eating ice-cream cones. Therefore, among a certain stratum of the French intellectual elite, Carlos's grenade attack on this glorified ice-cream parlor produced neither outrage nor alarm, only scarcely concealed satisfaction.

"You must remember the times," a French acquaintance remarked when I asked her to recall her feelings when she'd first learned of the explosion. "Back then Le Drugstore was considered a beachhead of American cultural imperialism. So naturally I was not distressed."

In contrast, the working-class stiffs of the Paris police and various French anti-terrorist units were extremely distressed. They did not regard Carlos's attack on Le Drugstore as an illuminating commentary on the paradoxes of maintaining French superiority in the face of cultural aggression by indisputably lesser Anglophone—that is to say, English-speaking—civilizations.

These dumb cops regarded the sight of screaming, dismembered little children, soaked in blood and melting ice cream, as prima facie evidence of the commission of a heinous crime. Putting two and two together, they went on to draw an additional inference to

thing. Carlos had fallen in love.

hich their intellec-
al betters were obliv-
us: a madman was
ose in the heart of
aris. But they had no
lea who he was.

If Carlos, following
s grenade attack, had
own home to Caracas,
e very probably would
ave remained the author
f a perfect crime. He still
ossessed the criminal's
ost treasured weapon: to-
l anonymity, no Interpol
ossier with his photo and
ngerprints in it.

But why go home now
hen, after its shaky start in
ondon, the grand tour was
rning into such a trip! Black
eptember 1970—the sangui-
ary crackdown by King Hus-
ein's forces on Palestinian
edayeen and refugee camps in
ordan—had provided the great
wakening for Carlos. Like count-
ss other "revolutionaries," rang-
ng from Ivy League dropouts to
anessa Redgrave and Jean Genet,
arlos was fascinated by the ma-
ho, gun-toting décor of the Pales-
inian cause.

After being expelled from Lu-
umba University, he had linked
p with an eclectic range of "mili-
ants." By the time of the Drugstore
operation," he was—depending on
ow seriously you take which account—
onspiring with every terrorist group
rom the Popular Front for the Lib-
ration of Palestine to the Basque
eparatists and the I.R.A. Simultane-
usly, or at least as the Carlos myth
would eventually have it, he was for-
icating with every available woman
hose politics were to the left of
hose of George McGovern.

While Carlos enjoyed himself in
aris, the wheels of the French police
nvestigation kept turning. Then, on the
ultry night of June 27, 1975, one of
hose accidents occurred that, in po-
ice work, can lead either to triumph
r to disaster. Agents of the D.S.T.—
he French version of the F.B.I.—hap-
ened upon the tail end of a party being
eld at an apartment on the Rue
Toullier, near the Sorbonne,
which Carlos shared with several friends.

For the flics this was just a rou-
tine inquiry; a shoot-out was the last
thing they wanted or expected. Had
Carlos cooled it, nothing much might
have happened. But, as usual, he
formed an erroneous and extravagantly
narcissistic analysis of the situation:
The jig was up, it was him or them.
As he fled the apartment, Carlos shot
three cops. His marksmanship evidently
had improved since London. Two of
the three D.S.T. agents were killed.

The "Rue Toullier Affair," as it be-
came known in banner headlines, trans-
formed Carlos. *Continued on page 248*

TERRORIST
TRANSPORTATION
Top and above, a high-security convoy
took Carlos to the Paris central court to
appear before Judge Jean-Louis
Bruguiere for his first hearing after
his arrest in the Sudan.



Pina Collider

Mention postmodern dance to most people and their faces take on a pained, glazed expression. Tell them it's *German* postmodern dance and they run from the room, screaming. Now Pina Bausch is enticing them back, by injecting a generous tonic of humor and sex into a form that had become stale, flat, and dull, dull, dull. Recently acclaimed by one critic as "the world's most influential, and most controversial, choreographer," Bausch and her company, Tanztheater Wuppertal, have reinvented the form—or, more precisely, invented their own. This month they will present Bausch's newest work, *Two Cigarettes in the Dark*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in the company's only American performances this season.

Dance theater à la Pina raids the closet of 20th-century art and performance, and transmutes the disparate elements by alchemy into something completely original. Surrealistic eroticism, astringent Brechtian satire, and a bold dash of cabaret vamping are united with traditional modern-dance movement to create an experience that manages to be at once metaphorical and yet palpably, searingly real. The audience is gripped with suspense, even if the story remains elliptical, allusive, and at times bewildering.

In past pieces, Bausch's dancers have splashed across a flooded stage, waded through masses of carnations, and swirled through the dust of demolished cinder-block structures. *Two Cigarettes* promises to be no less strange: one dancer swallows a lit cigarette, another chops up oranges with an ax and then projects a film on a woman's bare breasts, a third piles up hay with a pitchfork. Bausch has explained it all in her own unique way: "Dance can be anything. The cosmos is large. I am just a discoverer." Now you know.

—JAMIE JAMES

Photograph by DIETER BLUM


PINA
BAUSCH
Postmodern
dance
with a generous
tonic of
humor and
sex.

Decorating



Great Dames

For almost 50 years
Sister Parish
and her English counterpart,
Nancy Lancaster,
decorated the drawing rooms of
bluebloods and big money.
Until their deaths
this year, they were taste arbiters
for the English gentry–
and for Kennedys and Rockefellers.
AMY FINE COLLINS recalls
the reign of two rival design divas who,
from opposite sides of the ocean,
invented the
country-house look and knocked
the stuffing out of the
world of interior decorating



ELEMENTS OF STYLE

Sister Parish, "a female George Washington" in Ferragamos and pearls, photographed by Snowdon at her Fifth Avenue apartment (draped for the shoot), 1988, *left*. *Right*, Nancy Lancaster shot by Horst in the garden at Haseley Court, wearing her trademark tilted Gainsborough hat, 1965.

Even before the September burial of decorating legend Sister Parish at the high-Wasp summer colony of Dark Harbor, Maine, numerous versions of her final words were burning up Manhattan telephone wires. Since her July 15, 1910, birth, Parish, née Dorothy May Kinnicutt, had passed each summer at the resort, but it was clear that this season the ailing octogenarian had gone up to her yellow clapboard house to die. On September 9, along with her daughter Dorothy "D.B." Gilbert and her sister-in-law, she had taken her lunch on a porch overlooking the heliotropes and the water. Parish then retired to her hospital bed, set up next to the same four-poster where her mother had given birth to her 84 years ago. Parish was overheard bantering with her nurse. "You'd better listen to me," she growled. "I'm a tiger." The nurse countered, "I'm not afraid. I'm a lion!" Not to be bested, Parish proclaimed, "And I am king of the jungle!" And, as one socialite put it, "then she cooled."

Parish was king of the drawing-room jungle, if only because the one other contender, Nancy Lancaster, her Anglo-American counterpart, had just died in her well-appointed lair, the Coach House of Haseley Court in Oxfordshire, England, three weeks earlier, aged 96. Over the decades, the two grandes dames had led parallel, and sometimes intersecting, lives, shared tastes, furniture, and friends—if not clients—and enjoyed a very amicable rivalry. Pioneers in their profession, both were born to the privileged class they advised, and both broke the mold that formed them.

"It is not fashionable to speak this way anymore," says Annette de la Renta, whose mother, Jane Engelhard, was an early Parish client and whose own New York apartment is furnished with treasures purchased from the London apartment Lancaster gave up in 1982. "But both women were products of the upper strata of Wasp society. Their backgrounds gave them a certain innate assurance and taste. The difference was Sister was a Yankee, and Nancy a southerner."

Lancaster was the daughter of Lizzie Perkins, one of the fabulously beautiful, witty, and athletic Langhorne sisters from Virginia. One married Waldorf Astor and became the acid-tongued first female M.P. in Britain, Nancy Astor; the most exquisite, Irene, literally embodied the era's ideal, the Gibson Girl, when she wed the artist Charles Dana Gibson. Invalided out of the Civil War, Lancaster's grandfather Chiswell Dabney Langhorne went on to sell tobacco and then to help build the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, where he made his fortune. These funds enabled him to buy what would become the family homestead in Greenwood, Virginia, a red brick Georgian manor called Mirador, which was "always the house my mother loved best," says Lancaster's son Michael Tree. Just before her death, Lancaster spent days with her sister Alice, "talking nonstop about Mirador, and the parades of Civil War veterans that used to march down Monument Avenue when they were girls," her niece Elizabeth Winn says. So large do the Langhornes loom in Virginia lore that across from Mirador, in the Emmanuel Episcopal Church, built by Nancy Astor in memory of their mother, "there are more references to the Langhornes, Astors, and Gibsons than to Jesus Christ," one native notes.

Parish's lost Eden was Mayfields, a handsome stone behemoth of a house in the foxhunting country of Far Hills, New Jersey. There, surrounded by rolling hills, tennis courts, and the English furniture collected by her Wall Street–banker father, Sister Parish "absorbed [her] standards for perfection," she wrote in *HG* magazine in 1990. "She was always extremely sentimental about Far Hills. But she could hardly bear to look at Mayfields after it was sold," says a New Jersey friend. Albert Hadley, Parish's partner of 32 years, says she once screwed up the courage to show him the house. "Drive in," she commanded peremptorily. "And now—drive away!"

Unlike the chiseled-featured, auburn-haired Lancaster, who aged into, biographer Robert Becker states, "the sexiest 90-year-old you'll ever meet," Parish was, she claimed, "a hideo baby" who matured to resemble, sa her hairdresser of 30 years, "a fema George Washington" in Ferragam and pearls. Nevertheless, having be brought up around three brothe (hence her enduring nursery name, "S ter"), Parish got on famously with t fellows and "had plenty of beaux," sa a Far Hills friend. Like Lancaster b fore her, Parish was sent to Foxcro founded by a Lancaster cousin (Na cy entered in its first class). Sist was by this time "curvy" and "a nif number," say friends. A few years a ter her 1927 debut, Sister marrie Henry "Harry" Parish, a Harva man and, like her father, a banker. Na Kempner (whose husband, Thoma worked with him at the investment fir Loeb, Rhoades) remembers him as handsome man with broad shoulder an attractive voice, and beautiful ma ners, who didn't mind being upstaged

Always family-minded, Parish r mained devoted to her husband unt his 1977 death. "She babied Harr like a child," says Jane Engelhard, f whom Parish decorated three house Doing her part to help support the three children when Harry and her f ther suffered serious reversals during th Depression, she opened a Far Hil decorating shop in 1933. This bold e pedient initially did as much harm a good; Harry's uncle and aunt, mort fied that she had gone into trade, in mediately disinherited him. Yet th establishment of Mrs. Henry Parish I Interiors, was an inevitable transitio for her. The cottage they occupied o the grounds of the Dillon estate—don up with white painted furniture, plea ed valances, cherry-red and white floors an Aubusson rug, and a Steuben glas fireplace—had become a local marve And before going professional she ha already been solicited for advice o decorating the Essex Hunt Club an the original Howard Johnson's restau rant. "I've never done a thing in aqua since," she later wrote.

Lancaster's fondness for he family extended more t blood relations than to hus bands. Out of Foxcroft an orphaned, she went up north to live with her aunt Irene Gibson, who duly launched Nancy into New York society. Summering in the

"Both women were products of the upper strata of Wasp society. Their backgrounds gave them a certain innate assurance and taste."




HORST

Sister Parish's greatest celebrity came from the work she did for the Kennedys: "A newspaper ran the headline KENNEDYS PICK NUN TO DECORATE WHITE HOUSE"



DEVOTED SISTER

Sister Parish driving her "baby-blue plastic speedboat" in Penobscot Bay, Dark Harbor, Maine, June 1962. *Opposite,* Sister's signature bright colors and mixed patterns in a client's country house: a Victorian needlepoint rug and an American Empire chaise with a knitted throw and Victorian beadwork pillow. The furniture is covered in printed linen for the summer. *Inset,* Sister, right, with her family in Jacksonville, Florida, at the dawn of W.W. II: husband Lieutenant Henry Parish II and children D.B., Harry, and Apple.

Gibson house on Seven Hundred Acre Island, Maine, Nancy accepted a marriage proposal from Marshall Field's heir Henry Field while—in a remarkable quirk of fate—the six-year-old Sister, on holiday with her family nearby, eavesdropped on the porch. Married in New York at the Gibsons' (Cole Porter was an usher), the couple leased the Manhattan house of Ogden Codman, co-author with Edith Wharton of *The Decoration of Houses*. Six months later Field died from a botched operation; his body was buried in the Langhorne plot at Emmanuel Episcopal Church. Enriched with an income that would long support her taste for living in high style, the young widow set sail with her sister Alice to visit their aunt Nancy Astor in England.

On shipboard, the Virginia belle caught the eye of a new suitor, diplomat Ronald Tree, Field's Anglo-American first cousin. The couple married and moved into Mirador as Tree bid unsuccessfully for a Stateside political career. To Lancaster's everlasting regret, they abandoned Mirador for the English countryside in 1927, when Tree accepted a post as joint master of the Pytchley Hunt in Northamptonshire. Thrust into a society that unquestioningly understood her Virginian's passions for foxhunting and genealogy, Nancy adjusted at once to English country life. They rented Kelmarsh, an early-Georgian house, and after Tree was elected a Conservative M.P. in 1933 they bought the Palladian Ditchley Park, in Oxfordshire—complete with its William Kent and Hepplewhite furnishings, school-of-Van Dyck portraits, Elizabethan paneling, and 3,000 acres—from the family that had occupied it for 300 years. Ditchley had such an illustrious past that the walls were still adorned with a set of heads of stags killed by James I on his visits there. Beneath the trophies hung brass plaques "telling in verse the sad little stories of how and where each stag had met its end," Tree wrote in his memoirs. The house became Nancy's first major decorating project: the couple spent two years renovating what he called their "Sleeping Beauty waiting to be called back to life." In addition to painting rooms "the color of air," as Nancy liked to say, and dragging in such treasures as a cut-down Tiepolo and a chandelier made for a Russian noble family, the Trees introduced central heating, bedrooms with carpeted bathrooms, and a modern kitchen.

Cozy, eclectic, well lit, and adjoined by a spectacular Italianate garden, Ditchley soon became known as "the most attractive and comfortable house in England," according to a onetime guest. "You can't imagine how forbidding the other houses at the time were—linoleum floors, high ceilings, suits of armor, drafts, dampness, and no place cozy or comfortable to sit. Nancy was one of quite a few American women—Wallis Simpson, the Cunards—who came over around that time and really loosened things up."

"England hadn't known such good plumbing since the time of the Romans," says Michael Tree, the older of Nancy's two sons (her younger son, Jeremy, died last year). At its peak, he recalls, Ditchley "was very much at the hub of the world. Winston Churchill first met [F.D.R. confidant] Harry Hopkins there. I remember my mother one night at dinner talking like mad to try to interest Churchill, and he just kept staring down at his plate. He then raised his head to announce some very bad news: H.M.S. *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* had been sunk by the Japanese that day."

Nancy's impulsiveness, however, cut the Ditchley idyll short. For several years she had been not so secretly carrying on an affair with Colonel C. G. "Juby" Lancaster, the Tory M.P. from whom the Trees had rented Kelmarsh during their first years in England. After her 1947 divorce from Tree, she married Lancaster and returned to Kelmarsh. Legalizing their union was a cold spoon in their soufflé; the marriage fizzled at once. "He was physically unattractive, and very self-important," recalls Nancy's Virginia niece Betsy Varner. "Nobody liked him." An acquaintance echoes, "He was a terrible, thundering old bore."

Michael Tree says, "My parents, from a decorating point of view, were a marvelous pair. But she was never really interested in politics, which were practically my father's whole life. Later she had her regrets." Supplanted at Ditchley by Marietta Peabody FitzGerald (whom Ronald married in 1947), Nancy, in a role worthy of Daphne du Maurier's Rebecca, amused herself by torturing the great house's new châtelaine. On her first night there, Marietta pulled o a drawer in Nancy's old bedroom o discover a note in her predecesso scrawl: "How does puss feel in boots?" it read. The stationery, so claim, was marked "Bitchley."

But Nancy did take away from l second marriage one consolation pri As a sort of parting gift, Ronald T bought her an interest in the venera decorating firm Colefax & Fowler. was purchased for a trifle," reca Michael Tree. "Not more than £10,00 For Nancy, the arrangement was ide She provided John Fowler, the com ny's decorating whiz, with otherw inaccessibly lofty social connectio and emboldened his somewhat pris professorial style. In exchange, he work with her on her next house, Hasel Court (purchased in 1954), and a companied her to house sales arou England. Their penchant for stagi explosive public rows about nothing particular induced her aunt Nancy A tor to call them "England's unhappie unmarried couple." Though she act as éminence grise while Fowler trar formed such grand properties as the E of Pembroke's Wilton, Michael Tre Mereworth, Lord Rothermere's Dayle ford, and Lady Aucastor's Grimsthorp "she never really *worked,*" says Imog Taylor, who joined the firm soon a ter Nancy assumed ownership. "S was a lady of leisure, to say the lea She was always dressed exquisitely Paris clothes from Schiaparelli or B main. She was John's inspiration, a arbiter of taste, if that's the word f it. And as neither she nor John ha any business sense, the firm was alwa running in debt. At the end of eac year she would write a check for a fe hundred pounds to pay off our debts. Lancaster was simply carrying on i the tradition of her Civil War–vetera grandfather, who retired as soon as h had made his first pile of money. "H believed work was strictly for 'Negroe and northerners,'" says Michael Tree

Aristocratic idleness was ar tithetical to the Yanke work ethic of Siste Parish, who toiled daily i the office. By the 40s an 50s, Mrs. Henry Parish I Interiors, had expanded its client ros ter well beyond the Far Hills gentry t include the uppermost echelon of th

:w York Social Register set. Operat- on an honor system that precluded such conventions as purchase orders, e added on huge jobs from such clients Jane Engelhard, Bunny Mellon, Babe iley, Happy Rockefeller, and Brooke stor. Women from her old-money class t at ease with her, and newer mon- sought her out for the blue-blooded, digreed atmosphere of her work. "She tacked a house completely intuitive- It was in her blood," explains dec- ator David Kleinberg, a Parish-Hadley sociate. "She had no formal training, patience for the architectural schemes e drew up. But she had an instinc- ve feeling, more expert than any ar- itect's, for how a room had to be t together to function." Mark Hamp- n, a Parish employee in the 60s, ys, "She revived the fat, downy so- s of her mother's generation, which d gone out of fashion with the ar- val of thin, dinky modernist uphol- ery. She loved patterns, pillows, aborate armchairs, brilliantly glazed alls, ornate English curtains—in short, xury and overstatement without pre- nsion or vulgarity." Says decorator unny Williams, who worked for Parish r 21 years, "She introduced a new, pbeat palette—extraordinary whops of lues, reds, pinks, and yellows that mply hadn't been seen in New York partments. She intentionally mis- atched colors and furniture," going s far as to cut the fabric for each hair from a different part of a chintz create a more glamorously haphaz- rd effect. In a humbler mode, Parish evived such country-crafty bits of Americana as rag rugs, quilts, knitted hrows, and painted furniture. The re- ult of this imperious offhandedness, ays Jane Engelhard, was "simplicity nd homeyness. What other decorator ould have created a house appropri- te both for me and my 15 grand- hildren?" Like Lancaster, who always nsisted she was a mere "percolator of deas," Parish loathed the idea of dec- rating. "Once, when I had some pho- os of my work published in a nagazine," Hadley remembers, "Sis eyed ne suspiciously and asked, 'Is this lecorating?'"

In spite of her unscientific, slapdash pproach to flinging a room together, Parish could be alarmingly precise when t came to money matters. "One day, t must have been in the 40s, Sister was having lunch at my mother's," Reinaldo Herrera recalls. "As they were sitting in the dining room my mother asked her, 'Do you think that orange or yellow is better in here?' Sister suggested orange, and the next thing she knew, my mother had received a bill for $50. She sent her five $10 bills, and a note saying, 'Please send me $40 for lunch!'" At least one client remembers trembling in terror as Sister commandeered a tea cart, ladening it with every lamp, picture, and cushion that she disapproved of, then making additional rounds until the apartment was nearly stripped bare.

While Nancy accepted a marriage proposal from Henry Field, the six-year-old Sister Parish, on holiday with her family nearby, eavesdropped on the porch

When, across the Atlantic, Lancaster got wind of how Sister's business was prospering, she decided Colefax & Fowler should get a piece of the action. She dispatched a number of choice items—a screen painted with birdcages, some oval-back chairs with swans—to Sister, convinced she had found the perfect sales outlet abroad. "Then she received a shock when she happened to see some pictures of Sister's New York apartment," says Mario Buatta. "Everything she had sent over had immediately entered the American decorator's private collection. And that was the end of their partnership." It never stood in the way of their friendship, however. On buying trips abroad, Parish always shopped at Colefax & Fowler and she regularly visited Haseley Court, the most admired of all Lancaster's houses. D. B. Gilbert, Parish's younger daughter, remembers a trip to Haseley not long after Lancaster moved in: "Mummy was so excited by everything she saw, pointing out furniture, objects, and arrangements to me. She never did that with her own work. In fact, she never talked about decorating at home at all—we really had no idea what Mummy was up to."

There was a lot at Haseley to thrill any sentient visitor. A triumph of quixotic imagination over academic correctness, the décor was "simply marvelous, a slight parody of the English country house," the art historian John Richardson notes. "Nancy was like a great cook who has no need to measure. She dragged all kinds of stuff into Haseley—lamps with broken parchment shades, old fabrics, Regency furniture that had seen better days. And somehow, with her magic touch—and this was the brilliance of her decorating—she'd create a romantic, cozy, and distinguished atmosphere." It always looked, Colefax & Fowler archivist Barrie McIntyre says, as if there were a man in residence as well. "She had an incredible sense of color and a particularly generous sense of scale," Richardson continues. "The things she liked were never the most costly, but they always had some unusual twist. She loathed that gleaming museum-quality look. John Fowler had one theory that there should always be a touch of what he called 'P.P.F.,' 'poor people's furniture,' to take the curse of grandeur from a room." Michael Tree explains, "My mother was born only 35 years after the Civil War. Everything was still pretty well smashed up. She loved the mood of slight decay, sadness, and nostalgia. Virginia bit very, very deeply into her psyche." She painted the planters and garden furniture at Haseley Confederate gray, and whenever she was in residence she flew a Confederate flag above its entrance.

Oddly, the influence of Haseley's décor, and that of the apartment Lancaster kept next to the Colefax & Fowler offices on Brook Street in London, has been so widespread that most





Such was the state of "pleasing decay" in her London library that Nancy Lancaster claimed rats were scurrying underneath the floorboards where Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret danced.

FANCY NANCY

Opposite, Nancy Lancaster outside Haseley, 1965—hat, as ever, askew. *Above,* Lancaster's most famous room: the "buttah yellah" library in her Mayfair flat. *Inset,* the Tree family at Kelmarsh, circa 1930, before Nancy ran off with the landlord, Juby Lancaster; Ronald and Nancy surrounded by their sons, Michael and Jeremy.

decorators credit her with having invented "the English-country-house look"—a mixed bag composed of furniture of various nationalities and epochs, acres of faded chintz, and plump upholstery lightly dusted with dog hairs. (Such was the state of "pleasing decay" in the "buttah yellah" library in her London flat, decorator Nicholas Haslam says, that when she gave a coming-out ball there for the Duchess of Beaufort, Lancaster claimed rats were scurrying underneath the floorboards where Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret danced.) Explains Haslam, "It took an American, someone with a fresh eye, to bring chintz downstairs, where you used to find only velvets or brocade. She also introduced fresher colors"—rich apricots, cerulean blues, and, of course, butter yellow. "And she invented the English garden as we know it. Sweet peas among the roses, clipped yew trees, a chintz garden—everything tumbling out of the borders, as Nancy said, like 'an old lady's petticoat.'"

If Lancaster's fame arose almost exclusively from her own houses and gardens, Parish's greatest celebrity came from the work she did for the Kennedy White House. When the plans to renovate the president's private dining room, the oval drawing room, and the children's bedrooms were first revealed, "a newspaper ran the headline KENNEDYS PICK NUN TO DECORATE WHITE HOUSE," says Albert Hadley, who joined the firm at this time. Though it has also been reported that Jacqueline Kennedy fired Parish for scolding Caroline for putting her feet on the chintz, Hadley maintains there was never a rift. "When Mrs. Kennedy was widowed, Sis helped her get settled into 1040 Fifth Avenue. We worked on the drawing room and dining room." (Later, Parish grew fascinated with Kennedy's companion, Maurice Tempelsman, convinced he was "the kind of man every woman needs." When Jacqueline Kennedy died, she exclaimed, "I'm going after Maurice Tempelsman before Betsey Whitney gets him!")

In the late 60s even Parish momentarily lost her bearings and succumbed to the reigning youth culture. "She covered her walls with eggplant vinyl and hung an abstract painting," Hadley says. An aberrant phase, it passed mercifully quickly, and soon enough "her apartment was Sisterized again." Inevitably, Parish attracted the idolatrous curiosity of Andy Warhol and Halston. Likewise inquisitive, she invited the pair to her ladylike, heirloom-embellished maisonette at 960 Fifth Avenue, "but only for drinks," Hadley qualifies.

While Parish's work for such longstanding patrons as Jane Engelhard and Betsey Whitney continued unabated, the 80s also laid at her lacquered doorstep a new generation of clients, such as Henryk and Barbara de Kwiatkowski. While visiting them in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1987, the Duchess of York, desirous of all she surveyed, called Parish to ask if she would accept the job of decorating Sunninghill Park, the house then under construction for her and Prince Andrew near Windsor Castle.

During the first meeting at Parish-Hadley, Sister, scrutinizing Sunninghill's bizarre architectural plans, turned to the Duchess and asked, "What style do you call that?" "New York," Fergie quipped. With a façade like a hotel, and a plan that included no bathroom for Fergie, Sister reported, but a library with a clear view into the conjugal bedroom, Sunninghill was forevermore referred to by Parish as "that hideous house." For a follow-up conference at Buckingham Palace, Sister made her entrance wearing, to Hadley's horror, a slightly crushed leopard-trimmed hat. "What have you done to your hat?" Hadley whispered. "I sat on it," she retorted, soldiering on. When Parish-Hadley lost the York commission shortly thereafter, British newspapers reported that the firm's estimates were too costly. "Not true," says David Kleinberg. "We hadn't even made up a budget. The royal family decided it was bad form to hire an American decorator. Sister anticipated this problem from the start." Hadley adds, "Fergie was headstrong and assumed she could get the Queen to agree to whatever she wanted because at the time she was the favorite."

On Sister's last trips to England she continued to see Lancaster, who in the meantime had adjourned to Haseley's coach house, having sold Haseley Court (now owned by Fiona and Desmond Heyward). In need of money, requiring less space, and dispirited by a fire in the 70s at the main house, Lan- *(Continued on page 247)*



HOUSE AND GARDEN

Nancy Lancaster and Sister Parish standing in the drawing room at Haseley, April 1963. The boxwood topiary chess set is visible through the window.



When Sister came for a visit, Lancaster dismounted from her wheelchair and asked Parish to hop aboard— she zoomed straightaway into her hostess's roses.

LIAM

(Continued from page 202) knowing you're going back to the tent, getting into sleeping bags. One evening, we were camped on the banks of the Loire, farther north, and she made this spaghetti sauce over the campfire out of bits and pieces she'd got in a local market. The pasta was fresh, and the air, and the Loire, and you're looking at châteaux. I can still taste that meal."

He didn't avoid marriage, Neeson says; it just never came up. "Marriage wasn't a golden light at the end of my life—I was too caught up in getting into this business. I just always believed you let the wind blow between you. Even during courtship. I don't mean a distance, but always keep something back."

After the run of *Anna Christie*, Neeson's lady-killer reputation, coupled with the news that Richardson was leaving her husband, British producer Robert Fox, created a storm of intrusive publicity.

"I was warned of Liam's reputation every time I picked up a newspaper," Natasha Richardson says, making—yes—tea in Neeson's trailer. (He can't stand up in here without banging his head on the ceiling light.) Even in jeans and an oversize sweater, she conveys a calm luminescence. "It is scary when somebody has that kind of reputation and you find yourself falling in love with him. You think, Am I crazy or what? . . . But when everyone assumed we were in love, we weren't. We fell in love later. He certainly fell in love with me later."

When did Richardson fall in love? "Oh, I don't know if I want to get into that, if you don't mind," she says. "People assume things. One doesn't want to be in the position of having to explain oneself." (She and Fox had been married only two years, yet they had been together for six before that.) "A marriage ending is always really sad and hurtful. My marriage ending had nothing to do with Liam." And then the subject is closed.

"What was it about Liam that you fell in love with?" I ask.

"He's incredibly kind, and very funny. I mean, very funny. But there is this real Celtic spiritual-loner thing about him," Richardson says, smiling as if each word tastes sweet. "He's a genuine person. He is so much *who he is* that I couldn't quite believe it. I think when you come from his background, and your life has been a struggle, and then you get to a place where it isn't so much of a struggle, I think it's hard to trust it. I think he probably, on some level—although he wouldn't say it—wakes up every morning thinking, Isn't it great I'm not driving a forklift truck?"

Neeson remembers exactly when he realized he was in love. In Kraków, shooting *Schindler's List* in mid-May 1993, he almost forgot Richardson's 30th birthday. At the last minute he fired off a fax that said, "You're catching up with me. Lots of love, Oskar." The next day a fax came back, full of hurt: "This is like a letter from a buddy. What is our relationship?"

"And I thought, what is it?," Neeson recalls one evening by the fire at Inverlochy Castle. Cherubs gloat on the ceiling. He wrote Richardson a note full of world-weariness, about how show-business relationships are easily started but easily abandoned.

"As I wrote it, I thought, God, but I am cynical. Here I am, 40 years of age—is this what I believe in? I was actually patting myself on the back for remembering her birthday in time, and sending this scribbled note with this little witticism. And here's a woman hurt because it was so flippant, it wasn't personal. And so as I was writing this letter, I realized, God, I really love this person. It's real and genuine and has to be protected."

Protected is right. When Neeson proposed to Richardson at a Chinese restaurant in Manhattan, two women at the next table overheard it—and told it all to the press. Then, two days before their July wedding in the garden of their farm in upstate New York, a guest leaked details to CNN. They doubled security, planted extra trees, built a new fence. Photographers came, but they couldn't get in.

Now Neeson's friends tell stories of the "I never thought I'd see the day, but I'm so happy for him" variety. One Friday night when Richardson was visiting the *Schindler* set, Neeson and co-star Ralph Fiennes took her to their favorite restaurant, a place where the waiters—aspiring musicians and actors—sang around the piano. "They had a *joie de vivre* that was very attractive after a week of Holocausting," Fiennes says. "Natasha took the mike and sang 'Maybe This Time' from *Cabaret*. She was absolutely stunning, the star of the evening. Liam sat there, so happy, watching her."

"Liam tells stories the Irish way, by acting it out: 'Then I turned around like *this!*' " Jodie Foster says. "Natasha is more English, wittier, wry, more literary. During *Nell* they rented a house and had food sent in, and they would have the dinner parties. I watched him watch h tell stories. He gets such a kick out of t way she can turn a phrase. You can s that he totally loves her."

For Richardson's 31st birthday, Neeso wrote out the itinerary for their hone moon (a few days in Venice and a week the South of France) in beautiful scrip and left it under her pillow. At their we ding, the bride sang a Van Morrison so she had modified for the occasion. Th groom made a most heartfelt speech abo incredulity and happiness. "In it yo sensed the complete arrival of this man Ralph Fiennes says. "You knew this wa exactly right for Liam, exactly now."

Of married life itself, Neeson says, h knows next to nothing. He starte right in on *Rob Roy*. Richardson spen time in New York planning the benef premiere of *Blue Sky*, the last film direc ed by her late father, Tony Richardson.

"I need my own space. Christ, I'd g crazy if I didn't," Neeson says. "An Natasha knows that about me. She gets a me for reading alone in bed. I'll hear th voice: 'Why don't you read down here' But I can't. I have to be in bed to read, be cause when I was a kid we lived in a ver small house. There was no space, and had to get out on my own. So I guess I' have to break that habit sometime. Or no There are some things worth keeping.

"What I'm discovering," he continues slowing down, "is that I've always avoided serious conflict with women. Maybe it' because I thought they were gonna leave Or because I was scared of how far could go with anger. With Natasha, we don't have flare-ups, but a couple of times we've had angry words, and afterwards, it' always been great. I think, She's still here and I'm still here. And I actually feel bet ter. It's like a big achievement, you know?"

"Natasha suggested you might be start ing a family—soon," I say.

"Oh, I'm sure it will happen," Neeson says. "Whether I can honestly say I'm overjoyed at the thought, I'm not. It's like 'What's the surface of the moon like?' I don't know. One of my sisters [he has three] has six children. Her husband I remember him saying after the birth of the third—wait, who's the third? Emma. Conor, Louis. I said, 'How's Louis?' He said, 'Jeez, I don't know. I think I've seen him twice.' Which I understand. But I know I'll share the nappy changing and all that. I'm kind of good that way. I'm the type that loves washing up dishes. Good therapy."

They will rule the New World, this

Last fall, model Helen Dailey was interested in what was coming out of Paris, Milan and Spring Hill.

Helen is pictured in a red cocktail dress by Oleg Cassini of Milan, accessorized by a gold SC2 Saturn of Spring Hill.

We're flattered, to say the least. After all, as a professional model for over ten years, Helen's appeared in ads, done runway work, and even teaches modeling at a Houston Barbizon school. Seeing so many styles come and go, she's picky about what she's given in. And if it isn't priced like some rhinestone-studded designer original, that's all the better.

We're pleased Helen chose the Saturn. And we think she'd be pleased our 1995 coupe has received a makeover that includes dual airbags, a more ergonomic



dash, restyled front and rear fascias, even additional colors and fabrics. Okay, some might call us slaves to fashion, even if we are from a little town in Tennessee.

SATURN

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LIAM

king and queen, in New York City. London is "stale and bleak," Neeson says. And Los Angeles he calls "such a fascist place. In Ireland the public house was always the social center, a meeting place. Certainly when I was in Dublin, it was a godsend to go to.

"In L.A. if you were seen to go into a bar, it's like 'Little problem there?' And the anti-smoking brigade, the insidiousness of it. The air is this yellow cotton wool of shit, and people come up to you and say, 'Do you mind putting that cigarette out?' It's wonderful people keeping fit and stuff, but I'm from the European school. I smoke—and I smoke too much—but I run 15 miles a week. But in Los Angeles it's like they jog for two hours a day and then they think they're *morally right.* That's when you want to choke people, you know?"

New York, on the other hand, engages his attention and leaves him alone. "The metaphor I like to use is that New York is like an elastic band that's continually being turned, but it's never going to snap," Neeson says. It doesn't hurt that he lives in a spacious two-bedroom apartment with views of Central Park, a place full of "loads of books" and the eclectic art that Tony Richardson collected on his travels.

Or that he just traded in his Ford Bronco for a new four-wheel-drive Mercedes-Benz. He reads from the brochure, his voice both ironic and gleeful: "'Introducing the new Geländewagen, a brutally efficient four-wheel-drive machine cleverly disguising an expensive luxury sedan.'" He appears not to notice how well the description fits him.

Neeson and Richardson can jump in the new car and in about two hours arrive at their 1810 farmhouse with its wide front porch. "Just like the Waltons," he says. He wants to import potato seeds from Ireland; to "maybe, as time goes on, do what old Monet did" and plant meadow flowers, lilies, and different species of trees; to ride the 1989 Harley-Davidson Springer Softail motorcycle Natasha gave him for his 42nd birthday—"to basically get my hands dirty." For now, the barn stands empty, except for his punching bag.

To be Rob Roy today, Neeson has to bound over a moss-covered stone bridge onto a tall scaffold covered in empty packing boxes, with a layer of thick gym mats on top. The crew were here before dawn, building the scaffold. "You come up here in the mist, you think werewolves are going to jump out at you," one says.

Neeson leaps and leaps. The camera shoots him from this angle and that. "What's he wearing under his kilt, then?" a driver asks Julie Priddle, Neeson's assistant on *Rob Roy.*

"Marks & Spencer cotton briefs," she replies.

"So, he's not a true Scotsman, is he?" comes the reply.

"It must be hard jumping all day," says a makeup girl. "Mind you, if I was making $5 million, I suppose I'd do it, too."

> "What I'm discovering is that I've always avoided serious conflict with women."

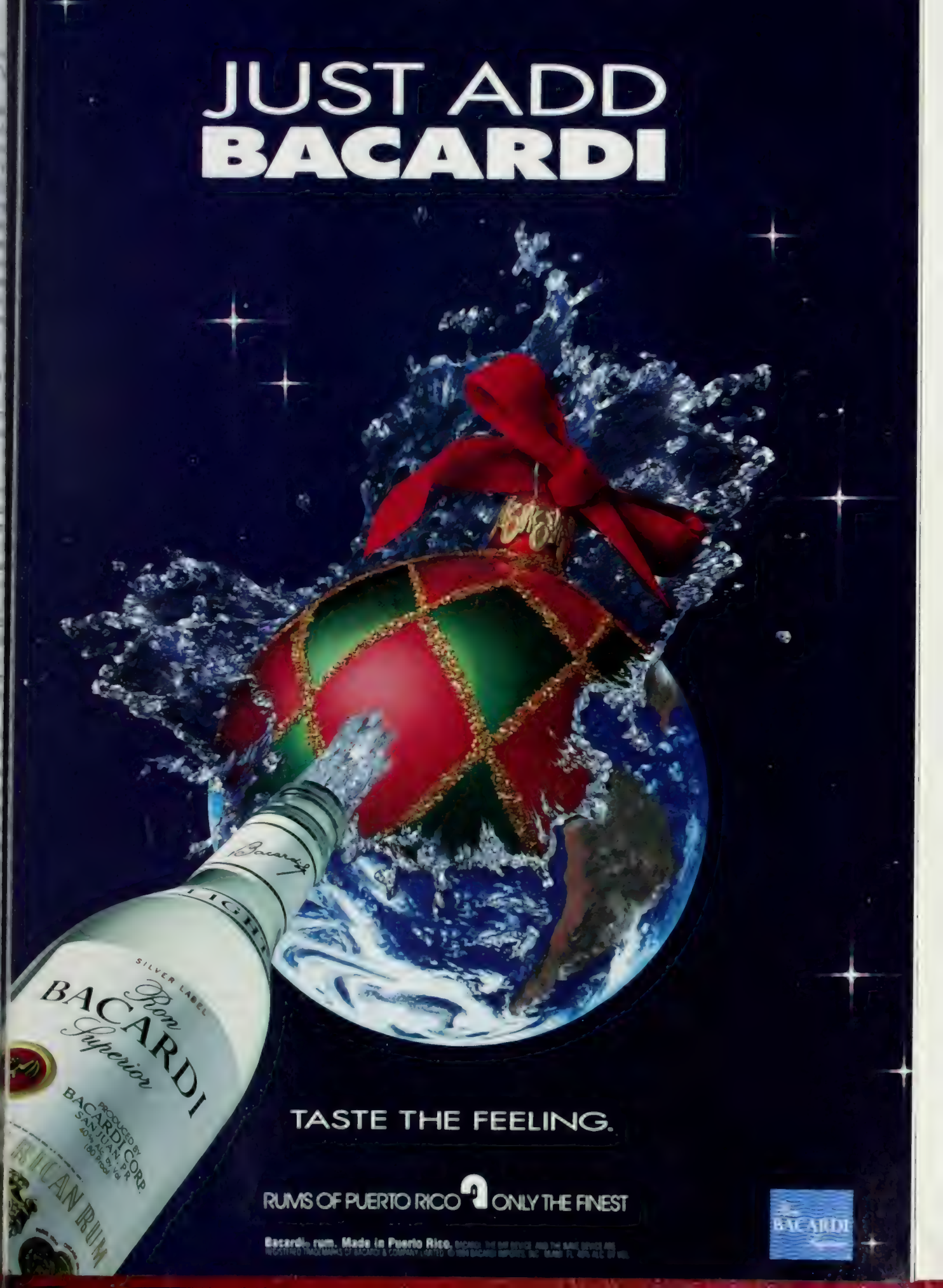
Sometime in 1995, Neeson hopes to play a different kind of tall, romantic hero: Oscar Wilde. David Hare (*Plenty*) is writing the script, Mike Nichols will produce—and Liam says Hugh Grant may co-star as the male lover Wilde went to prison for.

"I read Ellmann's genius biography of Wilde when it came out six years ago," Neeson says. "God, what a hero this guy was. Not just in his artistic beliefs but in the trials and tribulations he went through, the horrendous time he had in Reading Gaol—to come out with the wonderful dignity and belief in what he'd done. I feel about Wilde the way I do about Ignatius of Loyola: certain men and women, you get the chance to really glimpse their soul." Any qualms about love scenes with Grant? "Darling, absolutely not," he drawls. "Wilde w passionately in love with Bosie. That h to be seen."

When the *Rob Roy* crew breaks f lunch, Priddle delivers a thermos of so brought up from town. "Liam hates t catering food," she says. "And I'm li Natasha, I like things nice. I tell the gu on the crew, 'Don't give Liam plast plates and forks; ask housekeeping f china and silver.' Liam likes cheese, I'll cut up five or six different cheeses a arrange them on a plate. Other peop here who bring him lunch, they'll ju plunk a whole cheese on a foam tray. just ends up getting thrown away."

Now, listen: Neeson is a man wh while shooting a swimming scene in *Ne* gashed his foot on an underwater sca fold, got 15 stitches, and then r turned to work at two A.M.—just case they needed him. Neeson is man about whom an extra on *R Roy* says, "Liam talks to everyon the same, no matter who they are Neeson is a man who stopped on h way into the glittering premiere pa ty for *Schindler's List* to shake han with an elderly Holocaust survivo and ended up sweeping her into th party on his arm and getting her drink. He's a man who buys fabu lous dinners for large numbers o people, and then smolders when cabdriver rips him off for 50 cent The man who still blushes when h recalls how he lied to the nuns du ing his brief stay at teacher-trainin college. (Mr. Neeson, the teache Quite a thought.) The man who fret that the red coats in *Rob Roy* ar too red. He's the man who read World War I poems and works him self into a quiet black rage because "Flan ders was such carnage and waste: a mi lion and a half young men died, and the have statues in Whitehall, near Downin Street, to the fuckwits who engineered it Haig and all those old bastards up o their horses." This is a man who can't cu his own slice of cheese? Yep. Long liv the king, in all his contradictions.

Lord Liam sits in his folding chair un der a vast green umbrella, smoking Rain jangles down around him. The *Ro Roy* crew go about their business Richardson walks up, hands him a cup o tea, drops into the chair beside his. He pulls a black tarpaulin over them. They talk, heads close. For 10 or 20 seconds the sun burns through the leafy drizzle Her hair gleams. He takes a sip of warm sweet tea. □


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WHITTLE

(Continued from page 210) gets up and says, 'Money is the fuel we burn at this company,'" says DeBevoise.

Some speculate Whittle's unwillingness to let anyone else manage stemmed from bad memories of Moffitt, the last to exert any real control over his brash impulses. Whittle was also wary of what had happened to Steve Jobs, the brilliant young entrepreneur who had started Apple Computer and ended up losing the company to his strong chief executive, John Sculley. "His chief fear was that he would be forced out of the company he had created in his own image," says Keith Bellows. As a result, his top executives were singularly ineffective, because they either were not given sufficient authority or were assigned the wrong job, or because it was unclear what their job was. Gerry Hogan complained for months that he was being paid too much—a rumored $1 million—for the vague duties that fell under the heading of "investor relations." Hogan reportedly quit in disgust, and went to work for John Malone, as head of his Home Shopping Network.

Others, such as Hamilton Jordan, seemed to lose their way in the Whittle ether. Jordan ran the Media Lab, which was supposed to come up with Whittle's next big scheme. Until the Media Lab was closed down, Jordan was working on "Project 2000," a plan to throw a global party on the millennium that would be sponsored by five of the world's largest advertisers, such as AT&T, Sony, and Philips. The Millennium, brought to you by Whittle Communications. "Chris loved the idea," recalls Martha Hume, who helped create *Special Reports*. "But it shows how far away from reality the company was getting."

No one believed Whittle's winning streak would ever end, even though cracks were beginning to show. By 1990, the once promising publishing divisions were being cut back. *Special Reports*, one of Whittle's core businesses, was also in trouble. Staffers say the seeds of destruction were sown before the series even got off the ground, when Whittle came up with the idea to take out full-page ads in *The New York Times* and other papers boasting about how many readers it had, even though the publications weren't out yet. Whittle says these were the normal kind of estimates businesses make. But his employees differ. "We were just flinching," recalls Elise Nakhnikian, noting that the editors all knew he was asking for trouble.



WHITTLESBURG
The $55 million Whittle headquarters—modeled after Thomas Jefferson's campus at the University of Virginia—in Knoxville, Tennessee, is nearly empty now. Covering two city blocks, the complex is up for sale.

"In-house, people would ask, 'Are these real numbers or Whittle numbers?'" says Gary Belis, former director of media relations for Whittle and current head of publicity for Wenner Media. "There was a wink-and-a-nod quality to the place." And a contagious optimism. For the partners' lavish Christmas party that year, Whittle flew in Bobby McFerrin, who sang his hit single "Don't Worry/Be Happy."

Over the next two years, things got steadily worse. A Florida-based company had started putting television sets in doctors' waiting rooms, and Whittle was panicked that this would undercut his position in the market. He decided to turn *Special Reports* into a network, even though none of his staff had any video experience. The cost of converting equipment and retraining ran into the millions of dollars. For the first time, the company had moved from the offensive to t defensive, and no one noticed.

With his older businesses showi signs of faltering, Whittle raced ahe upping the ante, gambling that the n deal would be big enough to save the e pire. "I think Chris got tired of the sma er projects and decided to really go f it," says Nakhnikian, recalling that in t early days Whittle would ask editors propose ideas for projects that could ea $5 million. Two years later, it was $ million. "He kept raising the floor."

Whittle thought he had found the a swer to his problems his two advertiser-back news services: Chann One, launched in 199 and the Medical Ne Network, in 1991. He b everything on their su cess, once predicting th MNN alone would ge erate revenues of $5 million a year. But each case the start-u costs were staggerin involving expensive tec nology, televisions, an the wiring of locatio across the country. H spent recklessly: in th first 18 years of the co pany, his total capit investment was $20 mi lion; in the last 5, it ba looned to $240 millio Although he raised $9 million in developme money from drug co panies to test MNN, th company had to borro more from the bank and was in debt up to its eyebrows. Soo after he brought Philips in as a partne to help finance the company and pro vide the hardware, Time Warner let it b known that it wanted out.

Whittle was devoting less and less tim to the company, and more and more tim to raising money. He spent months ro mancing Disney chairman Michael Eis ner, who was impressed by what he ha seen of Channel One. But Disney appar ently got cold feet about being linke with the controversy over advertising i classrooms, which continues to draw fir from educators and watchdog groups. I early 1992, Whittle almost managed t sell a third of his company to Forstmann Little & Co. for $350 million, but tha deal also collapsed when the investmen firm questioned his revenue forecasts, be lieving them to be overly optimistic.

n May of 1992, Whittle called a ting of the whole staff at the old nessee Theater. In the future, he told n, there would be two Whittle com ies: Whittle Communications, which ld be a leading media company with nings of $3 billion by 1996, and the son Project, which would be the lead provider of high-quality education by 6. To accomplish those lofty goals, continued, they would have to nonstrate "a new discipline." He then nounced a series of cutbacks and lay s, eliminating company cars and first ss travel. "It is the most difficult deci n I've had to make in my 20 years e, and I deeply regret it," he told m, bowing his head, too distraught to ntinue.

By then, even his loyal staff had begun see the grim reality. "Fifty percent of people there believed it was an act, 50 percent believed it was genuine," alls Andrew Nelson, who is now a part in a software company called Cyber x down the street from the old Whittle dquarters. "The mood turned ugly."

Martha Hume remembers glancing out window of her office that spring and ing a gardener wading into one of the ls of white tulips to weed out a lone blossom that had somehow taken ot. When she called down and asked a what he was doing, the man said, Ir. Whittle told me to remove it." The ality of what had happened struck her n. "Chris had overseen every detail of t building, and he had ignored the busi ss." "I've admitted that the building was nistake," says Whittle today.

n a painful board meeting last Febru ary, Whittle agreed to cede control of ily operations to Don Johnstone, the mer head of the Philips Consumer ctronics Company and a seasoned pro cost-cutting. "Chris likes growing ngs," says Johnstone. "It was not his le to do the retrenching."

Johnstone—dubbed "Tombstone" by hittle employees who felt he was there bury the company—wore conservative ts, club ties, and a small Philips lapel , a capital *Q* that stands for "Quality." hnstone has run several billion-dollar sinesses in his time, but in 64 years, he ys, he has never encountered anyone ite like Chris Whittle. "I don't think ris can visualize defeat: he doesn't ve the normal fears other people ve," says Johnstone in a voice that is ual parts admiration and amazement "hris is not a huckster. He never did ything remotely unethical," he says, pausing before adding drily, "though he might have made a great slum lord."

Johnstone immediately pulled the plug on the *Special Reports* network, and in his first two months on the job he cut $40 million in costs out of the overall company. It soon became apparent, however, that the company was caught in a cash-flow crunch. Whittle's partners had gone all the way with him, believing until the very end that MSN would work and that he would persuade large pharmaceutical companies to fork over millions of dollars for his advertiser-driven news service. The doctors had loved it, and the test results had been so promising on paper that "it looked like a slam dunk," recalls one board member. But Whittle had not anticipated Clinton's election or the impending threat of health-care reform, with its H.M.O.'s and managed care. At the same time, the drug companies were in a state of chaos, with large-scale mergers making it impossible to do business.

Whittle's partners stand to lose a great deal. Time Warner, which had wanted out of Whittle for more than two years, has reportedly written off its entire $185 million investment. The amount is nearly four times the loss incurred after the infamous folding of its *TV Cable Week* magazine. Reginald K. Brack Jr., the chairman and C.E.O. of Time Inc., is said to be extremely bitter. At one point near the end, a red-faced Brack reportedly turned to Johnstone, who was a member of the Philips board, and sputtered, "The investment in Whittle has been my Vietnam."

Brack denies making the statement, but concedes that his relationship with Whittle was "acrimonious" at times, and that they clashed repeatedly about Whittle's bloated overhead. Brack admits he was personally appalled that Whittle had two Cessna Citations commuting back and forth between Knoxville and New York, particularly after Brack had eliminated two of Time Inc.'s three corporate aircraft. "I had a lot of trouble with it," says Brack tersely, "but we did not have a lot of control over him."

Many of Whittle's employees feel personally betrayed by their former boss. Since the company had no pension plan, many were counting on their Whittle stock for their nest eggs. Instead, they now find themselves stuck in Knoxville with no job, and big houses they can't begin to sell for what they paid for them. Adding to his employees' bitterness is the widespread belief that Whittle's idealism cloaked a powerful materialism and that he was greedily acquiring homes and art even as he was laying people off. "Over the past 24

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WHITTLE

years," Whittle says, "out of 135 limited partners, 99 of them—that's 73 percent—made money on their stock, 15 percent broke even, and 12 percent lost money. The total amount made by limited partners came to $20 million; the total lost was $332,000." There is no doubt that few of the Whittleites will earn so much again.

And, what's more, Whittle put his money where his mouth was. Last year, he personally guaranteed funding in his company, meaning he will take the hit along with his investors. And when the Edison Project ran out of money last summer, he funneled in upwards of $25 million of his own savings. Whittle's closest colleagues believe his personal finances are every bit as desperate as his company's were. He reportedly borrowed against his stock to fund his lifestyle, and has sizable debts. All of his Knoxville properties, along with a Fifth Avenue town house valued at $15 million which he acquired when he felt he needed something even grander than the Dakota outpost, are for sale. Whittle won't discuss his personal finances, but says he could never bear to part with his East Hampton house. "He loves that house," says a former Whittle C.E.O. sadly. "He probably personally made $50 or $60 million by the time he was 40. But he was like a financial alcoholic. He would go out and binge, and then need another $30 million."

His wife, Priscilla Rattazzi, is not one to cut and run. "Priscilla is a tough girl," says a friend, who adds that the marriage is strong, and emphasizes Priscilla's "fierce loyalty" to Chris. "She's very self-protective. She's not the socially ambitious one. Like a lot of people who grow up with everything, she doesn't care about that stuff."

On a Monday afternoon in September, a humbled but basically unrepentant Whittle is addressing a group of 50 advertising executives—members of the New York chapter of the Business Marketing Association—at a luncheon in the McGraw-Hill Building. The mood in the room is subdued.

The theme of Whittle's speech might best be described as "Lessons to Learn and Not to Learn from Failure." Parts of it are clearly canned, and it contains jokes ("The only D I ever got in college was the only business course I ever took") that must have played better when he owned "one of the nation's fastest growing media companies," as advertised on the luncheon invitation, instead of a collection of debts and liabilities. Not surprisingly, Whittle could find only one good lesson to be learned from failure, and it is the following: "When you have a hot hand, play it with restraint."

"He has a healthy ego," says Don Johnstone, explaining that Whittle has dealt with the adversity of the last year better than anyone he has ever seen in similar circumstances. "His energy level, his attitude, are good. He's not down in the mouth. He's handled it like a real man. He's learned some tough lessons, some expensive lessons."

"Some people say Chris creates his own reality," observes one of Whittle's former partners. "Maybe so. It is what allows him to do things others can't, to blaze new paths." Some speculate that it also insulates him from the full reality of what has happened. "It's called pathological self-delusion," says Charlie De-Bevoise. "He's dangerous," warns Keith Bellows. "This could happen again."

Whittle's critics think it is already happening again. They say Edison has already absorbed more than $40 million in seed money and will wind up being too expensive and go bust, possibly as soon as Christmas. Just try convincing Whittle of that. "On a 1-to-10 scale, it's a 5," he says blithely. "Meaning I don't think it's going to be a layup shot, but I've done harder things."

As it stands now, Edison has completed its research-and-development and marketing phases, and has 21 letters of interest from cities across the country that have signed up to let it come in and run their schools. But Edison is now facing competition from other school-management companies, such as Educational Alternatives Inc., which is already operating schools nationwide and is planning to take over the Hartford, Connecticut, system. These competitors don't face the obstacle that confronts Edison—an association with Whittle's controversial Channel One, which brought advertising into the classroom. "For someone who employs the right aesthetic in all his homes and cares deeply about appearances, Chris missed the boat when it came to corporate image," says one member of the Edison Project. "He never understood that educators might distrust someone from advertising. In a way, it was very naïve."

More than one investment counselor has told Whittle that Edison has a much better chance with Benno Schmidt as the front man, and many believe a showdown between Whittle and Schmidt is inevitable. Edison has been Schmidt's project for the last two years and he is not going to take a backseat now. Schmidt, who admits that Edison will probably not raise the required $50 million and will be forced to pare down the number of schools it plans to open, denies that there is any tension between himself and the man who lured him away from Yale, saying tersely, "Our working relationship is just fine." When told of Whittle's intention to make Edison his main focus, Schmidt bristles and says that "Chris has made it completely clear he is not going to have any role in the day-to-day workings of the project." When pressed about Whittle's role at Edison, Schmidt mumbles vaguely about him being "a great source of . . . vision." Schmidt has confided to more than one colleague that his career has gone awry and had he never left Yale for Edison, he might be on the Supreme Court today.

No matter what happens with Edison, no one believes we've heard the last of Whittle. Presumably he will be involved in his friend Lamar Alexander's bid for the Republican presidential nomination, probably as a member of his kitchen cabinet. And Whittle has reportedly already assured close friends that he has lined up the next "big deal," which will put him back on top. "I wish I could tell you what's going on," said Whittle after a recent trip to Lon

VANITY FAIR

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	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies printed	1,494,819	1,552,130
B. Paid and/or Requested Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	383,011	350,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	756,368	768,160
C. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation	1,139,379	1,118,160
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means samples, complimentary and other free copies	26,514	27,759
E. Total Distribution	1,165,893	1,145,919
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7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete
(Signed) Mitchell B. Fox, Publisher

. His reputation on Wall Street, however while never good, is at an all-time low. dman Sachs is reportedly furious about ng Channel One to K-III and feels that ittle sold the company out from under n. Whittle's defenders say Goldman lled blood and tried to drive a bargain would have shortchanged Whittle's tners and employees. "Pigs get slaughd," says one close to the negotiations. ittle says, "All the partners ultimately eed to the K-III deal."

No one is counting Whittle out. "Oh, is will come back, he's brilliant," says bert E. Hope, who now owns Whittle nts and makes a point that many peobelieve, that Whittle's ideas will go on be profitable businesses under new ners. Hope, who likes Whittle, was deding him in a conversation with yne Huizenga, who started the Blockster Video business, when Huizenga st out laughing. "He said, 'That's what happens to entrepreneurs.'" recalls Hope "'They start lots of companies and lose them all.' He said, 'I only have one left, and that's Blockbuster. You only need one to cover all your sins.'" "Chris will always do 99.9 percent better than everyone else," says Don Johnstone. "He's got good genes."

Back in Knoxville, locals are taking little comfort in the Dear John letter which Whittle addressed to the entire community, and which ran in the October 2 edition of *The Knoxville News-Sentinel*. The letter is a sort of fond farewell. "Were we a failure or a success? It's not black or white. Entrepreneuring is an inherently sloppy activity . . . and the final verdict regarding our work has not yet been rendered."

He concludes the letter by explaining that he is pulling up stakes and moving on. New York is where his future lies. "But where I spend my time has nothing to do with where I'm really from," he writes. "And when people ask that, there will always be one answer. I'm from Knoxville." It is sad, funny, and, in places, almost poetic. It is vintage Whittle.

Unfortunately, Whittle is no longer very popular around town. It's true, as he is at pains to point out in his letter, that the building he has left behind is "a beautiful asset" to the community, but for the time being it is more of a huge white elephant. Johnstone hasn't been able to find any buyers for the $55 million Whittle building—he puts the actual cost closer to $65 million—and renting it may prove difficult, given the hefty utility bills.

If no one buys the Whittle building, the city may be left holding the bag for the $8 million in tax-deferred loans. "So much for good-looking, slick-talking hometown boys," says Betty Bean. "They always end up taking you for a ride." □

ANCASTER & PARISH

ntinued from page 238) caster later gave her London apartment as well. "My other never felt bitter, never had any re-ts," says Michael Tree. "She felt very vileged and lucky to have had what she d. She always cared much more for furure—its life and its history—than for ople. It was much more real to her. Peo- were necessary only to fill the theater, to speak. And she still had her garden, ich she loved better than anything."

ancaster took to touring her garden (which included a topiary chess set ade of boxwoods) in an electric wheelair, her trademark Gainsborough hats ll perched rakishly askew on her head. he Irish couturière Sybil Connolly reembers that at balls in years past "she en wore her tiara on the tilt.") She gned the need for an ear horn when she sn't keen on conversation, made faces bores behind their backs, insisted to eryone that she was so old she resemed a man, and remarked that the bun at e back of her head had thinned to "the e of a raspberry." When Sister came for visit, Lancaster dismounted from her heelchair and asked Parish to hop oard she zoomed straightaway into her stess's roses. The year before Lancas-r's death, the BBC filmed a documentary her in her gardens (the most visited in ngland after Blenheim Palace's). The broadcast opened with a shot of her butler, Fred Field, taping the early-morning birdsong and ceremoniously carrying the recording back to her on a breakfast tray—"completely staged for the camera crew," says British writer Hugo Vickers. During her last months Prince Charles paid a call, and Lancaster, sitting bolt upright as always, received him in her sitting room. "I'm not going to curtsy," she warned. "I might drag you down with me."

Melissa Wyndham says her great-aunt Nancy had hoped she would never live to reach 100. Her wish was granted. She died on August 19 in her Coach House bedroom, which was lined in the Angoulême-patterned paper she had first seen at Sybil Connolly's. The funeral took place at the Little Haseley church, among flowers cut from her garden, family from both Virginia and England, and farmers from the village. On the coffin, inside a wreath, Michael Tree placed a miniature Confederate flag. In October, her ashes were buried in the family plot at Emmanuel Episcopal Church across the street from Mirador, beside her first husband and an infant daughter from her second marriage.

Debilitated by an unspecified illness that would not remit, Sister, from her hospital bed, watched the Lancaster documentary, which had been videotaped for her by Mark Hampton. She had long been depressed by her only son Harry's sudden death from a heart attack. Barbara de Kwiatkowski says that she suffered another devastating setback when Betsey Whitney's plantation house in Georgia suddenly burst into flame while the two ladies were staying there to celebrate Sister's just-completed redecoration. (Whitney and Parish, narrowly escaping in their nightgowns with their dogs, were airlifted out of the cinders by a de Kwiatkowski plane.)

Parish had thought long and hard about her funeral. "She wanted to be buried in front of my father and brother in the cemetery at Dark Harbor to make sure she could watch how the people going into church were dressed," D.B. says. On one of her last drives up to Maine in her Ford Country Squire (a speed demon, she had her license suspended at least once), Parish was pulled over by a cop who had been disturbed at the sight of an old lady flying by, talking animatedly to the air. "I was talking to Yummy," she explained to the policeman, pointing to her Pekingese. "I was telling him all about my funeral." Parish also chided her older daughter, May Appleton "Apple" Bartlett, convinced she would never be able to deliver her funeral elegy. For once, Parish was wrong. "When I was little," Apple told the assembly of friends and family, "Mother didn't like it when I was scared of thunder. She'd say, 'Apple, that's just God bowling with the angels.' Now I know that whenever I hear the sound of thunder it'll be Mummy up there moving around the furniture." □

THE JACKAL

(Continued from page 225) literally overnight, from an anonymous grenade thrower into a worldwide legend. Terrorism was to the early 70s what AIDS became in the 80s—the invisible plague that seemed to threaten everyone everywhere. At the beginning of the decade, airliners had been hijacked and set down in the Jordanian desert. Later, masked gunmen had taken over the Munich Olympics. Now terrorism stalked the heart of Paris.

Carlos's newfound celebrity, however, counted less than the fact that law-enforcement agencies everywhere have very long and very unforgiving institutional memories when it comes to the cold-blooded murder of their own. What particularly enraged the French cops was that Carlos, as one undercover agent told me, "killed for no reason.

"That night on the Rue Toullier," he said, "we had nothing on him. Nothing! The most we could have booked him on was possession of an unlicensed firearm—one year in prison! You know, I respect some terrorists," he went on. "You can tell by the way they operate: these guys are professionals. No professional kills two men to avoid one year in prison. That *salaud* killed two good men for nothing." As he finished, his voice lowered, like the blade of a guillotine coming down.

Carlos disappeared. He would not be seen in France again until the morning of August 15, 1994, when the GLAM plane arrived from Khartoum. But he didn't lie low; he became the Carlos the police and crime reporters had invented.

In sensational letters sent straight to those hunting him—the French D.S.T. and Britain's Scotland Yard—he accused them of being the terrorists, of being hit men for the C.I.A. and Israel's Mossad. The world had not heard the last of Carlos.

On December 21, 1975, less than six months after fleeing Paris, Carlos and five friends—armed with grenades and submachine guns—burst into an OPEC meeting in Vienna. Overwhelming a couple of Austrian policemen, they seized 70 hostages, including 11 government ministers. Among them was the stupendously famous and stupendously rich Sheikh Yamani of Saudi Arabia.

Theories abound as to who actually instigated Carlos's kidnapping of the OPEC oil ministers, and why. Only one thing is certain. A 26-year-old Venezuelan dropout—now affecting a Che Guevara–style beard and beret—held the power of life and death over the men responsible for producing, and pricing, most of the world's oil.

The Austrians wanted no repeat in Vienna of what had happened in Germany three years earlier, at the Munich Olympics, when an attempt to rescue the athletes taken hostage led to a bloodbath.

Some thought Carlos had been programmed, like a Venezuelan version of the Manchurian Candidate.

So a plane was put at Carlos's disposal. From Vienna it carried him, his confederates, and his hostages to Algiers.

Arriving safe and sound in Algiers, Carlos was confronted with a question few terrorists ever have to ask themselves, because the hostage scenario very seldom gets that far. By then, usually, the hostage-takers, or the hostages, or both, are dead. The question Carlos faced was: To what end have I done this?

Carlos could have demanded a total oil boycott of Israel until Palestinian national demands were satisfied; free oil for the poorest people and nations of the world; or, to cite only one more of the thousands of demands a true revolutionary could have made, fundamental reforms in the major oil-producing countries themselves, including Saudi Arabia and his own Venezuela. It was, as Karl Marx might have remarked, one of those moments when class tells.

As I noted earlier, two themes run through the life of Carlos's father, José Altagracia Ramírez Navas: a rhetorical commitment to revolution, and a practical commitment to making money. Like father, like son. At the Algiers airport the young bourgeois and the hostage negotiators did not discuss human justice. They played their own version of *The Price Is Right.* When the price finally was right, they all shook hands.

According to the most extravagant estimates, Carlos got $20 million for letting his hostages go—along with guarantees that he would be allowed to lead the good life, with his newfound wealth, in some of the very countries whose officials he'd kidnapped. Twenty million dollars is, I doubt a gross exaggeration, but let's suppose it's true. Even then it would have been nothing but pocket money for Sheikh Yamani and the other hostages. They gave Carlos his millions the way people in Manhattan sometimes give a couple of bucks to an aggressive panhandler who annoys them as they're getting into a cab.

The OPEC hostages went home free. And Carlos? He would launch some notorious future "operations." But his career as a *political* terrorist effectively ends in 1975, at the Algiers airport, when he takes the money and runs. After this he becomes exclusively a *personal* terrorist, someone who uses terrorism in the attempt to regulate the problems of his personal life the way other people use credit cards or psychotherapists.

In fact, Carlos's main objective from then on seems to have been to continue the long vacation of a life that had begun when he was nine years old, when his mother had taken him and his brothers on their first extended foreign tour. France might never have heard of Carlos again, let alone be feeding and housing him today, except for one thing. Carlos had fallen in love.

Imagine a young West German woman who, in the 70s, is so cut off from the reality of her country's history that she believes West German materialism to be the ultimate evil. Imagine further that she goes for swarthy, bearded Third World types and that her name is Magdalena

K p and you know all you need to k v other than that Magdalena, like C os, turned out to be not only a fool- l evolutionary but an incompetent one. n early 1982, Kopp, along with anoth- r iend of Carlos's, was approached by a ris garage attendant because of a mi- or parking infraction. It was the Rue T lher all over again. Kopp's compan- o pulled out a revolver, though with dif- fe nt results this time.

he gun failed to fire, and they fled; s n they and their car were on an A.P.B. being broadcast all over Paris. When the cops caught up with Kopp, they found a stash of explosives in her car.

Carlos, who was apparently living in Eastern Europe, composed another of his famous letters to the French authorities. He wrote more in sorrow than anger. First the French police had ruined his party on the Rue Toulher by barging in uninvited. Now they had been so insolent as to interfere with the movements of the woman he loved. He demanded the "release of our soldiers within 30 days of the date of this letter."

Even though no Arabs were involved, Carlos purported to issue his ultimatum in the name of the "Organization of the Armed Arab Struggle—arm of the Arab Revolution." It was the reductio ad absurdum of the Carlos "revolution." Whatever he personally wanted at any time was justifiable in the name of someone else's freedom struggle. His lovers were "soldiers," prisoners of war. So it naturally followed that it was legitimate to kill on their behalf.

Credits

ashion

age 36: Bottom left, sweater, $700, by special rder from Bagutta, N.Y.C.; pants, $325, from the ianni Versace boutiques, N.Y.C., Chevy Chase, Maryland, Bal Harbour, Florida, and Beverly Hills, nd Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C. Bottom ght, jacket, $925, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. and ondon, and Ron Herman/Fred Segal, L.A.; pants, [illegible] Vilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **Page 159:** weater, $545, from Krizia, N.Y.C. and San Fran- sco; hair-and-makeup artist for Warren Tricomi. **'age 164:** Top, styled by Sasha Russell. **Page 66:** Top, grooming by Patty Wheelock. **Page 68:** Styled by Evyan Metzner; hair by Mitch [illegible] makeup by Sandy Linter. **Page 170:** op, styled by Alyssa Leal, grooming by Gail Goodman. **Page 178:** Sweater, $360, Paul mith, N.Y.C.; styled by Kelly Leighton Ackerman; rooming by Regina Harris for Stockland Martel. **'age 186:** Leotard, $26, call 800-288-6749. **'ages 188–89: Marcia Cross's** dress, $94, om Only Hearts, N.Y.C. and Santa Monica. **Courtney Thorne-Smith's** dress, $80, from Betsey ohnson stores nationwide. **Laura Leighton's** dress, [illegible]95, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and [illegible]n Marcus, Dallas; panty hose, $9, from elect department stores nationwide; shoes, $495, rom Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, N.Y.C.; ear- [illegible] from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Savan- [illegible] **Heather Locklear's** [illegible] from Untitled, N.Y.C., and Macy's, San rancisco; necklace, $1,950, from Tiffany & Co., N.Y.C. **Daphne Zuniga's** dress, $750, from Kalin- [illegible] 212-564-7112; necklace, $2,900, and ear- [illegible] $1,300, from Tiffany & Co., N.Y.C. **Josie Bis- sett's** [illegible] Bal Harbour, Florida, and Neiman Mar- cus, Beverly Hills, Erica Courtney earrings, $220. **Pages 190–91:** Suit from the Gianni Versace boutique, N.Y.C.; tie from Bergdorf Goodman [illegible] **Page 193:** Corset and skirt, made to order, and sweater, $1,295, all from Gianni [illegible] **Pages 196–97:** For details on sweater and [illegible] see credits for page 36; loafers, $275, [illegible] **Pages 200–201:** [illegible] $12; from Bloomingdale's and Macy's [illegible] $325, from the Gianni [illegible] **Pages 213 and 215:** Sweater, $400, from Cashmeres, [illegible] Florida, and Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; ring, $2,200, and bracelets, $2,500 and $3,500, from Martin Fine Period Jewelry, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Eugene, Oregon.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover and pages 196–203: All grooming products by Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren. Liam Neeson's hair styled with Alcohol-Free Hair Gel; on his face, Face and Body Sports Cream and Weatherproof Lip Balm. **Page 186:** Hair-and-makeup artist for Trish McEvoy. **Pages 188–89:** Creatives Volumizing Spray and Creatives Gloss hairstyling products from the Paul Mitchell Creatives Herbal Complex Series. On **Marcia Cross** and **Heather Locklear,** all makeup by M.A.C. Cosmetics. All makeup products below by Lancôme. On **Courtney Thorne-Smith's** eyes, L'Ombre-Stylo Duo EyePowder Pen in Lapis Diamant and Rose Diamant, and Aquacils Waterproof Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush Majeur in Berry; on her lips, Rouge Absolu LipColour in Rose Taffetas. On **Laura Leighton's** eyes, Maquiriche Creme Powder EyeColour Trio—Collection Inspirée, and Artliner Precision Point EyeLiner in Noir; on her cheeks, Blush Majeur in Gingembre; on her lips, Rouge Superbe LipColour in Matte Bordeaux. On **Daphne Zuniga's** eyes, Personalized Blush and Eye Compact in Bleu Fumé and Coquille; on her cheeks, Fraise Harmonie Blush; on her lips, Rouge Absolu LipColour in Rouge Réaliste. On **Josie Bissett's** eyes, Maquiriche Creme Powder EyeColour Duo in Aubergine and Nosegay, and Intencils Full Intensity Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Blush Subtil in Cedar Rose; on her lips, Rouge Superbe LipColour in Matte Royale. Teddy Antolin for the Estilo Salon, Joanne Gair for Cloutier/M.A.C. Cosmetics; Kathy Jeung for Visages Style; Karen Kawahara and Victor Vidal, both for Cloutier; Chris McMillan for Profile. **Pages 190–91:** All grooming products by Clinique Skin Supplies for Men. Hugh Grant's hair styled with Clinique Hair Gel for Men; on his face, Clinique Turnaround Lotion for Men; groomer for the MCM Salon. **Page 193:** All makeup by Revlon. On Claudia Schiffer's eyes, Overtime Shadow Matte in Spices, Softstroke Powderliner in Smoky [illegible] and Lashfull Mascara in Intense Black; on her cheeks, Naturally Glamorous Blush-on-Frost in Sandalwood Beige; on her lips, Colorstay Lipcolor in Cocoa; on her nails, Pure Nude. All grooming products by Aramis. David Copperfield's hair styled with Maltplexx Protein Enriched Styling Gel; on his face, Lift Off! Moisture Formula from Lab Series; [illegible] **Page 194:** [illegible] Trish McEvoy. **Page 212:** Brooke Shields's nail polish by Chanel in Rouge Noir Vamp; hairstylist for Yucki Sharoni; makeup artist for Smashbox Beauty; manicurist for Cloutier.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 8: Courtesy of Sotheby's, London. **Page 14:** From U.P.I./Bettmann. **Page 40:** Cinematography by Michael and Mark Polish. **Page 58:** Top, clockwise from left, from the Bettmann Archive; from FPG International; from Globe Photos; by Hy Peskin/*Life* magazine, © by Time Warner; from FPG International. **Page 78:** From Photofest. **Page 80:** From the King Collection/Retna Ltd. **Pages 86–87:** From *Life* magazine, © by Time Warner. **Page 92:** Top, from A.P./Wide World Photos; bottom, from U.P.I./Bettmann. **Page 117:** Top, from *Life* magazine, © by Time Warner; center and bottom, from U.P.I./Bettmann. **Page 140:** Top left, courtesy of the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin, and Maria Elena Rico Covarrubias; bottom, by Herman, from the book *Covarrubias,* © 1994 by Adriana Williams and the publisher, the University of Texas Press; others courtesy of Maria Elena Rico Covarrubias. **Page 150:** Center left and bottom, courtesy of Christie's. **Page 156:** Top right, courtesy of Christie's. **Page 164:** Bottom center, by Christa Stadtler. **Page 170:** Bottom center, by Lindsay Brice/LGI; bottom right, by Dafydd Jones. **Pages 182–83:** Layout photographed by Ted Morrison. **Pages 216–17:** Left [illegible] from Camera Press, London; from Agence [illegible] Sipa Press. **Page 222:** [illegible] Sipa Press. **Page 225:** [illegible] from Sipa Press; bottom, from Reuters/Bettmann. **Pages 228–29:** Left, from Camera Press/Retna [illegible] **Page 231:** Courtesy of Sotheby's, London. **Pages 232–33:** Left, courtesy of *House & Garden.* [illegible] right, from the collection of Albert Hadley; inset from the collection of Mrs. Riley G[illegible] **Pages 236–37:** Right and inset, from the [illegible] published by Knopf. **Page 239:** [illegible] **Page 244:** From Esto Photographics. **Page 254:** From Regards/Visages.

THE JACKAL

The most revealing declaration in Carlos's ultimatum to France, however, was the following: "I assure you that the contents of this letter are considered to be a secret of the organization. However, we have no objection to it being made public."

Leaked to the press, just as he had intended, Carlos's ultimatum made him a media star again, the object of fear and frenzied journalistic speculation around the world. Unfortunately, his hogging of the headlines prevented Carlos from achieving his other objective: a secret deal with the French to let his girlfriend walk. But, then, after a number of years of tiresome inaction, it did give him the excuse to go on the rampage again.

Between March 1982 and the end of 1983, from havens in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, Carlos is believed to have launched three major terrorist attacks inside France, including the bombing of Chirac's train. At least 11 people were killed. More than a hundred were wounded—all with the aim of restoring to Carlos's hearth and bed the love of his life.

A pregnant woman was among the shrapnel victims of this vendetta motivated by heterosexual affection. However, the single largest category of Carlos's victims turned out to be composed of working-class Arabs whose normal lot was to clean toilets and sweep streets in France—presumably the very kind of people the "Organization of the Armed Arab Struggle" was supposed to protect from their capitalist, imperialist exploiters.

Carlos's killings achieved nothing. Kopp was convicted of unauthorized possession and transportation of arms and explosives and sentenced to four years in prison. She was released, with a few months off for good behavior, only in May 1985.

By then the world was beginning to shrink for Carlos and the love of his life. Following Magdalena's release from prison, he married her and, according to various accounts, they had one or two children. They made their home in a grotesque apartment complex on the outskirts of Damascus. It bore a strange resemblance to the apartment block in Caracas where Carlos had grown up.

Europe was lost to Carlos. The East Germans and Hungarians had cottoned on to the fact that he was not a proletarian revolutionary, only a bourgeois cosmopolite punk. So had a number of radical Arab regimes. But at least Hafez al-Assad's Syria—annually honored by the U.S. State Department for harboring terrorists—remained an option. Then, in 1991, even Carlos's Syrian base began to wash away like a sandcastle.

Assad had decided to support the Americans in their war against his neighbor, arch-enemy, and rival Baathist dictator, Saddam Hussein. This made it expedient for Assad to toss the U.S. State Department a few bones. American intelligence had been scanning the terrorist/diplomatic enclaves of Damascus for years. They knew Carlos was there.

> "Carlos took the grand tour and never came home. He played at being a revolutionary."

And so, soon after the U.S. victory over Iraq, Carlos's Syrian landlord informed him his lease was running out. In September 1991, Carlos arrived in Libya with his wife, his offspring, his mother, and, according to David Yallop, $1 million in cash. But Qaddafi has never liked Carlos: back in 1975, Qaddafi had taken it as a personal affront that Carlos murdered a member of *his* delegation at the OPEC conference. Carlos and his family were turned away from Libya. For the first time, he really was a fugitive.

It was now becoming clear—to Magdalena, if not to him—that Carlos had bought the wrong ticket, on the wrong train, to the wrong historical destination. All the great inevitabilities they'd once imagined as triumphing over bourgeois capitalism were now disappearing. Also gone, for all practical purposes, were the Palestinians. The very people with wh fate Carlos had once equated his o would soon be shaking hands with raelis on the White House lawn.

Magdalena took the kids to Venezu to Mother and Father. She had sp enough years in prison; perhaps she had enough of Carlos's love—and of "revolution." After a year or so in Jord Carlos finally fetched up in the Sudan.

Following his capture, it was made that Carlos had lived the life of Riley Khartoum. Photos of his apartment re that thesis. Even more than his apartm in Damascus, it was a dump. But the s dest and most revealing photos of w Carlos's life had become show the ro where he stocked his whiskey.

Bottles of it, crates of it: the cache, a teetotaling country, of an alcoho who knows that, no mat how much alcohol he sto up, some morning there mig not be another drink.

The saddest thing ab Carlos's whiskey collection that it was composed entir of Johnnie Walker Red. In to notch terrorist circles, dri ing Red Label simply is n done. Curiously, Carlos and have had a friend in comm for many years. I rememb the time I brought this mut friend a bottle of Red La instead of Black Label. A ye later the bottle was still his shelf, unopened. Carlos life, in Khartoum, had scended to the level where he was duced to drinking a bottle or two of R Label a day.

When Carlos was captured in Islam Sudan, it was considered proof y again of how a network of nations i volved in "state-sponsored terrorism" pr vides sanctuary for such criminals. B things are not that simple.

The war between terrorism and cou terterrorism creates strange partnership Carlos was ejected from a terrorist state Hafez al-Assad's Syria—so that Assa could earn a little goodwill from t United States. King Hussein would the give Carlos safe haven in nonterrorist Jo dan for most of 1992 and much of 199 This gained the king a little goodw from Assad, a dictator whose ill wi over the decades, has resulted in th deaths of tens of thousands.

Once Carlos was in Jordan, wh didn't the French or anyone else "ne tralize" him? "We couldn't embarra

ig Hussein," I was told. "He's a good g , remember."

For Carlos, this latest of his displacements was amazing an omen, if ever re was one, that his grand tour was coming full circle. His whole career as a rorist had truly begun in Jordan, with ssein's crackdown on the Palestinians, a Carlos's decision to embrace the estinian cause. Now Jordan—the Brit-created, U.S.-subsidized, Israel-supted Hashemite kingdom he had vowed destroy after Black September 1970—s one of the last countries on earth ere Carlos was safe.

Before long, he would be back in is, scene of his first great celebrity as a rorist: the point of no return on his nge odyssey. In between lay only his gira to Khartoum.

According to official Sudanese sources, rlos arrived in Khartoum on August 15, 3, exactly one year before the French ally received him into their hands, gged and trussed. Yet judging from blic statements made by Interior Min-er Pasqua after Carlos was apprehend-, the French weren't even aware that rlos was in Khartoum until early 1994.

Who tipped the French off?

"The C.I.A. did," a Paris investigator o has tracked Carlos for more than 10 ars told me. "Technologically," he exined, "the Americans have much better es' than we do, and in comparison to at you can hear with your 'ears,' we're af. We never would have known where rlos was, and just how easy it would be kidnap him, if it weren't for the U.S.A."

At Pasqua's headquarters on the Place auvau, where his Interior Ministry erlooks Mitterrand's Élysée Palace the ay a valet watches his master, the dis-very of Carlos's exact whereabouts used wheels to turn within wheels—and ot in the same direction.

At Pasqua's behest, the D.S.T. analogue a SWAT team was dispatched to Khar-um to kidnap or, if necessary, snuff out arlos. But simultaneously Pasqua opened second track: secret direct negotiations ith the Islamic regime in Khartoum. In e end, Pasqua's secret deal with the Su-anese came as a complete surprise even o his own men on the ground.

What price did Pasqua pay for Carlos?

By the time he was snatched, everyone admits, Carlos was a retired terrorist, posing no threat to anyone's life or limbs. However, it already seems clear that in exchange for Carlos the French have helped make it possible for the Islamic fundamentalists in Khartoum to kill many more human beings than Carlos ever did.

According to Paris press reports—denied, of course, by Pasqua—the French government has provided the Khartoum regime with both satellite imagery of their opponents' positions and safe passage through neighboring, French-dominated African countries in order to kill them.

So irony stalked Pasqua, too, during Carlos's last days in Khartoum. This latest "triumph" for France—this latest "proof" that France was still a Great Power—would be made possible largely by the United States. And those who were killed as a result of Pasqua's publicity coup would largely be Christians, even though France has often defined its role in the Muslim world as the defender of Christian civilization.

Journalists—just like interior ministers—have a vested interest in hyping the goods they purvey. This year, after his capture, the old files on the Carlos myth were dusted off. He was recycled by newspaper reports into the world's most wanted man.

That had never been true. But to make any such claim in 1994 was preposterous. Of the old-style terrorists, Abu Nidal remains by far the most wanted. And even capturing Abu Nidal would pale utterly in comparison with the world-class bounty hunter's current Holy Grail: bringing Pol Pot back alive.

"No one wanted the terrorist 'Carlos' anymore," Patricia Tourancheau explained in *Libération* the day after Pasqua announced his triumph. "Except for France."

This, in fact, is really why the French were allowed first to "find" Carlos (though it wasn't actually the French who found him) and then to "capture" Carlos (though it wasn't actually the French who captured him).

The Carlos Affair was a bonanza for many others besides Pasqua. In Paris journalists, judges, and lawyers will go on profiting from it for years. But the most curious aspect of the brouhaha is that Carlos himself seems taken in by the hype. At his first interrogation, Judge Bruguière asked him how he was. Carlos replied, "I am alive, and plan to remain so for many years!" And later, when asked his métier, he jauntily responded, "Professional revolutionary!"

He certainly is in better physical shape. Perhaps it's because of the operation in Khartoum, or the spartan regime of prison life, or maybe it is true that celebrity is the ultimate aphrodisiac. But whatever the case, I was informed by his lawyer the notorious Maître Vergès that "Carlos still gets an erection four or five times a day." In prison, he enjoys following the news accounts of his case. At court hearings he enjoys making jokes, based on the news reports, at his lawyers' expense.

There is speculation that the ever resourceful interior minister may find additional use for Carlos. It concerns the suspicion that, just as Mitterrand was mixed up with Nazi sympathizers during World War II, certain other prominent politicians got too close to terrorism in the 60s and 70s.

"If Carlos ever decides to sing," one investigator told me, "he could finger three to five potential presidential candidates of the left, people who were personally implicated in terrorism in the 1970s. Think how useful that could be to Pasqua."

Carlos seems totally unaware of this latest absurdity in his life. His sole remaining historical importance, slight as it is, now rests on his utility to an ambitious, right-wing politician in a capitalist country.

But there's nothing new in that; here, too, things have come full circle.

For with every one of his "revolutionary" terrorist acts Carlos only strengthened the forces he aimed to destroy.

Historically, he is a figure explained better by Andy Warhol than by Karl Marx. Attempting to be a revolutionary, he managed only to satirize revolution, and so became famous for 15 minutes. The only difference for Carlos is that, in a series of French prison cells, his 15 minutes seems destined to drag itself out forever, until the end of his days on earth. □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Little old invisible you is soon to become very visible indeed. Pluto, that devil of a planet that has been keeping you safely tucked away behind a big fat eight ball for 10 years, will soon enter Sagittarius. Although it may be months before you can actually socialize with a crowd without freaking out, your return to the world of the living is inevitable and certainly something to look forward to. No lie. Before you plan your deb party, though, there's an eclipse in your solar 12th house, and Saturn is going forward in your 4th. Prayer could be a big help.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Couldn't you just retch at those boring, goody-goody astrology columns that condescendingly announce that one phase of your life is ending and that you must bravely prepare for the future? Annoying as they are, just now they're right. It's a time when dyed-in-the-wool Republicans (often Capricorns) descend from their ivory towers, unbutton their collars, and actually lunch with Democrats. You are definitely evolving, thanks to powerful associations. Are these contacts romantic, though? As Gale Gordon used to say on the old *Lucy Show,* "Puh-leeze, Mrs. Carmichael."

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Despite financial bombs bursting all around you, your flag is still flying. Considering how well you've held up under the fire of the current Mars transit, a band should be marching behind you playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and somebody should be singing "There's No Business Like Show Business." And here's why. You're about to go onstage when somebody hands you one of those dramatic telegrams. Do you fold? No. You walk out there and wow 'em. And who might do the sound track for your inspiring tale? Only Bette Midler and the West Point marching band.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

If Saturn in Pisces were the only thing going on now, you could just hang a poster in your window saying: PARDON OUR APPEARANCE—WE'RE REMODELING. Then you could draw the blinds and make everybody think something constructive was going on. In truth, of course, God only knows what sins might be committed behind those drawn blinds. The solar eclipse in your 9th house with Pluto and the north node means that you've got a conscience that won't shut up. It's a bit like having Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Muhammad, and Jimmy Swaggart all on your case at the same time.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

Whether you're a major Oscar contender or a loser who has flunked math for the 10th time, all Arians are riding the same roller coaster right now. You have an absolutely great day one day, and the next morning you wake up convinced that you can't go on another minute. In most cases, one of the following explains the phenomenon best: (1) You've dug yourself into a hole you can't get out of. (2) As captain of your ship, all you see now are the rats leaving. (3) You're sex-crazed but don't act on your feelings. (4) You refuse to repent and beg forgiveness for your transgressions.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You've seen those personal ads from lonely single men advertising for potential wives to join them in far-off places, haven't you? Can you imagine packing up and moving to the Yukon or wherever for a relationship? But that is a perfect metaphor for Taureans now, male or female. Pluto in your 7th house is more than likely to plunk you down someplace where you're not totally comfortable. How could you be? You're living in somebody else's life. But be grateful that *something* has been strong enough to separate you from your mother.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

The secret to success lies in your 6th house, a house so unromantic it mands that everything you do be done with all the lights on. If you th that—*boom*—you're going to get a standing ovation, think again. You're for a stretch of honest work. Do your exercises, eat on the run, and the course of the day perform a couple of miracles. Then do your ledge read a book, and steam some veggies. Once your cat's been fed, lig out, chum; it's time for bed. Though Gemini's the sign under which were born, right now you might as well be a Capricorn.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

No matter how bourgeois or conservative you try to appear, or how ma times you've vowed not to play around anymore, you've got some big-ti desires now. With the north node in your 5th house, you must deal w kids or fall in love. In some unique way you need to open your heart a express yourself. You must satisfy this urge. It doesn't mean you have get into the *Guinness Book of Records* by having your 10th child at But you're going to pop out of a cake somewhere, even if you have bake it yourself.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

The eclipse in your solar 4th house and the transit of Saturn signify t end of a road but not *the* road. They mark the beginning of a new cha ter in your personal life—one that is more nurturing, intimate, and cari (if such a thing is possible). It may mean changing a few diapers or w ing a few noses over the next few years, but you are planting seeds th will bear juicy fruit in the future. Granted, it's awfully hard to give a ho about success in the year 2003 when your most hoped-for achievement getting through next weekend.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

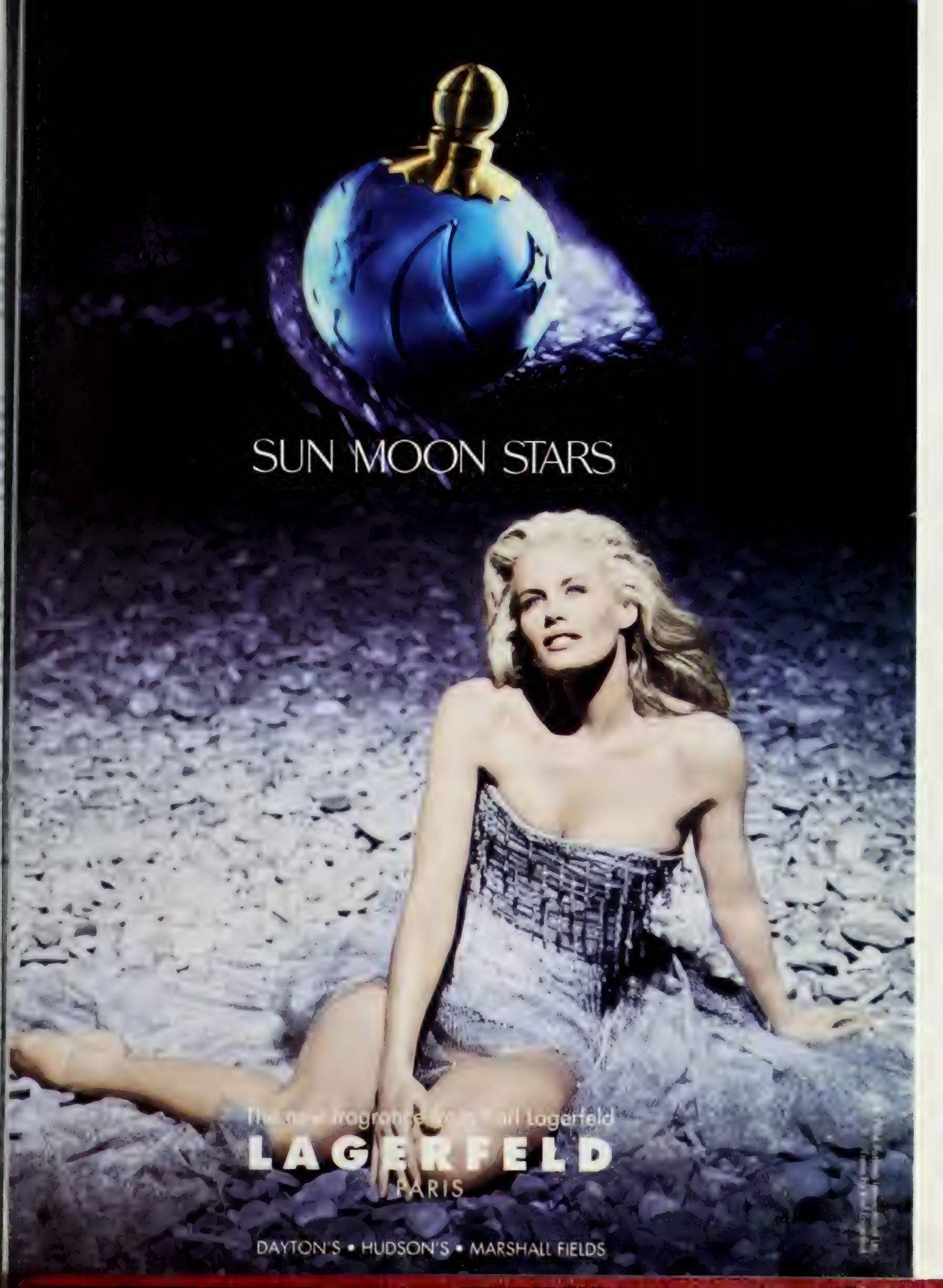
Life can be an awful tearjerker, especially for a Virgo. You're just darned sensitive that without some healthy perspective you get suck into every sob story you hear. Then you turn out to be the sucke You've got to stay sane and keep a safe distance between you and the needy souls clawing at the hem of your garment. Telling them th truth from the beginning doesn't mean you're an unfeeling robot. Yo can still be a loving person even if you don't scream all the way throug *The Joy Luck Club.*

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

You've got to enjoy the hell out of your life right now and do it with vengeance. With planets clustering in your 2nd house, absolutely nothin must stand in the way of the pursuit of your appetites and earthly ple sures, except for some time out from shopping for a little work or the o casional check into cholesterol levels. In previous lives, many think, Libra were of royal blood back in ancient Egypt. That must have been the cas because even today many members of your sign are still waiting aroun for slaves to peel their grapes and massage their feet.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

It would hardly be comforting to drag yourself into the confessional i search of spiritual solace and find that you have to start by listening to th priest's problems. Oddly, that's just the kind of thing to expect when north-node eclipse takes place in your sign. Lonely as it is, it's the momen to remain strong and renew your vow to protect your health and take prid in yourself. Don't get uppity, though, and please remember that Scorpi fellow named Bob, who thought everyone else was a slob. One day he go antsy, started acting too fancy, and today Bob is out of a job.


SUN MOON STARS
LAGERFELD
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Social Study

Brigitte Bardot

From international sex kitten to international protector of kittens, Brigitte Bardot (still sassy at 60) is the empress of animal rights

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Animals, animals, animals, animals . . .

Which living person do you most admire?
None.

What is your greatest extravagance?
My love for animals!

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Nothing about me. Everything about others.

What is your greatest regret?
Not being a fairy!

What is your favorite journey?
The one in my craziest dreams.

What do you most value in your friends?
Their faithfulness. The fact that after all these years they are still my friends. I have very few friends.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Perfect happiness does not exist. But happily there are not always awful misfortunes.

When and where were you happiest?
Never, but I am still waiting!

Which talent would you most like to have?
To make miracles.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Social status.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My foundation for the protection of animals, created in 1986 and officially recognized in 1991.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My courage.

Which living person do you most despise?
Hunters!

What is your most treasured possession?
My animals. Everything that can't be bought with money.

What are your favorite occupations?
Taking care of animals, reading, doing crosswords, a cooking vegetarian food—cakes!

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
At the moment, I'm giving a wholesale price on the enti package as an end-of-season sale.

On what occasion do you lie?
Never!

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Saint Francis of Assisi.

Who is your favorite hero in fiction?
Don Quixote, because I am like him in my struggle.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Joan of Arc, King Louis XVI, Dian Fossey, and Professo Claude Reiss, who is fighting against vivisection.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thin what do you think it would be?
I have no desire to be reincarnated, as a thing or a perso This life's enough for me!!

How would you like to die?
Gently.

What is your motto?
"Noise does no good, goodness doesn't make noise."

